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FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

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BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

THE

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BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

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THE

POEMS

OF

DAVID MALLET.

THE

LIFE OF MALLET,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

? DAVID MALLET, having no written memorial, I am able to give no other account ı such as is supplied by the unauthorised loquacity of common fame, and a very ıt personal knowledge.

.e was, by his original, one of the Macgregors, a clan, that became, about sixty years under the conduct of Robin Roy, so formidable and so infamous for violence and ›ery, that the name was annulled by a legal abolition; and when they were all to ›minate themselves anew, the father, I suppose of this author, called himself loch.

avid Malloch was, by the penury of his parents, compelled to be *Janitor* of the ı School at Edinburgh; a mean office, of which he did not afterwards delight to . But he surmounted the disadvantages of his birth and fortune; for, when the : of Montrose applied to the college of Edinburgh for a tutor to educate his sons, loch was recommended; and I never heard that he dishonoured his credentials.

'hen his pupils were sent to see the world, they were intrusted to his care; and, ng conducted them round the common circle of modish travels, he returned with ı to London, where, by the influence of the family in which he resided, he naturally ed admission to many persons of the highest rank and the highest character, to wits, es, and statesmen.

f his works, I know not whether I can trace the series. His first production was iam and Margaret[1]; of which, though it contains nothing very striking or difficult, as been envied the reputation: and plagiarism has been boldly charged, but never ed.

ot long afterwards he published The Excursion (1728); a desultory and capricious of such scenes of nature as his fancy led him, or his knowledge enabled him, to ribe. It is not devoid of poetical spirit. Many of his images are striking, and / of the paragraphs are elegant. The cast of diction seems to be copied from

[1] Mallet's William and Margaret was printed in Aaron Hill's Plain Dealer, No. 36, July 24, 1724. original state it was very different from what it is in the last edition of his works.

Thomson, whose Seasons were then in their full blossom of reputation. He has Thomson's beauties and his faults.

His poem on Verbal Criticism (1733) was written to pay court to Pope, on a subject which he either did not understand, or willingly misrepresented; and is little more than an improvement, or rather expansion, of a fragment which Pope printed in a Miscellany long before he engrafted it into a regular poem. There is in this piece more pertness than wit, and more confidence than knowledge. The versification is tolerable, nor can criticism allow it a higher praise.

His first tragedy was Eurydice, acted at Drury-lane in 1731; of which I know not the reception nor the merit, but have heard it mentioned as a mean performance. He was not then too high to accept a prologue and epilogue from Aaron Hill, neither of which can be much commended.

Having cleared his tongue from his native pronunciation so as to be no longer distinguished as a Scot, he seems inclined to disencumber himself from all adherences of his original, and took upon him to change his name from Scotch *Malloch* to English *Mallet*, without any imaginable reason of preference which the eye or ear can discover. What other proofs he gave of disrespect to his native country, I know not; but it was remarked of him, that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend.

About this time Pope, whom he visited familiarly, published his Essay on Man, but concealed the author; and, when Mallet entered one day, Pope asked him slightly what there was new. Mallet told him, that the newest piece was something called an Essay on Man, which he had inspected idly, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of the subject, had tossed it away. Pope, to punish his self-conceit, told him the secret.

A new edition of the works of Bacon being prepared (1750) for the press, Mallet was employed to prefix a life, which he has written with elegance, perhaps with some affectation; but with so much more knowledge of history than of science, that when he afterwards undertook the Life of Marlborough, Warburton remarked, that he might perhaps forget that Marlborough was a general, as he had forgotten that Bacon was a philosopher.

When the prince of Wales was driven from the palace, and, setting himself at the head of the opposition, kept a separate court, he endeavoured to increase his popularity by the patronage of literature, and made Mallet his under-secretary, with a salary of two hundred pounds a year; Thomson likewise had a pension; and they were associated in the composition of The Masque of Alfred, which, in its original state, was played at Cliefden in 1740; it was afterwards almost wholly changed by Mallet, and brought upon the stage at Drury-lane in 1751, but with no great success.

Mallet, in a familiar conversation with Garrick, discoursing of the diligence which he was then exerting upon the Life of Marlborough, let him know, that, in the series of great men quickly to be exhibited, he should *find a nich* for the hero of the theatre. Garrick professed to wonder by what artifice he could be introduced; but Mallet let him know, that, by a dexterous anticipation, he should fix him in a conspicuous place. "Mr. Mallet," says Garrick, in his gratitude of exultation, "have you left off to write for the stage?" Mallet then confessed that he had a drama in his hands. Garrick promised to act it; and Alfred was produced.

The long retardation of the Life of the Duke of Marlborough shows, with strong conviction, how little confidence can be placed in posthumous renown. When he died, it

was soon determined that his story should be delivered to posterity; and that the papers supposed to contain the necessary information were delivered to lord Molesworth, who had been his favourite in Flanders. When Molesworth died, the same papers were transferred with the same design to sir Richard Steele, who in some of his exigences put them in pawn. They then remained with the old dutchess, who in her will assigned the task to Glover and Mallet, with a reward of a thousand pounds, and a prohibition to insert any verses. Glover rejected, I suppose, with disdain, the legacy, and devolved the whole work upon Mallet; who had from the late duke of Marlborough a pension to promote his industry, and who talked of the discoveries which he had made; but left not, when he died, any historical labours behind him.

While he was in the prince's service he published Mustapha, with a prologue by Thomson, not mean, but far inferior to that which he had received from Mallet for Agamemnon. The epilogue, said to be written by a friend, was composed in haste by Mallet, in the place of one promised, which was never given. This tragedy was dedicated to the prince his master. It was acted at Drury-lane in 1739, and was well received, but was never revived.

In 1740, he produced, as has been already mentioned, The Masque of Alfred, in conjunction with Thomson.

For some time afterwards he lay at rest. After a long interval, his next work was Amyntor and Theodora, (1747) a long story in blank verse; in which it cannot be denied that there is copiousness and elegance of language, vigour of sentiment, and imagery well adapted to take possession of the fancy. But it is blank verse. This he sold to Vaillant for one hundred and twenty pounds. The first sale was not great, and it is now lost in forgetfulness.

Mallet, by address or accident, perhaps by his dependance on the prince, found his way to Bolingbroke; a man whose pride and petulance made his kindness difficult to gain, or keep, and whom Mallet was content to court by an act, which, I hope, was unwillingly performed. When it was found that Pope had clandestinely printed an unauthorised number of the pamphlet called The Patriot King, Bolingbroke, in a fit of useless fury, resolved to blast his memory, and employed Mallet (1749) as the executioner of his vengeance. Mallet had not virtue, or had not spirit, to refuse the office; and was rewarded, not long after, with the legacy of lord Bolingbroke's works.

Many of the political pieces had been written during the opposition to Walpole, and given to Franklin, as he supposed, in perpetuity. These, among the rest, were claimed by the will. The question was referred to arbitrators; but, when they decided against Mallet, he refused to yield to the award, and, by the help of Millar the bookseller, published all that he could find, but with success very much below his expectation.

In 1755, his masque of Britannia was acted at Drury-lane; and his tragedy of Elvira in 1763; in which year he was appointed keeper of the Book of Entries for ships in the port of London.

In the beginning of the last war, when the nation was exasperated by ill success, he was employed to turn the public vengeance upon Byng, and wrote a letter of accusation under the character of a Plain Man. The paper was with great industry circulated and dispersed; and he, for his seasonable intervention, had a considerable pension bestowed upon him, which he retained to his death.

Towards the end of his life he went with his wife to France; but after a while, finding his health declining, he returned alone to England, and died in April, 1765.

He was twice married, and by his first wife had several children. One daughter, who married an Italian of rank named Cilesia, wrote a tragedy called Almida, which was acted at Drury-lane. His second wife was the daughter of a nobleman's steward, who had a considerable fortune, which she took care to retain in her own hands.

His stature was diminutive, but he was regularly formed; his appearance, till he grew corpulent, was agreeable, and he suffered it to want no recommendation that dress could give it. His conversation was elegant and easy. The rest of his character may, without injury to his memory, sink into silence.

As a writer, he cannot be placed in any high class. There is no species of composition in which he was eminent. His dramas had their day, a short day, and are forgotten; his blank verse seems to my ear the echo of Thomson. His Life of Bacon is known, as it is appended to Bacon's volumes, but is no longer mentioned. His works are such as a writer, bustling in the world, showing himself in public, and emerging occasionally from time to time into notice, might keep alive by his personal influence; but which, conveying little information, and giving no great pleasure, must soon give way, as the succession of things produces new topics of conversation and other modes of amusement.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM, LORD MANSFIELD,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

JANUARY 1, 1759.

No man, in ancient Rome, my lord, would have been surprised, I believe, to see a poet inscribe his works, either to Cicero, or the younger Pliny; not to mention any more amongst her most celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magistrates of the first distinction, and had applied themselves severely to the study of the laws; in which both eminently excelled. They were, at the same time, illustrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the service of their clients and their country. But, as they had both embellished their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has spread, we see, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions; no species of polite literature could be foreign to their taste or patronage. And, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the best poets their respective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my lord, and which will occur obviously to every eye, that I am induced to place your name at the head of this collection, such as it is, of the different things I have written.

> ..... Nec Phœbo gratior ulla
> Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.

And were I as sure, my lord, that it is deserving of your regard, as I am that these verses were not applied with more propriety at first than they are now; the public would universally justify my ambition in presenting it to you. But, of that, the public only must and will judge, in the last appeal. There is but one thing, to bespeak their favour and your friendship, that I dare be positive in: without which, you are the last person in Britain to whom I should have thought of addressing it. And this any man may affirm of himself, without vanity; because it is equally in every man's power. Of all that I have written, on any occasion, there is not a line, which I am afraid to own, either as an honest man, a good subject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my lord, dedicated some few moments, the first day of this

new year, to send you, according to good old custom, a present. An humble one, I confess it is; and that can have little other value but what arises from the disposition of the sender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable; for it is indeed an offering rather of the heart than the head; an effusion of those sentiments, which great merit, employed to the best purposes, naturally creates.

May you enjoy, my lord, through the whole course of this and many more years, that sound health of mind and body, which your important labours for the public so much want, and so justly merit! And may you soon have the satisfaction to see, what I know you so ardently wish, this destructive war, however necessary on our part, concluded by a safe and lasting peace! Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no less useful than ornamental to human life, and that now languish, may again flourish, under the eye and encouragement of those few, who think and feel as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain. I am, with the sincerest attachment,

MY LORD,

your most faithful

humble servant.

POEMS

OF

DAVID MALLET.

OF

VERBAL CRITICISM.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST AND SECOND EDITIONS.

As the design of the following poem is to rally the abuse of verbal criticism, the author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the editor of Milton, and the restorer of Shakspeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that scholiast has already obliged the public: and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But, whatever he may think of the critic, not bearing the least ill-will to the man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new edition of Shakspeare was closed.

He begs leave to add likewise, that this poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances, with which the town is almost daily pestered.

Amongst the numerous fools, by Fate design'd
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The reading coxcomb is of special note,
By rule a poet, and a judge by rote:
Grave son of idle Industry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.
O fam'd for judging, as for writing well,
That rarest science, where so few excel;
Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,
For wit supreme is but thy second praise:
'Tis thine, O Pope, who choose the better part,
To tell how false, how vain, the scholiast's art,
Which nor to taste, nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common sense.
In errour obstinate, in wrangling loud,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
What every dunce from every dunghill drew
Of literary offals, old or new,
Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,
Of points and letters, chaff and straws, to write:
Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece
With venerable toys, from Rome and Greece;
How oft, in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair;
If Aristotle's cap were round or square;
If in the cave, where Dido first was sped,
To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.
Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
That store a Bentley's and a Burman's brain:
Hence, Plato quoted, or the Stagyrite,
To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white:
Hence, much hard study, without sense or breeding,
And all the grave impertinence of reading.
If Shakspeare says, the noon-day Sun is bright,
His scholiast will remark, it then was light;
Turn Caxton, Winkin, each old Goth and Hun,
To rectify the reading of a pun.
Thus, nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool!
But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great Shakspeare's noble page?
And he, who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to restore,
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays,
Whom Bufo treats, and lady Would-be pays?
Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created, and yet rules, the stage,
Bold to design, all-powerful to express,
Shakspeare each passion drew in every dress:
Great above rule, and imitating none;
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own.
Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay:
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.

Now, eagle-wing'd, his heavenward flight he takes;
The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes:
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps;
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.
Such was the poet: next the scholiast view;
Faint through the colouring, yet the features true.
Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He, with low industry, goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none:
His brother book-worm so, in shelf or stall,
Will feed alike on Woolston and on Paul.
By living clients hopeless now of bread,
He pettyfogs a scrap from authors dead:
See him on Shakspeare pore, intent to steal
Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal.
Such that grave bird in northern seas is found,
Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound.
Where'er the king of fish moves on before,
This humble friend attends from shore to shore;
With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd,
He picks up what his patron drops behind,
With those choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald of a whale[1].
Blest genius! who bestows his oil and pains
On each dull passage, each dull book contains;
The toil more grateful, as the task more low:
So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
There, most exact the reading to restore;
By dint of plodding, and by sweat of face,
A bull to change, a blunder to replace:
Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,
And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.
For this, dread Dennis, (and who can forbear,
Dunce or not dunce[2], relating it, to stare?)
His head though jealous, and his years fourscore,
Ev'n Dennis praises[3], who ne'er prais'd before!
For this, the scholiast claims his share of fame,
And, modest, prints his own with Shakspeare's name:
How justly, Pope, in this short story view;
Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.
A prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
Who sense with sound, and truth with rhetoric mixt,
Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
Inspir'd himself, his happy hearers charm'd.
The sermon o'er, the crowd remain'd behind,
And freely, man or woman, spoke their mind:
All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,
And each, remembering something, prais'd the whole.
At last an honest sexton join'd the throng;
(For as the theme was large, their talk was long)
"Neighbours," he cry'd, "my conscience bids me tell,
Though 'twas the doctor preach'd—I toll'd the bell."

[1] This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-Jager. Here you see how he purchases his food: and the same author, from whom this account is taken, tells us further, how he comes by his drink. You may see him, adds the Dutchman, frequently pursuing a sort of sea-mew, called Kulge-Gehef, whom he torments incessantly to make him void an excrement; which, being liquid, serves him, I imagine, for drink. See a Collection of Voyages to the North.

[2] ..... Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, &c. Virg.

[3] See the Dedication of his Remarks on the Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.

In this the critic's folly most is shown:
Is there a genius all-unlike his own,
With learning elegant, with wit well bred,
And, as in books, in men and manners read;
Himself with poring erudition blind,
Unknowing, as unknown of human kind;
That writer he selects, with aukward aim
His sense, at once, to mimic and to maim.
So Florio is a fop, with half a nose:
So fat West Indian planters dress as beaux.
Thus, gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
And Horace, strange to say, tun'd Bentley's voice.
Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,
Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease;
His genius social, as his judgment clear;
When frolic, prudent; smiling when severe;
Secure, each temper, and each taste to hit,
His was the curious happiness of wit.
Skill'd in that noblest science, how to live;
Which learning may direct, but Heaven must give;
Grave with Agrippa, with Mæcenas gay;
Among the fair, but just as wise as they:
First in the friendships of the great enroll'd,
The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lytteltons, of old.
While Bentley, long to wrangling schools confin'd,
And, but by books, acquainted with mankind,
Dares, in the fulness of the pedant's pride,
Rhyme, though no genius; though no judge, decide.
Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part:
Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's head;
Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead.
To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
He makes them write what never poet writ:
The Roman Muse arraigns his mangling pen;
And Paradise, by him, is lost again[4].
Such was his doom impos'd by Heaven's decree,
With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see,
The low to swell, to level the sublime,
To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.
Great eldest-born of Dullness, blind and bold!
Tyrant! more cruel than Procrustes old;
Who, to his iron-bed, by torture, fits,
Their nobler part, the souls of suffering wits.
Such is the man, who heaps his head with bays,
And calls on human kind to sound his praise,
For points transplac'd with curious want of skill,
For flatten'd sounds, and sense amended ill.
So wise Caligula, in days of yore,
His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,
Swore he had rifled Ocean's rich spoils,
And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils.
Yet be his merits, with his faults, confest:
Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.
Long lay the critic's work, with trifles stor'd,
Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.

[4] This sagacious scholiast is pleased to create an imaginary editor of Milton; who, he says, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, lost Paradise a second time. This is a postulatum which surely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him; because otherwise he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himself, in the person of this phantom, fool, ignorant, idiot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully bestows on him. But, though he had no taste in poetry, he was otherwise a man of very considerable abilities, and of great erudition.

Men, so well read, who confidently wrote,
Their readers could have sworn, were men of note:
To pass upon the crowd for great or rare,
Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.
For these blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,
Writ English notes—and mankind undeceiv'd:
In such clear light the serious folly plac'd,
Ev'n thou, Browne Willis, thou may'st see the jest.
But what can cure our vanity of mind,
Deaf to reproof, and to discovery blind?
Let Crooke, a brother scholiast Shakspeare call,
Tibbald, to Hesiod-Cooke returns the ball.
So runs the circle still: in this, we see
The lackies of the great and learn'd agree.
If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate;
In mimic session their grave footmen meet,
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet:
And, rivalling the critic's lofty style,
Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyll.
Yet those, whom pride and dulness join to blind,
To narrow cares in narrow space confin'd,
Though with big titles each his fellow greets,
Are but to wits, as scavengers to streets:
The humble black-guards of a Pope or Gay,
To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away.
Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art;
Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.
Where ancient authors hint at things obscene,
The scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.
Disclosing each dark vice, well lost to fame,
And adding fuel to redundant flame,
He, sober pimp to Lechery, explains
What Capreæ's Isle, or V—'s Alcove contains:
Why Paulus, for his sordid temper known,
Was lavish, to his father's wife alone:
Why those fond female visits duly paid
To tuneful Incuba; and what her trade:
How modern love has made so many martyrs,
And which keeps oftenest, lady C—, or Chartres.
But who their various follies can explain?
The tale is infinite, the task were vain.
'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought;
To sum the libels Pryn or Withers wrote;
To guess, ere one epistle saw the light[5],
How many dunces met, and club'd their mite;
To vouch for truth what Welsted prints of Pope,
Or from the brother-boobies steal a trope.
That be the part of persevering Wass[6],
With pen of lead; or, Arnall, thine of brass;
A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne,
Who loves to teach, what no man cares to learn.
How little, knowledge reaps from toils like these!
Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.
Yet, critics, would your tribe deserve a name,
And, fairly useful, rise to honest fame;
First, from the head, a load of lumber move,
And, from the volume, all yourselves approve:
For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us sense,
Or learning, clear from learn'd impertinence,
Where moral meaning, or where taste presides,
And wit enlivens but what reason guides:
Great without swelling, without meanness plain,
Serious, not silly; sportive, but not vain;
On trifles slight, on things of use profound,
In quoting sober, and in judging sound.

[5] See a poem published some time ago under that title, said to be the production of several ingenious and prolific heads; one contributing a simile, another a character, and a certain gentleman four shrewd lines wholly made up of asterisks.

[6] See the preface to his edition of Sallust; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of sixteen annotators by him collected, besides his own.

VERSES

PRESENTED TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE, ON HIS VISITING OXFORD, IN THE YEAR 1734.

Receive, lov'd prince, the tribute of our praise,
This hasty welcome, in unfinish'd lays.
At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art,
Display the genius, but not speak the heart;
And oft, as ornament must truth supply,
Are but the splendid colouring of a lie.
These need not here; for to a soul like thine,
Truth, plain and simple, will more lovely shine.
The truly good but wish the verse sincere:
They court no flattery, who no censure fear.
Such Nassau is, the fairest, gentlest mind,
In blooming youth the Titus of mankind,
Crowds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,
Forgot the prince, to praise and love the man.
Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with ease!
Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please:
Thy bright example shall our world adorn,
And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.
Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,
That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds.
Here Candour dwells; here honest truths are taught,
To guide and govern, not disguise, the thought.
See these enlighten'd sages, who preside
O'er Learning's empire; see the youth they guide:
Behold, all faces are in transport drest!
But those most wonder, who discern thee best.
At sight of thee, each free-born heart receives
A joy, the sight of princes rarely gives;
From tyrants sprung, and oft themselves design'd,
By Fate, the future Neroes of their kind:
But though thy blood, we know, transmitted, springs
From laurell'd heroes, and from warrior-kings,
Through that high series, we, delighted, trace
The friends of liberty, and human race!
Oh, born to glad and animate our isle!
For thee, our heavens look pleas'd, our seasons smile:
For thee, late object of our tender fears,
When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,
All-cheering Health, the goddess rosy-fair,
Attended by soft suns, and vernal air, [hour,
Sought those fam'd springs[1], where, each afflictive
Disease, and Age, and Pain, invoke her power:
She came; and, while to thee the current flows,
Pour'd all herself, and in thy cup arose.
Hence, to thy cheek, that instant bloom deriv'd:
Hence, with thy health, the weeping world reviv'd!
Proceed to emulate thy race divine:
A life of action, and of praise, be thine.
Assert the titles genuine to thy blood,
By nature, daring; but by reason, good.
So great, so glorious thy forefathers shone,
No son of theirs must hope to live unknown:
Their deeds will place thy virtue full in sight;
Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.

[1] Bath.

If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,
Think what the world may claim, and thou must do:
The honours, that already grace thy name,
Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame.
Ev'n she, bright Anna, whom thy worth has won,
Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun:
Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted fair
Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care.
O, be your nuptials crown'd with glad increase
Of sons, in war renown'd, and great in peace;
Of daughters, fair and faithful, to supply
The patriot-race, till Nature's self shall die!

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY DR. FRAZER'S REBUILDING PART OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

In times long past, ere Wealth was Learning's foe,
And dar'd despise the worth he would not know;
Ere mitred Pride, which arts alone had rais'd,
Those very arts, in others saw, unprais'd;
Friend to mankind [1], a prelate, good and great,
The Muses courted to this safe retreat:
Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,
With learned Leisure, and with Peace to dwell.
The fabric finish'd, to the sovereign's fame [2],
His own neglecting, he transferred his claim.
Here, by successive worthies, well was taught
Whate'er enlightens, or exalts the thought.
With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
The various tree of knowledge flourish'd fair:
Soft and serene the kindly seasons roll'd,
And Science long enjoy'd her age of gold.
Now, dire reverse! impair'd by lapse of years,
A falling waste the Muses' seat appears.
O'er her gray roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
Time, sure destroyer, walks his hostile round:
Silent, and slow, and ceaseless in his toil,
He mines each wall, he moulders every pile!
Ruin hangs hovering o'er the fated place:
And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.
Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,
Beheld the total desolation near:
Beheld the Muses stretch the wing to fly;
And fix'd on Heaven his sorrow-streaming eye!
From Heaven, in that dark hour, commission'd
Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremost name. [came
Swift Pity flew before her, softly bright;
At whose felt influence, Nature smil'd with light.
"Hear, and rejoice!"—the gracious power begun—
"Already, fir'd by me, thy favourite son
This ruin'd scene remarks with filial eyes;
And, from its fall, bids fairer fabrics rise.
Ev'n now, behold! where crumbling fragments gray,
In dust deep-bury'd, lost to memory lay,
The column swells, the well-knit arches bend,
The round dome widens, and the roofs ascend!
"Nor ends the bounty thus: by him bestow'd,
Here, Science shall her richest stores unload.
Whate'er, long-hid, Philosophy has found;
Or the Muse sung, with living laurel crown'd;
Or History descry'd, far-looking sage,
In the dark doubtfulness of distant age;
These, thy best wealth, with curious choice combin'd,
Now treasur'd here, shall form the studious mind:
To wits unborn the wanted succours give,
And fire the bard, whom Genius means to live.
"But, teach thy sons the gentle laws of peace;
Let low Self-love and pedant Discord cease:
Their object truth, utility their aim,
One social spirit reign, in all the same.
Thus aided arts shall with fresh vigour shoot;
Their cultur'd blossoms ripen'd into fruit;
Thy faded star dispense a brighter ray,
And each glad Muse renew her noblest lay."

[1] Bishop Elphinstone.
[2] Calling it King's College, in compliment to James II.

PROLOGUE

TO THE SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

SPOKEN BY LORD SANDWICH.

When arts and arms, beneath Eliza's smile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy isle;
A golden reign, uncurst with party rage,
That foe to taste, and tyrant of our age;
Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
And all our talk, in politics, or play:
The statesman oft would soothe his toils with wit,
What Spenser sung, and Nature's Shakspeare writ;
Or to the laurell'd grove, at times, retire,
There, woo the Muse, and wake the moving lyre.
As fair examples, like ascending morn,
The world at once enlighten and adorn;
From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace
Shot brightening o'er the land, with swift increase:
Rough Nature soften'd into grace and ease;
Sense grew polite, and Science sought to please.
Reliev'd from yon rude scene of party-din,
Where open Baseness vies with secret Sin,
And safe embower'd in Woburn's [3] airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taste approves;
Awaken to our aid the mourning Muse;
Through every bosom tender thought infuse;
Melt angry Faction into moral sense,
And to his guests a Bedford's soul dispense.
And now, while Spring extends her smiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain;
While genial Nature breathes, from hill and dale,
Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale;
The various softness, stealing through the heart,
Impressions sweetly social, will impart.
When sad Eudocia pours her hopeless woe,
The tear of pity will unbidden flow!
When erring Phocyas, whom wild passions blind,
Holds up himself, a mirror for mankind;
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn:
And, conscious, Nature is in all the same.
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame!

EPILOGUE

TO THE BROTHERS,

A TRAGEDY, BY DR. YOUNG.

To woman, sure, the most severe affliction
Is, from these fellows, point-blank contradiction.

[3] The Siege of Damascus was acted at Woburn, by the duke of Bedford, the earl of Sandwich, and

ut—I wish he would appear—
ve it him—but you shall hear—
quoth I—and curtsey'd as I spoke—
now, expects and loves a joke—
mour them: for, right or wrong,
ver like the same thing long.
they strut, huff, swear, harangue:—
il—they sneak aside, and hang:
-peace! peace! is all their cry:
nade—then, blood! they 'll fight
ie."
alking thus, I meant no treason:
ought, you see, the man to reason.
'olks, 'tis labour lost to strive:
le will neither lead nor drive.
nd haw'd; then, waking from his

reach to you his moral scheme.
oth! to benefit the nation!
d whim of pious propagation!!
ere—the man must be a widgeon!—
pagate—but not Religion.
, to give the Devil his due,
ieme, though strange, is wholly new:
novelty then recommend it?
ig, from caprice befriend it.
outs, make him a while your passion,
t virtue be the fashion:
al or imagin'd blunders,
e, nine days, like other wonders.

PROLOGUE

THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON [2].

isive night, at length, appears,
ery author's hopes and fears,
oribe applause, poor poets try!
of wit they court and lie:
eg it, as an alms; and those,
ster dazzle and impose.
arful, nor securely vain,
honest ways, that grace obtain;
e-born wit, be fairly try'd:
Candour, fairly too, decide.
iend, who blindly comes to praise;
ie—but whom his faults may raise.
nerous pride, that bids him own,
ise, by noble means alone;
rin the judgment, wake the heart,
e, and directing Art;
rought, as may applause command
judging head, than thundering hand.
the moral we would teach—
and practise what we preach—
approach with care to shun;
o once engages, is undone.
greater crimes, and link so strait,
accident, at last is fate:

ions of distinction, in the month of

arising from this play were intended
the author, to the Society for pro-
ian Knowledge.
ologue to Sophonisba, a joint pro-
and Mallet's, in the twelfth volume
n.

Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave;
And Virtue's last sad strugglings cannot save.
" As such our fair attempt, we hope to see
Our judges,—here at least—from influence free:
One place,—unbiass'd yet by party-rage,—
Where only Honour votes—the British stage.
We ask for justice, for indulgence sue:
Our last best licence must proceed from you."

IMPROMPTU,

ON A LADY, WHO HAD PASSED SOME TIME IN PLAYING WITH A VERY YOUNG CHILD.

Why, on this least of little misses,
Did Celia waste so many kisses?
Quoth Love, who stood behind and smil'd,
" She kiss'd the father in the child."

EPIGRAM,

ON SEEING TWO PERSONS PASS BY IN VERY DIFFERENT EQUIPAGES.

In modern as in ancient days,
See what the Muses have to brag on:
The player in his own post-chaise;
The poet in a carrier's waggon!

EPIGRAM,

ON A CERTAIN LORD'S PASSION FOR A SINGER.

Nerina's angel-voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights:
How whimsical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be she cruel, be she kind,
Love! strike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

APPLIED TO THE SAME PERSON.

Dear Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tinman's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see—
'Tis but by way of simile—
A squirrel spend its little rage,
In jumping round a rolling cage?
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.
So fares it with this little peer,
So busy and so bustling here;
For ever flirting up and down,
And frisking round his cage, the town.
A world of nothing in his chat,
Of who said this, and who did that:
With similies, that never hit;
Vivacity, that has no wit;
Schemes laid this hour, the next forsaken;
Advice oft ask'd, but never taken:

Still whirl'd, by every rising whim,
From that to this, from her to him;
And when he hath his circle run,
He ends—just where he first begun.

ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

Still hovering round the fair at sixty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
Awake to buz, but not alive to sting;
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can;
The teazing ghost of the departed man.

ON I. H., ESQ.

The youth had wit himself, and could afford
A witty neighbour his good word.
Though scandal was his joy, he would not swear:
An oath had made the ladies stare;
At them he duly dress'd, but without passion:
His only mistress was the fashion.
His verse with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint;
His prose, with sense, correctly quaint.
Trifles he lov'd; he tasted arts:
At once a fribble, and a man of parts.

A FRAGMENT.

* * *

Fair morn ascends: soft zephyr's wing
O'er hill and vale renews the spring:
Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
Of balmy smell, of healing power,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in every gale.
Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly pensive, Silence reigns;
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with Nature here!
Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth;
The seasoning of all good below!
The sovereign friend in joy or woe!
O thou, most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence duly priz'd!
Power of the soft and rosy face!
The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
The spirits when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
O Sun of life! whose heavenly ray
Lights up, and cheers, our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of Fate, the cloud of years,
Till Nature, with thy parting light,
Reposes late in Death's calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid Pain and Hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
But tosses through the midnight shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye,
With song and prospect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.
But when the Sun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With Thirst and Languor in his train;
All nature sickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
Will find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.
There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf shivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The distant woodman's echoing stroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the dead;
Sages, or poets. See they rise!
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
That softens savages to men:
Lo! Socrates, the sent of Heaven,
To whom its moral will was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind,
They form'd the nations, or refin'd;
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.
While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,
At once the sounding breeze was laid:
And Nature, by the unknown law,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb Silence grew upon the hour:
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When, issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.
O Freedom! sovereign boon of Heaven;
Great charter, with our being given;
For which the patriot, and the sage,
Have plann'd, have bled through every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
What but from God immediate came!
.....

CUPID AND HYMEN;

OR, THE

WEDDING-DAY.

The rising morn, serenely still,
Had brightening spread o'er vale and hill,
Not those loose beams that wanton play,
To light the mirth of giddy May;

ı red heats as burn the plain,
ıt Summer's feverish reign:
s, all equal, soft and sober,
the second of October;
:he pair, whose wedding-day
ı now gilds with annual ray.
hen, where our good-natur'd Thames is
ur short miles above St. James's,
gns, with silver-streaming wave,
les of earth-born Pride to lave,
air two gods were soaring;
utney-cits beneath lay snoring,
deep in dreams of ten per cent.
ı to their dear country lent:
s of no inferior fame,
ıncient wits with reverence name;
wiser moderns much disparage—
the gods of love and marriage.
upid first, his wit to show,
g a mere modern beau,
ıtmost aim is idle mirth,
-just as coxcombs look on Earth:
is'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
: this common-place chit-chat.
! on the wing, by break of dawn!
ther"—there he forc'd a yawn—
: men, sunk in sleep profound,
ıst, ere night, be gag'd and bound!
ving once put on thy chain,
ı, may ne'er sleep sound again.
ıe wits: but wiser folks
ry, and contemn their jokes:
ow, each better bliss is thine,
:tar, genuine from the vine!
e's own hand that nectar pours,
ever fails, nor ever sours;
it so: yet there are fools,
e demur to former rules;
gh profanely at their betters,
no freedom plac'd in fetters;
l or ill, jog on through life
that sovereign bliss, a wife.
ese at least, these sad dogs free,
with Bacchus and with me;
, in Middlesex, or Surrey,
e cold beef, and Fanny Murray."
Cupid—and with such a leer,
ld have sworn 'twas Ligonier.
ymen soberly reply'd,
an air of conscious pride:
come from yonder wretched scene,
ll is venal, false, and mean,"
on London as he spoke)
el not at thy dull joke;
uch cant to hear thee vapour,
er lin'd with South-sea paper;
rows feather'd, at the tail,
lia-bonds, for hearts on sale;
ıer ends too, as is meet,
ith gold points from Lombard-street.
I'st thou for a moment quit
s of fashionable wit,
sume thy nobler name—
t way, where I turn my flame—"
and held his torch inclin'd,
ointed so, still brighter shin'd—
yon couple, arm in arm,
eight years, have known to charm;
le they wear my willing chains,
re swear that neither feigns.

This morn, that bound their mutual vow,
That blest them first, and blesses now,
They grateful hail! and, from the soul,
With thousands o'er both heads may roll;
Till, from life's banquet, either guest,
Embracing, may retire to rest.
Come then, all raillery laid aside,
Let this their day serenely glide:
With mine thy serious aim unite,
And both some proper guests invite;
That not one minute's running sand
May find their pleasures at a stand."
At this severe and sad rebuke,
Enough to make a coxcomb puke;
Poor Cupid, blushing, shrugg'd and winc'd,
Not yet consenting, though convinc'd:
For 'tis your witling's greatest terrour,
Ev'n when he feels, to own, his errour.
Yet, with a look of arch grimace,
He took his penitential face:
Said, " 'twas, perhaps, the surer play,
To give your grave good souls their way:
That, as true humour was grown scarce,
He chose to see a sober farce;
For, of all cattle and all fowl,
Your solemn-looking ass and owl
Rais'd much more mirth, he durst aver it,
Than those jack-puddings, pug and parrot."
He said, and eastward spread his wing,
From London some few friends to bring.
His brother too, with sober cheer,
For the same end did westward steer:
But first, a pensive Love forlorn,
Who three long weeping years has borne
His torch revers'd, and all around,
Where once it flam'd, with cypress bound,
Sent off, to call a neighbouring friend,
On whom the mournful train attend:
And bid him, this one day, at least,
For such a pair, at such a feast,
Strip off the sable veil, and wear
His once-gay look and happier air.
But Hymen, speeding forward still,
Observ'd a man[1] on Richmond-hill,
Who now first tries a country life;
Perhaps, to fit him for a wife.
But, though not much on this he reckon'd,
The passing god look'd in and beckon'd:
He knows him rich in social merit,
With independent taste and spirit;
Though he will laugh with men of whim,
For fear such men should laugh at him.
But lo, already on his way,
In due observance of the day,
A friend and favourite of the Nine,
Who can, but seldom cares to shine,
And one sole virtue would arrive at—
To keep his many virtues private:
Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by stealth,
His lov'd companion's ease and health:
Or in his garden, barring out
The noise of every neighbouring rout,
At pensive hour of eve and prime,
Marks how the various hand of Time
Now feeds and rears, now starves and slaughters,
His vegetable sons and daughters.

[1] A. Mitchell, esq. minister at the court of Prussia.

While these are on their way, behold!
Dan Cupid, from his London-fold,
First seeks and sends his new lord Warden[2]
Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden:
Brave as the sword he wears in fight;
Sincere, and briefly in the right;
Whom never minister or king
Saw meanly cringing in their ring.
A second see! of special note,
Plump Comus[3] in a colonel's coat;
Whom we, this day, expect from far,
A jolly first-rate man of war;
On whom we boldly dare repose,
To meet our friends, or meet our foes.
Or comes a brother in his stead?
Strong-body'd too, and strong of head:
Who, in whatever path he goes,
Still looks right on before his nose;
And holds it little less than treason,
To baulk his stomach or his reason.
True to his mistress and his meat,
He eats to love, and loves to eat.
Last comes a virgin—pray admire her!
Cupid himself attends, to squire her:
A welcome guest! we much had mist her;
For 'tis our Kitty, or his sister.
But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
Snap up this lamb, to shear her wool;
No Teague of that unblushing band,
Just landed, or about to land;
Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurse
To steal an heiress or a purse,
No scraping, saving, saucy cit,
Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit;
No half-form'd insect of a peer,
With neither land nor conscience clear;
Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
Just spell the motto on his landau.
From all, from each of these defend her;
But thou and Hymen both befriend her,
With truth, taste, honour, in a mate,
And much good sense, and some estate.
But now, suppose th' assembly met,
And round the table cordial set;
While in fair order, to their wish,
Plain Neatness sends up every dish,
And Pleasure at the side-board stands,
A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
To pour libations, in due measure,
As Reason wills when join'd with Pleasure—
Let these white moments all be gay,
Without one cloud of dim allay:
In every face let joy be seen,
As truth sincere, as hope serene:
Let friendship, love, and wit combine,
To flavour both the meat and wine,
With that rich relish to each sense,
Which they, and they alone, dispense;
Let music too their mirth prolong,
With warbled air and festive song:
Then, when at eve, the star of love
Glows with soft radiance from above,
And each companionable guest
Withdraws, replenish'd, not oppress,
Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting say—
"My life be such a wedding-day!"

[2] The late general Skelton. He had just then purchased a house in Henrietta-street.

[3] The late col. Caroline Scott; who, though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active; and who, to much skill, spirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greatest gentleness of manners as a companion and friend. He died a sacrifice to the public, in the service of the East-India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

EPIGRAM:

WRITTEN AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS, M.DCC.LX.

When Churchill led his legions on,
Success still follow'd where he shone.
And are those triumphs, with the dead,
All from his house, for ever fled?
Not so: by softer surer arms,
They yet survive in Beauty's charms;
For, look on blooming Pembroke's face,
Even now he triumphs in his race.

AN ODE

IN THE

MASQUE OF ALFRED:

SUNG BY A SHEPHERDESS WHO HAS LOST HER LOVER IN THE WARS.

A youth, adorn'd with every art,
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine possest.
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straightest grows,
His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale,
That wakes the flowery year.
What wonder he could charm with ease,
Whom happy Nature taught to please,
Whom Honour made sincere.

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed:
Tears that must ever, ever fall;
For ah! no sighs the past recall,
No cries awake the dead!

THE EXCURSION:

A POEM.

IN TWO CANTOS.

CONTENTS.

CANTO I.

Invocation, addressed to Fancy. Subject pr posed; a short excursive survey of the Earth ar Heavens. The poem opens with a descripti of the face of Nature in the different scenes morning, sunrise, noon, with a thunder-storn evening, night, and a particular night-piece, wi the character of a friend deceased.

With the return of morning, Fancy continues h excursion, first northward—A view of the arct

nent and the deserts of Tartary — From
:e southward: a general prospect of the
:, followed by another of the midland part
ırope, suppose Italy. A city there upon the
of being swallowed up by an earthquake:
that usher it in: described in its causes and
ts at length—Eruption of a burning moun-
happening at the same time and from the
: causes, likewise described.

CANTO II.

s, on the same plan, a survey of the solar
m, and of the fixed stars.

THE EXCURSION[1].

CANTO I.

ıion of the Muse, creative power,
ation! at whose great command
nnumber'd images of things,
urly offspring: thou, who can'st at will
with air-born shapes the silent wood,
itary vale, thy own domain,
Contemplation haunts; oh come, invok'd,
t me on thy many-tinctur'd wing,
ırth's extended space: and thence, on high,
to superior worlds thy bolder flight,
ive, unconfin'd. Hence from the haunts
and folly, vanity and man—
on expanse of plains, where Truth delights,
of heart; and, hand in hand with her,
blameless Virtue walks. Now parting Spring,
of beauty and of song, has left
ntle, flower-embroider'd, on the ground.
Summer laughing comes, and bids the months
his prime season with their choicest stores;
oses opening to the solar ray,
ıits slow-swelling on the loaded bough.
: let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
ve to the cock, whose early throat,
from the distant village in the vale,
:heerly out, far-sounding through the gloom.
ıears from where, wide-hovering in mid-sky,
es the sable hour: and calls her train
ınary fears; the shrouded ghost,
eam distressful, and th' incumbent hag,
se to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,
Reason slumbering lies. At once they fly,
lows pass, nor is their path beheld.
now, pale-glimmering on the verge of Hea-
ast to north in doubtful twilight seen, [ven,
ning lustre shoots its tender beam;
ıhade and silence yet involve the ball.
cred Morn, ascending, smiles serene
radiance, brightening o'er the world.
ughter of the air, for ever young,
r pleasing! lo, she onward comes,
gold and azure loose array'd,
ctur'd, changeful hues. At her approach,
stern grey of yonder breaking clouds
ddens into flame: the rising mists,

From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling spires; and open all his woods,
High waving in the sky: th' uncolour'd stream,
Beneath her glowing ray, translucent shines.
Glad Nature feels her through her boundless realms
Of life and sense: and calls forth all her sweets,
Fragrance and song. From each unfolding flower
Transpires the balm of life, that Zephyr wafts,
Delicious, on his rosy wing: each bird,
Or high in air, or secret in the shade,
Rejoicing, warbles wild his mattin hymn.
While beasts of chase, by secret instinct mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into night,
In brake, or cavern, slumber out the day.
Invited by the cheerful Morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof, the good man comes
To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
In holy musing. Rapture in his eye,
And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul,
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise!
Now Industry is up. The village pours
Her useful sons abroad to various toil:
The labourer here, with every instrument
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the swain,
A rural king amid his subject-flocks,
Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
The traveller, too, pursues his early road,
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls:
And all the living landscape moves around.
But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense
With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
O'er Heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
Their gayest liveries; these with silvery beams
Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold:
And speak their sovereign's state. He comes, behold!
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
The king of glory! round his head divine,
Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow,
As o'er the Indian wave uprising fair
He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,
Where'er his universal eye surveys,
Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.
From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain,
Half-way up Heaven ambitious, brown with woods
Of broadest shade, and terrass'd round with walks,
Winding and wild, that deep embowering rise,
Maze above maze, through all its shelter'd height;
From hence, th' aërial concave without cloud,
Translucent, and in purest azure drest;
The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain;
The precipice abrupt; the distant deep,
Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge;
The nearest forest in wide circuit spread,
Solemn recess, whose solitary walks,
Fair Truth and Wisdom love; the bordering lawn,
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daisy'd vale;
The river's crystal, and the meadows green—
Grateful diversity! allure the eye
Abroad, to rove amid ten thousand charms.
These scenes, where every Virtue, every Muse
Delighted range, serene the soul, and lift,
Borne on Devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
To highest Heaven her thought; to Nature's God,
First source of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whose throne
Sits sovereign Bounty, and through Heaven and Earth
Careless diffuses plenitude of bliss.
Him all things own: he speaks, and it is day.

s poem is among the author's earliest per-
:es. Whether the writing may, in some de-
one for the irregularity of the composition,
ıe confesses, and does not even attempt to
is submitted entirely to the candour of the

Obedient to his nod, alternate night
Obscures the world. The seasons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.
While reason thus and rapture fill the heart;
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend;
And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath
When scarce the green leaf trembles, through her powers
Inspire new vigour, purer light supply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celestial intercourse! superior bliss,
Which vice ne'er knew! health of th' enliven'd soul,
And Heaven on Earth begun! Thus ever fix'd
In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,
Deceive mankind, and steal through life along,
As slides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown!
Exalted to his noon the fervent Sun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now th' embowering maze
Of vale sequester'd, or the fir-crown'd side
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse
Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step
Of musing poet, and secures repose
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppressive brightness deluging the world,
Sick Nature pants: and from the cleaving earth
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious fly, engendering dire disease,
Red plague, and fever; or, in fogs aloft
Condensing, show a ruffling tempest nigh.
And see, exhaling from th' Atlantic surge,
Wild world of waters, distant clouds ascend
In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud:
Then rolling dusk along to east and north,
As the blast bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon!
Lo, bird and beast, impress'd by Nature's hand
In homeward warnings through each feeling nerve,
Haste from the hour of terrour and of storm.
The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
And Death attend, the servants of his nod,
First, in deaf murmurs, sounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb sadness fills this nether world: the gloom
With double blackness lours; the tempest swells,
And expectation shakes the heart of man.
Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend
Broad o'er the south; fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous soil: and lo, at once,
Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,
Quick-glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expansive; sheets the sky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all sides burning; now the face of things
Disclosing; swallowed now in tenfold night.
Again the Thunder's voice, with pealing roar,
From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing bursts! air, sea, and shore resound.
Horrour sits shuddering in the felon-breast,
And feels the deathful flash before it flies:
Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view;
And all is storm within. The murderer, pale
With conscious guilt, though hid in deepest shade,
Hears and flies wild, pursued by all his fears:
And sees the bleeding shadow of the slain
Rise hideous, glaring on him through the gloom!
Hark! through th' aërial vault, the storm inflam'd
Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst:
Torn from its base, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind-wing, in red diffusion flash'd.
Destruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
Is hid in smouldering fires: surpris'd beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
A livid corse. Yon cottage flames to Heaven:
And in its furthest cell, to which the hour,
All-horrible, had sped their steps, behold!
The parent breathless lies; her orphan-babes
Shuddering and speechless round—O Power divine!
Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of fate!
Thy hand, though terrible, shall man decide
If punishment, or mercy, dealt the blow?
Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies
Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd:
At once the clouds fly scattering, and the Sun
Breaks out with boundless splendour o'er the world.
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life restores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists
Fast-rising to his ray; till every flower
Lift up its head, and Nature smiles reviv'd.
At first 'tis awful silence over all,
From sense of late-felt danger; till confirm'd,
In grateful chorus mixing, beast and bird
Rejoice aloud to Heaven: on either hand,
The woodlands warble, and the valleys low.
So pass the songful hours: and now the Sun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the western Main,
Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red
The space of many seas beneath his eye,
Heaves in soft swellings murmuring to the shore,
A circling glory glows around his disk
Of milder beams: part, streaming o'er the sky,
Inflame the distant azure: part below
In level lines shoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light, and half in pleasing shade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening clouds,
Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
Of visionary beauty, antique towers
With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd;
Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink
As sportful Fancy lists: till late, the Sun
From human eye, behind Earth's shading orb
Total withdrawn, th' aërial landscape fades.
Distinction fails: and in the darkening west,
The last light, quivering, dimly dies away.
And now th' illusive flame, oft seen at eve,
Up-borne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening Night's approach:
Arising awful o'er the eastern sky,
Onward she comes with silent step and slow,
In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The still, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And Meditation, with his eye on Heaven.
Musing, in sober mood, of Time and Life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravell'd and unknown,
Eternity! through desert ways I walk;
Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shun'd
By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
And the boughs rustle round me where I stand,
With fancy all-arous'd.—Far on the left,
Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,

n's haunt: and down its woody steep
ɛ flood in headlong torrent hurls
ling waters; white on every cliff
ıe light foam, and sparkles through the
oom.
me rises huge a reverend pile
ıis blasted heath, a place of tombs,
esolate, where Ruin dreary dwells.
o'er sightless sculls, and crumbling bones,
he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare.
hies of his power, where ivy twines
green around) the falling roof,
-shook arch, the column grey with moss,
ng wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd,
onumental flattery, mix'd with dust,
s the name it vainly meant to raise.
ad silence here, and undisturb'd,
t the wind sighs, and the wailing owl
solitary to the mournful Moon,
ng her western ray through yonder isle,
e sad spirit walks with shadowy foot
d round, or lingers o'er his grave.
ıidnight-shades! hail, venerable dome!
ıore venerable; sacred shore,
'ime's troubled sea, where never wave,
ver wind of passion, or of guilt,
ng or of sorrow, shall invade
sound night of those who rest below.
y are at peace: the small and great,
age ended, meet and mingle here.
ps the prisoner safe, nor feels his chain,
th' oppressor's voice. The poor and old,
he sons of mourning, fearless now
r woe, find unalarm'd repose.
atness, too, the tyranny of power,
of beauty, and the force of youth,
and place, are here—for ever lost!
near distance, on the mouldering wall
monument, with emblem grac'd,
nscription: where with head declin'd,
l arms, the Virtues weeping round
a beauteous youth who dies below.
'tis he! the wisest and the best!
shade! whom every gift of Heaven
blest: all learning was his own.
ıis speech, by Nature taught to flow,
sense and strong, sincere and clear.
ers greatly plain; a noble grace,
t, beyond the reach of mimic Art,
im: his calm temper winning mild;
ıofter, nor was Truth more bright.
n doing well, he neither sought
'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd
neglected: sympathizing he
the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
ly hand, and taught her heart to smile.
rning: and the Sun, his welcome light,
n beyond dark Ocean's orient stream,
ugh the air, renewing Nature's face
en-born beauty. O'er her ample breast,
nd shore, light Fancy speeds along,
he darted beam, from pole to pole,
traveller. Now beneath the north,
Winter in his inmost realm,
horrours! Here, amid the roar
ınd waves, the drifted turbulence
ix'd snows, resides th' ungenial power,
ilent, shivering, and forlorn!
ıbla's cliffs on to the straits surmis'd
eastward, where both worlds oppose
Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea,
One glittering waste of ice, and on the morn
Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo, hills of snow,
Hill behind hill, and Alp on Alp, ascend,
Pil'd up from eldest age, and to the Sun
Impenetrable; rising from afar
In misty prospect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds.
Yet here, ev'n here, in this disastrous clime,
Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirst of gain,
Through floating isles of ice and fighting storms,
Roam the wild waves, in search of doubtful shores,
By west or east; a path yet unexplor'd.
Hence eastward to the Tartar's cruel coast,
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
The blue Sky leans her breast, diffus'd immense
In solitary length the Desert lies,
Where Desolation keeps his empty court.
No bloom of spring, o'er all the thirsty vast,
Nor spiry grass is found; but sands instead
In steril hills, and rough rocks rising grey.
A land of fears! where visionary forms,
Of griesly spectres from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm: and before them speechless Horrour stalks!
Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,
The secret hag and sorcerer unblest
Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,
Spoils of the violated grave: and now,
Late, at the hour that severs night from morn,
When sleep has silenc'd every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng:
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of Heaven with haggard gaze;
Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs through the lowering sky.
From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of Death,
With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
Southward I stray; where Caucasus in view,
Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal snows to Heaven.
From this chill, steep, which midnight's highest shades [woods,
Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring
Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
Her rolling seas and intermingled isles;
Her mighty continents out-stretch'd immense,
Where Europe, Asia, Afric, of old fame,
Their regions numberless extend: and where
To furthest point of west, Columbus late,
Through untry'd oceans borne to shores unknown,
Moor'd his first keel adventurous, and beheld
A new, a fair, a fertile world arise!
But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The Muse's walk, on which the Sun's bright eye
Propitious looks, invite her willing step.
Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidst,
Lavish of flowers and fragrance; where soft Spring,
Lord of the year, indulges to each field
The fanning breeze, live spring, and sheltering grove.
In these blest plains, a spacious city spreads
Its round extent magnificent, and seems

The seat of empire. Dazzling in the sky,
With far-seen blaze her towery structures shine,
Elaborate works of art! each opening gate
Sends forth its thousands: Peace and Plenty round
Environ her. In each frequented school
Learning exalts his head: and Commerce pours
Into her arms a thousand foreign realms.
How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
Of lasting bliss secure! Yet all must fail,
O'erturn'd and lost—nor shall their place be found.
A sullen calm unusual, dark and dead,
Arises inauspicious o'er the heavens.
The beamless Sun looks wan; a sighing cold
Winters the shadow'd air; the birds on high,
Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand:
And now, within the bosom of the globe,
Where sulphur stor'd, and nitre peaceful slept,
For ages, in their subterranean bed, [streams,
Ferments th' approaching tempest. Vapoury
Inflammable, perhaps by winds sublim'd,
Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled mass,
Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundless rage,
With horrour unconceiv'd, disploded bursts
Its central prison—Shook from shore to shore,
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes:
Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare: while from beneath,
Deaf distant roarings, through the wide profound,
Rueful are heard, as when Despair complains.
Gather'd in air, o'er that proud capital,
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Casting dun night and terrour o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful skies around;
A moment's dreadful silence! Then loud screams
And eager supplications rend the skies.
Lo, crowds on crowds, in hurry'd stream along,
From street to street, from gate to gate roll'd on,
This, that way burst in waves, by horrour wing'd
To distant hill or cave: while half the globe,
Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd
In surges, her vext surface rolls a sea.
Ruin ensues: towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—In that universal groan,
Sounding to Heaven, expir'd a thousand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck!
Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn,
The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flashing pale flames—down through the gulfs profound,
Screaming, whole crowds of every age and rank,
With hands to Heaven rais'd high imploring aid,
Prone to th' abyss descend; and o'er their heads
Earth shuts her ponderous jaws. Part lost in night
Return no more: part on the wafting wave,
Borne through the darkness of th' infernal world,
Far distant rise, emerging with the flood;
Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,
A shuddering band! Distraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionless: they pant, they catch
A gulp of air, and grasp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from Fate,
Short interval! a moment's doubtful life.
For now Earth's solid sphere asunder rent
With final dissolution, the huge mass
Fails undermin'd—down, down th' extensive seat
Of this fair city, down her buildings sink!
Sinks the full pride her ample walls enclos'd,
In one wild havoc crash'd, with burst beyond
Heaven's loudest thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!
Image of Nature's general frame destroy'd!
How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purposes of Heaven! At once o'erthrown,
White age and youth, the guilty and the just,
O, seemingly severe! promiscuous fall.
Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confus'd, subdued
To silence and amazement, with due praise
Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores
His will unerring, wisest, justest, best!
The country mourns around with alter'd look.
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring
Sat gaily drest, amid the vernal breath
Of roses, and the song of nightingales,
Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die.
Rivers ingulf'd their ample channels leave
A sandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain
With rough encumbrance; or through depths of earth
Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.
Sulphureous damps of dark and deadly power,
Steam'd from th' abyss, fly secret over-head,
Wounding the healthful air; whence foul disease,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks:
In man sore sickness, and the lamp of life
Dimm'd and diminish'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd.
Here into madness work'd, and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea
Foaming out mud and filth: here downward sunk
To folly, and in idle musing wrapt;
Now chasing with fond aim the flying cloud;
Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.
A while the fiery spirit in its cell
Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,
Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collusion down
Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark
That blows it into rage. Shakes Earth again,
Wide through her entrails torn. To all sides flash'd,
The flames bear downward on the central deep,
Immeasurable source, whence Ocean fills
His numerous seas, and pours them round the globe.
The liquid orb, through all its dark expanse,
In dire commotion boils, and, bursting way
Up through th' unsounded bottoms of the main,
Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps,
At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,
With raving violence. And now their shores,
Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,
O'erswelling mound and cliff: now swift and strange,
With refluent wave retreating, leave the beach
A naked waste of sands—Meantime, behold!
Yon neighbouring Mountain, rising bleak and bare,
Its double top in steril ashes hid,
But green around its base with oil and wine,
Gives sign of storm and desolation near:
Storehouse of fate! from whose infernal womb,
With fiery minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious fraught, ascends eternal smoke:
Now wavering loose in air; now borne on high,
A dusky column heightening to the Sun!
Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd
The steepy gulf, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vext, but now incens'd
To sevenfold fury. First, discordant sounds,

ı clamouring multitude enrag'd,
sh of floods, and hollow howl of winds
h wintery woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
ɔm the distant depth where uproar reigns.
vith black eruption, from its jaws,
: of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
ny flow, and cloud involving cloud,
ırging forth, extinguishing the day;
ollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
es and cinders rattling up the air.
, in one broad burst, a stream of fire,
uing, floods the hemisphere around.
ıse, nor rest; again the mountain groans,
g, from its inmost cavern shook:
with loudening rage, intensely fierce,
es pyramids of quivering flame,
ter spire enormous, and torn rocks,
ut in thundering ruins to the sky.
ee, in second pangs, the roaring hill
rth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,
l and vast, in one ascending trunk
th immense, heav'd by the force of fire,
vn base direct, aloft in air,
the soaring eagle's sunward flight.
it swells, through all the dark extent,
ɔnder seen! ten thousand lightnings play
'd vibrations; and from height to height
ıt thunders roar. No longer now
ed by the explosive breath below,
the shadowy summit breaks away
ides round, in billows broad and black,
turbid ocean stirr'd by winds,
ıry deluge hiding Earth and Heaven.
all day long: and now the beamless Sun
n blood. A dreadful pause ensues;
ıl calm, portending fiercer storm.
ht at once, with all her deep-dy'd shades,
ck and boundless o'er the scene. Sus-
ɔense
our rule the hour. Behold, from far,
ıg Heaven with supplicating hands
aming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
pled city stands; each sadden'd face
toward the hill of fears: and hark! once
more
ıg tempest shakes its sounding vaults,
ıt in distant murmurs, now more near
ling horrible, with all the roar
: and seas, or engines big with death,
anted by the murderous hand of War
: the round of some proud capital,
disploded, in one bursting peal
ɔrtal thunders mix. Along the sky,
st to south, a ruddy hill of smoke
its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd,
ile, the fluid lake that works below,
, sulphur, salt, and iron-scum,
ıp its boiling tide. The labouring mount
ith agonizing throes—at once,
ım its side disparted, blazing pours
y river, burning in prone waves,
nmer through the night, to yonder plain.
:here, a hundred torrent-streams,
ughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
ı. Villages, and woods, and rocks,
before their sweep. The region round,
ıyrtle walks and groves of golden fruit
, where harvest wav'd in all its pride,
re the vineyard spread her purple store,
ɣ into nectar, now despoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!
Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From scene to scene excursive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
The sovereign Maker, first, supreme, and best,
Who actuates the whole: at whose command,
Obedient fire and flood tremendous rise,
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove,
And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfin'd.

CANTO II.

Endless the wonders of creating power,
On Earth, but chief on high through Heaven dis-
play'd.
There shines the full magnificence unveil'd
Of Majesty divine: refulgent there
Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
To those bright climes, awakening all her powers,
And spreading her unbounded wing, the Muse
Ascending soars on, through the fluid space,
The buoyant atmosphere; whose vivid breath,
Soul of all sublunary life, pervades
The realms of Nature, to her inmost depths
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now still,
From pole to pole th' aërial ocean sleeps,
One limpid vacancy: now rous'd to rage
By blustering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud
With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows rise,
And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vulture's eye hath not observ'd,
Nor foot of eagle trod, th' ethereal sphere
Receding flies approach; its circling arch
Alike remote, translucent, and serene.
Glorious expansion! by th' Almighty spread,
Whose limits who hath seen! or who with him
Hath walk'd the sun-pav'd circuit from old time,
And visited the host of Heaven around!
Gleaming a borrow'd light, whence how small
The speck of Earth, and dim air circumfus'd!
Mutable region, vext with hourly change.
But here, unruffled Calm her even reign
Maintains external: here the lord of day,
The neighbouring Sun, shines out in all his strength,
Noon without night. Attracted by his beam,
I thither bend my flight, tracing the source
Where morning springs; whence her innumerous
streams
Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackless ways
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain-orb,
Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immense,
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What power is that, which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame! in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, bursting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible! to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell

That radiance beyond measure, on the Sun
Pour'd out transcendent! those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy!
Such virtue he, the Majesty of Heaven,
Brightness original, all-bounteous king,
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike
Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,
And dim the day. Whence that malignant light,
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise
In shady circles, like the Moon beheld
From Earth, when she her unenlighten'd face
Turns thitherward opaque: a space they brood
In congregated clouds; then breaking float
To all sides round. Dilated some and dense,
Broad as Earth's surface each, by slow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure
On to its adverse coast; till there they set,
Or vanish scatter'd: measuring thus the time,
That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.
Fairest of beings! first-created light!
Prime cause of beauty! for from thee alone,
The sparkling gem, the vegetable race,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their charms,
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing source of splendour draw!
In thy pure shine, with transport I survey
This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes, and motions: those how vast!
How rapid these! with swiftness unconceiv'd,
From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undisturb'd; the Sun's bright train,
Progressive through the sky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. Mercury the first,
Near bordering on the day, with speedy wheel
Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes,
With sevenfold splendour, all his azure road.
Next Venus to the westward of the Sun,
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
Circles her larger round. Fair morning-star!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The seat of man, hung in the heavens remote,
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees
The Sun arise; as through the zodiac roll'd,
Full in the middle path oblique she winds
Her annual orb: and by her side the Moon,
Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply
A softer day-light; whose attractive power
Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.
Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly state, the rival of the Sun.
About him round, four planetary moons,
On Earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
These, in th' horizon, slow-ascending climb
The steep of Heaven, and, mingling in soft flow
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.
Those opposite roll downward from their noon
To where the shade of Jove, outstretch'd in length
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky
Through many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,
Fading their lustre; till they sink involv'd
In total night, and disappear eclips'd.
By this, the sage, who, studious of the skies,
Heedful explores these late-discover'd worlds,
By this observ'd, the rapid progress finds
Of light itself: how swift the headlong ray
Shoots from the Sun's height through unbounded space,
At once enlightening air, and Earth and Heaven.
Last, outmost Saturn walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds; with his pale moons,
Faint-glimmering through the darkness night has thrown,
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn:
An endless desert, where extreme of cold
Eternal sits, as in his native seat,
On wintry hills of never-thawing ice!
Such Saturn's earth; and yet ev'n here the sight,
Amid these doleful scenes, new matter finds
Of wonder and delight! a mighty ring,
On each side rising from th' horizon's verge,
Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on,
Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,
Climbs slowly to its height: and at th' approach
Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace
Draws westward off; till through the lucid round,
In distant view th' illumin'd skies are seen.
Beauteous appearance! by th' Almighty's hand
Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,
Great, universal Ruler! Earth and Heaven
Are thine, spontaneous offspring of thy will,
Seen with transcendent ravishment sublime,
That lifts the soul to thee! a holy joy,
By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite!
Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates: as at first thy hand
Diffus'd through endless space this limpid sky,
Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes
Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each;
Observant all of one unchanging law.
Simplicity divine! by this sole rule,
The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central Sun
All gravitating: now with quicken'd pace
Descending tow'rd the primal orb, and now
Receding slow, excursive from his bounds.
This spring of motion, this hid power infus'd
Through universal nature, first was known
To thee, great Newton! Britain's justest pride,
The boast of human race; whose towering thought,
In her amazing progress unconfin'd,
From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height
Of science, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up astonish'd. Now beyond that height,
By death from frail mortality set free,
A pure intelligence he wings his way
Through wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the world
Invisible, amid the general quire
Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes the soul!
His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,
For God himself shines forth immediate there,
Through those eternal climes, the frame of things,
In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.—
But how shall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of Heaven,
Unfathomable, endless of extent!

unknown suns to unknown systems rise,
numbers who shall tell? stupendous host!
ing millions through the vacant hung,
yond sun, and world to world unseen,
reless distance, unconceiv'd by thought!
their order; each the central fire
surrounding stars, whose whirling speed,
and silent, through the pathless void,
ange, nor errour knows. But, their ways,
son, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
ted can declare! What search shall find
imes and seasons! their appointed laws,
ir! their inhabitants of life,
intelligence, from scale to scale
nious rising and in fix'd degree;
rless orders, each resembling each,
diverse!—Tremendous depth and height
lom and of power, that this great whole
inexpressible, and still preserves,
nite of wonders!—Thou, supreme,
ndependent Cause, whose presence fills
's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves,
of human kind! the Muse's wing
ing guide, while to the heights of Heaven,
g th' interminable vast of space,
s, tracing thy almighty hand
read operations. Where is now
t of mankind, Earth? where her great scenes
and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,
n, Roman? or of later name,
n, Mexican, in that new world,
the wide Atlantic, late disclos'd?
is their place?—Let proud Ambition pause,
ken at the vanity that prompts
le deeds—With Earth, those nearer orbs,
ding planets, late so glorious seen,
ch a world, are now for sight too small;
nost lost to thought. The Sun himself,
of flame, but twinkles from afar,
nering star amid the train of night!
n these deep abysses of the sky,
incomprehensible, new suns,
l with unborrow'd beams, illustrious shine;
s here, and here the Pleiades,
e northern host: nor with less state,
less distance, huge Orion's orbs,
his sphere refulgent, and the noon
us, burning through the south of Heaven.
ads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
lky way, whose stream of vivid light,
from innumerable fountains round,
rembling, wave on wave, from sun to sun,
itens the long path to Heaven's extreme:
uish'd tract! But as with upward flight,
, I gain th' immensurable steep,
ous stars, in bright profusion sown
h these wide fields, all broaden into suns,
g, sever'd each by gulfs of air,
it ample as the solar heavens.
this dread eminence, where endless day,
hout cloud abides, alone and fill'd
ly horrour, trembling I survey
wnward through the universal sphere
' past; now up to the heights untry'd,
th' enlarging prospect find no bound!
ne on each hand new wonders rise
succession; here pure scenes of light,
g the view; here nameless worlds afar,
liscover'd: there a dying Sun,
lim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell! thick, vapoury mists,
From every shore exhaling, mix obscure
Innumerable clouds, dispreading slow,
And deepening shade on shade; till the faint globe,
Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams.
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horrour see, from distant spheres around,
The source of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involv'd in everlasting night!
Such this dread revolution: Heaven itself,
Subject to change, so feels the waste of years.
So this cerulian round, the work divine
Of God's own hand, shall fade; and empty night
Reign solitary, where these stars now roll
From west to east their periods: where the train
Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excursion, through th' immense
Of ethef, traversing from sky to sky
Ten thousand regions in their winding road,
Whose length to trace imagination fails!
Various their paths; without resistance all
Through these free spaces borne: of various face;
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers:
That, through the shade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,
Embody'd mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass
Keen vibrates, streaming a red length of air.
While distant orbs, with wonder and amaze,
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd
Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
Whose march is ever fatal; in whose train
Famine, and War, and desolating Plague,
Each on his pale horse rides; the ministers
Of angry Heaven, to scourge offending worlds!
But lo! where one, from some far world return'd,
Shines out with sudden glare through yonder sky,
Region of darkness, where a Sun's lost globe,
Deep overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies.
By some hid power attracted from his path,
Fearful commotion! into that dusk tract,
The devious comet, steep descending, falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
Th' exhausted orb: and swift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffusive through the gloom, and spreads
In orient streams to his fair train afar
Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.
In still amazement lost, th' awaken'd mind
Contemplates this great view, a Sun restor'd
With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne
Far through ethereal ground, the boundless walk
Of spirits, daily travellers from Heaven;
Who pass the mystic gulf to journey here,
Searching th' Almighty Maker in his works
From worlds to worlds, and, in triumphant quire
Of voice and harp, extolling his high praise.
Immortal natures! cloth'd with brightness round,
Empyreal, from the source of light effus'd,
More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam.
Their will unerring; their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whose object God alone: for all things else,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illusive all, can charm the soul no more.
Sublime their intellect, and without spot,
Enlarg'd to draw Truth's endless prospect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time;
The train of beings, all by gradual scale

Descending, sumless orders and degrees;
Th' unsounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
Of God's perfections; how these heavens first sprung
From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd
In number, weight, and measure; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.
Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will Heaven fulfil: some his fierce wrath
Bear through the nations, pestilence and war;
His copious goodness some, life, light, and bliss,
To thousands. Some the fate of empires rule,
Commission'd, sheltering with their guardian wings
The pious monarch, and the legal throne.
Nor is the sovereign, nor th' illustrious great,
Alone their care. To every lessening rank
Of worth propitious, these blest minds embrace
With universal love the just and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Deprest by fortune, and with hate pursued,
Or insult from the proud oppressor's brow.
Yet dear to Heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when Nature's fairest face,
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake
The sin-born vanities, and low pursuits,
That busy human kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay, for numerous wrongs,
Meekness and charity. Or, rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardour, to survey
The circuit of creation, all these suns [height,
With all their worlds: and still from height to
By things created rising, last ascend
To that First Cause, who made, who governs all,
Fountain of being, self-existent power,
All-wise, all-good, who from eternal age
Endures, and fills th' immensity of space;
That infinite diffusion, where the mind
Conceives no limits; undistinguish'd void,
Invariable, where no land-marks are,
No paths to guide Imagination's flight.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA:

OR,

THE HERMIT.

ADDRESSED TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

PREFACE.

The following poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy. But the author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in; for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public: though, to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or western isles that surround one part of Great Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of it, in a little treatise published near half a century ago, under the title of a Voyage to St. Kilda. The author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes at length the situation, extent, and produce of that solitary island; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transmigrate thither annually, and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the inhabitants: a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives, of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole Earth. To whom might have been applied what an ancient historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours: plus valuit apud hos ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia philosophorum præcepta.

They live together, as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold; but barter among themselves for the few necessaries they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor; for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry; and compose not only songs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those islanders, having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for such he reckoned the larger isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock; but insisted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others still higher. However the caverns formed in it, so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised, were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to show their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw then for the first time, as in his own island there grows not a shrub, equally surprised and delighted him: but he observed, with a kind of terrour, that as he passed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters; and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber, which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world: for, said he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among such sort of men it was that Aurelius sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of king Charles the Second: when those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate; and then plundered,

l, or butchered them, for the natural such despair. The best and worthiest oft the objects of their most unrelenting ıder the title of fanatics, or seditious, ted to herd, and of course persecuted, ished well to his country, or ventured to n defence of the laws and a legal govern- have now in my hands the copy of a ıigned by king Charles himself, for mili- ıtion upon them without process or con- ınd I know that the original is still kept retary's office for that part of the united

Thus much I thought it necessary to the reader may not be misled to look relation given by Aurelius in the second drawn from the wantonness of imagina- ı it hardly arises to strict historical truth. reception this poem may meet with, the ınnot foresee; and, in his humble, but ırement, he needs not be over anxious to le has endeavoured to make it one regular stent whole; to be true to nature in his and to the genius of the language in his f expressing them. If he has succeeded oints, but above all in effectually touch- ıssions, which, as it is the genuine pro- is it the great triumph, of poetry; the f his more discerning readers will readily nistakes or failures in things of less im-

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TO MRS. MALLET.

bful partner of a heart thy own,
ıin, or pleasure, springs from thine alone;
ıe as Honour, as Compassion kind,
ıweet union, harmonize thy mind:
ile thy eyes, for sad Amyntor's woe,
ıdora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
ıy friend's warm wish to Heaven preferr'd
for him, by gracious Heaven be heard!
ir hour of fortune shall be thine,
; and all Amyntor's fondness mine.
gh long vernal life, with blended ray,
e light up, and Friendship close our day:
mon'd late this lower heaven to leave,
shall end us, and one earth receive.

MYNTOR AND THEODORA:

OR, THE HERMIT.

CANTO I.

ıe watery waste, where his broad wave
rld to world the vast Atlantic rolls,
the piny shores of Labrador
ı Thulé east, her airy height
Heaven remotest Kilda lifts;
ıe sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,
rain, Britannia's parent-coast.
ıppy land! though freezing on the verge
skies; yet, blameless still of arts
sh to deprave, each softer clime,
ıple Nature, simple Virtue blest!
Ambition's walk: where never War
his sanguine standard; nor unsheath'd
h or power, the desolating sword.
uxury, soft syren, who around
To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup
Of pleasing bane, that soothes at once and kills,
Is yet a name unknown. But calm Content
That lives to reason; ancient Faith that binds
The plain community of guileless hearts
In love and union; Innocence of ill
Their guardian genius: these, the powers that rule
This little world, to all its sons secure
Man's happiest life; the soul serene and sound
From passion's rage, the body from disease.
Red on each cheek behold the rose of health;
Firm in each sinew vigour's pliant spring;
By temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount,
For food or pastime. These light up their morn,
And close their eve in slumbers sweetly deep,
Beneath the north, within the circling swell
Of Ocean's raging sound. But last and best,
What Avarice, what Ambition shall not know,
True Liberty is theirs, the heaven-sent guest,
Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
With Independence dwells; and Peace of mind,
In youth, in age, their sun that never sets.

Daughter of Heaven and Nature, deign thy aid,
Spontaneous Muse! O, whether from the depth
Of evening forest, brown with broadest shade;
Or from the brow sublime of vernal alp
As morning dawns; or from the vale at noon,
By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot
Through bowery groves, where Inspiration sits
And listens to thy lore, auspicious come!
O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,
Thy wing high-hovering spread; and to the gale,
The boreal spirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With answering cadence free, as best beseems
The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here, good Aurelius—and a scene more wild
The world around, or deeper solitude,
Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
That saw him blest, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the slow remains of setting life
In bitterness of thought: and with the surge,
And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan
Would often mix—oft as remembrance sad
Th' unhappy past recall'd; a faithful wife,
Whom Love first chose, whom Reason long endear'd,
His soul's companion, and his softer friend;
With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceless left
Within a tyrant's grasp! his foe profess'd,
By civil madness, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorseless!—Thus he liv'd:
If this was life, to load the blast with sighs;
Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears,
At midnight hour: for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,
Pour all the husband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguish; stretch'd along
The naked beach; or shivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm,
Hail, snow, and shower, dark-drifting round his head.

Such were his hours; till Time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black,

Each sullen spectre chase, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulse
With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm
Arose, but unassur'd: as, after winds
Of ruffling wind, the sea, subsiding slow,
Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first,
Her throne resuming, bid Devotion raise
To Heaven his eye; and through the turbid mist
By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause supreme,
All-just, all-wise, who bids what still is best,
In cloud, or sunshine; whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.
Thus, in his bosom, every weak excess,
The rage of grief, the fellness of revenge,
To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand; and in her brightening beam
Each errour clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before th' ascending Sun; through faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks
Of Sin and Death. Anticipating Heaven
In pious hope, he seems already there,
Safe on her sacred shore; and sees beyond,
In radiant view, the world of light and love,
Where Peace delights to dwell; where one fair morn
Still orient smiles, and one diffusive spring,
That fears no storm and shall no winter know,
Th' immortal year empurples. If a sigh
Yet murmurs from his breast, 'tis for the pangs
Those dearest names, a wife, a child must feel,
Still suffering in his fate: 'tis for a foe,
Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of Heaven
That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.
The Sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse
The rosy year; and in each pleasing hue,
That greens the leaf, or through the blossom glows
With florid light, his fairest month array'd:
While Zephyre, while the silver-footed Dews,
Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove
Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.
Not here, in this chill region, on the brow
Of Winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill,
With wild thyme flowering, betony, and balm,
Blue lavender and carmel's spicy root [1],
Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze.
But, high above, the season full exerts
Its vernal force in yonder peopled rocks,
To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,
The birds of passage transmigrating come,
Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
At Nature's summons their aërial state
Annual to found; and in bold voyage steer,
O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathless sky,
One certain flight to one appointed shore:
By Heaven's directive spirit, here to raise
Their temporary realm; and form secure,
Where food awaits them copious from the wave,
And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:
Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
Their helpless infants, piously intent.
Led by the day abroad, with lonely step,

[1] The root of this plant, otherwise named argatilis sylvaticus, is aromatic; and by the natives reckoned cordial to the stomach. See Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 180.

And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves,
From pole to pole through boundless space diffus'd,
Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,
Leviathan, with each inferior name
Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
Finds endless range for pasture and for sport,
Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
The hand Almighty, who its channell'd bed
Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,
Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere;
With every wind to waft large commerce on,
Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,
And link in bonds of intercourse and love
Earth's universal family. Now rose
Sweet evening's solemn hour. The Sun, declin'd,
Hung golden o'er this nether firmament;
Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
With splendour undiminish'd; and each cloud,
White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
In fair aërial landscape. Here, alone
On Earth's remotest verge, Aurelius breath'd
The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung
In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath.
When lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks,
Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
At twilight hour, remote and hollow heard
Through wintry pines, high-waving o'er the steep
Of sky-crown'd Appenine. The seapye ceas'd
At once to warble. Screaming, from his nest
The fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight
From shore to sea. On came, before her hour,
Invading Night, and hung the troubled sky
With fearful blackness round [2]. Sad Ocean's face
A curling undulation shivery swept
From wave to wave: and now impetuous rose,
Thick cloud and storm and ruin on his wing,
The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast.
Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,
Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd:
His stunn'd ear smote with all the thundering main!
His eye with mountains surging to the stars!
Commotion infinite. Where yon last wave
Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view
Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds:
Yet distant seen and dim, till, onward borne
Before the blast, each growing sail expands,
Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
Bounds on his eye distinct. With sharpen'd ken
Its course he watches, and in awful thought
That Power invokes, whose voice the wild winds hear,
Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from Heaven,
And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
With fears amaz'd, by horrours compass'd round.
But O, ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads!
For Death bestrides the billow, nor your own,
Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
Of instant fate. And, lo! his secret seat,
Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst

[2] See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

s jaws voraginous and vast,
ıy genius of the deep forsakes:
:he waves, that roar beneath his frown,
; baleful, bids the tempest spread,
d terrible with hail and rain,
st pinion, pour its loudening blasts
ind forth, and from their lowest depth
ıe world of waters. Round and round
r'd ship, at his imperious call,
. in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
ort; her masts in crashing ruin fall;
rent sail flies loose in distant air.
ful moment! o'er the foundering hull,
n heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
n the clouds with horrid shade impends—
them Heaven! it burs s in deluge down
ndless undulation. Shore and sky
to the roar. At once engulf'd,
d crew beneath its torrent sweep,
, to rise no more. Aurelius wept:
unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
l his step; he fled the fatal scene,
ling, in sad silence, o'er the sight
lone disclos'd, his wounded heart
ıt to Heaven in sighs: "Thy will be done,
, supreme Disposer of events!
ı demands a tear, and man must feel
ın woes: the rest submission checks."
tant far, where this receding bay[3]
rthward on the pole, a rocky arch
its self-pois'd concave; as the gate,
nd broad, and pillar'd massy-proof,
unfolding temple. On its height
the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
r the green roof spread, their fragrant food
l crop. As through this cavern'd path,
in pensive thought Aurelius past,
ith sad echoes from the sounding vault
ur'd shrill, he stopt, he rais'd his head;
th' assembled natives in a ring,
ıder and with pity bending o'er
eck'd man. All-motionless on earth
The living lustre from his eye,
ıil hue extinguish'd from his cheek:
ıeir place, on each chill feature spread,
owy cloud and ghastliness of Death
e suffusion sat. So looks the Moon,
; wan, through hovering mists at eve,
tumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
; wave: and close within his grasp
ch'd a broken oar, as one who long
n'd the flood with agonizing breast,
ggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
'd, and built by Nature's noblest hand;
old proportion, and where softening grace,
each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.
ıs, from the breathless clay, his eye
en imploring rais'd: then, for he knew
:, within her central cell retir'd,
: unseen, diminish'd, but not quench'd,
ansport it speedy through the vale,
, or cell that lonely stood and low,
ı the north beneath a sloping hill:
ıe frame, orbicular, and rais'd
ons rude; its roof with reverend moss
ıded o'er; its front in ivy hid,
ıtling crept aloft. With pious hand
r'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd

[3] Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

The vapoury air with aromatic smells;
Then, drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn
From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
Slow, from the mortal trance, as men from dreams
Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes:
While life, to scarce-felt motion, faintly lifts
His fluttering pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek
The rosy current wins its refluent way.
Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd
Severe on Heaven, on the surrounding hills
With twilight dim, and on the crowd unknown
Dissolv'd in tears around: then clos'd again,
As loathing light and life. At length, in sounds
Broken and eager, from his heaving breast
Distraction spoke—"Down, down with every sail.
Mercy, sweet Heaven!—Ha! now whole ocean sweeps
In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope!
We will not part—Help, help! yon wave, behold!
That swells betwixt, has borne her froth my sight.
O, for a sun to light this black abyss!
Gone—lost—for ever lost!" He ceas'd. Amaze
And trembling on the pale assistants fell:
Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensued,
Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face
Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
Watchful, his ear, each murmur, every breath,
Attentive seiz'd; now eager to begin
Consoling speech; now doubtful to invade
The sacred silence due to grief supreme.
Then thus at last: "O from devouring seas,
By miracle escap'd! if, with thy life,
Thy sense return'd, can yet discern the hand
All-wonderful, that through yon raging sea,
Yon whirling west of tempest, led thee safe;
That hand divine with grateful awe confess,
With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
Th' unfathom'd gulf; when human hope was fled,
And human help in vain—th' Almighty voice
Then bade destruction spare, and bade the deep
Yield up its prey; that, by his mercy sav'd,
That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
A monument of wonder as of love,
May justify; to all the sons of men,
Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
Such praise delights him most—
He hears me not.
Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe,
Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
Through the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter stream!
"Yet, speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!
For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
Myself most wretched, and in sorrow's ways
Severely train'd, to share in every pang
The wretched feel; to soothe the sad of heart;
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
With every son and daughter of distress.
Speak then, and give thy labouring bosom vent:
My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine;
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Through reason's paths, to happiness and Heaven."
The hermit thus: and, after some sad pause
Of musing wonder, thus the man unknown.
"What have I heard?—On this untravell'd shore,
Nature's last limit, hemm'd with oceans round
Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
A comforter to find! whose language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend, whose breast

The gracious meltings of sweet pity move!
Amazement all! my grief to silence charm'd
Is lost in wonder—but, thou good unknown,
If woes, for ever wedded to despair,
That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me
A meet companion; one whom Earth and Heaven
Combine to curse; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose
Descending shade—O, son of this wild world!
From social converse though for ever barr'd,
Though chill'd with endless winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
By fairer suns attemper'd, courtly boast;
O say, did e'er thy breast, in youthful life,
Touch'd by a beam from Beauty all-divine,
Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
In pleasing tumult pour'd through every vein,
And panting at the heart, when first our eye
Receives impression! Then, as passion grew,
Did Heaven, consenting to thy wish, indulge
That bliss no wealth can bribe, no power bestow,
That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth—
If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
My joys conceiving, image my despair,
How total! how extreme! For this, all this,
Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
Lies lost and bury'd there—O, awful Heaven!
Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
Can'st tell what I have lost—O, ill-starr'd maid!
O, most undone Amyntor!"—Sighs and tears,
And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice suppress'd,
The rest was agony and dumb despair.

Now o'er their heads damp Night her stormy gloom
Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
With huge and heavy horrour closing round
In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene,
The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt:
And thus reply'd, as one in Nature skill'd,
With soft assenting sorrow in his look,
And words to soothe, not combat hopeless love.

"Amyntor, by that Heaven who sees thy tears!
By faith and friendship's sympathy divine!
Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just?
How long in silent anguish to descend,
When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb
Are fellow-mourners? He, who can resign,
Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the sense,
The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
Cold and insensible, thy breast were then
No mansion for humanity, or thought
Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
And tender pity; whose kind tear adorns
The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
They soften, not subdue. We both will mix,
For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
Our social sighs: and still, as morn unveils
The brightening hill, or evening's misty shade
Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
Her mind all-lovely, each ennobling each,
Shall be our frequent theme. Then shalt thou hear
From me, in sad return, a tale of woes,
So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain'd heart
Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
That mine has bled with—But behold; the dark
And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk.
Here break we off: and thou, sad mourner, try
Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
With timely sleep. Each gracious wing from Heaven
Of those that minister to erring man,
Near-hovering, hush thy passion into calm;
Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
Of brightest visions; whisper to thy heart
That holy peace which goodness ever shares:
And to us both be friendly as we need."

CANTO II.

Now Midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,
Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
Vapour and cloud. Around th' unsleeping isle
Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd;
And, in mix'd horrour, to Amyntor's ear [pall'd,
Borne through the gloom, his shrieking sense ap-
Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,
Again pale memory labours in the storm:
Again from her he's torn, whom more than life
His fondness lov'd. And now, another shower
Of sorrow, o'er the dear unhappy maid,
Effusive stream'd; till late, through every power
The soul subdued sunk sad to slow repose:
And all her darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
Were quench'd in total night. A pause from pain
Not long to last: for Fancy, oft awake
While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
To mock with mimic shows. And lo! the deeps
In airy tumult swell. Beneath a hill
Amyntor heaves of overwhelming seas;
Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
The billow's back. Anon, the shadowy world
Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,
Where solitary, o'er the starless void, [length,
Dumb Silence broods. Through heaths of dreary
Slow on he drags his staggering step infirm
With breathless toil; hears torrent floods afar
Roar through the wild; and, plung'd in central caves,
Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
And brightening with their glow the brown abyss,
Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
Sat, without cloud, the soft-consenting soul,
That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide.
A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round
Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
Sung spousals, as along th' enamell'd turf
They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls,
Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
The fair encircled: thrice she fled his grasp,
And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
"O turn! O stay thy flight!"—so loud he cry'd,
Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward sense
Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
Still, on his eye, the hovering shadow blaz'd;
Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
Grateful deception! till returning thought
Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd,

ne drear spectre from the grave unbound:
:aling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
z, in act to plunge amid the flood [voice,
'rom that height discern'd. Nor reason's
d submission to the will of Heaven,
is him; but, as passion whirls his thought,
pectation, that perchance escap'd,
passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
h himself had borne th' unhappy fair,
t be seen. Around, o'er sea and shore,
d his ardent eye; but nought around
l or wave within his ken appears,
f, nor floating corse, on which to shed
sad tear, and lay the covering mould!
now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours
's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
smiling, and her purple lamp
gh o'er earth and sea: while, all-unveil'd,
t horizon on Amyntor's eye
ll its scenes of wonder, wildly great,
cently various. From this steep,
immense in rolling prospect lay
thern deep. Amidst, from space to space,
nerous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
th' ascending mists disperse in air,
radual from her bosom: and beyond,
tant clouds blue-floating on the verge
ing skies, break forth the dawning hills.
and landscapes! barren some and bare,
l'd on rock, amazing, up to Heaven,
d grandeur: some with sounding ash,
broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
ng pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
vely in the Sun's adorning beam,
w, fair-rising o'er yon eastern cliff,
nal verdure tinctures gay with gold.
while Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,
that Temperance sheds in timely dews
who live to her, his mournful guest
orth to hail, as hospitable rites
tue's rule enjoin: but first to him,
of all charity, who gave the heart
ndly sense to glow, his matin-song,
r duty, thus the sage addrest:
ntain of light! from whom yon orient Sun
ew his splendour; Source of life and love!
smile now wakes o'er Earth's rekindling face
ndless blush of spring; O! First and Best!
ence, though from human sight and search,
from the climb of all created thought,
y remov'd; yet man himself,
rest child of reason, man may read
ded power, intelligence supreme,
ker's hand, on all his works imprest,
acters coëval with the Sun,
h the Sun to last; from world to world,
ge to age, in every clime, disclos'd,
elation through all time the same.
iversal Goodness! with full stream
r flowing from beneath the throne
h earth, air, sea, to all things that have life:
l that live on earth, in air and sea,
at community of Nature's sons,
, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend!
the reverent hymn my grateful voice
heard, among thy works not least,
est; with intelligence inform'd,
r thee, and adore; with free-will crown'd,
Virtue leads, to follow and be blest.
her by thy prime decree ordain'd
To days of future life; or whether now
The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
Through this dark scene of errour and of ill,
Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer.
All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
Withhold or grant: and let that will be done."

This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,
The hill's steep side with firm elastic step
He lightly scal'd: such health the frugal board,
The morn's fresh breath that exercise respires
In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
Our life's best cordial, can through age prolong.
There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
The man unknown; nor heard approach his host,
Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius, mov'd
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began.

"O sight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Ev'n in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
A feeling tear; whom yesterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all possest
That Fancy, tranc'd in fairest vision, dreams;
Now lost to all, each hope that softens life, [spread,
Each bliss that cheers; there, on the damp earth
Beneath a heaven unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame
Its tender anguish—"

"Hear me, Heaven!" exclaim'd
The frantic mourner, "could that anguish rise
To madness and to mortal agony,
I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
For ever freed. To me the Sun is lost:
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkness, is despair—But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O, sainted maid!
For such in Heaven thou art, if from thy seat
Of holy rest, beyond these changeful skies,
If names on Earth most sacred once and dear,
A lover and a friend, if yet these names
Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
Thy lifeless limbs: that I—O grief supreme!
O fate remorseless! was thy lover sav'd
For such a task?—that I those dear remains,
With maiden-rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
Beneath the hallow'd vault; and, weeping there
O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close
These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine!"

"Such, and so dire," reply'd the cordial friend
In Pity's look and language, "such, alas!
Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,
Have all been mine, and with alternate war
This bosom ravag'd. Hearken then, good youth;
My story mark, and from another's fate,
Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear.

"In me, a man behold, whose morn serene,
Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
In virtuous purpose, or in honest act,
Drew fair distinction on my public name,
From those among mankind, the nobler few,

Whose praise is fame; but there, in that true source
Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
In home found peace and love, supremely blest!
Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd
Our hopes and fears, our Earth and Heaven the same!
At last, Amyntor, in my failing age,
Fallen from such height, and with the felon-herd,
Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that still
Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with shame!
Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone should fear,
The hand of public vengeance: arm'd by rage,
Not justice; rais'd to injure, not redress;
To rob, not guard; to ruin, not defend:
And all, O sovereign Reason! all deriv'd
From power that claims thy warrant to do wrong!
A right divine to violate unblam'd
Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,
The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend!
"O Charles! O monarch! in long exile train'd,
Whole hopeless years, th' oppressor's hand to know
How hateful and how hard; thyself reliev'd,
Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
Of want and woe, of danger and despair,
As Heaven has thine, to pity their distress!
"Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
Be far th' unhallow'd licence of abuse;
Be far th' bitterness of saintly zeal,
That, impious hid behind the patriot's name,
Masks hate and malice to the legal throne,
In justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
The prince to guard—but guard the people too:
Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss,
Fair Freedom, birthright of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.
"But if, disclaiming this his heaven-own'd right,
This first best tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,
To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince,
Allegiance kept were treason to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.
For say, Amyntor, does just Heaven enjoin
That we should homage Hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage,
Rend Earth's firm frame, and in one boundless grave
Engulf their thousands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,
Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep
Of wintry hill, or waste untravell'd heath,
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to Heaven: the arm of power
Extended fatal, but to crush the head
It ought to screen, or with a parent's love
Reclaim from errour, not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.
"In this wide ruin were my fortune sunk:
Myself, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom Nature, whom the social life renounc'd,
Unsummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
To shameful death adjudg'd; against my head
The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds.
And this blind fury of commission'd rage,
Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direst name,
Was given in charge: a foe, whom blood-stain'd zeal,
For what—O hear it not, all-righteous Heaven!
Lest thy rous'd thunder burst—for what was deem'd
Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute,
More deadly fell than hunger ever stung
To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
Familiar, and in each dire art of death
Train'd ruthless up. As tigers on their prey,
On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
Devouring fell: nor that sequester'd shade,
That sweet recess, where Love and Virtue long
In happy league had dwelt, which war itself
Beheld with reverence, could their fury scape;
Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames:
For flame and rapine their consuming march,
From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
So, borne by winds along, in baneful cloud,
Embody'd locusts from the wing descend
On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year:
While, waste behind, destruction on their track
And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child
He dragg'd, the ruffian dragg'd—O Heaven! do I,
A man, survive to tell it? At the hour
Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
Of all who saw and curs'd his coward-rage,
He forc'd, unpitying, from their midnight-bed,
By menace, or by torture, from their fears
My last retreat to learn; and still detains
Beneath his roof accurst, that best of wives!
Emelia, and our only pledge of love,
My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there,
And Nature bleed—Ah! let not busy thought
Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast:
Discovery, there, once more my peace of mind
Might wreck; once more to desperation sink
My hopes in Heaven." He said: but O, sad Muse!
Can all thy moving energy, of power
To shake the heart, to freeze th' arrested blood,
With words that weep, and strains that agonize;
Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
Tell what Amyntor feels? "O Heaven! art thou—
What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?—
Confusion! horrour!—that most wrong'd of men!
And, O most wretched too! alas! no more,
No more a father—On that fatal flood,
Thy Theodora—" At these words he fell.
A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins:
And Life was on the wing, her loath'd abode
For ever to forsake. As on his way
The traveller, from Heaven by lightning struck,
Is fix'd at once immoveable; his eye
With terrour glaring wild; his stiffening limbs
In sudden marble bound: so stood, so look'd
The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,
Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sign to rise,
No tear had force to flow; his senses all,
Through all their powers, suspended, and subdued
To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
Ere first the thunder breaks—on either side
Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
As from some vision that to frenzy fires
The sleeper's brain, Amyntor, waking wild,
A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
Drew furious forth—"Me, me," he cry'd, "on me
Let all thy wrongs be visited; and thus

rs end"—then madly would have plung'd
n's hostile point.—His lifted arm
nough with deep dismay and dread
h shook, yet his superior soul
and resuming all himself,
len: then perusing with strict eye,
g heart, Amyntor's blooming form;
is air or feature gathering aught
membrance, thus at length bespoke.
attempt! Whoe'er thou art, yet stay
elf-violent; nor thus to guilt,
hine, accumulating add
at Nature shrinks from, and to which
s indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge!
first violate the law divine,
l him here dependent on thy nod,
nmurmuring, to await his hour
nission hence; shall man do this,
'hy presence, rush into thy sight,
he sin, and recent from the stain,
ted blood? Call home thy sense;
: thou art, and own his hand most just,
or afflicting—But say on.
et trembling at thy frantic deed,
words, recalls their dire import:
me on; they bid me ask no more—
d I ask? My Theodora's fate,
known too plain. Have I then sinn'd,
en! beyond all grace—But shall I blame
f grief, and in myself admit
cess? Heaven gave her to my wish;
leaven has resum'd: righteous in both,
s providence be ever blest!"
e repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
low recovering into thought,
on his knee, the good man's hand
se, and bore with ardour to his lips.
here fear, confusion, reverence spoke,
relling tears, what language cannot tell,
meet, now shunn'd the hermit's glance,
at him: till, the various swell
ebbing, thus he faultering spoke:
hast thou done? why sav'd a wretch
nown?
wing ev'n thy goodness must abhor.
an! the honour of thy name,
rth, duty, all must be my foes.
elius! turn that look aside,
of terrour, while this wretch can say,
say, he is—Forgive me, Heaven!
, Virtue! if I would renounce
ure bids me reverence—by her bond,
on: by your more sacred ties,
imes, an alien to his blood;
like his—"
"Rolando's son? Just Heaven!
and in my power? A war of thoughts,
arising, shakes my frame
ful conflict. By one stroke to reach
s heart, though seas are spread between,
revenge!—Away: revenge? on whom?
ny own soul; by rage betray'd
crime my reason most condemns
ruin'd me." Deep-mov'd he spoke;
n poniard o'er the prostrate youth
held. But, as the welcome blow,
display'd, Amyntor seem'd to court,
sudden confluence gathering round
stood; whom kindness hither drew,
nknown, with each relieving aid
Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
To succour and to serve. Before them came
Montano, venerable sage, whose head
The hand of Time with twenty winters' snow
Had shower'd; and to whose intellectual eye
Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause,
Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
Amyntor plac'd; to lodge him and secure;
To save him from himself, as one, with grief
Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep.
This done, nor waiting for reply, alone
He sought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

CANTO III.

Where Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
With triple fork to Heaven, the mounted Sun
Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream
His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale
The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
And nodding as they move; their oozy meal,
The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
Around its rocks to graze[4]: for, strange to tell!
The hour of ebb, though ever varying found,
As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
Intelligent of times; by Heaven's own hand,
To all its creatures equal in its care,
Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide
To labour and repose a simple race,
These native signs to due repast at noon,
Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate isle:
All but Aurelius. He, unhappy man,
By Nature's voice solicited in vain,
Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
The child no more! the mother's fate untold!
Both in black prospect rising to his eye—
'Twas anguish there; 'twas here distracting doubt!
Yet, after long and painful conflict borne,
Where Nature, Reason, oft the doubtful scale
Inclin'd alternate, summoning each aid
That Virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
Superior rising, in the might of him,
Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light,
Omnipotent can draw; again resign'd,
Again he sacrific'd, to Heaven's high will,
Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast;
The sigh soft memory prompts; the tender tear,
That, streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost,
With mournful tragic tortures and delights,
Relieves us, while its sweet oppression loads,
And, by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.
As Reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
And through the darkness shot her sun-bright ray
That strengthens while it cheers; behold from far
Amyntor slow approaching! on his front,

[4] The cows often feed on the alga marina: and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood; though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 156.

O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd
Attraction, sweetly sad. His noble port,
Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd;
And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
With social softness. Straight, before the door
Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down
In counterview: and thus the youth began.
" With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
Amyntor's story: then, as Justice sees,
On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
Absolve him, or condemn—But oh, may I,
A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,
Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every son
By Heaven made sacred; and by Nature's hand,
With Honour, Duty, Love, her triple pale,
Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
Of each irreverent thought.—These eyes, alas!
The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal
Too near beheld: its madness how extreme;
How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,
Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
Train'd on to holy mischief. Scene abhorr'd!
Fell Cruelty let loose in Mercy's name:
Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron scourge
Severest hung, yet daring to appeal
That Power whose law is meekness; and, for deeds
That outrage Heaven, belying Heaven's command.
" Flexile of will, misjudging, though sincere,
Rolando caught the spread infection, plung'd
Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd
His course unjust to violence and rage.
Unmanly rage! when nor the charm divine
Of beauty, nor the matron's sacred age,
Secure from wrongs, could innocence secure,
Found reverence or distinction. Yet, sustain'd
By conscious worth within, the matchless pair
Their threatening fate, imprisonment and scorn
And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdued
To murmur or complaint, superior bore,
With patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,
Nor built on pride, nor counting vain applause;
But calmly constant, without effort great,
What reason dictates, and what Heaven approves.
" But how proceed, Aurelius? in what sounds
Of gracious cadence, of assuasive power,
My further story clothe? O could I steal
From Harmony her softest-warbled strain
Of melting air! or Zephyre's vernal voice!
Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
To liquid blandishment his evening lay,
All nature smiling round! then might I speak;
Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell,
How unperceiv'd and secret through his breast,
As morning rises o'er the midnight-shade,
What first was ow'd humanity to *both*,
Assisting piety and tender thought,
Grew swift and silent into love for *one:*
My sole offence—if love can then offend,
When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.
" O Theodora! who thy world of charms,
That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye,
Unmov'd could see? that dignity of ease,
That grace of air, by happy nature thine!
For all in thee was native; from within
Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
From its unfailing source! and then too seen
In milder lights; by sorrow's shading hand
Touch'd into power more exquisitely soft,
By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
O sweetness without name! when Love looks on
With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul
Endears, ennobles her, whom Fate afflicts,
Or Fortune leaves unhappy! Passion then
Refines to virtue: then a purer train
Of heaven-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
By self-regard, or thought of due return,
The breast expanding, all its powers exalt
To emulate what reason best conceives
Of love celestial; whose prevenient aid
Forbids approaching ill; or gracious draws,
When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds,
From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe!
" By this plain courtship of the honest heart
To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
Would oft admit; would oft endearing crown
With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd
To mutual love. O fortune's fairest hour!
O seen, but not enjoy'd, just hail'd and lost
It's flattering brightness! Theodora's form,
Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye:
And Love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
Profanes not, Love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks back,
Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe,
With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
The veil of silence and oblivious night
Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip severe
Dash'd with indignant scorn; each harbour'd thought
Of soft emotion or of social sense,
Love, pity, kindness, alien to a soul
That Bigot-rage embosoms, fled at once:
And all the savage reassum'd his breast.
' 'Tis just,' he cry'd: ' who thus invites disdain,
Deserves repulse; he who, by slave-like arts,
Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare,
Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,
Shall be my care.' This threat, by brutal scorn
Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to both,
To one prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame
Had prey'd unseen, now deep through all her powers
Its poison spread, and kill'd their vital growth.
Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight
Of shame and horrour.—Dare I yet proceed?
Aurelius, O most injur'd of mankind!
Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
To woe, new anguish? and to grief, despair—
She is no more—"
" O Providence severe!"
Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cry'd;
But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice
Of froward grief: and to the will supreme,
In justice awful, lowly bending his,
Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
By all the war of nature though assail'd,
Escap'd his lips. " What! shall we, from Heaven's [grace
With life receiving happiness, our share
Of ill refuse? And are afflictions aught
But mercies in disguise? th' alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd
By Love's own hand for salutary ends.
But were they ills indeed; can fond complaint

e wing of Time? Can grief command
ı-day Sun to roll his flaming orb
yon eastern coast, and bring again
s of yesterday? or from the womb
insounded deep the bury'd corse
and life restore? Blest pair, farewell!
a few short days of erring grief,
n fondness sighing in the breast,
ow is no more. Now, gentle youth,
ne call thee son, (for O that name
ı, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
for me, too sadly have deserv'd)
thy tale. 'Tis mine, when Heaven afflicts,
:en and adore." The patient man
ke: Amyntor thus his story clos'd.
lumb with anguish, round the bed of death
we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
ng eyes; then fixing, in cold gaze,
dora's face—' O save my child!'
; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
r shrouded; bade eternal peace
le receive, and, with the truest tears
ever wept, her dust bedew'd.
ıt then remain'd for honour or for love?
ıt that scene of violence to fly,
ilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
s fatal roof. Late at the hour,
ade and silence o'er this nether orb
owsiest influence reign, the waining Moon
ıg mournful in the midnight sphere;
drear spot, within whose cavern'd womb
eeps, and by the turf that veils
our'd clay, alone and kneeling there
ny Theodora! Thrill'd with awe,
:red terrour, which the time, the place,
n us, sadly-solemn, I too bent
ıbling knee, and lock'd in her's my hand
er parent's grave. ' By this dread scene!
's pale regent! By yon glorious train
moving fires that round her burn!
h's dark empire! by the sheeted dust
e was man, now mouldering here below!
f by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb,
: we kneel! and by her nobler part,
dy'd spirit, hovering near, perhaps,
s to our vows! nor time, nor chance,
ıt but Death's inevitable hand,
r divide our loves.'—I led her thence:
:, safe-station'd in a secret bay,
f descent, and brown with pendent pines
rmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
d—But, O my father; can I speak
t remains? yon ocean black with storm!
s sails rent from the groaning pine!
chless crew aghast! and that lost fair!
l I see her! feel her heart pant thick!
r her voice, in ardent vows to Heaven
alone preferr'd; as on my arm,
, sinking with her fears she hung!
ıer pale cold cheek! with tears adjur'd,
at last, with sums of proffer'd gold,
est mariners, this precious charge
o save; and, in the skiff secur'd,
rs across the foamy flood to ply
remitting arm. I then prepar'd
r her—That moment, from the deck,
ell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulf.
alone: its broad and billowing sweep
ve involv'd her too. Mysterious Heaven!
My fatal love on her devoted head
Drew down—it must be so! the judgment due
To me and mine: or was Amyntor sav'd
For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
And years of death to come?"—Nor further voice,
Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supply'd:
With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
To Heaven uplifted, motionless and mute
He stood, the mournful semblance of Despair.
The lamp of day, though from mid-noon declin'd,
Still flaming with full ardour, shot on Earth
Oppressive brightness round; till in soft steam
From Ocean's bosom his light vapour's drawn,
With grateful intervention o'er the sky
Their veil diffusive spread; the scene abroad
Soft-shadowing, vale and plain, and dazzling hill.
Aurelius, with his guest, the western cliff
Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
From whence in double stream a lucid source
Roll'd sounding forth, and, where with dewy wing
Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
Till cooler hours arise. The subject isle
Her village-capital, where health and peace
Are tutelary gods; her small domain
Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
That branching bear refreshful moisture on
To field and mead; her straw-roof'd temple rude,
Where Piety, not Pride, adoring kneels,
Lay full in view. From scene to scene around
Aurelius gaz'd; and, sighing, thus began.
"Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
The human race are sons of sorrow born.
Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,
Of pain and grief, from sire to son deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all must bear
Th' impos'd condition of their mortal state,
Vicissitude of suffering. Cast thine eye
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose-lap,
From hence due east." Amyntor look'd, and saw,
Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
Where thrice three females, earnest each and arm'd
With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd
For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,
To turn the mould and break th' adhesive clods,
Employ'd assiduous. Those, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white
With fruitful Ceres: while, in train behind,
Three more th' encumbent harrow heavy on
O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.
"Behold!" Aurelius thus his speech renew'd,
"From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
What yet necessity demands severe.
Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy summits drawn th' alternate veil
Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,
The husbands of those widow'd mates, who now
For both must labour, lanch'd, in quest of food,
Their island-skiff adventurous on the deep.
Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd
The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals
Each creek and bay innumerable crowd,
As annual on from shore to shore they move
In watry-caravan; them, thus intent,
Dark from the south a gust of furious wing,
Up-springing, drove to sea, and left in tears
This little world of brothers and of friends!

But when, at evening hour, disjointed planks,
Borne on the surging-tide, and broken oars,
To sight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd
The wreck before surmis'd; one general groan,
To Heaven ascending, spoke the general breast
With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,
Through these hoarse rocks, on this resounding shore,
At morn was heard: at midnight too were seen,
Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height,
The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
With eager gaze—till from yon lesser isle,
Yon round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam'd—
Full north, behold! above the soaring lark,
Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
With curling mists—at last from yon hoar hills,
Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze,
And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
Like meteors waving in a moonless sky,
Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
Successive kindled, and from night to night
Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
Took her gay turn to reign; and Nature now
From rapture wept: yet ever and anon
By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
How from yon rocky prison to release
Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
Destroy'd) and whom th' inevitable siege
Of hunger must assault. But hope sustains
The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
With love-taught skill and vigour not their own,
On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare[1]."
Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard
With sympathizing sorrow, on himself,
On his severer fate, now pondering deep,
Wrapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left,
And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.
Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
Or sailing level on the polar gale
That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
The summer-nations of these pregnant cliffs,
Play'd sportive round, and to the Sun outspread
Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
His parent-beam, that animates and cheers
All living kinds. He, glorious from amidst
A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
Wav'd one unbounded blush: a scene to strike
Both ear and eye with wonder and delight!
But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd
Regardless on, through other walks convey'd
Of baleful prospect, which pale Fancy rais'd
Incessant to herself, and sabled o'er
With darkest night, meet region for despair!
Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
At distance saw, descending on the shore,
Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown
A double band, who by their gestures strange
There fix'd with wondering: for at once they knelt
With hands upheld; at once, to Heaven, as seem'd,
One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise.
Then, slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps:
Slow as they mov'd, behold! amid the train,
On either side supported, onward came
Pale and of piteous look, a pensive maid;
As one by wasting sickness sore assail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound—"Oh, all ye powers!"
Amyntor starting, cry'd, and shot his soul
In rapid glance before him on her face.
"Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill: my feet are rooted here—and see!
To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form.
The spirits who this ocean waste and wild
Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
The dead or absent, have on yon shape adorn'd,
So like my love, of unsubstantial air,
Embody'd featur'd it with all her charms—
And lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine
With gazet ransported—Ha! sh efaints, she falls!"
He ran, he flew: his clasping arms receiv'd
Her sinking weight—"O earth, and air, and sea!
'Tis she! 'tis Theodora! Power divine,
Whose goodness knows no bounds, thy hand is here,
Omnipotent in mercy!" As he spoke,
Adown his cheek, through shivering joy and doubt,
The tear fast-falling stream'd. "My love! my life!
Soul of my wishes! sav'd beyond all faith!
Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring
The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul
Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs,
My Theodora, yet awake: 'tis I,
'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee!" At that name,
That potent name, her spirit from the verge
Of death recall'd, she trembling rais'd her eyes;
Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd,
And murmur'd out his name: then sunk again;
Then swoon'd upon his bosom, through excess
Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame.
The rose-bud thus, that to the beam serene
Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.
Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!
For now, while on her face these men unknown
The stream, with cool aspersion, busy cast,
His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
Beheld in them—his friends! th' adventurous few,
Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill
Had sav'd her from the deep! As, o'er her cheek,
Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
How to yon isle, yon round of moss-clad hills,
Borea nam'd, before the tempest borne,
These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there,
(So Heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
With toil invincible, from shelve and rock
Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
Its prow directed safe—He heard no more:
The rest already known, his every sense,
His full collected soul, on her alone
Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.
"Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
My soul's despair and rapture!—can this be?
Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed
Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
Ye shores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
Dare I yet trust my sense?—O yes, 'tis he!
'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart,

[1] The author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

ıeir living lord! What shall I say?
the boundless transport that expands
ring thought? th' unutterable bliss,
ıer, gratitude, that pain to death
t they charm?—Amyntor, O support
ming brain: I would not now be torn
n life and thee; nor cause thy heart
pang." At this, dilated high
of joy, most fatal where its force
st exquisite, a timely vent
d, and broke in tender dews away
relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
tering wing, solicitously good,
lian-genius hovers, so the youth,
v'd face, assiduous and alarm'd,
fondness dwelt: while all his soul,
nbling tenderness of hope and fear
y pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
'd emotions warring in her breast,
ing, to compose, and gradual fit
er joy her soft impressive frame.
ppy! though as yet thou know'st not half
that waits thee! but, thou gentle mind,
gh is pity, and whose smile is love,
o joy or sorrow, arm thy breast
: best temperance, which from fond excess,
ture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
guards. Know then—and let calm thought
r wait—safe refug'd in this isle,
ke father lives! and lo—but curb,
he transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
ntain's side descend!—Abrupt from his
she drew; and, as on wings upborne,
the space between. He saw, he knew,
l knew, before him, on her knee,
dora! To his arms he rais'd
lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
her!"—"O my child!" at once they cry'd:
. The rest ecstatic silence spoke,
ıre from her inmost seat of sense
ıll utterance mov'd. On this blest scene,
nulous in either bosom strove
ratitude, earth, ocean, air,
rith softening aspect seem'd to smile;
ren, approving, look'd delighted down.
eirs alone this blissful hour: the joy,
ant flow, from shore to shore along
ran; and all th' exulting isle
: new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad,
ong lost, by miracle regain'd!
lain bosom Love and Nature wept:
ch a sire, a husband, or a friend,
g held and kiss'd.

Now, while the song,
al hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
ture dictates when the full heart prompts,
nony, they, grateful souls, effus'd
Heaven; Montano, reverend seer,
ye prophetic far through Time's abyss
ot its beam, and there the births of Fate,
ature and in their causes hid,
see) a space abstracted stood:
: with shivery horrour stirr'd, his eyes
ward vision held, and all the man
l in wonder at th' unfolding scene,
air, as in a mirror seen,
ing radiant, to his mental sight.
fly!" he cry'd, "they melt in air away,
ls that long fair Albion's Heaven o'ercast!
With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd
Her drooping plains: while, dawning rosy round,
A purer morning lights up all her skies!
He comes, behold! the great deliver comes!
Immortal William, borne triumphant on,
From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,
White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet,
A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!
See! with spread wings Britannia's genius flies
Before his prow; commands the speeding gales
To waft him on; and, o'er the hero's head,
Inwreath'd with olive bears the laurel-crown,
Blest emblem, peace with liberty restor'd!
And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,
To welcome-in true freedom's day renew'd
What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius, man
By Heaven belov'd, thou too that sacred sun
Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shine!
I see thee on the flowery lap diffus'd
Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race
From this blest pair to spring: whom equal faith,
And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold
From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours
Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn;
Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown."

TO THE

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH[1].

Your grace has given leave, that these few poems should appear in the world under the patronage of your name. But this leave would have been refused, I know, had you expected to find your own praises, however just, in any part of the present address. I do not say it, my lord, in the style of compliment. Genuine modesty, the companion and the grace of true merit, may be surely distinguished from the affectation of it: as surely as the native glowing of a fine complexion from that artificial colouring, which is used, in vain, to supply what Nature had denied, or has resumed.

Yet, permit me just to hint, my lord, while I restrain my pen from all enlargement, that if the fairest public character must be raised upon private virtue, as surely it must, your grace has laid already the securest foundation of the former, in the latter. The eyes of mankind are therefore turned upon you: and, from what you are known to have done, in one way, they reasonably look for whatever can be expected from a great and good man, in the other.

The author of these lighter amusements hopes soon to present your grace with something more solid, more deserving your attention, in the life of the first duke of Marlborough[2].

You will then see, that superior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negotiation: and that the same extensive capacity, which could guide all the tumultuous scenes of the camp, knew how to direct, with equal skill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

[1] This dedication was prefixed by the author to a small collection of his poems, published in 1672. *N.*

[2] A work which has not yet appeared. *N.*

In the mean while, that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger; and in times of peace, what is perhaps less frequently found, the friend and patron of those useful and ornamental arts, by which human nature is exalted, and human society rendered more happy: this, my lord, is respectfully the wish of

YOUR GRACE'S
most obedient
humble servant.

TRUTH IN RHYME.

ADDRESSED TO A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.

TO
THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POEM.

It has no faults, or I no faults can spy:
It is all beauty, or in blindness I.

Imprimatur,
meo periculo,
CHESTERFIELD.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following extract from his majesty's speech to both houses of parliament, which, by every man in his dominions, would be thought the noblest introduction to a poem of the first merit, is peculiarly suitable to introduce this. However unequal these verses may be to the subject they attempt to adorn, this singular advantage will be readily allowed them. It will, at the same time, be the fullest and best explanation of the author's meaning, on a theme so interesting and uncommon. The words are these:

"March 3, 1761.

"..... In consequence of the act passed in the reign of my late glorious predecessor, king William the Third, for settling the succession to the crown in my family, the commissions of the judges have been made during their good behaviour. But notwithstanding that wise provision, their offices have determined upon the demise of the crown, or at the expiration of six months afterwards, in every instance of that nature which has happened.

I look upon the independency and uprightness of the judges of the land as essential to the impartial administration of justice; as one of the best securities of the rights and liberties of my loving subjects; and as most conducive to the honour of the crown. And I come now to recommend this interesting object to the consideration of parliament; in order that such further provision, as shall be most expedient, may be made, *for securing the judges in the enjoyment of their offices, during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any such demise.*"

TRUTH IN RHYME.

Astrea, eldest born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,
Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,
On Earth to dwell, and govern there:
Till finding Earth by Heaven unaw'd,
Till sick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native sky she flew,
There, station'd in the Virgin-sign,
She long has ceas'd on Earth to shine;
Or if, at times, she deigns a smile,
'Tis chief o'er Brtitain's favour'd isle.
For there—her eye with wonder fix'd!
That wonder too with pleasure mix'd!
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The patron of all worth and truth;
Not where the virtues most resort,
On peaceful plains, but in a court!
Not in a cottage, all-unknown;
She found him seated on a throne!
What fables paint, what poets sing,
She found in fact—a patriot-king!
But as a sight, so nobly new,
Deserv'd, she thought, a nearer view;
To where, by silver-streaming Thames,
Ascends the palace of St. James,
Swift through surrounding shades of night,
The goddess shot her beamy flight.
She stopp'd; and the revealing ray
Blaz'd round her favourite, where he lay,
In sweet repose: o'er all his face,
Repose shed softer bloom and grace!
But fearful lest her sun-bright glare
Too soon might wake him into care,
(For splendid toils and weary state
Are every monarch's envy'd fate)
The stream of circling rays to shroud,
She drew an interposing cloud.
In all the silence of surprise,
She gazed him o'er! She saw arise,
For gods can read the human breast,
Her own ideas there imprest!
And that his plan to bless mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,
May story's whitest page adorn,
May shine through nations yet unborn,
She calls Urbania to her aid.
At once the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Descending quits her laurel'd grove:
Loose to the gale her azure robe;
Borne, in her left, a starry globe,
Where each superior son of Fame
Will find inscrib'd his deathless name,
Her right sustains th' immortal lyre,
To praise due merit, or inspire.
"Behold"—Astrea thus began—
"The friend of virtue and of man!
Calm reason see, in early youth!
See, in a prince, the soul of truth!
With love of justice, tender sense
For suffering worth and innocence!
Who means to build his happy reign
On this blest maxim, wise and plain—
Though plain, how seldom understood!
That, to be great, he must be good.

ast is open to your eye;
ch, Urania, mark, and try.
som needs no thought to hide,
rtue dares our search abide.
e sacred fountains to secure
tice, undisturb'd and pure
opes or fears, from fraud or force,
le or to stain their course;
ese may flow serene and free,
w must independent be:
nisters, as in my sight,
ne alone, dispensing right;
cing eye, of judgment clear,
our, just, as truth, sincere,
mper, firm, with spirit, sage,
ansfields of each future age.
d this prime blessing is to spring
outh in purple! from a king!
rue to his imperial trust,
atness founds in being just;
es, like yon ascending Sun,
rious race with joy to run,
here his gracious eye appears,
s the world he lights and cheers!
ch worth with equal voice to sing,
strike thy boldest string;
uth, whose voice alone is praise,
re inspires, shall guide the lays.
awake his gentle ear
ounds that monarchs rarely hear.
its, let him know our love,
u record, what I approve."
nded: and the heaven-born maid,
oft surprise, his form survey'd.
what chastity of thought
his stainless bosom wrought;
x'd on earth her sober eye,
using, offer'd this reply.
r pomp of song, nor paint of art,
uths should to the world impart.
k is but, in simple verse,
romis'd wonders to rehearse:
en on these our verse we raise,
inest is the noblest praise.
t more; a virtuous doubt remains:
such a prince permit my strains?
ng, but still shunning fame,
nage due he might disclaim.
e, who rules, to save, mankind,
ise would, in their virtue, find;
deem their strict regard to laws,
aith and worth, his best applause.
Britons, your just tribute bring,
s, to emulate your king;
es, to redeem your age
enal views and party-rage.
example safely rest;
s, he courts you to be blest;
ds, as brethren, to unite
firm league of just and right.
part is last; if Britain yet
boasts of truth and wit,
these grateful lays to send,
narch's and the Muse's friend;
ose fair name, in sacred rhymes,
e may give to latest times."
aid; and, after thinking o'er
n in place near half a score,
e at once all scandal mute,
ldess found, and fix'd on Bute.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

BY S. J. ESQ.

"WELL—now, I think, we shall be wiser,"
Cries Grub, who reads the Advertiser,
"Here's Truth in Rhyme—a glorious treat!
It surely must abuse the great;
Perhaps the king;—without dispute
'Twill fall most devilish hard on Bute."
Thrice he reviews his parting shilling,
At last resolves, though much unwilling,
To break all rules imbib'd in youth,
And give it up for Rhyme and Truth:
He reads—he frowns—"Why, what's the matter?
Damn it—here's neither sense, nor satyr—
Here, take it, boy, there's nothing in't:
Such fellows!—to pretend to print!"
Blame not, good cit, the poet's rhymes,
The fault's not his, but in the times:
The times, in which a monarch reigns,
Form'd to make happy Britain's plains;
To stop in their destructive course,
Domestic frenzy, foreign force,
To bid war, faction, party cease,
And bless the weary'd world with peace.
The times in which is seen, strange sight!
A court both virtuous and polite,
Where merit best can recommend
And science finds a constant friend.
How then should Satyr dare to sport
With such a king, and such a court,
While Truth looks on with rigid eye,
And tells her, every line 's a lie?

THE DISCOVERY:

UPON READING SOME VERSES, WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY AT A BOARDING SCHOOL, SEPTEMBER, 1760.

APOLLO lately sent to know,
If he had any sons below:
For, by the trash he long had seen
In male and female magazine,
A hundred quires not worth a groat,
The race must be extinct, he thought.
His messenger to court repairs;
Walks softly with the crowd up stairs:
But when he had his errand told,
The courtiers sneer'd, both young and old.
Augustus knit his royal brow,
And bade him let Apollo know it,
That from his infancy till now,
He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.
His next adventure was the Park,
When it grew fashionably dark:
There beauties, boobies, strumpets, rakes,
Talk much of commerce, whist, and stakes;
Who tips the wink, who drops the card:
But not one word of verse or bard.
The stage, Apollo's old domain,
Where his true sons were wont to reign,
His courier now past frowning by:
Ye modern Durfeys, tell us why.
Slow, to the city last he went:
There, all was prose, of cent per cent.

There, alley-omnium, script, and bonus,
(Latin, for which a Muse would stone us,
Yet honest Gideon's classic style)
Made our poor Nuncio stare and smile.
And now the clock had struck eleven:
The messenger must back to Heaven;
But, just as he his wings had ty'd,
Look'd up Queen-Square, the north-east side.
A blooming creature there he found,
With pen and ink, and books around,
Alone, and writing by a taper:
He read unseen, then stole her paper.
It much amus'd him on his way;
And reaching Heaven by break of day,
He show'd Apollo what he stole.
The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole:
Then, calling for his pocket-book,
Some right celestial vellum took;
And what he with a sun-beam there
Writ down, the Muse thus copies fair:
"If I no men my sons must call,
Here 's one fair daughter worth them all:
Mark then the sacred words that follow,
Sophia's mine"—so sign'd APOLLO.

VERSES,

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN PRINT TO, A BEGGAR.

O MERCY, Heaven's first attribute,
Whose care embraces man and brute!
Behold me, where I shivering stand;
Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
To want and age, disease and pain,
That all in one sad object reign.
Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
Existence is to me a curse:
Yet, how to close this weary eye?
By my own hand I dare not die:
And Death, the friend of human woes,
Who brings the last and sound repose;
Death does at dreadful distance keep,
And leaves one wretch to wake and weep!

THE REWARD:

OR,

APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEGMENTS TO CHARLES STANHOPE.

WRITTEN IN M.DCC.LVII.

APOLLO, from the southern sky,
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye.
Just such a glance our courtiers throw
At suitors whom they shun to know:
Or have you mark'd the averted mien,
The chest erect, the freezing look,
Of Bumbo, when a bard is seen
Charg'd with his dedication-book?
But gods are never in the wrong:
What then displeas'd the power of song?
The case was this: where noble arts
Once flourish'd, as our fathers tell us,
He now can find, for men of parts,
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows;
Since drums, and dice, and dissipation
Have chas'd all taste from all the nation.
For is there, now, one table spread,
Where Sense and Science may be fed?
Where, with a smile on every face,
Invited Merit takes his place?
These thoughts put Phœbus in the spleen,
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
And left him on the point to shroud
His head in one eternal cloud;
When, lo! his all-discerning eye
Chanc'd one remaining friend to spy,
Just crept abroad, as is his way,
To bask him in the noon-tide ray.
This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
To every interposing cloud;
And bade their gather'd mists ascend,
That he might warm his good old friend:
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
Tun'd to his lyre this grateful song.
"With talents, such as God has given
To common mortals, six in seven;
Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
And govern whom they should obey;
With no more frailties than are found
In thousand others, count them round;
With much good will, instead of parts,
Express'd for artists and for arts;
Who smiles if you have smartly spoke;
Or nods applause to his own joke;
This bearded child, this grey-hair'd boy,
Still plays with life, as with a toy;
Still keeps amusement full in view:
Wise? Now and then—but oftener new;
His coach, this hour, at Watson's door;
The next, in waiting on a whore.
Whene'er the welcome tidings ran
Of monster strange, or stranger man,
A Selkirke from his desert-isle,
Or Alligator from the Nile;
He saw the monster in its shrine,
And had the man, next day, to dine.
Or was it an hermaphrodite?
You found him in a two-fold hurry;
Neglecting, for this he-she-sight,
The single charms of Fanny Murray,
Gathering, from suburb and from city,
Who were, who would be, wise or witty;
The full-wigg'd sons of pills and potions;
The bags, of maggot and new notions;
The sage, of microscopic eye,
Who reads him lectures on a fly;
Grave antiquaries, with their flams;
And poets, squirting epigrams:
With some few lords—of those that think,
And dip, at times, their pen in ink:
Nay, ladies too, of diverse fame,
Who are, and are not, of the game.
For he has look'd the world around,
And pleasure, in each quarter, found.
Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,
He sinks from life by soft decay;
And sees at hand, without affright,
Th' inevitable hour of night."
But here, some pillar of the state,
Whose life is one long dull debate,
Some pedant of the sable gown,
Who spares no failings, but his own,
Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow:
"Is this a subject for Apollo!
What! can the god of wit and verse
Such trifles in our ears rehearse?"

ow, puppies, this man's easy life,
from cares, unvex'd with strife,
employ'd in doing good;
e you ne'er understood:
rity, ye sons of Pride,
tude of faults will hide.
board, more sense have found,
a hundred dinners round.
earning, mirth, my western eye
often, there, collected spy:
ave gone well pleas'd to bed,
ng what was sung or said.
d he, who entertain'd them all
uch good liquor, strong and small;
od in plenty, and a welcome,
would become my lord of Melcombe!,
soups and sauces duly season'd,
wit well tim'd, and sense well reason'd,
urgundy a brighter stain,
d new flavour to Champagne—
his man to the grave descend,
'd, unhonour'd as my friend?
y my deity I swear,
all the vow be lost in air;
you, and millions such as you,
ak for ever from my view,
t in kindred-darkness lie,
od old man shall never die:
tter where I place his name,
e of learning shall be fame."

TYBURN:

TO THE

MARINE SOCIETY,

ADVERTISEMENT.

esign of the Marine Society is in itself so lable, and has been pursued so successfully the public good, that I thought it merited a lic acknowledgment. But, to take off from flatness of a direct compliment, I have ough the whole poem loaded their institution a such reproaches as will show, I hope, in most striking manner, its real utility.
thentic accounts, it appears, that from the t rise of this society to the present year 1762, y have collected, clothed, and fitted out for sea-service, 5452 grown men, 4511 boys: ll 9963 persons: whom they have thus not y saved, in all probability, from perdition l infamy, but rendered them useful members the community; at a time too when their ntry stood most in need of their assistance.

---

s been, all examples show it,
rivilege of every poet,
ancient down through modern time,
d dead matter live in rhyme;

his poem was certainly written in 1757; but eader has only to remember, that Apollo is od of prophecy as well as of poetry. Mallet.

With wit enliven senseless rocks;
Draw repartee from wooden blocks;
Make buzzards senators of note,
And rooks harangue, that geese may vote.
These moral fictions, first design'd
To mend and mortify mankind,
Old Esop, as our children know,
Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
His fly, upon the chariot wheel,
Could all a statesman's merit feel;
And, to its own importance just,
Exclaim, with Bufo, "What a dust!"
His horse-dung, when the flood ran high,
In Colon's air and accent cry,
While tumbling down the turbid stream,
"Lord love us, how we apples swim!"
But further instances to cite,
Would tire the hearers' patience quite.
No: what their numbers and their worth,
How these admire, while those hold forth,
From Hyde-Park on to Clerkenwell,
Let clubs, let coffee-houses tell;
Where England, through the world renown'd,
In all its wisdom may be found:
While I, for ornament and use,
An orator of wood produce.
Why should the gentle reader stare?
Are wooden orators so rare?
Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
That hears them in the pleader bawl,
That hears them in the patriot thunder,
Can tell if such things are a wonder.
So can Saint Dunstan's in the West,
When good Romaine harangues his best,
And tells his staring congregation,
That sober sense is sure damnation;
That Newton's guilt was worse than treason,
For using, what God gave him, reason.
"A pox of all this prefacing!"
Smart Balbus cries: "come, name the thing:
That such there are we all agree:
What is this wood?" Why—Tyburn-tree.
Here then this reverend oak harangue;
Who makes men do so, ere they hang.

Patibulum loquitur.

"Each thing whatever, when aggriev'd,
Of right complains, to be reliev'd.
When rogues so rais'd the price of wheat,
That few folks could afford to eat,
(Just as, when doctors' fees run high,
Few patients can afford to die)
The poor durst into murmurs break;
For losers must have leave to speak:
Then, from reproaching, fell to mawling
Each neighbour-rogue they found forestalling.
As these again, their knaves and setters,
Durst vent complaints against their betters;
Whose only crime was in defeating
Their scheme of growing rich by cheating:
So, shall not I my wrongs relate,
An injur'd minister of state?
The finisher of care and pain
May, sure, with better grace complain,
For reasons no less strong and true,
Marine Society, of you!
Of you, as every carman knows,
My latest and most fatal foes.
"My property you basely steal,
Which ev'n a British oak can feel;

Feel and resent! what wonder then
It should be felt by British men,
When France, insulting, durst invade
Their clearest property of trade?
For which both nations, at the bar
Of that supreme tribunal, war,
To show their reasons have agreed,
And lawyers, by ten thousands, fee'd;
Who now, for legal quirks and puns,
Plead with the rhetoric of great guns;
And each his client's cause maintains,
By knocking out th' opponent's brains:
While Europe all—but we adjourn
This wise digression, and return.

"Your rules and statutes have undone me:
My surest cards begin to shun me,
My native subjects dare rebel,
Those who were born for me and Hell:
And, but for you, the scoundrel-line
Had, every mother's son, died mine.
A race unnumber'd as unknown,
Whom town or suburb calls her own;
Of vagrant love the various spawn,
From rags and filth, from lace and lawn,
Sons of Fleet-ditch, of bulks, of benches,
Where peer and porter meet their wenches,
For neither health nor shame can wean us,
From mixing with the midnight Venus.

"Nor let my cits be here forgot:
They know to sin, as well as sot.
When Night demure walks forth, array'd
In her thin negligée of shade,
Late risen from their long regale
Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
Abroad the common-council sally,
To poach for game in lane or alley;
This gets a son, whose first essay
Will filch his father's till away;
A daughter that, who may retire,
Some few years hence, with her own sire:
And, while his hand is in her placket,
The filial virtue picks his pocket.
Change-alley, too, is grown so nice,
A broker dares refine on vice:
With lord-like scorn of marriage-vows,
In her own arms he cuckolds spouse;
For young and fresh while he would wish her,
His loose thought glows with Kitty Fisher;
Or, after nobler quarry running,
Profanely paints her out a Gunning.

"Now these, of each degree and sort,
At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at court,
Bred up for me, to swear and lie,
To laugh at Hell, and Heaven defy;
These, Tyburn's regimental train,
Who risk their necks to spread my reign,
From age to age, by right divine,
Hereditary rogues, were mine:
And each, by discipline severe,
Improv'd beyond all shame and fear,
From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
My constant friend, the good Old-Bailey,
To me made over, late or soon;
I think, at latest, once a noon:
But, by your interloping care,
Not one in ten shall be my share.

"Ere 'tis too late your errour see,
You foes to Britain, and to me.
To me: agreed—But to the nation;
I prove it thus by demonstration.

"First, that there is much good in ill,
My great apostle Mandevile
Has made most clear. Read, if you please,
His moral fable of the bees.
Our reverend clergy next will own,
Were all men good, their trade were gone;
That were it not for useful vice,
Their learned pains would bear no price:
Nay, we should quickly bid defiance
To their demonstrated alliance.

"Next, kingdoms are compos'd, we know,
Of individuals, Jack and Joe.
Now these, our sovereign lords, the rabble,
For ever prone to growl and squabble,
The monstrous many-headed beast,
Whom we must not offend, but feast,
Like Cerberus, should have their sop:
And what is that, but trussing up?
How happy were their hearts, and gay,
At each return of hanging-day?
To see Page[2] swinging they admire,
Beyond ev'n Madox[2] on his wire!
No baiting of a bull or bear,
To Perry[2] dangling in the air!
And then, the being drunk a week,
For joy, some Sheppard[2] would not squeak!
But now that those good times are o'er,
How will they mutiny and roar!
Your scheme absurd of sober rules
Will sink the race of men to mules;
For ever drudging, sweating, broiling,
For ever for the public toiling:
Hard masters! who, just when they need 'em,
With a few thistles deign to feed 'em.

"Yet more—for it is seldom known
That fault or folly stands alone—
You next debauch their infant-mind
With fumes of honourable wind;
Which must beget, in heads untry'd,
That worst of human vices, pride.
All who my humble paths forsake,
Will reckon, each, to be a Blake;
There, on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
Already struts the future Bembow;
By you bred up to take delight in
No earthly things but oaths and fighting.
These sturdy sons of blood and blows,
By pulling Mounsieur by the nose,
By making kicks and cuffs the fashion,
Will put all Europe in a passion.
The grand alliance, now quadruple,
Will pay us home, 'jusqu' au centuple:'
So the French king was heard to cry—
And can a king of Frenchmen lie?

"These, and more mischiefs I foresee
From fondling brats of base degree.
As mushrooms that on dunghills rise,
The kindred-weeds beneath despise;
So these their fellows will contemn,
Who, in revenge, will rage at them:
For, through each rank, what more offends,
Than to behold the rise of friends?
Still when our equals grow too great,
We may applaud, but we must hate.
Then, will it be endur'd, when John
Has put my hempen ribbon on,

[2] As these are all persons of note, and wel known to our readers, we think any more particu lar mention of them unnecessary. Mallet.

is ancient messmate Cloud,
made turbulent and proud,
ly taught my tree to bilk,
nother all of silk?
, one more mournful case to put;
ed mouths at once you shut!
ab-street, silenc'd in an hour,
rse your interposing power!
st sons no longer steal,
n of hers can earn a meal?
1 many a gentle bard,
'd by heroes that die hard!
other-hawkers too! that sung
at from world to world they swung;
sad sonnets, quaver'd loud,
ars and halfpence from the crowd!
d Fielding too—a mischief on him!
ny sons would meet and stone him!
s black squadrons up and down,
ve my best boys back to town.
d that travelling now abroad,
rich rascals on the road,
1 a calling much unsafe;
ere are surer ways by half,
h they have their equal claim,
ng daily food and fame:
, at home, they sit, and think
t to rob, with pen and ink.
ce, red-hot letters and essays,
John Lilburn of these days;
ards his want of shame and sense,
ield of sevenfold impudence.
ards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
nch abuse and little wit.
ibels against Hardwicke penn'd,
ly hurt when they commend:
ft ascrib'd to Fox, at least
defames his name-sake beast.
loacina hourly views
er'd labours of the Muse,
k, where myriads went before,
p within the chaos hoar:
er brown daughters, under ground,
with politics profound.
ger hand a fragment snaps,
crement than what it wraps.
se, singly, contributions raise,
al pudding and of praise.
gain, who form a gang,
e due measures not to hang,
zines their forces join,
l methods to purloin:
weekly, or whose monthly, feat is
decry, then steal, your treatise.
s in France perform their job;
ating, ere they rob.
, this long narrative to close:
o would grievances expose,
od policy, no less,
how the methods to redress.
erce, sinking in one scale,
d or hazard comes to fail;
is next, all statesmen know it,
ano her where to throw it,
ing there in due degree,
lic may no loser be.
ving heard how you invade,
one way, destroy my trade;
at last may part good friends,
you still may make amends.

"O search this sinful town with care:
What numbers, duly mine, are there!
The full-fed herd of money jobbers,
Jews, Christians, rogues alike and robbers!
Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nation's spoils!
The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and disgrace.
Secret and snug, by daily stealth,
The busy vermin pick up wealth;
Then, without birth, control the great!
Then, without talents, rule the state!
"Some ladies too—for some there are,
With shame and decency at war;
Who, on a ground of pale threescore,
Still spread the rose of twenty-four,
And bid a nut-brown bosom glow
With purer white than lilies know:
Who into vice intrepid rush;
Put modest whoring to the blush;
And with more front engage a trooper
Than Jenny Jones, or Lucy Cooper.
Send me each mischief-making nibbler;
'Tis equal, senator or scribbler;
Who, on the self-same spot of ground,
The self-same hearers staring round,
Abjure and join with, praise and blame,
Both men and measures, still the same.
Or serve our foes with all their might,
By proving Britons dare not fight:
Slim, flimsy, fiddling, futile elves,
They paint the nation from themselves;
Less aiming to be wise than witty,
And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.
"Send me each string—save green and blue—
These, brother Tower-hill, wait for you.
But, Lollius, be not in the spleen;
'Tis only Arthur's knights I mean—
Not those of old renown'd in fable,
Nor of the round, but gaming-table;
Who, every night, the waiters say,
Break every law they make by day;
Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
Attendant upon drink and dice,
And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
Devour each other's goods and chattels;
While from the mouth of magic box,
With curses dire and dreadful knocks,
They fling whole tenements away,
Fling time, health, fame—yet call it play!
Till, by advice of special friends,
The titled dupe a sharper ends:
Or, if some drop of noble blood
Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,
The wretch, unpity'd and alone,
Leaps headlong to the world unknown!"

ZEPHYR;

OR, THE STRATAGEM.

Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,
Una dola Divûm si Foemina victa duorum est.
——— Virg.

ARGUMENT.

A certain young lady was surprised, on horseback, by a violent storm of wind and rain from the south-west; which made her dismount, somewhat precipitately.

ZEPHYR:

OR, THE STRATAGEM.

The god, in whose gay train appear
Those gales that wake the purple year;
Who lights up health, and bloom, and grace
In Nature's, and in Mira's face;
To speak more plain, the western wind,
Had seen this brightest of her kind:
Had seen her oft with fresh surprise!
And ever with desiring eyes!
Much, by her shape, her look, her air,
Distinguish'd from the vulgar fair;
More, by the meaning soul that shines
Through all her charms, and all refines.
Born to command, yet turn'd to please,
Her form is dignity, with ease;
Then—such a hand, and such an arm,
As age or impotence might warm!
Just such a leg too, Zephyr knows,
The Medicéan Venus shows!
  So far he sees; so far admires.
Each charm is fuel to his fires:
But other charms, and those of price,
That form the bounds of Paradise,
Can those an equal praise command;
All turn'd by Nature's finest hand?
Is all the consecrated ground
With plumpness, firm, with smoothness, round?
  The world, but once, one Zeuxis saw,
A faultless form who dar'd to draw:
And then, that all might perfect be,
All rounded off in due degree,
To furnish out the matchless piece,
Were rifled half the toasts of Greece.
'Twas Pitt's white neck; 'twas Delia's thigh;
'Twas Waldegrave's sweetly-brilliant eye;
'Twas gentle Pembroke's ease and grace,
And Hervey lent her maiden-face.
But dares he hope, on British ground,
That these may all, in one, be found?
These chiefly that still shun his eye?
He knows not; but he means to try.
  Aurora rising, fresh and gay,
Gave promise of a golden day.
Up, with her sister, Mira rose,
Four hours before our London beaux;
For these are still asleep and dead,
Save Arthur's sons—not yet in bed.
A rose, impearl'd with orient dew,
Had caught the passing fair-one's view;
To pluck the bud he saw her stoop,
And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop:
Then, while across the daisy'd lawn
She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
Due westward as her steps she bore,
Would swell her petticoat, before;
Would subtly steal his face between,
To see—what never yet was seen!
"And sure, to fan it with his wing,
No nine-month symptom e'er can bring:
His aim is but the nymph to please,
Who daily courts his cooling breeze."
  But listen, fond believing maid!
When Love, soft traitor, would persuade,
With all the moving skill and grace
Of practis'd passion in his face,
Dread his approach, distrust your power—
For oh! there is one shepherd's hour:
And though he long, his aim to cover,
May, with the friend, disguise the lover,
The sense, or nonsense, of his wooing
Will but adore you into ruin.
But, for those butterflies, the beaux,
Who buz around in tinsel-rows,
Shake, shake them off, with quick disdain:
Where insects settle, they will stain.
  Thus, Zephyr oft the nymph assail'd:
As oft his little arts had fail'd:
The folds of silk, the ribs of whale,
Resisted still his feeble gale.
With these repulses vex'd at heart,
Poor Zephyr has recourse to art:
And his own weakness to supply,
Calls in a brother of the sky,
The rude South-west; whose mildest play
Is war, mere war, the Russian way:
A tempest-maker by his trade,
Who knows to ravish, not persuade.
  The terms of their aërial league,
How first to harass and fatigue,
Then, found on some remoter plain,
To ply her close with wind and rain;
These terms, writ fair, and seal'd and sign'd,
Should Webbe or Stukely wish to find,
Wise antiquaries, who explore
All that has ever pass'd—and more;
Though here too tedious to be told,
Are yonder in some cloud enroll'd,
Those floating registers in air:
So let them mount, and lead them there.
  The grand alliance thus agreed,
To instant action they proceed;
For 'tis in war a maxim known,
As Prussia's monarch well has shown,
To break, at once, upon your foe,
And strike the first preventive blow.
With Toro's lungs, in Toro's form,
Whose very how d' ye is a storm,
The dread South-West his part begun,
Thick clouds, extinguishing the Sun,
At his command, from pole to pole
Dark spreading, o'er the fair-one roll;
Who, pressing now her favourite steed,
Adorn'd the pomp she deigns to lead.
  O Mira! to the future blind,
Th' insidious foe is close behind:
Guard, guard your treasure, while you can;
Unless this god should be the man.
For lo! the clouds, at his known call,
Are closing round—they burst! they fall!
While at the charmer all aghast,
He pours whole winter in a blast:
Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,
If natives founder on the flood;
If Britain's coast be left as bare[1]
As he resolves to leave the fair.
Here, gods resemble human breed;
The world be damn'd—so they succeed.
  Pale, trembling, from her steed she fled,
With silk, lawn, linen, round her head;
And, to the fawns who fed above,
Unveil'd the last recess of love.

[1] The very day on which the fleet under adm Hawke was blown into Torbay. Mallet.

ndering fawn was seen to bound [2],
anchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,
of that sequester'd glade,
s light, in all its shade,
rises there for wisest ends,
the temple it defends.
gentle tenants of the grove,
t a thousand heroes strove,
Europe, Asia, both in arms,
d one fair lady's charms.
pretended Helen's eyes [3];
, believe it, was the prize.
s'd Achilles' mortal ire,
ung his Homer's epic lyre;
the world La Mancha's knight,
l makes bulls and heroes fight.
though the distant conscious Muse
y rape delighted views;
, for honour guides her lays,
g yet, disdains to praise.
hmen always fight with odds,
y a pattern for the gods?
sia, can th' Hungarian vampire [4],
nom cast in the Swedes and empire,
r such powers, who one assail,
our praise, should they prevail?
by triumph! high renown!
ls have brought one mortal down;
ubb'd their forces in a storm,
one helpless female form!
r stark naked; yet confess,
arms are Beauty's fairest dress!
ll-insensible to blame,
-born ravishers on flame
ed at the prospect stood,
'd with rapture what they view'd.
——r too had done no less;
arsons here the truth confess:
e brisk peer, yet all-alive,
lo the same, at eighty-five [5].
ow, in colours softly-bright,
trength and harmony unite,
the limbs, that fairer show
assalina's borrow'd snow;
the rose, that, through its shade,
eirs, one human eye survey'd;
racious Phœbus tell me how,
e the genuine draught avow,
se, a second Titian then,
might consecrate her pen!
Titian, Nature gave of old
en of beauty to behold,
ra, unadorn'd by dress,
omplete in nakedness:
de his emulating art
onders to the world impart.
the ready Graces stand,
each a pencil in her hand [6];"

emor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca.
Virg.

it ante Helanam, &c. Hor.
ertain mischievous demon that delights
human blood; of whom there are many
ld in Hungary. Mallet.
believe there is a mistake in this reading;
erson best informed and most concerned
that it should be only seventy-five. Mallet.
line is supplied to perfect the sense and

Each heightening stroke, each happy line,
Awakes to life the form divine;
Till, rais'd and rounded every charm,
And all with youth immortal warm,
He sees, scarce crediting his eyes,
He sees a brighter Venus rise!
But, to the gentle reader's cost,
His pencil, with his life, was lost:
And Mira must contented be,
To live by Ramsay and by me.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain.
The spinsters and the knitters in the Sun, [bones,
And the free maids that weave their thread with
Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age. Shaksp. Twelfth Night.

Far in the windings of a vale,
Fast by a sheltering wood,
The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourish'd fair,
Beneath a mother's eye;
Whose only wish on Earth was now
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
Gave colour to her cheek:
Such orient colour smiles through Heaven,
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
This charmer of the plains:
That Sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with despair;
And though by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not she was fair.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
A soul devoid of art;
And from whose eye, serenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
Was quickly too reveal'd:
For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
That Virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
Did love on both bestow!
But bliss too mighty long to last,
Where Fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
Like her in mischief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked skill,
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
And seen it long unmov'd:
Then with a father's frown at last
Had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
Of differing passions strove:
His heart, that durst not disobey,
Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept,
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintry waste,
Beneath the moon-light shade,
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
The midnight-mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast:
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed;
And weary'd Heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrows shed.

"'Tis past" he cry'd—"but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love!"

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear:
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she!
Forbade what Emma came to say;
"My Edwin, live for me!"

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
The visionary vale—
When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
Sad sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
Her aged mother's door—
"He 's gone!" she cry'd; "and I shall see
That angel-face no more.

"I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high against my side"—
From her white arm down sunk her head;
She shivering sigh'd, and dy'd.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE CURATE OF BOWES, IN YORKSHIRE, ON THE SUBJECT OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

TO MR. COPPERTHWAITE, AT MARRICK.

WORTHY SIR,

*** As to the affair mentioned in yours, it happened long before my time. I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows:

The family-name of the young man was Wrightson; of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the same age; that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity: but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably. But, as amor vincit omnia, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt. For they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, "that blood was nothing without groats."

The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove Tuesday, and died the Sunday seven-night after.

On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mistress. She was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late. But her daughter Hannah lay at his back; to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after.

The then curate of Bowes[1] inserted it in his register, that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714. I am,

DEAR SIR,

Yours, &c.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER, 1761.

O crown'd with honour, blest with length of days,
Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise;
Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,
And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—
Though still the fairest from Heaven's bounty flow;
For good and great no monarch can bestow:
Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends possest,
No fortune, Hardwicke, is sincerely blest.

[1] Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where in former times the earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people, Stanemore; which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout. Camd. Brit.

n-kind are sons of sorrow born:
: must suffer, and the good must mourn.
r, can Wisdom's self, what late was thine,
itude, without a sigh, resign?
when Love, when Reason, hand in hand,
cold urn consenting mourners stand,
est heart dissolves to soften here:
y applauds the falling tear.
ered drops, by virtuous weakness shed,
e living, while they grace the dead:
ider thought their source unblam'd they
raw,
en approv'd, and true to Nature's law.
his lov'd child the Roman could not save,
l Tully, from an early grave[1],
ion forms his home-felt passion kept:
, the patriot, in the parent, wept.
y grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
e thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.
n the Muses, whom the Loves deplore,
, thy pride and pleasure, is no more:
of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
hy hopes, and silent in the tomb.
on mark'd by mourning and despair,
ts, how fatal to the young and fair?
al freshness, for the balmy breeze,
ted winds come pregnant with disease:
ure sunk before the mortal breath,
tter'd fever, agony, and death!
erals has thy cruel ravage spread!
es have flow'd! what noble bosoms bled!
et Reflection fix her sober view:
who suffer, and who sigh with you.
ly snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
ranby from a youthful husband's arms!
s far distant, see that husband mourn;
revers'd, his recent laurel torn!
gain, at Fate's imperious call,
ead instant blooming Lincoln fall!
ov'd lord with speechless anguish bend!
ing tears with his, thy noblest friend,
iam, turn on Heaven his streaming eye:
her, he sees a brother die!
e, who long, unshaken and serene,
th, in each dire form of terrour, seen,
worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans
st,
subdued, now weeps a consort lost:
ik to fondness, all the man appears,
dejected, and his soul in tears!
ore: nor thou the Muse's voice disdain,
dly tries to soothe a father's pain—
calm eye survey the suffering ball:
doms round thee verging to their fall!
ring had promis'd and what autumn yields,
d of thousands, ravish'd from their fields!
h and age, th' ignoble and the great,
one grave, in one promiscuous fate!
rope groan! hear all her nations mourn!
private wound with patience borne.
too: and reason will confirm the thought:
s, for her, are to their period brought.
fair pattern to a failing age,
, chastis'd, with sprightly temper, sage:

a died about the age of two and thirty.
lebrated for her filial piety; and for hav-
l, to the usual graces of her sex, the more
mplishments of knowledge and polite let-
allet.

Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend,
Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unstain'd,
The prize of virtue has, for ever, gain'd!
From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore
Where sin and pain and errour are no more,
She now no change, nor you no fear can feel:
Death, to her fame, has fix'd th' eternal seal!

A FUNERAL HYMN.

Ye midnight shades, o'er Nature spread!
Dumb silence of the dreary hour!
In honour of th' approaching dead,
Around your awful terrours pour.
Yes, pour around,
On this pale ground,
Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
The sober thought,
The tear untaught,
Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

Lo! as the surplic'd train draw near
To this last mansion of mankind,
The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
In holy musings wrap the mind!
And while their beam,
With trembling stream,
Attending tapers faintly dart;
Each mouldering bone,
Each sculptur'd stone,
Strikes mute instruction to the heart!

Now, let the sacred organ blow,
With solemn pause, and sounding slow:
Now, let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh, and words that weep;
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul.

To lift it in the Maker's praise,
Who first inform'd our frame with breath:
And, after some few stormy days,
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to Death.
No king of fears,
In him appears,
Who shuts the scene of human woes:
Beneath his shade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repose.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
To One, supremely good and wise,
Raise hallelujahs! God is just,
And man most happy, when he dies!
His winter past,
Fair Spring at last
Receives him on her flowery shore;
Where Pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more!

TO MIRA.

FROM THE COUNTRY.

At this late hour, the world lies hush'd below,
Nor is one breath of air awake to blow.

Now walks mute Midnight, darkling o'er the plain,
Rest, and soft-footed Silence, in his train,
To bless the cottage, and renew the swain.
These all-asleep, me all-awake they find;
Nor rest, nor silence, charm the lover's mind.
Already, I a thousand torments prove,
The thousand torments of divided love:
The rolling thought, impatient in the breast;
The fluttering wish on wing, that will not rest;
Desire, whose kindled flames, undying, glow;
Knowledge of distant bliss, and present woe;
Unhush'd, unsleeping all, with me they dwell,
Children of absence, and of loving well!
These pale the cheek, and cloud the cheerless eye,
Swell the swift tear, and heave the frequent sigh:
These reach the heart, and bid the health decline;
And these, O Mira! these are truly mine.
She, whose sweet smile would gladden all the grove,
Whose mind is music, and whose looks are love;
She, gentle power! victorious softness!—She,
Mira, is far from hence, from love, and me;
Yet, in my every thought, her form I find,
Her looks, her words—her world of charms combin'd!
Sweetness is her's, and unaffected ease;
The native wit, that was not taught to please.
Whatever softly animates the face,
The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
Th' unstudy'd smile, the blush that nature warms,
And all the graceful negligence of charms!
Ha! while I gaze, a thousand ardours rise;
And my fir'd bosom flashes from my eyes,
Oh! melting mildness! miracle of charms!
Receive my soul within those folding arms!
On that dear bosom let my wishes rest—
Oh! softer than the turtle's downy breast!
And see! where Love himself is waiting near!
Here let me ever dwell—for Heaven is here!

A WINTER'S DAY.

WRITTEN IN A STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

Now, gloomy soul! look out—now comes thy turn;
With thee, behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
That spreads, slow-shadowing, o'er the vanquish'd light.
Look out, with joy; the ruler of the day,
Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray:
Already exil'd to the utmost sky,
Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
Lo! from the limits of the wintery pole,
Mountainous clouds, in rude confusion, roll:
In dismal pomp, now, hovering on their way,
To a sick twilight, they reduce the day.
And hark! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,
And roar their haughty triumph through the skies.
While the driven clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of rain,
And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain.
Now see sad Earth—like thine, her alter'd state,
Like thee, she mourns her sad reverse of Fate!
Her smile, her wanton looks—where are they now?
Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow!
No more, th' ungrateful verdure of the plain;
No more, the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain;
These scenes of bliss, no more upbraid my fate,
Torture my pining thought, and rouze my hate.
The leaf-clad forest, and the tufted grove,
Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
Stript of their honours, naked, now appear;
This is—my soul! the winter of their year!
The little, noisy songsters of the wing,
All, shivering on the bough, forget to sing.
Hail! reverend Silence! with thy awful brow!
Be Music's voice, for ever mute—as now:
Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
Disturb:—no pleasure disconcert my woes.
In this moss-cover'd cavern, hopeless laid,
On the cold cliff, I'll lean my aching head;
And, pleas'd with Winter's waste, unpitying, see
All nature in an agony with me!
Rough, rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd towers,
Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and rushy moors,
Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes—
(Now I can smile!)—in wild disorder rise:
And now, the various dreadfulness combin'd,
Black Melancholy comes, to doze my mind.
See! Night's wish'd shades rise, spreading through the air,
And the lone, hollow gloom, for me prepare!
Hail! solitary ruler of the grave!
Parent of terrours! from thy dreary cave!
Let thy dumb silence midnight all the ground,
And spread a welcome horrour wide around.—
But hark! a sudden howl invades my ear!
The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near.
Shadows, from each dark cavern, now combine,
And stalk around, and mix their yells with mine.
Stop, flying Time! repose thy restless wing;
Fix here—nor hasten to restore the spring:
Fix'd my ill fate, so fix'd let winter be—
Let never wanton season laugh at me!

PROLOGUE

TO

THE MASQUE OF BRITANNIA,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK[1], 1755, IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR, FUDDLED AND TALKING TO HIMSELF.

He enters, singing,

"How pleasant a sailor's life passes—"

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow!
A sailor, half seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow;
What cheer ho? Do I carry too much sail?
[*To the pit.*
No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale—
[*He staggers forward, then stops.*
But softly though—the vessel seems to heel:
Steady! my boy—she must not show her keel.
And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?
Shall I again to sea—and bang mounseer?
Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue—
Dost love 'em, boy?—By this right hand, I do!
A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:
There's nothing better, faith—save flip and fighting:
For shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?

[1] Some of the lines too were written by him.

all these parly-vous make such a racket,
ot lend a hand, to lace their jacket?
Old England be your Frenchman's butt?
he shuffles, we should always cut.
a, faith—Avast—before I go—
t promis'd Sall to see the show?
[*Pulls out a play bill.*
same paper we shall understand
k's to-night—I'll read your printed hand!
refresh a bit—for faith I need it—
ne sugar-plum—and then I'll read it,
[*Takes some tobacco.*
the play-bill of Zara, which was acted that
—At the The-atre-Royal—Drury-Lane—
presenta-ted a tragedy called——

SARAH.

'tis Sarah—Then our Sall may see
esake's tragedy: and as for me,
as sound, as if I were at sea.

which will be added—a new Masque.

why a Mask? We sailors hate grimaces:
ard all, we scorn to hide our faces.
is here, so very large and plain?
—oh Britania!—good again—
oys! by the Royal George I swear,
en, and the crew, shall straight be there.
orn souls must take Bri-ta-nia's part,
her three round cheers, with hand and
art. [*Going off, he stops.*
landmen, though, would leave your tricks,
ions, parties, and damn'd politics:
us, honest tars, drink, fight, and sing!
ourselves, your country, and your king!

CRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

one talent that deserves applause;
ne aukwardness that laughter draws;
ks not, but just echoes what we say;
it morn, wound up, to run a day:
goes in one smooth, simple strain;
and then, we wind him up again.
ing round the fair at fifty-four,
ve, unable to give o'er;
, that just flutters on the wing,
buz, but not alive to sting;
re he cannot, backward where he can;
g ghost of the departed man.

SONG.

TO A SCOTCH TUNE, MARY SCOT.

hames, along the daisy'd meads,
in lucid mazes, leads,
, serenely flowing,
either shore bestowing:
a safe, though small retreat,
d Love have fix'd their seat:
counts his duty, pleasure;
at knows and hugs his treasure.
From art, from jealousy secure;
As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure;
Vain opinion nobly scorning.
Virtue aiding, life adorning.
Fair Thames, along thy flowery side,
May those whom truth and reason guide,
All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, belov'd and loving!

TO MR. THOMSON,

ON HIS PUBLISHING THE SECOND EDITION OF HIS POEM, CALLED WINTER.

Charm'd, and instructed, by thy powerful song,
I have, unjust, withheld my thanks too long:
This debt of gratitude, at length, receive,
Warmly sincere, 'tis all thy friend can give.
Thy worth new lights the poet's darken'd name,
And shows it, blazing, in the brightest fame.
Through all thy various Winter, full are found
Magnificence of thought, and pomp of sound,
Clear depth of sense, expression's heightening grace,
And goodness, eminent in power, and place!
For this, the wise, the knowing few, commend
With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend:
Ev'n Age, and Truth severe, in reading thee,
That Heaven inspires the Muse, convinc'd, agree.
Thus I dare sing of merit, faintly known,
Friendless—supported by itself alone:
For those, whose aided will could lift thee high
In fortune, see not with Discernment's eye.
Nor place, nor power, bestows the sight refin'd;
And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.
How could'st thou think of such, and write so well?
Or hope reward, by daring to excell?
Unskilful of the age! untaught to gain
Those favours, which the fawning base obtain!
A thousand shameful arts, to thee unknown,
Falsehood, and flattery, must be first thy own.
If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breast,
Thou must drive out th' unprofitable guest:
Extinguish each bright aim, that kindles there,
And centre in thyself thy every care.
But hence that vileness—pleas'd to charm mankind,
Cast each low thought of interest far behind:
Neglected into noble scorn—away
From that worn path, where vulgar poets stray:
Inglorious herd! profuse of venal lays!
And by the pride despis'd, they stoop to praise!
Thou, careless of the statesman's smile or frown,
Tread that straight way, that leads to fair renown.
By Virtue guided, and by Glory fir'd,
And, by reluctant Envy, slow admir'd,
Dare to do well, and in thy boundless mind,
Embrace the general welfare of thy kind:
Enrich them with the treasures of thy thought,
What Heaven approves, and what the Muse has taught.
Where thy power fails, unable to go on,
Ambitious, greatly will the good undone.
So shall thy name, through ages, brightening shine,
And distant praise, from worth unborn, be thine;
So shalt thou, happy! merit Heaven's regard,
And find a glorious, though a late reward.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

'Twas at the silent, solemn hour
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When Death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

But, love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

"Awake!" she cry'd, "thy true-love calls,
Come from her midnight-grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

"This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

"Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath!
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

"Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

"How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

"Why did you say, my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young witless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

"That face, alas! no more is fair,
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

"The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

"But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you."

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
And thrice he wept full sore;
Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
And word spoke never more!

N. B. In a comedy of Fletcher, called the Knight of the Burning Pestle, old Merry-Thought enters repeating the following verses:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

This was probably the beginning of some ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy: and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many years ago. Mallet.

An elegant Latin imitation of this ballad is printed in the works of Vincent Bourne. *N.*

EPITAPH,

ON MR. AIKMAN, AND HIS ONLY SON; WHO WERE BOTH INTERRED IN THE SAME GRAVE.

Dear to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,
Here sleep in peace the father and the son:
By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth divine.
The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date;
But oh, how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept and dy'd!

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

This humble grave though no proud structures grace,
Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the place:
Yet blameless Virtue that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.

ıp'd from life! O safe on that calm shore,
'e sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
: never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
rd and Pity, wait sincere on thee:
soft Remembrance drops a pious tear;
ıoly Friendship stands a mourner here.

SONG.

) A SCOTCH TUNE.—THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

ımiling morn, the breathing spring,
· the tuneful birds to sing:
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies;
And, in soft raptures, waste the day,
Among the shades of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At this, thy living bloom must fade;
As that will strip the verdant shade.
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
The feather'd songsters love no more:
And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the shades of Endermay!

THE

POEMS

OF

MARK AKENSIDE, M.D.

THE

LIFE OF AKENSIDE,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

MARK AKENSIDE was born on the ninth of November, 1721, at Newcastle upon Tyne. His father, Mark, was a butcher, of the presbyterian sect; his mother's name was Mary Lumsden. He received the first part of his education at the grammar-school of Newcastle; and was afterwards instructed by Mr. Wilson, who kept a private academy.

At the age of eighteen he was sent to Edinburgh, that he might qualify himself for the office of a dissenting minister, and received some assistance from the fund which the dissenters employ in educating young men of scanty fortune. But a wider view of the world opened other scenes, and prompted other hopes: he determined to study physic, and repaid that contribution, which, being received for a different purpose, he justly thought it dishonourable to retain.

Whether, when he resolved not to be a dissenting minister, he ceased to be a dissenter, I know not. He certainly retained an unnecessary and outrageous zeal for what he called and thought liberty; a zeal which sometimes disguises from the world, and not rarely from the mind which it possesses, an envious desire of plundering wealth or degrading greatness; and of which the immediate tendency is innovation and anarchy, an impetuous eagerness to subvert and confound, with very little care what shall be established.

Akenside was one of those poets who have felt very early the motions of genius, and one of those students who have very early stored their memories with sentiments and images. Many of his performances were produced in his youth; and his greatest work, The Pleasures of Imagination, appeared in 1744. I have heard Dodsley, by whom it was published, relate, that when the copy was offered him, the price demanded for it, which was an hundred and twenty pounds, being such as he was not inclined to give precipitately, he carried the work to Pope, who, having looked into it, advised him not to make a niggardly offer; for "this was no every-day writer."

In 1741 he went to Leyden, in pursuit of medical knowledge; and three years afterwards (May 16, 1744) became doctor of physic, having, according to the custom of the Dutch universities, published a thesis or dissertation. The subject which he chose was

The Original and Growth of the Human Fœtus; in which he is said to have departed, with great judgment, from the opinion then established, and to have delivered that which has been since confirmed and received.

Akenside was a young man, warm with every notion that by nature or accident had been connected with the sound of liberty, and, by an eccentricity which such dispositions do not easily avoid, a lover of contradiction, and no friend to any thing established. He adopted Shaftesbury's foolish assertion of the efficacy of ridicule for the discovery of truth. For this he was attacked by Warburton, and defended by Dyson: Warburton afterwards reprinted his remarks at the end of his dedication to the freethinkers.

The result of all the arguments, which have been produced in a long and eager discussion of this idle question, may easily be collected. If ridicule be applied to any position as the test of truth, it will then become a question whether such ridicule be just; and this can only be decided by the application of truth, as the test of ridicule. Two men, fearing, one a real and the other a fancied danger, will be for a while equally exposed to the inevitable consequences of cowardice, contemptuous censure, and ludicrous representation; and the true state of both cases must be known, before it can be decided whose terrour is rational, and whose is ridiculous; who is to be pitied, and who to be despised. Both are for a while equally exposed to laughter, but both are not therefore equally contemptible.

In the revisal of his poem, though he died before he had finished it, he omitted the lines which had given occasion to Warburton's objections.

He published, soon after his return from Leyden, (1745) his first collection of odes: and was impelled by his rage of patriotism to write a very acrimonious epistle to Pulteney, whom he stigmatizes, under the name of Curio, as the betrayer of his country.

Being now to live by his profession, he first commenced physician at Northampton, where Dr. Stonehouse then practised, with such reputation and success, that a stranger was not likely to gain ground upon him. Akenside tried the contest a while; and, having deafened the place with clamours for liberty, removed to Hampstead, where he resided more than two years, and then fixed himself in London, the proper place for a man of accomplishments like his.

At London he was known as a poet, but was still to make his way as a physician; and would perhaps have been reduced to great exigences, but that Mr. Dyson, with an ardour of friendship that has not many examples, allowed him three hundred pounds a year. Thus supported, he advanced gradually in medical reputation, but never attained any great extent of practice, or eminence of popularity. A physician in a great city seems to be the mere plaything of fortune; his degree of reputation is, for the most part, totally casual: they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficience. By any acute observer, who had looked on the transactions of the medical world for half a century, a very curious book might be written on the Fortune of Physicians.

Akenside appears not to have been wanting to his own success: he placed himself in view by all the common methods; he became a fellow of the Royal Society; he obtained a degree at Cambridge; and was admitted into the college of physicians; he wrote little poetry, but published, from time to time, medical essays and observations; he became physician to St. Thomas's Hospital; he read the Gulstonian Lectures in Anatomy; but began to give, for the Crounian Lecture, a history of the revival of

learning, from which he soon desisted; and, in conversation, he very eagerly forced himself into notice by an ambitious ostentation of elegance and literature.

His Discourse on the Dysentery (1764) was considered as a very conspicuous specimen of Latinity, which entitled him to the same height of place among the scholars, as he possessed before among the wits; and he might perhaps have risen to a greater elevation of character, but that his studies were ended with his life, by a putrid fever, June 23, 1770, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

AKENSIDE is to be considered as a didactic and lyric poet. His great work is The Pleasures of Imagination; a performance which, published as it was, at the age of twenty-three, raised expectations that were not very amply satisfied. It has undoubtedly a just claim to very particular notice, as an example of great felicity of genius, and uncommon amplitude of acquisitions, of a young mind stored with images, and much exercised in combining and comparing them.

With the philosophical or religious tenets of the author I have nothing to do; my business is with his poetry. The subject is well chosen, as it includes all images that can strike or please, and thus comprises every species of poetical delight. The only difficulty is in the choice of examples and illustrations; and it is not easy in such exuberance of matter to find the middle point between penury and satiety. The parts seem artificially disposed, with sufficient coherence, so as that they cannot change their places without injury to the general design.

His images are displayed with such luxuriance of expression, that they are hidden, like Butler's Moon, by a veil of light; they are forms fantastically lost under superfluity of dress. Pars minima est ipsa puella sui. The words are multiplied till the sense is hardly perceived; attention deserts the mind, and settles in the ear. The reader wanders through the gay diffusion, sometimes amazed, and sometimes delighted, but, after many turnings in the flowery labyrinth, comes out as he went in. He remarked little, and laid hold on nothing.

To his versification justice requires that praise should not be denied. In the general fabrication of his lines he is perhaps superior to any other writer of blank verse; his flow is smooth, and his pauses are musical; but the concatenation of his verses is commonly too long continued, and the full close does not recur with sufficient frequency. The sense is carried on through a long intertexture of complicated clauses, and, as nothing is distinguished, nothing is remembered.

The exemption which blank verse affords from the necessity of closing the sense with the couplet betrays luxuriant and active minds into such self-indulgence, that they pile image upon image, ornament upon ornament, and are not easily persuaded to close the sense at all. Blank verse will therefore, I fear, be too often found in description exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tiresome.

His diction is certainly poetical as it is not prosaic, and elegant as it is not vulgar. He is to be commended as having fewer artifices of disgust than most of his brethren of the blank song. He rarely either recalls old phrases, or twists his metre into harsh inversions. The sense however of his words is strained; when "he views the Ganges from Alpine heights;" that is, from mountains like the Alps. And the pedant surely intrudes (but when was blank verse without pedantry?) when he tells how "planets *absolve* the stated round of Time."

It is generally known to the readers of poetry that he intended to revise and augment

this work, but died before he had completed his design. The reformed work as he left it, and the additions which he had made, are very properly retained in the late collection. He seems to have somewhat contracted his diffusion; but I know not whether he has gained in closeness what he has lost in splendour. In the additional book, the Tale of Solon is too long.

One great defect of his poem is very properly censured by Mr. Walker, unless it may be said, in his defence, that what he has omitted was not properly in his plan. "His picture of man is grand and beautiful, but unfinished. The immortality of the soul, which is the natural consequence of the appetites and powers she is invested with, is scarcely once hinted throughout the poem. This deficiency is amply supplied by the masterly pencil of Dr. Young; who, like a good philosopher, has invincibly proved the immortality of man, from the grandeur of his conceptions, and the meanness and misery of his state; for this reason, a few passages are selected from the Night Thoughts, which, with those from Akenside, seem to form a complete view of the powers, situation, and end of man." Exercises for Improvement in Elocution, p. 66.

His other poems are now to be considered; but a short consideration will dispatch them. It is not easy to guess why he addicted himself so diligently to lyric poetry, having neither the ease and airiness of the lighter, nor the vehemence and elevation of the grander ode. When he lays his ill-fated hand upon his harp, his former powers seem to desert him; he has no longer his luxuriance of expression, nor variety of images. His thoughts are cold, and his words inelegant. Yet such was his love of lyrics, that having written with great vigour and poignancy his Epistle to Curio, he transformed it afterwards into an ode disgraceful only to its author.

Of his odes nothing favourable can be said; the sentiments commonly want force, nature, or novelty; the diction is sometimes harsh and uncouth; the stanzas ill-constructed and unpleasant, and the rhymes dissonant, or unskilfully disposed, too distant from each other, or arranged with too little regard to established use, and therefore perplexing to the ear, which in a short composition has not time to grow familiar with an innovation.

To examine such compositions singly cannot be required; they have doubtless brighter and darker parts: but, when they are once found to be generally dull, all further labour may be spared; for to what use can the work be criticised that will not be read?

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST EDITION, 1772.

THIS volume contains a complete collection of the poems of the late Dr. Akenside, either reprinted from the original editions, or faithfully published from copies which had been prepared by himself for publication.

That the principal poem should appear in so disadvantageous a state, may require some explanation. The first publication of it was at a very early part of the author's life. That it wanted revision and correction, he was sufficiently sensible; but so quick was the demand for several successive republications, that in any of the intervals to have completed the whole of his corrections was utterly impossible; and yet to have gone on from time to time making further improvements in every new edition, would (he thought) have had the appearance at least of abusing the favour of the public. He chose therefore to continue for some time reprinting it without alteration, and to forbear publishing any corrections or improvements until he should be able at once to give them to the public complete. And with this view he went on for several years to review and correct the poem at his leisure; till at length he found the task grow so much upon his hands, that, despairing of ever being able to execute it sufficiently to his own satisfaction, he abandoned the purpose of correcting, and resolved to write the poem over a-new upon a somewhat different and an enlarged plan. And in the execution of this design he had made a considerable progress. What reason there may be to regret that he did not live to execute the whole of it, will best appear from the perusal of the plan itself, as stated in the general argument, and of the parts which he had executed, and which are here published. For the person[1], to whom he intrusted the disposal of his papers, would have thought himself wanting as well to the service of the public, as to the fame of his friend, if he had not produced as much of the work as appeared to have been prepared for publication. In this light he considered the entire first and second books, of which a few copies had been printed for the use only of the author and certain friends: also a very considerable part of the third book, which had been transcribed in order to its being printed in the same manner: and to these is added the introduction to a subsequent book, which in the manuscript is called the fourth, and which appears to have been composed at the time when the author intended to comprise the whole in four books; but which, as he had afterwards determined to distribute the poem into more books, might perhaps more properly be called the last book. And this is all that is executed of the new work, which, although it appeared to the editor too valuable, even in its imperfect state, to be withholden from the public, yet (he conceives) takes in by much too small a part of the original poem to supply its place, and to supersede the re-publication of it. For which reason both the poems are inserted in this collection.

Of odes the author had designed to make up two books, consisting of twenty odes each, including the several odes which he had before published at different times.

[1] The right honourable Jeremiah Dyson; by whom this advertisement was written.

The Hymn to the Naiads is reprinted from the sixth volume of Dodsley's Miscellanies, with a few corrections and the addition of some notes. To the inscriptions taken from the same volume three new inscriptions are added; the last of which is the only instance wherein liberty has been taken of inserting any thing in this collection, which did not appear to have been intended by the author for publication [2]; among whose papers no copy of this was found, but it is printed from a copy, which he had many years since given to the editor.

The author of these poems was born at Newcastle upon Tyne, on the 9th day of November, 1721. He was educated at the grammar school at Newcastle, and at the universities of Edinburgh and Leyden, at the latter of which he took his degree of doctor in physic. He was afterwards admitted by mandamus to the degree of doctor in physic in the university of Cambridge; elected a fellow of the royal college of physicians, and one of the physicians of St. Thomas's Hospital: and upon the establishment of the queen's household, appointed one of the physicians to her majesty. He died of a putrid fever, on the 23d day of June, 1770, and is buried in the parish church of St. James's Westminster.

[2] In the present edition, a few pieces are added, which are known to be genuine, and which certainly are no discredit to their author. But these are all placed at the end of the volume.

POEMS

OF

DR. AKENSIDE.

THE

LEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

A POEM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

ιμέν ἐςιν ἀνθρωπε τὰς παρὰ τῶ Διι χάρθας ἀτιμάζειν.

Epict. apud Arrian. II. 13.

PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR M.DCC.XLIV.

THE DESIGN.

are certain powers in human nature which hold a middle place between the organs of sense and the faculties of moral perception: ave been called by a very general name, owers of Imagination. Like the external they relate to matter and motion; and at e time, give the mind ideas analogous to f moral approbation and dislike. As they inlets of some of the most exquisite plea- ith which we are acquainted, it has natu- appened, that men of warm and sensible s have sought means to recall the delight- ceptions which they afford, independent of ect which originally produced them. This e to the imitative or designing arts; some h, as painting and sculpture, directly copy ernal appearances which were admired in ; others, as music and poetry, bring them remembrance by signs universally esta- and understood.

these arts, as they grew more correct and ate, were of course led to extend their imi- eyond the peculiar objects of the imagina- wers: especially poetry, which, making language as the instrument by which it s, it consequently becomes an unlimited ntative of every species and mode of being. Yet, as their intention was only to express the objects of imagination, and as they still abound chiefly in ideas of that class, they of course retain their original character; and all the different pleasures which they excite, are termed, in general, Pleasures of Imagination.

The design of the following poem is to give a view of *these* in the largest acceptation of the term; *so that whatever our imagination feels from the agreeable appearances of nature, and all the various entertainment we meet with either in poetry, painting, music, or any of the elegant arts, might be deducible from one or other of those principles in the constitution of the human mind, which are here established and explained.*

In executing this general plan, it was necessary first of all to distinguish the imagination from our other faculties; and in the next place to characterize those original forms or properties of being, about which it is conversant, and which are by Nature adapted to it as light is to the eyes, or truth to the understanding. These properties Mr. Addison had reduced to the three general classes of greatness, novelty, and beauty; and into these we may analyse every object, however complex, which, properly speaking, is delightful to the imagination. But such an object may also include many other sources of pleasure; and its beauty, or novelty, or grandeur, will make a stronger impression by reason of this concurrence. Besides which, the imitative arts, especially poetry, owe much of their effect to a *similar* exhibition of properties quite *foreign* to the imagination, insomuch that in every line of the most applauded poems, we meet with either ideas drawn from the external senses, or truths discovered to the understanding, or illustrations of contrivance and final causes, or above all the rest, with circumstances proper to awaken and engage the passions. It was therefore necessary to enumerate and exemplify these different species of pleasure; especially that from the passions, which, as it is supreme in the noblest work of human genius, so being in some particulars not a little surprising, gave an oppor-

tunity to enliven the didactic turn of the poem, by introducing an allegory to account for the appearance.

After these parts of the subject which hold chiefly of admiration, or naturally warm and interest the mind, a pleasure of a very different nature, that which arises from ridicule, came next to be considered. As this is the foundation of the comic manner in all the arts, and has been but very imperfectly treated by moral writers, it was thought proper to give it a particular illustration, and to distinguish the general sources from which the ridicule of characters is derived. Here too a change of style became necessary; such a one as might yet be consistent, if possible, with the general taste of composition in the serious parts of the subject: nor is it an easy task to give any tolerable force to images of this kind, without running either into the gigantic expressions of the mock heroic, or the familiar and poetical raillery of professed satire; neither of which would have been proper here.

The materials of all imitation being thus laid open, nothing now remained but to illustrate some particular pleasures, which arise either from the relations of different objects one to another, or from the nature of imitation itself. Of the first kind is that various and complicated resemblance existing between several parts of the material and immaterial worlds, which is the foundation of metaphor and wit. As it seems in a great measure to depend on the early association of our ideas, and as this habit of associating is the source of many pleasures and pains in life, and on that account bears a great share in the influence of poetry and the other arts, it is therefore mentioned here, and its effects described. Then follows a general account of the production of these elegant arts, and of the secondary pleasure, as it is called, arising from the resemblance of their imitations to the original appearances of Nature. After which, the work concludes with some reflections on the general conduct of the powers of imagination, and on their natural and moral usefulness in life.

Concerning the manner or turn of composition which prevails in this piece, little can be said with propriety by the author. He had two models; that ancient and simple one of the first Grecian poets, as it is refined by Virgil in the Georgics, and the familiar epistolary way of Horace. This latter has several advantages. It admits of a greater variety of style; it more readily engages the generality of readers, as partaking more of the air of conversation; and, especially with the assistance of rhyme, leads to a closer and more concise expression. Add to this the example of the most perfect of modern poets, who has so happily applied this manner to the noblest parts of philosophy, that the public taste is in a great measure formed to it alone. Yet, after all, the subject before us, tending almost constantly to admiration and enthusiasm, seemed rather to demand a more open, pathetic, and figured style. This too appeared more natural, as the author's aim was not so much to give formal precepts, or enter into the way of direct argumentation, as, by exhibiting the most engaging prospects of Nature, to enlarge and harmonize the imagination, and by that means insensibly dispose the minds of men to a similar taste and habit of thinking in religion, morals, and civil life. It is on this account that he is ful to point out the benevolent intentic Author of Nature in every principle of th constitution here insisted on; and also the moral excellencies of life in the same view with the mere external objects of go thus recommending them in common to c ral propensity for admiring what is beau lovely. The same views have also led h troduce some sentiments which may pe looked upon as not quite direct to the subj since they bear an obvious relation to it, thority of Virgil, the faultless model of poetry, will best support him in this pa For the sentiments themselves, he makes logy.

THE

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATIO

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Difficulty of tre poetically. The ideas of the divine n origin of every quality pleasing to the i tion. The natural variety of constituti minds of men; with its final cause. of a fine imagination, and the state of t in the enjoyment of those pleasures affords. All the primary pleasures of gination result from the perception of g or wonderfulness, or beauty in objec pleasure from greatness, with its fina Pleasure from novelty or wonderfulness, final cause. Pleasure from beauty, final cause. The connection of beau truth and good, applied to the conduct Invitation to the study of moral phi The different degrees of beauty in differen of objects: colour; shape; natural co vegetables; animals; the mind. The the fair, the wonderful of the mind. nection of the imagination and the moral Conclusion.

With what attractive charms this goodly
Of Nature touches the consenting hearts
Of mortal men; and what the pleasing stc
Which beauteous imitation thence derives
To deck the poet's, or the painter's toil;
My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle pow
Of musical delight! and while I sing
Your gifts, your honours, dance around m
Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful brea
Indulgent Fancy! from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the t
Where Shakspeare lies, be present: and w
Let Fiction come, upon her vagrant wings
Wafting ten thousand colours through the
Which, by the glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will, through countle
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
Which rules the accents of the moving sph

u, eternal Harmony! descend 20
this festive train? for with thee comes
le, the guardian of their lovely sports,
Truth; and where Truth deigns to come,
r Liberty will not be far.
nt all ye genii, who conduct
dering footsteps of the youthful bard,
your springs and shades: who touch his ear
er sounds: who heighten to his eye
m of Nature, and before him turn
est, happiest attitude of things. 30
ave the laws of each poetic strain
ie-verse employ'd; yet still unsung
prime subject, though importing most
name: for fruitless is the attempt,
obedience and by creeping toil
to conquer the severe ascent
Parnassus. Nature's kindling breath
e the chosen genius; Nature's hand
ring his nerves, and imp his eagle-wings
nt of the painful steep, to soar 40
the summit; there to breathe at large
l air; with bards and sages old,
al sons of praise. These flattering scenes,
neglected labour court my song;
unconscious what a doubtful task
t the finest features of the mind,
most subtle and mysterious things
lour, strength, and motion. But the love
re and the Muses bids explore,
h secret paths erewhile untrod by man, 50
poetic region, to detect
d springs, to drink inspiring draughts,
de my temples with unfading flowers
rom the laureate vale's profound recess,
never poet gain'd a wreath before.
Heaven my strains begin; from Heaven de-
ne of genius to the human breast, [scends
e and beauty, and poetic joy
piration. Ere the radiant Sun 59
from the east, or 'mid the vault of night
on suspended her serener lamp;
ntains, woods, or streams, adorn'd the globe,
dom taught the sons of men her lore;
v'd the almighty One: then, deep retir'd
nfathom'd essence, view'd the forms,
ns eternal of created things;
liant Sun, the Moon's nocturnal lamp,
untains, woods, and streams, the rolling globe,
isdom's mien celestial. From the first
s, on them his love divine he fix'd, 70
niration: till in time complete,
e admir'd and lov'd, his vital smile
d into being. Hence the breath
informing each organic frame,
the green earth, and wild resounding waves;
light and shade alternate; warmth and cold;
ar autumnal skies and vernal showers,
the fair variety of things.
not alike to every mortal eye 79
great scene unveil'd. For since the claims
al life, to different labours urge
tive powers of man! with wise intent
nd of Nature on peculiar minds
ts a different bias, and to each
s its province in the common toil.
e she taught the fabric of the sphere,
angeful Moon, the circuit of the stars,
lden zones of Heaven; to some she gave
gh the moment of eternal things, 89
Of time, and space, and Fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulse: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue swells the tender veins
Of herbs and flowers; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, distilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But some, to higher hopes
Were destin'd; some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The transcript of himself. On every part 101
They trace the bright impressions of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's purple stores,
The Moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with rosy smiles, they see pourtray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The mind supreme. They also feel her charms,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.
For as old Memmon's image, long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch 110
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Consenting, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains; even so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things,
Attune the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulse of congenial powers,
Or of sweet sounds, or fair proportion'd form,
The grace of motion, or the bloom of light,
Thrills through Imagination's tender frame,
From nerve to nerve: all naked and alive 120
They catch the spreading rays; till now the soul
At length discloses every tuneful spring,
To that harmonious movement from without
Responsive. Then the inexpressive strain
Diffuses its enchantment: Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains and Elysian groves,
And vales of bliss: the intellectual power
Bends from his awful throne a wondering ear,
And smiles: the passions, gently sooth'd away,
Sink to divine repose, and love and joy 130
Alone are waking; love and joy, serene
As airs that fan the summer. O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art, whom these delights can touch,
Whose candid bosom the refining love
Of Nature warms, O! listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her favourite walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her loveliest features to thy view.
Know then, whate'er of Nature's pregnant stores,
Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected forms 140
With love and admiration thus inflame
The powers of fancy, her delighted sons
To three illustrious orders have referr'd;
Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue, confesses; the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn!
I see the radiant visions, where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the Spring. 150
Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds; 159

To chase each partial purpose from his breast:
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaultering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward, [burns
The applauding smile of Heaven? Else wherefore
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? wherefore darts the mind,
With such resistless ardour to embrace 170
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross control of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heaven's broad fire his unconstrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his labouring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to survey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Through mountains, plains, through empires black
with shade 180
And continents of sand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a scanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born soul
Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of Earth
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft
Through fields of air; pursues the flying storm;
Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
Or, yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blast,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars
The blue profound, and hovering round the Sun
Beholds him pouring the redundant stream 192
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve
The fated rounds of Time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her swiftness up the long career
Of devious comets; through its burning signs
Exulting measures the perennial wheel
Of Nature, and looks back on all the stars,
Whose blended light, as with a milky zone, 200
Invest the orient. Now amaz'd she views
The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,
Beyond this concave Heaven, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whose unfading light
Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,
Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.
Even on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates the eternal depth below;
Till half recoiling, down the headlong steep 209
She plunges; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up
In that immense of being. There her hopes
Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find enjoyment: but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length should disappear, 220
And infinite perfection close the scene.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of Nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming soul? What pity then
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to Earth
Her tender blossom; choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty Wisdom; Nature's happy cares 230
The obedient heart far otherwise incline.
Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active power
To brisker measures: witness the neglect
Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
With transport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young astonishment; the sober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things,
For such the bounteous providence of Heaven,
In every breast implanting this desire 240
Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to pursue
Those sacred stores that wait the ripening soul,
In Truth's exhaustless bosom. What need words
To paint its power? For this the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove: the pensive sage,
Heedless of sleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the sickly taper; and untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step, 250
The mazes of some wild and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence, finally, by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,
And evil spirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd 260
The orphan's portion; of unquiet souls
Risen from the grave to ease the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of shapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of Hell around the murderer's bed.
At every solemn pause the crowd recoil
Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
With shivering sighs; till eager for the event,
Around the beldame all erect they hang, 269
Each trembling heart with grateful terrours quell'd.

But lo! disclos'd in all her smiling pomp,
Where Beauty onward moving claims the verse
Her charms inspire: the freely-flowing verse
In thy immortal praise, O form divine,
Smooths her mellifluent stream. Thee, Beauty, thee
The regal dome, and thy enlivening ray
The mossy roofs adore: thou, better Sun!
For ever beamest on the enchanted heart
Love, and harmonious wonder, and delight
Poetic. Brightest progeny of Heaven! 280
How shall I trace thy features? where select
The roseate hues to emulate thy bloom?
Haste then, my song, through Nature's wide expanse,
Haste then, and gather all her comeliest wealth,
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To deck thy lovely labour. Wilt thou fly
With laughing Autumn to the Atlantic isles,
And range with him the Hesperian field, and see
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove, 290
The branches shoot with gold; where'er his step
Marks the glad soil, the tender clusters grow
With purple ripeness, and invest each hill
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume,
Where gliding through his daughter's honour'd
shades,
The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood

poreal Tempe's pleasant scene?
! haunt belov'd of sylvan powers, 299
and Fauns; where in the golden age
d in secret on the shady brink
nt Pan: while round their choral steps
rs and genial Gales with constant hand
blossoms, odours, shower'd ambrosial
s,
's Elysian bloom. Her flowery store
Tempe shall refuse; nor watch
Hydra guard Hesperian fruits
ree spoil. O bear then, unreprov'd,
g treasures to the green recess
ng Dione stays. With sweetest airs
forth to lend her angel-form 311
's honour'd image. Hither turn
ul footsteps; hither, gentle maid,
polish'd forehead: let thy eyes
mildness of their azure dawn;
he fanning breezes waft aside
t locks: disclosing, as it bends
softness from the marble neck,
fair-blooming, and the rosy lip, 319
ning smiles and pleasures sweet as love,
ity and wisdom, tempering blend
allurement. Then the pleasing force
and her kind parental care
'd sing: then all the enamour'd youth,
admiring virgin, to my lyre
ong attentive, while I point on high
uty's living image, like the morn
s in Zephyr's arms the blushing May,
ard; or as Venus, when she stood
n the pearly car, and smil'd, 330
the deep, and conscious of her form,
Tritons tune their vocal shells,
cerulean sister of the flood
acclaim attend her o'er the waves,
e Idalian bower. Ye smiling band
and virgins, who through all the maze
lesire with rival-steps pursue
of beauty; if the pleasing toil
a moment's respite, hither turn
rable ear, and trust my words. 340
ean to wake the gloomy form
ition dress'd in Wisdom's garb,
rour tender hopes; I do not mean
jealous thunderer fire the heavens,
infernal rend the groaning Earth
rou from your joys: my cheerful song
r omens calls you to the field,
th your generous ardour in the chase,
like you. Then tell me, for ye know,
ity ever deign to dwell where health
use are strangers? Is her charm 351
in aught, whose most peculiar ends
ind fruitless? Or did Nature mean
ing call the herald of a lie;
e shame of discord and disease,
with fair hypocrisy the heart
th? O no! with better cares
rent mother, conscious how infirm
ing tread the paths of good and ill,
ustrious image, in each kind 360
illustrious where the object holds
powers most perfect, she by this
headstrong impulse of desire,
ifies his choice. The generous glebe
om smiles with verdure, the clear tract
delicious to the thirsty soul,
The bloom of nectar'd fruitage ripe to sense,
And every charm of animated things,
Are only pledges of a state sincere,
The integrity and order of their frame, 370
When all is well within, and every end
Accomplish'd. Thus was Beauty sent from Heaven,
The lovely ministress of truth and good
In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of Earth! would ye dissolve the tie?
O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene 380
Where Beauty seems to dwell, nor once inquire
Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
Lo! Beauty withers in your void embrace,
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did Fancy mock your vows. Not let the gleam
Of youthful hope, that shines upon your hearts,
Be chill'd or clouded at this awful task,
To learn the lore of undeceitful good, 390
And truth eternal. Though the poisonous charms
Of baleful Superstition guide the feet
Of servile numbers, through a dreary way
To their abode, through deserts, thorns, and mire;
And leave the wretched pilgrim all forlorn
To muse at last, amid the ghostly gloom
Of graves, and hoary vaults, and cloister'd cells;
To walk with spectres through the midnight shade,
And to the screaming owl's accursed song
Attune the dreadful workings of his heart; 400
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Your lovely search illumines. From the grove
Where Wisdom talk'd with her Athenian sons,
Could my ambitious hand intwine a wreath,
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay.
Then should my powerful verse at once dispell
Those monkish horrours: then in light divine
Disclose the Elysian prospect, where the steps
Of those whom Nature charms, through blooming walks,
Through fragrant mountains and poetic streams,
Amid the train of sages, heroes, bards, 411
Led by their winged Genius and the choir
Of laurell'd Science, and harmonious Art,
Proceed exulting to the eternal shrine,
Where Truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
The undivided partners of her sway,
With Good and Beauty reigns. O let not us,
Lull'd by luxurious Pleasure's languid strain,
Or crouching to the frowns of Bigot-rage,
O let us not a moment pause to join 420
That godlike band. And if the gracious power
Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
Will to my invocation breathe anew
The tuneful spirit; then through all our paths,
Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
Be wanting; whether on the rosy mead,
When Summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
Of Luxury's allurement; whether firm
Against the torrent and the stubborn hill
To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve, 430
And wake the strong divinity of soul
That conquers Chance and Fate; or whether struck
For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;

To trace her hallow'd light through future worlds,
And bless Heaven's image in the heart of man.
Thus with a faithful aim have we presum'd,
Adventurous, to delineate Nature's form;
Whether in vast, majestic pomp array'd, 440
Or drest for pleasing wonder, or serene
In Beauty's rosy smile. It now remains,
Through various being's fair-proportion'd scale,
To trace the rising lustre of her charms,
From their first twilight, shining forth at length
To full meridian splendour. Of degree
The least and lowliest, in the effusive warmth
Of colours mingling with a random blaze,
Doth Beauty dwell. Then higher in the line
And variation of determin'd shape, 450
Where Truth's eternal measures mark the bound
Of circle, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
Unites this varied symmetry of parts
With colour's bland allurement; as the pearl
Shines in the concave of its azure bed,
And painted shells indent their speckled wreath.
Then more attractive rise the blooming forms
Through which the breath of Nature has infus'd
Her genial power to draw with pregnant veins
Nutritious moisture from the bounteous Earth,
In fruit and seed prolific: thus the flowers 461
Their purple honours with the spring resume;
And thus the stately tree with autumn bends
With blushing treasures. But more lovely still
Is Nature's charm, where to the full consent
Of complicated members to the bloom
Of colour, and the vital change of growth,
Life's holy flame and piercing sense are given,
And active motion speaks the temper'd soul:
So moves the bird of Juno; so the steed 470
With rival ardour beats the dusty plain,
And faithful dogs with eager airs of joy
Salute their fellows. Thus doth Beauty dwell
There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
Where dawns the high expression of a mind:
By steps conducting our enraptur'd search
To that eternal origin, whose power,
Through all the unbounded symmetry of things,
Like rays effulging from the parent Sun,
This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd. 480
Mind, mind alone, (bear witness, Earth and Heaven!)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the Graces; here enthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never-fading joy.
Look then abroad through Nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, O man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate 491
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country hail?
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair 500
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper or the Morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous Friendship? as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just?
The graceful tear that streams for others woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where Peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings 510
Of Innocence and Love protect the scene?
Once more search, undismay'd, the dark profound
Where Nature works in secret; view the beds
Of mineral treasure, and the eternal vault
That bounds the hoary Ocean; trace the forms
Of atoms moving with incessant change
Their elemental round; behold the seeds
Of being, and the energy of life
Kindling the mass with ever-active flame:
Then to the secrets of the working mind 520
Attentive turn; from dim oblivion call
Her fleet, ideal band; and bid them, go!
Break through Time's barrier, and o'ertake the hour
That saw the heavens created: then declare
If aught were found in those external scenes
To move thy wonder now. For what are all
The forms which brute, unconscious matter wears,
Greatness of bulk, or symmetry of parts?
Not reaching to the heart, soon feeble grows
The superficial impulse; dull their charms, 530
And satiate soon, and pall the languid eye.
Not so the moral species, nor the powers
Of genius and design; the ambitious mind
There sees herself: by these congenial forms
Touch'd and awaken'd, with intenser act
She bends each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
Her features in the mirror. For of all
The inhabitants of Earth, to man alone
Creative Wisdom gave to lift his eye
To Truth's eternal measures; thence to frame
The sacred laws of action and of will, 541
Discerning justice from unequal deeds,
And temperance from folly. But beyond
This energy of Truth, whose dictates bind
Assenting reason, the benignant sire,
To deck the honour'd paths of just and good,
Has added bright Imagination's rays:
Where Virtue, rising from the awful depth
Of Truth's mysterious bosom, doth forsake
The unadorn'd condition of her birth; 550
And, dress'd by Fancy in ten thousand hues,
Assumes a various feature, to attract,
With charms responsive to each gazer's eye,
The hearts of men. Amid his rural walk,
The ingenious youth, whom solitude inspires
With purest wishes, from the pensive shade
Beholds her moving, like a virgin-muse
That wakes her lyre to some indulgent theme
Of harmony and wonder: while among
The herd of servile minds her strenuous form 560
Indignant flashes on the patriot's eye,
And through the rolls of memory appeals
To ancient honour, or, in act serene,
Yet watchful, raises the majestic sword
Of public power, from dark ambition's reach
To guard the sacred volume of the laws.
Genius of ancient Greece! whose faithful steps
Well-pleas'd I follow through the sacred paths
Of Nature and of Science; nurse divine
Of all heroic deeds and fair desires! 570
O! let the breath of thy extended praise
Inspire my kindling bosom to the height
Of this untempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
That soothes this vernal evening into smiles,

impatient from the sordid haunts
ife and low Ambition, to attend
acred presence in the sylvan shade,
eir malignant footsteps ne'er profan'd.
ad, propitious! to my favour'd eye; 580
u thy mien, thy warm, exalted air,
en the Persian tyrant, foil'd and stung
shame and desperation, gnash'd his teeth
thee rend the pageants of his throne;
t the lightning of thy lifted spear
r'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
alms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
miling band of arts, thy godlike sires
! wisdom, thy heroic youth 589
from the schools of glory. Guide my way
rh fair Lycèum's walk, the green retreats
ademus, and the thymy vale,
, oft enchanted with Socratic sounds,
pure devolv'd his tuneful stream
tler murmurs. From the blooming store
se auspicious fields, may I unblam'd
lant some living blossoms to adorn
tive clime: while far above the flight
cy's plume aspiring, I unlock
rings of ancient Wisdom! while I join 600
ame, thrice honour'd! with the immortal
praise
ure, while to my compatriot youth
the high example of thy sons,
ne to Attic themes the British lyre.

THE

LEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

paration of the works of imagination from
sophy, the cause of their abuse among the
rns. Prospect of their re-union under the
nce of public liberty. Enumeration of ac-
tal pleasures, which increase the effect of
ts delightful to the imagination. The plea-
of sense. Particular circumstances of the
. Discovery of truth. Perception of con-
nce and design. Emotion of the passion.
he natural passions partake of a pleasing
tion; with the final cause of this constitu-
illustrated by an allegorical vision, and ex-
ified in sorrow, pity, terrour, and indigna-

---

shall the laurel and the vocal string
their honours? When shall we behold
neful tongue, the Promethéan hand,
o ancient praise? Alas! how faint,
w, the dawn of Beauty and of Truth
the reluctant shades of Gothic night
yet involve the nations! Long they groan'd
the furies of rapacious Force;
he gloomy North, with iron-swarms
tuous pouring from her frozen caves, 10
the Italian shore, and swept the works
rty and Wisdom down the gulf
Of all-devouring Night. As long immur'd
In noon-tide darkness by the glimmering lamp,
Each Muse and each fair Science pin'd away
The sordid hours: while foul, barbarian hands
Their mysteries profan'd, unstrung the lyre,
And chain'd the soaring pinion down to Earth.
At last the Muses rose, and spurn'd their bonds,
And, wildly warbling, scatter'd, as they flew, 20
Their blooming wreaths from fair Valclusa's bowers
To Arno's myrtle border, and the shore
Of soft Parthenope. But still the rage
Of dire Ambition and gigantic Power,
From public aims and from the busy walk
Of civil Commerce, drove the bolder train
Of penetrating Science to the cells,
Where studious Ease consumes the silent hour
In shadowy searches and unfruitful care.
Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts
Of mimic Fancy and harmonious Joy, 31
To priestly domination and the lust
Of lawless courts, their amiable toil
For three inglorious ages have resign'd,
In vain reluctant: and Torquato's tongue
Was tun'd for slavish pæans at the throne
Of tinsel pomp: and Raphael's magic hand
Effus'd its fair creation to enchant
The fond adoring herd in Latian fanes
To blind belief; while on their prostrate necks 40
The sable tyrant plants his heel secure.
But now, behold! the radiant era dawns,
When Freedom's ample fabric, fix'd at length
For endless years on Albion's happy shore
In full proportion, once more shall extend
To all the kindred powers of social bliss
A common mansion, a parental roof.
There shall the Virtues, there shall Wisdom's train,
Their long-lost friends rejoining, as of old,
Embrace the smiling family of Arts, 50
The Muses and the Graces. Then no more
Shall Vice, distracting their delicious gifts
To aims abhorr'd, with high distaste and scorn
Turn from their charms the philosophic eye,
The patriot-bosom; then no more the paths
Of public care or intellectual toil,
Alone by footsteps haughty and severe
In gloomy state be trod: the harmonious Muse,
And her persuasive sisters, then shall plant
Their sheltering laurels o'er the black ascent, 60
And scatter flowers along the rugged way.
Arm'd with the lyre, already have we dar'd
To pierce divine Philosophy's retreats,
And teach the Muse her lore; already strove
Their long-divided honours to unite,
While tempering this deep argument we sang
Of Truth and Beauty. Now the same glad task
Impends; now urging our ambitious toil,
We hasten to recount the various springs
Of adventitious pleasure, which adjoin 70
Their grateful influence to the prime effect
Of objects grand or beauteous, and enlarge
The complicated joy. The sweets of sense,
Do they not oft with kind accession flow,
To raise harmonious Fancy's native charm?
So while we taste the fragrance of the rose,
Glows not her blush the fairer? While we view
Amid the noontide walk a limpid rill
Gush through the trickling herbage, to the thirst
Of summer yielding the delicious draught 80
Of cool refreshment; o'er the mossy brink

Shines not the surface clearer, and the waves
With sweeter music murmur as they flow?
Nor this alone; the various lot of life
Oft from external circumstance assumes
A moment's disposition to rejoice
In those delights which at a different hour
Would pass unheeded. Fair the face of Spring,
When rural songs and odours wake the Morn,
To every eye; but how much more to his 90
Round whom the bed of sickness long diffus'd
Its melancholy gloom! how doubly fair,
When first with fresh-born vigour he inhales
The balmy breeze, and feels the blessed Sun
Warm at his bosom, from the springs of life
Chasing oppressive damps and languid pain!
Or shall I mention, where celestial Truth
Her awful light discloses, to bestow
A more majestic pomp on Beauty's frame? 99
For man loves knowledge, and the beams of Truth
More welcome touch his understanding's eye,
Than all the blandishments of sound his ear,
Than all of taste his tongue. Nor ever yet
The melting rainbow's vernal-tinctur'd hues
To me have shone so pleasing, as when first
The hand of Science pointed out the path
In which the sun-beams gleaming from the west
Fall on the watery cloud, whose darksome veil
Involves the orient; and that trickling shower
Piercing through every crystalline convex 110
Of clustering dew-drops to their flight oppos'd,
Recoil at length where concave all behind
The internal surface on each glassy orb
Repells their forward passage into air;
That thence direct they seek the radiant goal
From which their course began; and, as they strike
In different lines the gazer's obvious eye,
Assume a different lustre, through the brede
Of colours changing from the splendid rose
To the pale violet's dejected hue. 120
Or shall we touch that kind access of joy,
That springs to each fair object, while we trace
Through all its fabric, Wisdom's artful aim
Disposing every part, and gaining still
By means proportion'd her benignant end?
Speak, ye, the pure delight, whose favour'd steps
The lamp of Science through the jealous maze
Of Nature guides, when haply you reveal
Her secret honours: whether in the sky, 129
The beauteous laws of light, the central powers
That wheel the pensile planets round the year;
Whether in wonders of the rolling deep,
Or the rich fruits of all-sustaining earth,
Or fine-adjusted springs of life and sense,
Ye scan the counsels of their author's hand.
What, when to raise the meditated scene,
The flame of passion through the struggling soul
Deep-kindled, shows across that sudden blaze
The object of its rapture, vast of size,
With fiercer colours and a night of shade? 140
What? like a storm from their capacious bed
The sounding seas o'erwhelming, when the might
Of these eruptions, working from the depth
Of man's strong apprehension, shakes his frame
Even to the base; from every naked sense
Of pain or pleasure dissipating all
Opinion's feeble coverings, and the veil
Spun from the cobweb fashion of the times
To hide the feeling heart? Then Nature speaks
Her genuine language, and the words of men, 150
Big with the very motion of their souls,
Declare with what accumulated force
The impetuous nerve of passion urges on
The native weight and energy of things.
Yet more: her honours where nor beauty claims
Nor shows of good the thirsty sense allure,
From Passion's power alone our nature holds
Essential pleasure. Passion's fierce illapse
Rouzes the mind's whole fabric; with supplies
Of daily impulse keeps the elastic powers 160
Intensely pois'd, and polishes anew
By that collision all the fine machine:
Else rust would rise, and foulness, by degrees
Encumbering, choke at last what Heaven design'd
For ceaseless motion and a round of toil.
—But say, does every passion thus to man
Administer delight? That name indeed
Becomes the rosy breath of Love; becomes
The radiant smiles of Joy, the applauding hand
Of Admiration: but the bitter shower 170
That Sorrow sheds upon a brother's grave,
But the dumb palsy of nocturnal Fear,
Or those consuming fires that gnaw the heart
Of panting Indignation, find we there
To move delight?—Then listen while my tongue
The unalter'd will of Heaven with faithful awe
Reveals; what old Harmodius, wont to teach
My early age; Harmodius, who had weigh'd
Within his learned mind whate'er the schools
Of Wisdom, or thy lonely-whispering voice, 180
O faithful Nature! dictate of the laws
Which govern and support this mighty frame
Of universal being. Oft the hours
From morn to eve have stolen unmark'd away,
While mute attention hung upon his lips,
As thus the sage his awful tale began.
"'Twas in the windings of an ancient wood,
When spotless youth with solitude resigns
To sweet philosophy the studious day,
What time pale Autumn shades the silent eve, 190
Musing I rov'd. Of good and evil much,
And much of mortal man my thought revolv'd;
When starting full on Fancy's gushing eye
The mournful image of Parthenia's fate,
That hour, O long belov'd and long deplor'd!
When blooming youth, nor gentlest Wisdom's arts,
Nor Hymen's honours gather'd for thy brow,
Nor all thy lover's, all thy father's tears
Avail'd to snatch thee from the cruel grave;
Thy agonizing looks, thy last farewell 200
Struck to the inmost feeling of my soul
As with the hand of Death. At once the shade
More horrid nodded o'er me, and the winds
With hoarser murmuring shook the branches. Dark
As midnight storms, the scene of human things
Appear'd before me; deserts, burning sands,
Where the parch'd adder dies; the frozen south,
And Desolation blasting all the west
With rapine and with murder: tyrant Power
Here sits enthron'd with blood; the baleful charms
Of Superstition there infect the skies, 211
And turn the Sun to horrour. Gracious Heaven!
What is the life of man? Or cannot these,
Not these portents thy awful will suffice?
That, propagated thus beyond their scope,
They rise to act their cruelties anew
In my afflicted bosom, thus decreed
The universal sensitive of pain,
The wretched heir of evils not its own!
"Thus I impatient; when, at once effus'd, 220
A flashing torrent of celestial day

rough the shadowy void. With slow descent
: cloud came floating through the sky,
'd at length within the circling trees,
vious to my view; till opening wide
orb, a more than human form
g lean'd majestic o'er my head,
ant thunder shook the conscious grove.
lted into air the liquid cloud,
the shining vision stood reveal'd. 230
i of palm his ample forehead bound,
his shoulder, mantling to his knee,
he transparent robe, around his waist
l with a radiant zone of gold
: there in mystic signs engrav'd,
s office high, and sacred name,
f human kind. Appall'd I gaz'd
ike presence; for athwart his brow
are, temper'd with a mild concern,
own reluctant on me, and his words 240
ant thunders broke the murmuring air.
n are thy thoughts, O child of mortal birth!
otent thy tongue. Is thy short span
is of this universal frame?
om all-sufficient? Thou, alas!
i aspire to judge between the Lord
e and his works? to lift thy voice
he sovereign order he decreed,
and lovely? to blaspheme the bands
ness innate, and social love, 250
f things! by which the general orb
as by adamantine links,
rn to perfect union, and sustain'd
rlasting? Hast thou felt the pangs
ing sorrow, of indignant zeal
us to the soul, as thence to wish
of Nature broken from thy frame;
hy selfish, unrelenting heart
ase to mourn its lot, no longer then
ched heir of evils not its own? 260
nevolence of generous minds!
y Nature form'd for all mankind!'
poke; abash'd and silent I remain'd,
ous of my tongue's offence, and aw'd
: presence, though my secret soul
the imputation. On the ground
y eyes; till from his airy couch
d sublime, and touching with his hand
ing forehead, 'Raise thy sight,' he cry'd,
thy sense convince thy erring tongue.'
'd, and lo! the former scene was chang'd;
nt alleys and surrounding trees, 272
prospect, wide and wild,
i my senses. 'Twas an horrid pile
rith many a shaggy forest mix'd,
ny a sable cliff and glittering stream.
umbent o'er the hanging ridge,
i woods wav'd; while ever-trickling springs
rom the naked roots of oak and pine
bling soil; and still at every fall 280
steep windings of the channel'd rock,
uring rush'd the congregated floods
rser inundation; till at last
ch'd a grassy plain, which from the skirts
gh desert spread her verdant lap,
the gushing moisture, where, confin'd
ooth current, o'er the lilied vale
ian glass it flow'd. Autumnal spoils,
spreading to the rays of morn,
er the cliffs, whose half-encircling mound
lvan theatre enclos'd 291
That flowery level. On the river's brink
I spy'd a fair pavilion, which diffus'd
Its floating umbrage 'mid the silver shade
Of osiers. Now the western Sun reveal'd
Between two parting cliffs his golden orb,
And pour'd across the shadow of the hills,
On rocks and floods, a yellow stream of light
That cheer'd the solemn scene. My listening powers
Were aw'd, and every thought in silence hung,
And wondering expectation. Then the voice 301
Of that celestial power, the mystic show
Declaring, thus my deep attention call'd.
" 'Inhabitants of Earth, to whom is given
The gracious ways of Providence to learn,
Receive my sayings with a stedfast ear—
Know then, the sovereign spirit of the world,
Though, self-collected from eternal time,
Within his own deep essence he beheld
The bounds of true felicity complete; 310
Yet by immense benignity inclin'd
To spread around him that primeval joy
Which fill'd himself, he rais'd his plastic arm,
And sounded through the hollow depth of space
The strong, creative mandate. Straight arose
These heavenly orbs, the glad abodes of life
Effusive kindled by his breath divine
Through endless forms of being. Each inhal'd
From him its portion of the vital flame,
In measure such, that, from the wide complex
Of co-existent orders, one might rise, 321
One order, all-involving and entire.
He too beholding in the sacred light
Of his essential reason, all the shapes
Of swift contingence, all successive ties
Of action propagated through the sum
Of possible existence, he at once,
Down the long series of eventful time,
So fix'd the dates of being, so dispos'd,
To every living soul of every kind 330
The field of motion and the hour of rest,
That all conspir'd to his supreme design,
To universal good: with full accord
Answering the mighty model he had chosen,
The best and fairest of unnumber'd worlds,
That lay from everlasting in the store
Of his divine conceptions. Nor content,
By one exertion of creative power
His goodness to reveal; through every age,
Through every moment up the tract of time, 340
His parent-hand, with ever-new increase
Of happiness and virtue, has adorn'd
The vast harmonious frame: his parent hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
For ever leads the generations on
To higher scenes of being; while supply'd
From day to day with his enlivening breath,
Inferior orders in succession rise
To fill the void below. As flame ascends, 350
As bodies to their proper centre move,
As the pois'd ocean to the attracting Moon
Obedient swells, and every headlong stream
Devolves its winding waters to the main;
So all things which have life aspire to God,
The Sun of being, boundless, unimpair'd,
Centre of souls! Nor does the faithful voice
Of Nature cease to prompt their eager steps
Aright; nor is the care of Heaven withheld
From granting to the task proportion'd aid; 360
That in their stations all may persevere

To climb the ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine.
" 'That rocky pile thou seest, that verdant lawn
Fresh water'd from the mountains. Let the scene
Paint in thy fancy the primeval seat
Of man, and where the will supreme ordain'd
His mansion, that pavilion fair diffus'd
Along the shady brink; in this recess
To wear the appointed season of his youth, 370
Till riper hours should open to his toil
The high communion of superior minds,
Of consecrated heroes and of gods.
Nor did the Sire Omnipotent forget
His tender bloom to cherish; nor withheld
Celestial footsteps from his green abode.
Oft from the radiant honours of his throne,
He sent whom most he lov'd, the sovereign fair,
The effluence of his glory, whom he plac'd
Before his eyes for ever to behold; 380
The goddess from whose inspiration flows
The toil of patriots, the delight of friends;
Without whose work divine, in Heaven or Earth,
Nought lovely, nought propitious comes to pass,
Nor hope, nor praise, nor honour. Her the sire
Gave it in charge to rear the blooming mind,
The folded powers to open, to direct
The growth luxuriant of his young desires,
And from the laws of this majestic world 389
To teach him what was good. As thus the nymph
Her daily care attended, by her side
With constant steps her gay companions stay'd,
The fair Euphrosyné, the gentle queen
Of smiles, and graceful gladness, and delights
That cheer alike the hearts of mortal men
And powers immortal. See the shining pair!
Behold, where from his dwelling now disclos'd
They quit their youthful charge and seek the skies.'
" I look'd, and on the flowery turf there stood,
Between two radiant forms, a smiling youth 400
Whose tender cheeks display'd the vernal flower
Of beauty; sweetest innocence illum'd
His bashful eyes, and on his polish'd brow
Sate young Simplicity. With fond regard
He view'd the associates, as their steps they mov'd;
The younger chief his ardent eyes detain'd,
With mild regret invoking her return.
Bright as the star of evening she appear'd
Amid the dusky scene. Eternal youth 409
O'er all her form its glowing honours breath'd;
And smiles eternal from her candid eyes
Flow'd, like the dewy lustre of the morn
Effusive trembling on the placid waves.
The spring of Heaven had shed its blushing spoils
To bind her sable tresses: full diffus'd
Her yellow mantle floated in the breeze;
And in her hand she wav'd a living branch
Rich with immortal fruits, of power to calm 418
The wrathful heart, and from the brightening eyes
To chase the cloud of sadness. More sublime
The heavenly partner mov'd. The prime of age
Compos'd her steps. The presence of a god,
High on the circle of her brow enthron'd,
From each majestic motion darted awe,
Devoted awe! till, cherish'd by her looks
Benevolent and meet, confiding love
To filial rapture soften'd all the soul.
Free in her graceful hand she pois'd the sword
Of chaste dominion. An heroic crown
Display'd the old simplicity of pomp 430
Around her honour'd head. A matron's robe,
White as the sunshine streams through vernal clouds,
Her stately form invested. Hand in hand
The immortal pair forsook the enamell'd green,
Ascending slowly. Rays of limpid light
Gleam'd round their path; celestial sounds were heard,
And through the fragrant air ethereal dews
Distill'd around them; till at once the clouds,
Disparting wide in midway sky, withdrew
Their airy veil, and left a bright expanse 440
Of empyréan flame, where spent and drown'd,
Afflicted vision plung'd in vain to scan
What object it involv'd. My feeble eyes
Indur'd not. Bending down to Earth I stood,
With dumb attention. Soon a female voice,
As watery murmurs sweet, or warbling shades,
With sacred invocation thus began.
" 'Father of gods and mortals! whose right arm
With reins eternal guides the moving heavens,
Bend thy propitious ear. Behold well pleas'd
I seek to finish thy divine decree. 451
With frequent steps I visit yonder seat
Of man, thy offspring; from the tender seeds
Of justice and of wisdom, to evolve
The latent honours of his generous frame;
Till thy conducting hand shall raise his lot
From Earth's dim scene to these ethereal walks,
The temple of thy glory. But not me,
Not my directing voice, he oft requires,
Or hears delighted: this enchanting maid, 460
The associate thou hast given me, her alone
He loves, O Father! absent, her he craves;
And but for her glad presence ever join'd,
Rejoices not in mine: that all my hopes
This thy benignant purpose to fulfil,
I deem uncertain: and my daily cares
Unfruitful all and vain, unless by thee
Still further aided in the work divine.'
" She ceas'd; a voice more awful thus reply'd.
'O thou! in whom for ever I delight, 470
Fairer than all the inhabitants of Heaven,
Best image of thy author! far from thee
Be disappointment, or distaste, or blame;
Who soon or late shall every work fulfil,
And no resistance find. If man refuse
To hearken to thy dictates; or, allur'd
By meaner joys, to any other power
Transfer the honours due to thee alone;
That joy which he pursues he ne'er shall taste,
That power in whom delighteth ne'er behold. 480
Go then, once more, and happy be thy toil:
Go then! but let not this thy smiling friend
Partake thy footsteps. In her stead, behold!
With thee the son of Nemesis I send;
The fiend abhorr'd! whose vengeance takes account
Of sacred Order's violated laws.
See where he calls thee, burning to be gone,
Fierce to exhaust the tempest of his wrath
On yon devoted head. But thou, my child,
Control his cruel phrenzy, and protect 490
Thy tender charge; that when Despair shall grasp
His agonizing bosom, he may learn,
Then he may learn to love the gracious hand
Alone sufficient in the hour of ill
To save his feeble spirit; then confess
Thy genuine honours, O excelling fair!
When all the plagues that wait the deadly will
Of this avenging demon, all the storms
Of night infernal, serve but to display
The energy of thy superior charms 500

ildest awe triumphant o'er his rage,
ning clearer in the horrid gloom.'
e ceas'd that awful voice, and soon I felt
udy curtain of refreshing eve
s'd once more, from that immortal fire
ng my eye-lids. Looking up, I view'd
igantic spectre striding on
1 murmuring thunders and a waste of
clouds,
eadful action. Black as night, his brow
ss frowns involv'd. His savage limbs 510
arp impatience violent he writh'd,
igh convulsive anguish; and his hand,
rith a scorpion-lash, full oft he rais'd
ness to his bosom; while his eyes
bitter tears, and bellowing loud he shook
l with horrour. Silent by his side
gin came. No discomposure stirr'd
ures. From the glooms which hung around
of darkness mingled with the beam
livine effulgence. Now they stoop 520
e river-bank; and now to hail,
ted guests, with eager steps advanc'd
uspecting inmate of the shade.
when a famish'd wolf, that all night long
g'd the Alpine snows, by chance at morn
n a cliff incumbent o'er the smoke
lone village, a neglected kid
ays along the wild for herb or spring;
om the winding ridge he sweeps amain,
iks he tears him: so with tenfold rage,
ister sprung remorseless on his prey. 531
the strippling stood: with panting breast
ie pour'd the lamentable wail
ess consternation, struck at once,
ted to the ground. The queen beheld
our, and with looks of tenderest care
l to save him. Soon the tyrant felt
il power. His keen, tempestuous arm
rveless, nor descended where his rage
'd the deadly blow: then dumb retir'd
llen rancour. Lo! the sovran maid 541
th a mother's arms the fainting boy,
rekindles in his rosy cheek;
asps his hands, and cheers him with her
ongue.
wake thee, rouse thy spirit! Shall the spite
ormentor thus appal thy heart,
thy friend and guardian, am at hand
e and to heal? O let thy soul
ner, what the will of Heaven ordains
ood for all; and if for all, 550
od for thee. Nor only by the warmth
hing sunshine of delightful things
s grow up and flourish. Oft misled
bland light, the young unpractis'd views
n wander through a fatal road,
1 their native aim; as if to lie
s in the fragrant shade, and wait
access of ever-circling joys,
l the end of being. Ask thyself,
asing errour did it never lull 560
nes? Has thy constant heart refus'd
en fetters of delicious ease?
divine Euphrosyné appear'd
his dwelling, did not thy desires
r below the measure of thy fate,
reveal'd before thee? and thy eyes,
nt of my counsels, turn away
the soft effusion of her smiles?
Know then, for this the everlasting sire
Deprives thee of her presence, and instead, 570
O wise and still benevolent! ordains
This horrid visage hither to pursue
My steps; that so thy nature may discern
Its real good, and what alone can save
Thy feeble spirit in this hour of ill
From folly and despair. O yet belov'd!
Let not this headlong terrour quite o'erwhelm
Thy scatter'd powers; nor fatal deem the rage
Of this tormentor, nor his proud assault,
While I am here to vindicate thy toil, 580
Above the generous question of thy arm.
Brave by thy fears, and in thy weakness strong,
This hour he triumphs; but confront his might,
And dare him to the combat, thou with ease
Disarm'd and quell'd, his fierceness he resigns
To bondage and to scorn: while thus inur'd
By watchful danger, by unceasing toil,
The immortal mind, superior to his fate,
Amid the outrage of external things,
Firm as the solid base of this great world, 590
Rests on his own foundations. Blow, ye winds!
Ye waves! ye thunders! roll your tempest on;
Shake, ye old pillars of the marble sky!
Till all its orbs and all its worlds of fire
Be loosen'd from their seats; yet still serene,
The unconquer'd mind looks down upon the wreck;
And ever stronger as the storms advance,
Firm through the closing ruin holds his way,
Where Nature calls him to the destin'd goal.'
"So spake the goddess; while through all her frame 600
Celestial raptures flow'd, in every word,
In every motion kindling warmth divine
To seize who listen'd. Vehement and swift,
As lightning fires the aromatic shade
In Ethiopian fields, the strippling felt
Her inspiration catch his fervid soul,
And starting from his languor thus exclaim'd:
"'Then let the trial come! and witness thou,
If terrour be upon me; if I shrink
To meet the storm, or faulter in my strength
When hardest it besets me. Do not think 611
That I am fearful and infirm of soul,
As late thy eyes beheld: for thou hast chang'd
My nature; thy commanding voice has wak'd
My languid powers to bear me boldly on,
Where'er the will divine my path ordains
Through toil or peril: only do not thou
Forsake me; O be thou for ever near,
That I may listen to thy sacred voice,
And guide by thy decrees my constant feet. 620
But say, for ever are my eyes bereft?
Say, shall the fair Euphrosyné not once
Appear again to charm me? Thou, in Heaven!
O thou eternal arbiter of things!
Be thy great bidding done: for who am I,
To question thy appointment? Let the frowns
Of this avenger every morn o'ercast
The cheerful dawn, and every evening damp
With double night my dwelling; I will learn
To hail them both, and unrepining bear 630
His hateful presence: but permit my tongue
One glad request, and if my deeds may find
Thy awful eye propitious, O restore
The rosy-featur'd maid, again to cheer
This lonely seat, and bless me with her smiles.'
"He spoke; when instant through the sable glooms

With which that furious presence had involv'd
The ambient air, a flood of radiance came
Swift as the lightning flash; the melting clouds
Flew diverse, and amid the blue serene 640
Euphrosyné appear'd. With sprightly step
The nymph alighted on the irriguous lawn,
And to her wondering audience thus began.

"'Lo! I am here to answer to your vows,
And be the meeting fortunate! I come
With joyful tidings; we shall part no more—
Hark! how the gentle Echo from her cell
Talks through the cliffs, and murmuring o'er the stream
Repeats the accents—we shall part no more.
O my delightful friends! well pleas'd on high 650
The father has beheld you, while the might
Of that stern foe with bitter trial prov'd
Your equal doings; then for ever spake
The high decree: That thou, celestial maid!
Howe'er that grisly phantom on thy steps
May sometimes dare intrude, yet never more
Shalt thou, descending to the abode of man,
Alone endure the rancour of his arm,
Or leave thy lov'd Euphrosyné behind.'

"She ended; and the whole romantic scene 660
Immediate vanish'd; rocks, and woods, and rills,
The mantling tent, and each mysterious form,
Flew like the pictures of a morning dream,
When sunshine fills the bed. A while I stood
Perplex'd and giddy; till the radiant power
Who bade the visionary landscape rise,
As up to him I turn'd, with gentlest looks
Preventing my inquiry, thus began.

"'There let thy soul acknowledge its complaint
How blind! how impious! There behold the ways
Of Heaven's eternal destiny to man, 671
For ever just, benevolent, and wise:
That Virtue's awful steps, howe'er pursued
By vexing Fortune and intrusive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this existence, that thy softening soul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide 680
Of passion, swelling with distress and pain
To mitigate the sharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleasure? Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego 689
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With Virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.—Ask the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while sacred Pity melts
The general eye, or Terrour's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast 700
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down: O! deemest thou indeed
No kind endearment here by Nature given
To mutual terrour and Compassion's tears?
No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers 710
To this their proper action and their end?
—Ask thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow through that studious gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around
The sacred volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the present power
Of Heaven and Earth surveys the immortal page,
Even as a father blessing, while he reads
The praises of his son. If then thy soul, 720
Spurning the yoke of these inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the prospect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the base, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of curst Ambition: when the pious band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires,
Lie side by side in gore; when ruffian Pride
Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp
Of public power, the majesty of rule, 730
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To slavish empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful bust
And storied arch, to glut the coward-age
Of regal Envy, strew the public way
With hallow'd ruins; when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where Wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more, 740
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When ruthless Rapine from the hand of Time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer blow
To sweep the works of glory from their base;
Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where senates once the price of monarchs doom'd,
Hisses the gliding snake through hoary weeds
That clasp the mouldering column; thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the prospect thrills
Thy beating bosom, when the patriot's tear 750
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or would'st thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd 760
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself—I am a king,
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe
Intrude upon mine ear?—The baleful dregs
Of these late ages, this inglorious draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Blest be the eternal ruler of the world!
Defil'd to such a depth of sordid shame
The native honours of the human soul, 770
Nor so effac'd the image of its sire."

THE

EASURES OF IMAGINATION.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

in observing the tempers and manners of
even where vicious or absurd. The origin
, from false representations of the fancy,
ing false opinions concerning good and
Inquiry into ridicule. The general sources
cule in the minds and characters of men,
rated. Final cause of the sense of ridi-
The resemblance of certain aspects of
ate things to the sensations and properties
mind. The operations of the mind in the
tion of the works of imagination, de-
l. The secondary pleasure from imita-
The benevolent order of the world illus-
in the arbitrary connection of these plea-
with the objects which excite them. The
and conduct of taste. Concluding with
ount of the natural and moral advantages
ng from a sensible and well-formed ima-
n.

onder therefore, since the endearing ties
n link the universal kind
so close, what wonder if to search
mon nature through the various change
nd age, and fortune, and the frame
peculiar, draw the busy mind
resisted charms? The spacious west,
he teeming regions of the south
a quarry, to the curious flight
ledge, half so tempting or so fair, 10
o man. Nor only where the smiles
invite; nor only where the applause
l Honour turns the attentive eye
e's graceful deeds, For since the course
s external acts in different ways
n apprehensions, as the hand
re temper'd to a different frame
minds; so haply where the powers
neither lessen nor enlarge
ges of things, but paint, in all 20
nuine hues, the features which they wore
; there Opinion will be true,
ion right. For Action treads the path
Opinion says he follows good,
rom evil; and Opinion gives
f good or evil, as the scene
n by Fancy, lovely or deform'd:
report can never there be true
ancy cheats the intellectual eye,
ring colours and distorted lines. 30
a man, who at the sound of Death
stly shapes of terrour conjur'd up,
k before him; nought but death-bed groans
ful prayers, and plunging from the brink
and being, down the gloomy air
own depth? Alas! in such a mind,
ght forms of excellence attend
e of his country; nor the pomp
l senates, nor the guardian voice
e on her throne, nor aught that wakes 40
The conscious bosom with a patriot's flame;
Will not Opinion tell him, that to die,
Or stand the hazard, is a greater ill
Than to betray his country? And in act
Will he not choose to be a wretch and live?
Here vice begins then. From the enchanting cup
Which Fancy holds to all, the unwary thirst
Of youth oft swallows a Circæan draught,
That sheds a baleful tincture o'er the eye
Of Reason, till no longer he discerns, 50
And only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band that spurns him from the throne!
And all is uproar. Thus Ambition grasps
The empire of the soul: thus pale Revenge
Unsheaths her murderous dagger; and the hands
Of Lust and Rapine, with unholy arts,
Watch to o'erturn the barrier of the laws
That keeps them from their prey: thus all the plagues
The wicked bear, or o'er the trembling scene
The tragic Muse discloses, under shapes 60
Of honour, safety, pleasure, ease, or pomp,
Stole first into the mind. Yet not by all
Those lying forms which Fancy in the brain
Engenders, are the kindling passions driven
To guilty deeds; nor Reason bound in chains,
That Vice alone may lord it: oft adorn'd
With solemn pageants, Folly mounts the throne,
And plays her idiot-antics, like a queen.
A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways
She wheels her giddy empire.—Lo! thus far 70
With bold adventure, to the Mantuan lyre
I sing of Nature's charms, and touch well pleas'd
A stricter note: now haply must my song
Unbend her serious measure, and reveal
In lighter strains, how Folly's awkward arts
Excite impetuous Laughter's gay rebuke;
The sportive province of the comic Muse.
See! in what crowds the uncouth forms advance:
Each would outstrip the other, each prevent
Our careful search, and offer to your gaze, 80
Unask'd, his motley features. Wait a while,
My curious friends! and let us first arrange
In proper order, your promiscuous throng.
Behold the foremost band; of slender thought,
And easy faith; whom flattering Fancy soothes
With lying spectres, in themselves to view
Illustrious forms of excellence and good,
That scorn the mansion. With exulting hearts
They spread their spurious treasures to the Sun,
And bid the world admire! but chief the glance 90
Of wishful Envy draws their joy-bright eyes,
And lifts with self-applause each lordly brow.
In numbers boundless as the blooms of spring,
Behold their glaring idols, empty shades
By Fancy gilded o'er, and then set up
For adoration. Some in Learning's garb,
With formal hand, and sable-cinctur'd gown,
And rags of mouldy volumes. Some elate
With martial splendour, steely pikes and swords
Of costly frame, and gay Phœnician robes 100
Inwrought with flowery gold, assume the port
Of stately Valour: listening by his side
There stands a female form; to her, with looks
Of earnest import, pregnant with amaze,
He talks of deadly deeds, of breaches, storms,
And sulphurous mines, and ambush: then at once
Breaks off, and smiles to see her look so pale,
And asks some wondering question of her fears.
Others of graver mien; behold, adorn'd

With holy ensigns, how sublime they move, 110
And bending oft their sanctimonious eyes
Take homage of the simple-minded throng;
Ambassadors of Heaven! Nor much unlike
Is he whose visage, in the lazy mist
That mantles every feature, hides a brood
Of politic conceits; of whispers, nods,
And hints deep omen'd with unwieldy schemes,
And dark portents of state. Ten thousand more,
Prodigious habits and tumultuous tongues,
Pour dauntless in, and swell the boastful band. 120
Then comes the second order, all who seek
The debt of praise, where watchful Unbelief
Darts through the thin pretence her squinting eye
On some retir'd appearance, which belies
The boasted virtue, or annuls the applause
That Justice else would pay. Here side by side
I see two leaders of the solemn train
Approaching: one a female old and grey,
With eyes demure, and wrinkle-furrow'd brow,
Pale as the cheeks of Death; yet still she stuns
The sickening audience with a nauseous tale; 131
How many youths her myrtle-chains have worn,
How many virgins at her triumphs pin'd!
Yet how resolv'd she guards her cautious heart;
Such is her terrour at the risks of love,
And man's seducing tongue! The other seems
A bearded sage, ungentle in his mien,
And sordid all his habit; peevish Want
Grins at his heels, while down the gazing throng
He stalks, resounding in magnific phrase 140
The vanity of riches, the contempt
Of pomp and power. Be prudent in your zeal,
Ye grave associates! let the silent grace
Of her who blushes at the fond regard
Her charms inspire, more eloquent unfold
The praise of spotless honour: let the man
Whose eye regards not his illustrious pomp
And ample store, but as indulgent streams
To cheer the barren soil and spread the fruits
Of joy, let him by juster measures fix 150
The price of riches and the end of power.
Another tribe succeeds; deluded long
By Fancy's dazzling optics, these behold
The images of some peculiar things
With brighter hues resplendent, and pourtray'd
With features nobler far than e'er adorn'd
Their genuine objects. Hence the fever'd heart
Pants with delirious hope for tinsel charms;
Hence oft obtrusive on the eye of Scorn,
Untimely Zeal her witless pride betrays! 160
And serious manhood from the towering aim
Of Wisdom, stoops to emulate the boast
Of childish toil. Behold yon mystic form,
Bedeck'd with feathers, insects, weeds, and shells!
Not with intenser view the Samian sage
Bent his fixt eye on Heaven's intenser fires,
When first the order of that radiant scene
Swell'd his exulting thought, than this surveys
A muckworm's entrails or a spider's fang. 169
Next him a youth, with flowers and myrtles crown'd,
Attends that virgin form, and blushing kneels,
With fondest gesture and a suppliant's tongue,
To win her coy regard: adieu, for him,
The dull engagements of the bustling world!
Adieu the sick impertinence of praise!
And hope, and action! for with her alone,
By streams and shades, to steal these sighing hours,
Is all he asks, and all that Fate can give!
Thee too, facetious Momion, wandering here,
Thee, dreaded censor, oft have I beheld 180
Bewilder'd unawares: alas! too long
Flush'd with thy comic triumphs and the spoils
Of sly Derision! till on every side
Hurling thy random bolts, offended Truth
Assign'd thee here thy station with the slaves
Of Folly. Thy once formidable name
Shall grace her humble records, and be heard
In scoffs and mockery, bandied from the lips
Of all the vengeful brotherhood around,
So oft the patient victims of thy scorn. 190
But now, ye gay! to whom indulgent Fate,
Of all the Muse's empire hath assign'd
The fields of folly, hither each advance
Your sickles; here the teeming soil affords
Its richest growth. A favourite brood appears;
In whom the demon, with a mother's joy,
Views all her charms reflected, all her cares
At full repay'd. Ye most illustrious band!
Who, scorning Reason's tame, pedantic rules,
And Order's vulgar bondage, never meant 200
For souls sublime as yours, with generous zeal
Pay Vice the reverence Virtue long usurp'd,
And yield Deformity the fond applause
Which Beauty wont to claim; forgive my song,
That for the blushing diffidence of youth,
It shuns the unequal province of your praise.
Thus far triumphant in the pleasing guile
Of bland Imagination, Folly's train
Have dar'd our search: but now a dastard kind
Advance reluctant, and with faultering feet 210
Shrink from the gazer's eye; enfeebled hearts
Whom Fancy chills with visionary fears,
Or bends to servile tameness with conceits
Of shame, of evil, or of base defect,
Fantastic and delusive. Here the slave
Who droops abash'd when sullen Pomp surveys
His humbler habit; here the trembling wretch
Unnerv'd and struck with Terrour's icy bolts,
Spent in weak wailings, drown'd in shameful tears,
At every dream of danger: here subdued 220
By frontless Laughter and the hardy scorn
Of old, unfeeling Vice, the abject soul,
Who blushing half resigns the candid praise
Of Temperance and Honour; half disowns
A freeman's hatred of tyrannic pride;
And hears with sickly smiles the venal mouth
With foulest licence mock the patriot's name.
Last of the motley bands on whom the power
Of gay Derision bends her hostile aim,
Is that where shameful Ignorance presides. 230
Beneath her sordid banners, lo! they march,
Like blind and lame. Whate'er their doubtful hands
Attempt, Confusion straight appears behind,
And troubles all the work. Through many a maze,
Perplex'd they struggle, changing every path,
O'erturning every purpose; then at last
Sit down dismay'd, and leave the entangled scene
For Scorn to sport with. Such then is the abode
Of Folly in the mind; and such the shapes
In which she governs her obsequious train. 240
Through every scene of ridicule in things
To lead the tenour of my devious lay;
Through every swift occasion, which the hand
Of Laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
Distends her sallying nerves and chokes her tongue;
What were it but to count each crystal drop
Which Morning's dewy fingers on the blooms
Of May distil? Suffice it to have said,
Where'er the power of Ridicule displays 249

nt-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
bborn dissonance of things combin'd,
n the quick observer: whether Pomp,
e, or Beauty, mix their partial claim
ordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
oul deformity, are wont to dwell;
ner these with violation loath'd,
esplendent Pomp's imperious mien,
ms of Beauty, or the boast of Praise.
e for what fair end, the Almighty Sire
l bosoms wakes this gay contempt, 260
ateful stings of laughter, from disgust
pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
y steps of Reason, and at once
prompt impulse urge us to depress
y aims of Folly? Though the light
slow dawning on the inquiring mind,
unfolds, through many a subtile tie,
e uncouth disorders end at last
evil! yet benignant Heaven, 269
s how dim the dawn of Truth appears
ands: conscious what a scanty pause
ours and from care, the wider lot
le life affords for studious thought
he maze of Nature; therefore stamp'd
ng scenes with characters of scorn,
, as obvious, to the passing clown,
letter'd sage's curious eye.
re the various aspects of the mind—
venly genius, whose unclouded thoughts
at secret harmony which blends 280
real spirit with its mold of clay;
me to reveal the grateful charm
rchless Nature o'er the sense of man
to behold, in lifeless things,
pressive semblance of himself,
ht and passion. Mark the sable woods
de sublime yon mountain's nodding brow;
at religious awe the solemn scene
ds your steps! as if the reverend form
or of Numa should forsake 290
ian seats, and down the embowering glade
your pausing eye! Behold the expanse
ay landscape, where the silver clouds
the heavens before the sprightly breeze:
r grey cincture skirts the doubtful Sun;
ams of splendour, through their opening veil
t, sweep from off the gilded lawn
al shadows; on the curling brook,
he shady margin's quivering leaves
ickest lustre glancing; while you view 300
pect, say, within your cheerful breast
t the lively sense of winning mirth
uds and sunshine chequer'd, while the round
converse, to the inspiring tongue
gay nymph amid her subject train,
l obsequious? Whence is this effect,
dred power of such discordant things?
their semblance from that mystic tone
the new-born mind's harmonious powers
vere strung? Or rather from the links 310
rtful custom twines around her frame?
ien the different images of things,
ce combin'd, have struck the attentive soul
per impulse, or, connected long,
wn her frequent eye; howe'er distinct
rnal scenes, yet oft the ideas gain
at conjunction an eternal tie,
pathy unbroken. Let the mind
e partner of the various league,
Immediate, lo! the firm confederates rise, 320
And each his former station straight resumes:
One movement governs the consenting throng,
And all at once with rosy pleasure shine,
Or all are sadden'd with the glooms of care.
'Twas thus, if ancient Fame the truth unfold,
Two faithful needles, from the informing touch
Of the same parent-stone, together drew
Its mystic virtue, and at first conspir'd
With fatal impulse quivering to the pole: 329
Then, though disjoin'd by kingdoms, though the main
Roll'd its broad surge betwixt, and different stars
Beheld their wakeful motions, yet preserv'd
The former friendship, and remember'd still
The alliance of their birth: whate'er the line
Which once possess'd, nor pause, nor quiet knew
The sure associate, ere with trembling speed
He found its path, and fix'd unerring there.
Such is the secret union, when we feel
A song, a flower, a name, at once restore 339
Those long-connected scenes where first they mov'd
The attention: backward through her mazy walks
Guiding the wanton Fancy to her scope,
To temples, courts, or fields; with all the band
Of painted forms, of passions and designs
Attendant: whence, if pleasing in itself,
The prospect from that sweet accession gains
Redoubled influence o'er the listening mind.
By these mysterious ties the busy power
Of Memory her ideal train preserves
Entire; or when they would elude her watch, 350
Reclaims their fleeting footsteps from the waste
Of dark oblivion; thus collecting all
The various forms of being to present,
Before the curious aim of mimic Art,
Their largest choice: like spring's unfolded blooms
Exhaling sweetness, that the skilful bee
May taste at will, from their selected spoils
To work her dulcet food. For not the expanse
Of living lakes in summer's noontide calm, 359
Reflects the bordering shade, and sun-bright heavens
With fairer semblance; not the sculptur'd gold
More faithful keeps the graver's lively trace,
Than he, whose birth the sister powers of Art
Propitious view'd, and from his genial star
Shed influence to the seeds of fancy kind;
Than his attemper'd bosom must preserve
The seal of Nature. There alone unchang'd,
Her form remains. The balmy walks of May
There breathe perennial sweets: the trembling chord
Resounds for ever in the abstracted ear, 370
Melodious: and the virgin's radiant eye,
Superior to disease, to grief, and time,
Shines with unbating lustre. Thus at length
Endow'd with all that Nature can bestow,
The child of Fancy oft in silence bends
O'er these mixt treasures of his pregnant breast,
With conscious pride. From them he oft resolves
To frame he knows not what excelling things;
And win he knows not what sublime reward
Of praise and wonder. By degrees, the mind 380
Feels her young nerves dilate: the plastic powers
Labour for action: blind emotions heave
His bosom, and with loveliest frenzy caught,
From Earth to Heaven he rolls his daring eye,
From Heaven to Earth. Anon then thousand shapes,
Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before him. From the womb of Earth,
From Ocean's bed they come: the eternal Heavens
Disclose their splendours, and the dark Abyss

Pours out her births unknown. With fixed gaze
He marks the rising phantoms. Now compares
Their different forms; now blends them, now divides,
Enlarges, and extenuates by turns; 393
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies. Hither now,
Now thither fluctuates his inconstant aim,
With endless choice perplex'd. At length his plan
Begins to open. Lucid order dawns;
And as from Chaos old the jarring seeds
Of Nature at the voice divine repair'd 400
Each to its place, till rosy Earth unveil'd
Her fragrant bosom, and the joyful Sun
Sprung up the blue serene; by swift degrees
Thus disentangled, his entire design
Emerges. Colours mingle, features join,
And lines converge: the fainter parts retire;
The fairer eminent in light advance;
And every image on its neighbour smiles.
Awhile he stands, and with a father's joy
Contemplates. Then with Promethéan art, 410
Into its proper vehicle he breathes
The fair conception; which, embodied thus,
And permanent, becomes to eyes or ears
An object ascertain'd: while thus inform'd,
The various organs of his mimic skill,
The consonance of sounds, the featur'd rock,
The shadowy picture and impassion'd verse,
Beyond their proper powers attract the soul
By that expressive semblance, while in sight
Of Nature's great original we scan 420
The lively child of Art; while line by line,
And feature after feature we refer
To that sublime exemplar whence it stole
Those animating charms. Thus beauty's palm
Betwixt them wavering hangs: applauding love
Doubts where to choose; and mortal man aspires
To tempt creative praise. As when a cloud
Of gathering hail, with limpid crusts of ice
Enclos'd and obvious to the beaming Sun,
Collects his large effulgence; straight the Heavens
With equal flames present on either hand 431
The radiant visage: Persia stands at gaze,
Appall'd; and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name,
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
To which his warbled orisons ascend.
Such various bliss the well-tun'd heart enjoys,
Favour'd of Heaven! while, plung'd in sordid cares,
The unfeeling vulgar mocks the boon divine:
And harsh Austerity, from whose rebuke 440
Young Love and smiling Wonder shrink away
Abash'd and chill of heart, with sager frowns
Condemns the fair enchantment. On my strain,
Perhaps even now, some cold, fastidious judge
Casts a disdainful eye; and calls my toil,
And calls the love and beauty which I sing,
The dream of folly. Thou, grave censor! say,
Is Beauty then a dream, because the glooms
Of dulness hang too heavy on thy sense,
To let her shine upon thee? So the man 450
Whose eye ne'er open'd on the light of Heaven,
Might smile with scorn while raptur'd vision tells
Of the gay colour'd radiance flushing bright
O'er all creation. From the wise be far
Such gross unhallow'd pride; nor needs my song
Descend so low; but rather now unfold,
If human thought could reach, or words unfold,
By what mysterious fabric of the mind,
The deep-felt joys and harmony of sound
Result from airy motion; and from shape 460
The lovely phantoms of sublime and fair.
By what fine ties hath God connected things
When present in the mind, which in themselves
Have no connection? Sure the rising Sun
O'er the cerulean convex of the sea,
With equal brightness and with equal warmth
Might roll his fiery orb; nor yet the soul
Thus feel her frame expanded, and her powers
Exulting in the splendour she beholds; 469
Like a young conqueror moving through the pomp
Of some triumphal day. When join'd at eve,
Soft-murmuring streams and gales of gentlest breath
Melodious Philomela's wakeful strain
Attemper, could not man's discerning ear
Through all its tones the sympathy pursue;
Nor yet this breath divine of nameless joy
Steal through his veins, and fan the awaken'd heart,
Mild as the breeze, yet rapturous as the song.
But were not Nature still endow'd at large
With all which life requires, though unadorn'd 480
With such enchantment: wherefore then her form
So exquisitely fair? her breath perfum'd
With such ethereal sweetness? whence her voice
Inform'd at will to raise or to depress
The impassion'd soul? and whence the robes of light
Which thus invest her with more lovely pomp
Than fancy can describe! Whence but from thee,
O source divine of ever-flowing love,
And thy unmeasur'd goodness? Not content
With every food of life to nourish man, 490
By kind illusions of the wondering sense
Thou mak'st all nature beauty to his eye,
Or music to his ear: well pleas'd he scans
The goodly prospect; and with inward smiles
Treads the gay verdure of the painted plain;
Beholds the azure canopy of Heaven,
And living lamps that over-arch his head
With more than regal splendour; bends his ears
To the full choir of water, air, and earth;
Nor heeds the pleasing errour of his thought, 500
Nor doubts the painted green or azure arch,
Nor questions more the music's mingling sounds
Than space, or motion, or eternal time;
So sweet he feels their influence to attract
The fixed soul; to brighten the dull glooms
Of care, and make the destin'd road of life
Delightful to his feet. So fables tell,
The adventurous hero, bound on hard exploits,
Beholds with glad surprise, by secret spells
Of some kind sage, the patron of his toils, 510
A visionary paradise disclos'd
Amid the dubious wild: with streams, and shades,
And airy songs, the enchanted landscape smiles,
Cheers his long labours, and renews his frame.
What then is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold, 520
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of Heaven,
Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain
Who journies homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold

e gleaming as through amber clouds,
western sky; full soon, I ween, 531
pression and untutor'd airs,
power of language, will unfold
beauty smiling at his heart,
how commanding! But though Heaven
ast hath sown these early seeds
admiration, yet in vain,
r Culture's kind parental aid,
ivening suns, and genial showers,
from the blast, in vain we hope 540
plant should rear its blooming head,
harvest promis'd in its spring.
every soil with equal stores
iller's labour; or attend
sequious, whether to produce
the laurel. Different minds
ifferent objects: one pursues
one, the wonderful, the wild;
s for harmony, and grace, 549
t beauty. Hence when lightning fires
Heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
s whirlwinds rend the howling air,
groaning from its lowest bed,
empestuous billows to the sky;
ighty uproar, while below
tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
high cliff, superior, and enjoys
tal war. But Waller longs,
argin of some flowery stream,
is careless limbs amid the cool 560
shades, and to the listening deer
slighted vows and love's disdain
t-warbling all the live-long day:
Zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
l dale with all their echoes mourn.
various are the tastes of men.
of Heaven, whom not the languid songs
the syren! not the bribes
ealth, nor all the gaudy spoils 570
Honour, can seduce to leave
blooming sweets, which from the store
air Imagination culls
e enliven'd soul! What though not all
fspring can attain the heights
fe; though only few possess
easures or imperial state;
s care, to all her children just,
treasures and an ampler state,
arge whatever happy man 580
o use them. His the city's pomp,
onours his. Whate'er adorns
y dome, the column and the arch,
ng marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
proud possessor's narrow claim
breast enjoys. For him, the Spring
lews, and from the silken gem
ves unfolds: for him, the hand
tinges every fertile branch 589
ing gold, and blushes like the morn.
g hour sheds tribute from her wings;
w beauties meet his lonely walk,
nfelt attract him. Not a breeze
e meadow, not a cloud imbibes
Sun's effulgence, not a strain
tenants of the warbling shade
t whence his bosom can partake
re, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
re only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers, 600
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight: her temper'd powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all 610
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds 620
And rolling waves, the Sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men 629
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

NOTES ON THE THREE BOOKS

OF THE

PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

NOTES ON BOOK I.

VER. 151. *Say, why was man,* &c.] In apologizing for the frequent negligences of the sublimest authors of Greece, "Those godlike geniuses," says Longinus, "were well assured, that Nature had not intended man for a low-spirited or ignoble being: but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory; she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension. Whence it comes to pass, that even the whole world is not an object sufficient for the depth and rapidity of human imagination, which often sallies forth beyond the limits of all that surrounds us. Let any man cast his eye through the whole circle of our existence, and consider how especially it abounds in excellent and grand objects; he will soon acknowledge for what enjoyments and pursuits we were destined. Thus by the very propensity of nature we are led to admire, not little springs or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious, but the Nile,

the Rhine, the Danube, and, much more than all, the Ocean, &c." Dionys. Longin. de Sublim. § xxiv.

Ver. 202. *The empyreal waste.*] "Ne se peut-il point qu'il y a un grand espace au dela de la region des etoiles? Que se soit le ciel empyrée, ou non, toujours cet espace immense qui environne toute cette region, pourra etre rempli de bonheur et de gloire. Il pourra etre concu comme l'ocean, où se rendent les fleuves de toutes les creatures bienheureuses, quand elles seront venues à leur perfection dans le systeme des etoiles." Leibnitz dans la Theodicée, part. i. §. 19.

Ver. 204. *Whose unfading light, &c.*] It was a notion of the great Mr. Huygens, that there may be fixed stars at such a distance from our solar system, as that their light should not have had time to reach us, even from the creation of the world to this day.

Ver. 234. ..... *the neglect*
Of all familiar prospects, &c.] It is here said, that in consequence of the love of novelty, objects, which at first were highly delightful to the mind, lose that effect by repeated attention to them. But the instance of *habit* is opposed to this observation; for *there*, objects at first distasteful are in time rendered entirely agreeable by repeated attention.

The difficulty in this case will be removed, if we consider, that when objects, at first agreeable, lose that influence by frequently recurring, the mind is wholly *passive*, and the perception *involuntary;* but habit, on the other hand, generally supposes *choice* and *activity* accompanying it: so that the pleasure arises here not from the object, but from the mind's *conscious* determination of its own activity; and, consequently, increases in proportion to the frequency of that determination.

It will still be urged, perhaps, that a familiarity with disagreeable objects renders them at length acceptable, even when there is no room for the mind to *resolve* or *act* at all. In this case, the appearance must be accounted for, one of these ways.

The pleasure from habit may be merely negative. The object at first gave uneasiness: this uneasiness gradually wears off, as the object grows familiar: and the mind, finding it at last entirely removed, reckons its situation really pleasurable, compared with what it had experienced before.

The dislike conceived of the object at first, might be owing to prejudice or want of attention. Consequently the mind, being necessitated to review it often, may at length perceive its own mistake, and be reconciled to what it had looked on with aversion. In which case, a sort of instinctive justice naturally leads it to make amends for the injury, by running toward the other extreme of fondness and attachment.

Or, lastly, though the object itself should always continue disagreeable, yet circumstances of pleasure or good fortune may occur along with it. Thus an association may arise in the mind, and the object never be remembered without those pleasing circumstances attending it; by which means the disagreeable impression which it at first occasioned will in time be quite obliterated.

Ver. 240. ..... *this desire*
Of objects new *and* strange ——] These two ideas are often confounded; though it is evident the mere *novelty* of an object makes it agreeable, even where the mind is not affected with the least degree of *wonder:* whereas *wonder* indeed always implies *novelty*, being never excited by common or well-known appearances. But the pleasure in both cases is explicable from the same final cause, the acquisition of knowledge and enlargement of our views of nature: on this account, it is natural to treat of them together.

Ver. 374. ..... *truth and good are one,*
And beauty dwells in them, &c.] "Do you imagine," says Socrates to Aristippus, "that what is good is not beautiful? Have you not observed that these appearances always coincide? Virtue, for instance, in the same respect as to which we call it good, is ever acknowledged to be beautiful also. In the characters of men we always[1] join the two denominations together. The beauty of human bodies corresponds, in like manner, with that economy of parts which constitutes them good; and in every circumstance of life, the same object is constantly accounted both beautiful and good, inasmuch as it answers the purposes for which it was designed." Xenophont. Memorab. Socrat. l. iii. c. 8.

This excellent observation has been illustrated and extended by the noble restorer of ancient philosophy; (see the Characteristics, vol. ii. p. 359 and 422, and vol. iii. p. 181.) And another ingenious author has particularly shown, that it holds in the general laws of Nature, in the works of art, and the conduct of the sciences; (Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue, Treat. i. § 8.) As to the connection between *beauty* and *truth*, there are two opinions concerning it. Some philosophers assert an independent and invariable law in Nature, in consequence of which "all rational beings must alike perceive beauty in some certain proportions, and deformity in the contrary." And this necessity being supposed the same with that which commands the assent or dissent of the understanding, it follows of course that *beauty* is founded on the universal and unchangeable law of *truth*.

But others there are, who believe *beauty* to be merely a relative and arbitrary thing; that indeed it was a benevolent provision in Nature to annex so delightful a sensation to those objects which are *best and most perfect in themselves*, that so we might be engaged to the choice of them at once, and without staying to infer their *usefulness* from their structure and effects; but that it is not impossible, in a physical sense, that two beings, of equal capacities for *truth*, should perceive, one of them *beauty* and the other *deformity*, in the same proportions. And upon this supposition, by that *truth* which is always connected with *beauty*, nothing more can be meant than the conformity of any object to those proportions upon which, after careful examination, the beauty of that species is found to depend. Polycletus, for instance, a famous ancient sculptor, from an accurate mensuration of the several parts of the most perfect human bodies, deduced a canon or system of proportions, which was the rule of all succeeding artists. Suppose a statue modelled according to this: a man of mere natural taste, upon looking at it, without entering into its proportions, confesses and admires its

[1] This the Athenians did in a particular manner, by the word καλοκαγαθὸς, καλοκαγαθία.

beauty: whereas a professor of the art applies his measures to the head, the neck, or the foot, and, without attending to its beauty, promotes the workmanship to be just and fine.

Ver. 468. *Of man Brutus*, &c.] Cicero himself describes this fact—Cæsare interfecto—statim eruentum ait excellens M. Brutus pugionem, Ciceronem nominatim exclamavit, arcem et recuperatam libertatem est gratulatus. Cic. Philipp. ii. 12.

Ver. 548. *Where Virtue, rising from the cell of death*

Of Truth's immortal form, &c.] According to the opinion of those, who assert moral *obligation* to be founded on an immutable and universal law; and that which is usually called the *moral sense*, to be determined by the peculiar temper of the imagination and the earliest associations of ideas.

Ver. 591. *Lycæum.*] The school of Aristotle.

Ver. 592. *Academus.*] The school of Plato.

Ver. 594. *Ilyssus.*] One of the rivers on which Athens was situated. Plato, in some of his finest dialogues, lays the scene of the conversation with Socrates on its banks.

NOTES ON BOOK II.

Ver. 19. *At last the Muses rose*, &c.] About the age of Hugh Capet, founder of the third race of French kings, the poets of Provence were in high reputation; a sort of strolling bards or rhapsodists, who went about the courts of princes and noblemen, entertaining them at festivals with music and poetry. They attempted both the epic, ode, and satire; and abounded in a wild and fantastic vein of fable, partly allegorical, and partly founded on traditionary legends of the Saracen wars. These were the rudiments of Italian poetry. But their taste and composition must have been extremely barbarous, as we may judge by those who followed the turn of their fable in much politer times; such as Boiardo, Bernardo, Tasso, Ariosto, &c.

Ver. 21. *Valclusa.*] The famous retreat of Francisco Petrarcha, the father of Italian poetry, and his mistress Laura, a lady of Avignon.

Ver. 22. *Arno.*] The river which runs by Florence, the birth-place of Dante and Boccacio.

Ver. 23. *Parthenope.*] Or Naples, the birth-place of Sannazaro. The great Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples.

Ibid. ..... *the rage*

Of dire ambition, &c.] This relates to the cruel wars among the republics of Italy, and abominable politics of its little princes, about the fifteenth century. These at last, in conjunction with the papal power, entirely extinguished the spirit of liberty in that country, and established that abuse of the fine arts which has been since propagated over all Europe.

Ver. 30. *Thus from their guardians torn, the tender arts*, &c.] Nor were they only losers by the separation. For philosophy itself, to use the words of a noble philosopher, "being thus severed by the sprightly arts and sciences, must consequently grow dronish, insipid, pedantic, useless, and directly opposite to the real knowledge and practice of the world." Insomuch that "a gentleman," says another excellent writer, "cannot easily bring himself to like so austere and unmanly a form: so much is it changed from what was once the delight of the finest gentlemen of antiquity, and their recreation after the hurry of public affairs." From this collision it cannot be recovered but by uniting them more with the works of great nature; and we have of late the pleasure of observing a very great progress made towards their union in England within these few years. It is hardly possible to conceive them at a greater distance from each other than at the Revolution, when Locke stood at the head of one party, and Dryden of the other. But the general spirit of liberty, which has ever since been growing, naturally invited our men of wit and genius to improve that influence which the arts of persuasion gave them with the people, by applying them to subjects of importance to society. Thus poetry and eloquence became considerable; and philosophy is now of course obliged to borrow of their embellishments, in order even to gain audience with the public.

Ver. 157. *From Virtue's sacred shrine*, &c.] This very mysterious kind of pleasure, which is often found in the exercise of passions generally counted painful, has been taken notice of by several authors. Lucretius resolves it into self-love:

Suave Mari magno, &c. lib. ii. 1.

As if a man was never pleased in being moved at the distress of a tragedy, without a cool reflection that though these fictitious personages were so unhappy, yet he himself was perfectly at ease and in safety. The ingenious author of the Reflections critiques sur la Poesie et sur la Peinture, accounts for it by the general delight which the mind takes in its own activity, and the abhorrence it feels of an indolent and inattentive state: and this, joined with the moral approbation of its own temper, which attends those emotions when natural and just, is certainly the true foundation of the pleasure, which, as it is the origin and basis of tragedy and epic, deserved a very particular consideration in this poem.

Ver. 304. *Inhabitant of earth*, &c.] The account of the economy of Providence here introduced, as the most proper to calm and satisfy the mind when under the compunction of private evils, seems to have come originally from the Pythagorean school: but of the ancient philosophers, Plato has most largely insisted upon it, has established it with all the strength of his capacious understanding, and ennobled it with all the magnificence of his divine imagination. He has one passage so full and clear on this head, that I am persuaded the reader will be pleased to see it here, though somewhat long. Addressing himself to such as are not satisfied concerning Divine Providence: "The Being who presides over the whole," says he, "has disposed and complicated all things for the happiness and virtue of the whole, every part of which, according to the extent of its influence, does and suffers what is fit and proper. One of these parts is yours, O unhappy man, which though in itself most inconsiderable and minute, yet being connected with the universe, ever seeks to co-operate with that supreme order. You, in the mean time, are ignorant of the very end for which all particular natures are brought into existence, that the

all-comprehending nature of the whole may be perfect and happy; existing as it does, not for your sake, but the cause and reason of your existence, which, as in the symmetry of every artificial work, must of necessity concur with the general design of the artist, and be subservient to the whole of which it is a part. Your complaint therefore is ignorant and groundless; since, according to the various energy of creation, and the common laws of Nature, there is a constant provision of that which is best at the same time for you and for the whole.—For the governing intelligence, clearly beholding all the actions of animated and self-moving creatures, and that mixture of good and evil which diversifies them, considered first of all by what disposition of things, and by what situation of each individual in the general system, vice might be depressed and subdued, and virtue made secure of victory and happiness, with the greatest facility, and in the highest degree possible: in this manner he ordered, through the entire circle of being, the internal constitution of every mind, where should be its station in the universal fabric, and through what variety of circumstances it should proceed in the whole tenour of its existence." He goes on in his sublime manner to assert a future state of retribution, "as well for those who, by the exercise of good dispositions being harmonized and assimilated into the divine virtue, are consequently removed to a place of unblemished sanctity and happiness; as of those who by the most flagitious arts have risen from contemptible beginnings to the greatest affluence and power, and whom you therefore look upon as unanswerable instances of negligence in the gods, because you are ignorant of the purposes to which they are subservient, and in what manner they contribute to that supreme intention of good to the whole." Plato de Leg. x. 16.

This theory has been delivered of late, especially abroad, in a manner which subverts the freedom of human actions; whereas Plato appears very careful to preserve it, and has been in that respect imitated by the best of his followers.

Ver. 321. ..... *one might rise,*
One order, &c.] See the Meditations of Antoninus, and the Characteristics, passim.

Ver. 335. *The best and fairest,* &c.] This opinion is so old, that Timæus Locrus calls the Supreme Being δημιεργὸς τω βελτίονος, "the artificer of that which is best;" and represents him as resolving in the beginning to produce the most excellent work, and as copying the world most exactly from his own intelligible and essential idea; "so that it yet remains, as it was at first, perfect in beauty, and will never stand in need of any correction or improvement." There can be no room for a caution here, to understand the expressions, not of any particular circumstances of human life separately considered, but of the sum or universal system of life and being. See also the vision at the end of the Theodicée of Leibnitz.

Ver. 350. *As flame ascends,* &c.] This opinion, though not held by Plato nor any of the ancients, is yet a very natural consequence of his principles. But the disquisition is too complex and extensive to be entered upon here.

Ver. 755. *Philip.*] The Macedonian.

NOTES ON BOOK III.

Ver. 18. ..... *where the powers*
Of Fancy, &c.] The influence of the imagination on the conduct of life, is one of the most important points in moral philosophy. It were easy by an induction of facts to prove that the imagination directs almost all the passions, and mixes with almost every circumstance of action or pleasure. Let any man, even of the coldest head and soberest industry, analyse the idea of what he calls his interest; he will find that it consists chiefly of certain degrees of decency, beauty, and order, variously combined into one system, the idol which he seeks to enjoy by labour, hazard, and self-denial. It is on this account of the last consequence to regulate these images by the standard of nature and the general good; otherwise the imagination, by heightening some objects beyond their real excellence and beauty, or by representing others in a more odious or terrible shape than they deserve, may of course engage us in pursuits utterly inconsistent with the moral order of things.

If it be objected, that this account of things supposes the passions to be merely accidental, whereas there appears in some a natural and hereditary disposition to certain passions prior to all circumstances of education or fortune; it may be answered, that though no man is born *ambitious* or a *miser*, yet he may inherit from his parents a peculiar temper or complection of mind, which shall render his imagination more liable to be struck with some particular objects, consequently dispose him to form opinions of good and ill, and entertain passions of a particular turn. Some men, for instance, by the original frame of their minds, are more delighted with the vast and magnificent; others, on the contrary, with the elegant and gentle aspects of nature. And it is very remarkable, that the disposition of the moral powers is always similar to this of the imagination; that those who are most inclined to admire prodigious and sublime objects in the physical world, are also most inclined to applaud examples of fortitude and heroic virtue in the moral. While those who are charmed rather with the *delicacy* and *sweetness* of colours, and forms, and sounds, never fail in like manner to yield the preference to the softer scenes of virtue and the sympathies of a domestic life. And this is sufficient to account for the objection.

Among the ancient philosophers, though we have several hints concerning this influence of the imagination upon morals among the remains of the Socratic school, yet the Stoics were the first who paid it a due attention. Zeno, their founder, thought it impossible to preserve any tolerable regularity in life, without frequently inspecting those pictures or appearances of things, which the imagination offers to the mind (Diog. Laërt. l. vii.) The meditations of M. Aurelius, and the discourses of Epictetus, are full of the same sentiment; insomuch that the latter makes the χρῆσις ἐλα, ἢ φαντασιῶν, or "right management of the fancies," the only thing for which we are accountable to Providence, and without which a man is no other than stupid or frantic. (Arrian. l. i. c. 12. et l. ii. c. 22.) See also the Characteristics, vol. i. from p. 313 to 321, where this stoical doctrine is embellished with all the elegance and graces of Plato.

Ver. 75. ..... *how Folly's awkward arts*, &c.] Notwithstanding the general influence of *ridicule* on private and civil life, as well as on learning and the sciences, it has been almost constantly neglected or misrepresented, by divines especially. The manner of treating these subjects, in the science of human nature, should be precisely the same as in natural philosophy; from particular facts to investigate the stated order in which they appear, and then apply the general law, thus discovered, to the explication of other appearances and the improvement of useful arts.

Ver. 84. *Behold the foremost band*, &c.] The first and most general source of ridicule in the characters of men, is vanity, or self-applause for some desirable quality or possession, which evidently does not belong to those who assume it.

Ver. 121. *Then comes the second order*, &c.] Ridicule from the same vanity, where, though the possession be real, yet no merit can arise from it, because of some particular circumstances, which, though obvious to the spectator, are yet overlooked by the ridiculous character.

Ver. 152. *Another tribe succeeds*, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence in particular objects disproportioned to their intrinsic value, and inconsistent with the order of Nature.

Ver. 191. *But now, ye gay*, &c.] Ridicule from a notion of excellence, when the object is absolutely odious or contemptible. This is the highest degree of the ridiculous; as in the affectation of diseases or vices.

Ver. 207. *Thus far triumphant*, &c.] Ridicule from false shame or groundless fear.

Ver. 228, *Last of the*, &c.] Ridicule from the ignorance of such things as our circumstances require us to know.

Ver. 248. ..... *Suffice it to have said*, &c.] By comparing these general sources of ridicule with each other, and examining the ridiculous in other objects, we may obtain a general definition of it, equally applicable to every species. The most important circumstance of this definition is laid down in the lines referred to; but others more minute we shall subjoin here. Aristotle's account of the matter seems both imperfect and false; τὸ γὰρ γελοῖον, says he, ἐστὶν ἁμάρτημά τι καὶ αἰσχος; ἀπόνον καὶ οὐ φθαρτικόν "the ridiculous is some certain fault or turpitude without pain, and not destructive to its subject." (Poët. c. 5.) For allowing it to be true, as it is not, that the ridiculous is never accompanied with pain, yet we might produce many instances of such a fault or turpitude which cannot with any tolerable propriety be called ridiculous. So that the definition does not distinguish the thing designed. Nay, further; even when we perceive the turpitude tending to the destruction of its subject, we may still be sensible of a ridiculous appearance, till the ruin become imminent, and the keener sensations of pity or terrour banish the ludicrous apprehension from our minds. For the sensation of ridicule is not a bare perception of the agreement or disagreement of ideas; but a passion or emotion of the mind consequential to that perception. So that the mind may perceive the agreement or disagreement, and yet not feel the ridiculous, because it is engrossed by a more violent emotion. Thus it happens that some men think those objects ridiculous, to which others cannot endure to apply the name; because in them they excite a much intenser and more important feeling. And this difference, among other causes, has brought a good deal of confusion into this question.

"That which makes objects ridiculous, is some ground of admiration or esteem connected with other more general circumstances comparatively worthless or deformed; or it is some circumstance of turpitude or deformity connected with what is in general excellent or beautiful: the inconsistent properties existing either in the objects themselves, or in the apprehension of the person to whom they relate; belonging always to the same order or class of beings; imply sentiment or design; and exciting no acute or vehement emotion of the heart."

To prove the several parts of this definition: "The appearance of excellence or beauty connected with a general condition comparatively sordid or deformed," is ridiculous: for instance, pompous pretensions of wisdom joined with ignorance or folly in the Socrates of Aristophanes; and the ostentations of military glory with cowardice and stupidity in the Thraso of Terence.

"The appearance of deformity or turpitude in conjunction with what is in general excellent or venerable," is also ridiculous: for instance, the personal weaknesses of a magistrate appearing in the solemn and public functions of his station.

"The incongruous properties may either exist in the objects themselves, or in apprehension of the person to whom they relate:" in the last-mentioned instance, they both exist in the objects; in the instances from Aristophanes and Terence, one of them is objective and real, the other only founded in the apprehension of the ridiculous character.

"The inconsistent properties must belong to the same order or class of being. A coxcomb in fine clothes, bedaubed by accident in foul weather, is a ridiculous object; because his general apprehension of excellence and esteem is referred to the splendour and expense of his dress. A man of sense and merit, in the same circumstances, is not counted ridiculous: because the general ground of excellence and esteem in him is, both in fact and in his own apprehension, of a very different species.

"Every ridiculous object implies sentiment or design." A column placed by an architect without a capital or base, is laughed at: the same column in a ruin causes a very different sensation.

And lastly, "the occurrence must excite no acute or vehement emotion of the heart," such as terrour, pity, or indignation; for in that case, as was observed above, the mind is not at leisure to contemplate the ridiculous.

Whether any appearance not ridiculous be involved in this description, and whether it comprehend every species and form of the ridiculous, must be determined by repeated applications of it to particular instances.

Ver. 259. *Ask we for what fair end*, &c.] Since it is beyond all contradiction evident that we have a *natural* sense or feeling of the ridiculous, and since so good a reason may be assigned to justify the Supreme Being for bestowing it; one cannot without astonishment reflect on the conduct of those men who imagine it is for the service of true religion to vilify and blacken it without distinction, and endeavour to persuade us that it is never

applied but in a bad cause. Ridicule is not concerned with mere speculative truth or falsehood. It is not in abstract propositions or theorems, but in actions and passions, good and evil, beauty and deformity, that we find materials for it; and all these terms are *relative*, implying approbation or blame. To ask them whether *ridicule be a test of truth*, is, in other words, to ask whether that which is ridiculous can be *morally true*, can be just and becoming; or whether that which is just and becoming, can be ridiculous. A question that does not deserve a serious answer. For it is most evident, that, as in a metaphysical proposition offered to the understanding for its assent, the faculty of reason examines the terms of the proposition, and finding one idea, which was supposed equal to another, to be in fact unequal, of consequence rejects the proposition as a falsehood; so, in objects offered to the mind for its esteem or applause, the faculty of ridicule, finding an incongruity in the claim, urges the mind to reject it with laughter and contempt. When therefore we observe such a claim obtruded upon mankind, and the inconsistent circumstances carefully concealed from the eye of the public, it is our business, if the matter be of importance to society, to drag out those latent circumstances, and, by setting them in full view, to convince the world how ridiculous the claim is: and thus a double advantage is gained; for we both detect the *moral falsehood* sooner than in the way of speculative inquiry, and impress the minds of men with a stronger sense of the vanity and errour of its authors. And this and no more is meant by the application of ridicule.

But it is said, the practice is dangerous, and may be inconsistent with the regard we owe to objects of real dignity and excellence. I answer, the practice fairly managed can never be dangerous; men may be dishonest in obtaining circumstances foreign to the object, and we may be inadvertent in allowing those circumstances to impose upon us: but the sense of ridicule always judges right. The Socrates of Aristophanes is as *truly* ridiculous a character as ever was drawn:—true; but it is not the character of Socrates, the divine moralist and father of ancient wisdom. What then? did the ridicule of the poet hinder the philosopher from detecting and disclaiming those foreign circumstances which he had falsely introduced into his character, and thus rendered the satirist doubly ridiculous in his turn? No; but it nevertheless had an ill influence on the minds of the people. And so has the reasoning of Spinoza made many atheists: he has founded it indeed on suppositions utterly false; but allow him these, and his conclusions are unavoidably true. And if we must reject the use of ridicule, because, by the imposition of false circumstances, things may be made to seem ridiculous, which are not so in themselves; why we ought not in the same manner to reject the use of reason, because, by proceeding on false principles, conclusions will appear true which are impossible in nature, let the vehement and obstinate declaimers against ridicule determine.

Ver. 285. *The inexpressive semblance*, &c.] This similitude is the foundation of almost all the ornaments of poetic diction.

Ver. 326. *Two faithful needles*, &c.] See the elegant poem recited by cardinal Bembo in the character of Lucretius; Strada Prolus. vi. Academ. 2. c. v.

Ver. 348. *By these mysterious ties*, &c.] The act of remembering seems almost wholly to depend on the association of ideas.

Ver. 411. *Into its proper vehicle*, &c.] This relates to the different sorts of corporeal mediums, by which the ideas of the artists are rendered palpable to the senses; as by sounds, in music; by lines and shadows, in painting; by diction, in poetry, &c.

Ver. 547. ..... *one pursues*
The vast alone, &c.] See the note to ver. 18 of this book.

Ver. 558. *Waller longs*, &c.]

"O! how I long my careless limbs to lay
Under the plantane shade; and all the day
With amorous airs my fancy entertain, &c."
Waller, Battle of the Summer Islands, Canto i.

And again,

"While in the park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear, &c."
At Pens-hurst.

Ver. 593. *Not a breeze*, &c.] That this account may not appear rather poetically extravagant than just in philosophy, it may be proper to produce the sentiment of one of the greatest, wisest, and best of men on this head; one so little to be suspected of partiality in the case, that he reckons it among those favours for which he was especially thankful to the gods, that they had not suffered him to make any great proficiency in the arts of eloquence and poetry, lest by that means he should have been diverted from pursuits of more importance to his high station. Speaking of the beauty of universal nature, he observes, that "there is a pleasing and graceful aspect in every object we perceive," when once we consider its connection with that general order. He instances in many things which at first sight would be thought rather deformities; and then adds, "that a man who enjoys a sensibility of temper with a just comprehension of the universal order—will discern many amiable things, not credible to every mind, but to those alone who have entered into an honourable familiarity with Nature and her works." M. Antonin. iii. 2.

THE

PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

A POEM.

THE GENERAL ARGUMENT.

The pleasures of the imagination proceed either from natural objects, as from a flourishing grove, a clear and murmuring fountain, a calm sea by moon-light; or from works of art, such as a noble edifice, a musical tune, a statue, a picture, a poem. In treating of these pleasures, we must begin with the former class; they being original to the other; and nothing more being necessary, in order to explain them, than a view of our natural inclination toward greatness and beauty, and of those appearances, in the world

around us, to which that inclination is adapted. This is the subject of the first book of the following poem.

But the pleasures which we receive from the elegant arts, from music, sculpture, painting, and poetry, are much more various and complicated. In them (besides greatness and beauty, or forms proper to the imagination) we find interwoven frequent representations of truth, of virtue and vice, of circumstances proper to move us with laughter, or to excite in us pity, fear, and the other passions. These moral and intellectual objects are described in the second book; to which the third properly belongs as an episode, though too large to have been included in it.

With the above-mentioned causes of pleasure, which are universal in the course of human life, and appertain to our higher faculties, many others do generally concur, more limited in their operation, or of an inferior origin: such are the novelty of objects, the association of ideas, affections of the bodily senses, influences of education, national habits, and the like. To illustrate these, and form the whole to determine the character of a perfect taste, is the argument of the fourth book.

Hitherto the pleasures of the imagination belong to the human species in general. But there are certain particular men whose imagination is endowed with powers, and susceptible of pleasures, which the generality of mankind never participate, these are the men of genius, destined by Nature to excel in one or other of the arts already mentioned. It is proposed therefore, in the last place, to delineate that genius, which in some degree appears common to them all; yet with a more peculiar consideration of poetry: inasmuch as poetry is the most extensive of those arts, the most philosophical, and the most useful.

THE

PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

BOOK I.

M.DCC.LVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Dedication. The ideas of the Supreme Being, the exemplars of all things. The variety of constitution in the minds of men; with its final cause. The general character of a fine imagination. All the immediate pleasures of the human imagination proceed either from greatness or beauty in external objects. The pleasure from greatness; with its final cause. The natural connection of beauty with truth[1] and good. The different orders of beauty in different objects. The infinite and all-comprehending form of beauty, which belongs to the divine mind. The partial and artificial forms of beauty, which belong to inferior intellectual beings. The origin and general conduct of beauty in man. The subordination of local beauties to the beauty of the universe. Conclusion.

[1] Truth is here taken, not in a logical, but in a mixed and popular sense, or for what has been called the truth of things; denoting as well their natural and regular condition, as a proper estimate or judgment concerning them.

With what enchantment Nature's goodly scene
Attracts the sense of mortals; how the mind
For its own eye doth objects nobler still
Prepare; how men by various lessons learn
To judge of beauty's praise; what raptures fill
The breast with Fancy's native arts endow'd,
And what true culture guides it to renown;
My verse unfolds. Ye gods, or godlike powers,
Ye guardians of the sacred task, attend
Propitious. Hand in hand around your bard
Move in majestic measures, leading on
His doubtful step through many a solemn path,
Conscious of secrets which to human sight
Ye only can reveal. Be great in him;
And let your favour make him wise to speak
Of all your wondrous empire; with a voice
So tempered to his theme, that those, who hear,
May yield perpetual homage to yourselves.
Thou chief, O daughter of eternal Love,
Whate'er thy name; or Muse, or Grace, ador'd
By Grecian prophets; to the sons of Heaven
Known, while with deep amazement thou dost there
The perfect counsels read, the ideas old,
Of thine omniscient father; known on Earth
By the still horrour and the blissful tear
With which thou seizest on the soul of man;
Thou chief, Poetic Spirit, from the banks
Of Avon, whence thy holy fingers cull
Fresh flowers and dews to sprinkle on the turf
Where Shakspeare lies, be present. And with thee
Let Fiction come; on her aërial wings
Wafting ten thousand colours; which in sport,
By the light glances of her magic eye,
She blends and shifts at will through countless forms,
Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,
Whose awful tones control the moving sphere,
Wilt thou, eternal Harmony, descend,
And join this happy train? for with thee comes
The guide, the guardian of their mystic rites,
Wise Order: and, where Order deigns to come,
Her sister, Liberty, will not be far.
Be present all ye Genii, who conduct
Of youthful bards the lonely-wandering step
New to your springs and shades; who touch their ear
With finer sounds, and heighten to their eye
The pomp of Nature, and before them place
The fairest, loftiest countenance of things.
Nor thou, my Dyson, to the lay refuse
Thy wonted partial audience. What, though first
In years unseason'd, haply ere the sports
Of childhood yet were o'er, the adventurous lay
With many splendid prospects, many charms,
Allur'd my heart, nor conscious whence they sprung,
Nor heedful of their end? yet serious Truth
Her empire o'er the calm, sequester'd theme
Asserted soon; while Falsehood's evil brood,
Vice and deceitful Pleasure, she at once
Excluded, and my fancy's careless toil
Drew to the better cause. Maturer aid
Thy friendship added, in the paths of life,
The busy paths, my unaccustom'd feet

Preserving: nor to Truth's recess divine,
Through this wide argument's unbeaten space,
Withholding surer guidance; while by turns
We trac'd the sages old, or while the queen
Of sciences (whom manners and the mind
Acknowledge) to my true companion's voice
Not unattentive, o'er the wintry lamp
Inclin'd her sceptre, favouring. Now the Fates
Have other tasks impos'd. To thee, my friend,
The ministry of freedom and the faith
Of popular decrees, in early youth,
Not vainly they committed. Me they sent
To wait on pain; and silent arts to urge,
Inglorious: not ignoble; if my cares,
To such as languish on a grievous bed,
Ease and the sweet forgetfulness of ill
Conciliate: nor delightless; if the Muse,
Her shades to visit and to taste her springs,
If some distinguish'd hours the bounteous Muse
Impart, and grant (what she and she alone
Can grant to mortals) that my hand those wreaths
Of fame and honest favour, which the bless'd
Wear in Elysium, and which never felt
The breath of Envy or malignant tongues,
That these my hand for thee and for myself
May gather. Meanwhile, O my faithful friend,
O early chosen, ever found the same,
And trusted and beloved; once more the verse
Long destin'd, always obvious to thine ear,
Attend, indulgent. So in latest years,
When Time thy head with honours shall have cloth'd
Sacred to even virtue, may thy mind,
Amid the calm review of seasons past,
Fair offices of friendship or kind peace,
Or public zeal, may then thy mind, well-pleas'd,
Recall these happy studies of our prime.

From Heaven my strains begin. From Heaven
The flame of genius to the chosen breast, [descends
And beauty with poetic wonder join'd;
And inspiration. Ere the rising Sun
Shone o'er the deep, or mid the vault of night
The Moon her silver lamp suspended: ere
The vales with springs were water'd, or with groves
Of oak or pine the ancient hills were crown'd;
Then the great Spirit, whom his works adore,
Within his own deep essence view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things:
The radiant Sun; the Moon's nocturnal lamp;
The mountains and the streams; the ample stores
Of Earth, of Heaven, of Nature. From the first,
On that full scene his love divine he fix'd
His admiration. Till, in time complete,
What he admir'd and lov'd his vital power
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame:
Hence the green earth, and wild-resounding waves:
Hence light and shade, alternate; warmth and cold;
And bright autumnal skies, and vernal showers,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great scene unveil'd. For while the claims
Of social life to different labours urge
The active powers of man, with wisest care
Hath Nature on the multitude of minds
Impress'd a various bias; and to each
Decreed its province in the common toil.
To some she taught the fabric of the sphere,
The changeful Moon, the circuit of the stars,
The golden zones of Heaven. To some she gave
To search the story of eternal thought;
Of space, and time; of Fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick movement. Others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue dwells in every vein
Of herbs or trees. But some to nobler hopes
Were destin'd: some within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To these the Sire Omnipotent unfolds,
In fuller aspects and with fairer lights,
This picture of the world. Through every part
They trace the lofty sketches of his hand:
In earth or air, the meadow's flowery store,
The Moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's mien
Dress'd in attractive smiles, they see pourtray'd
(As far as mortal eyes the portrait scan)
Those lineaments of beauty which delight
The mind supreme. They also feel their force,
Enamour'd; they partake the eternal joy.

For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
Through fabling Egypt, at the genial touch
Of morning, from its inmost frame sent forth
Spontaneous music; so doth Nature's hand,
To certain attributes which matter claims,
Adapt the finer organs of the mind:
So the glad impulse of those kindred powers
(Of form, of colour's cheerful pomp, of sound
Melodious, or of motion aptly sped)
Detains the enliven'd sense; till soon the soul
Feels the deep concord, and assents through all
Her functions. Then the charm, by Fate prepar'd,
Diffuseth its enchantment. Fancy dreams,
Rapt into high discourse with prophets old,
And wandering through Elysium, Fancy dreams
Of sacred fountains, of o'ershadowing groves,
Whose walks with godlike harmony resound:
Fountains, which Homer visits; happy groves,
Where Milton dwells. The intellectual power,
On the mind's throne, suspends his graver cares,
And smiles. The passions, to divine repose
Persuaded, yield: and love and joy alone
Are waking: love and joy, such as await
An angel's meditation. "O! attend,
Whoe'er thou art whom these delights can touch;
Whom Nature's aspect, Nature's simple garb,
Can thus command; O! listen to my song;
And I will guide thee to her blissful walks,
And teach thy solitude her voice to hear,
And point her gracious features to thy view.

Know then, whate'er of the world's ancient store,
Whate'er of mimic Art's reflected scenes,
With love and admiration thus inspire
Attentive Fancy, her delighted sons
In two illustrious orders comprehend,
Self-taught. From him whose rustic toil the lark
Cheers warbling, to the bard whose daring thoughts
Range the full orb of being, still the form,
Which Fancy worships, or sublime or fair
Her votaries proclaim. I see them dawn:
I see the radiant visions where they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His glittering forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the Spring.

Say, why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation; why empower'd
Through life and death to dart his watchful eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth,
In sight of angels and immortal minds,
As on an ample theatre to join
In contest with his equals, who shall best

ıchieve, the course of noble toils,
ı and by mercy pre-ordain'd?
d him forth the sovran good to learn;
each meaner purpose from his breast;
gh the mists of passion and of sense,
gh the pelting storms of chance and pain,
raight on with constant heart and eye
upon his everlasting palm, [burns
ving smile of Heaven? Else wherefore
bosoms this unquenched hope,
ı from day to day sublimer ends;
ough restless? Why departs the soul
ı the track and journey of her times,
he good she knows not? in the field
which may be, in the spacious field
, potent arts, or dreadful arms,
p scenes in which her own desires
may repose; when things, which are,
r temper, like a twice-told tale!
r, still demanding to be free;
he rude control of wilful might;
er dangers brav'd, her grief endur'd,
th severely prov'd? To these high aims,
son and affection prompt in man,
e nor unapt hath Nature fram'd
nagination. For, amid
s forms which this full world presents
to his choice, what human breast
s, before the transient and minute,
be vast, the stable, the sublime?
from heights aërial sends his eye
wild horizon, and surveys
anges rolling his broad wave [old,
ountains, plains, through spacious cities
s dark with woods; will turn away
he path of some penurious rill
rmureth at his feet? Where does the soul
r soaring fancy to restrain,
rs her up, as on an eagle's wings,
r highest Heaven; or which of Fate's
s barriers shall confine her flight
mbler quarry? The rich Earth
ain her; nor the ambient air
s changes. For a while with joy
o'er the Sun, and views the small
orbs, beneath his sacred beam,
from the deep, like cluster'd isles
ky shores to the glad sailor's eye
gleams of morning: for a while
she sees his firm, paternal sway
eluctant planets to move each
perpetual year. But soon she quits
ect: meditating loftier views,
dventurous up the long career
; through the constellations holds
, and now looks back on all the stars
ded flames as with a milky stream
ne region. Empyrean tracts,
py souls beyond their concave Heaven
then explores, whence purer light
ss ages travels through the abyss,
ı sight of mortals yet arriv'd.
ide creation's utmost shore
he stands, and the dread space beyond
es, half-recoiling: nathless down
r void, astonish'd, yet unquell'd,
th; down the unfathomable gulf
alone hath being. There her hopes
fated goal. For, from the birth
kind, the Sovereign Maker said,

That not in humble, nor in brief delight,
Not in the fleeting echoes of renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,
The soul should find contentment; but, from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through Nature's opening walks enlarge her aims,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection fill the scene.

But lo, where Beauty, dress'd in gentler pomp,
With comely steps advancing, claims the verse
Her charms inspire. O Beauty, source of praise,
Of honour, even to mute and lifeless things;
O thou that kindlest in each human heart
Love, and the wish of poets, when their tongue
Would teach to other bosoms what so charms
Their own; O child of Nature and the soul,
In happiest hour brought forth; the doubtful garb
Of words, of earthly language, all too mean,
Too lowly I account, in which to clothe
Thy form divine. For thee the mind alone
Beholds; nor half thy brightness can reveal
Through those dim organs, whose corporeal touch
O'ershadoweth thy pure essence. Yet, my Muse,
If Fortune call thee to the task, wait thou
Thy favourable seasons: then, while fear
And doubt are absent, through wide Nature's bounds
Expatiate with glad step, and choose at will
Whate'er bright spoils the florid earth contains,
Whate'er the waters, or the liquid air,
To manifest unblemish'd Beauty's praise,
And o'er the breasts of mortals to extend
Her gracious empire. Wilt thou to the isles
Atlantic, to the rich Hesperian clime,
Fly in the train of Autumn; and look on,
And learn from him; while, as he roves around,
Where'er his fingers touch the fruitful grove,
The branches bloom with gold; where'er his foot
Imprints the soil, the ripening clusters swell,
Turning aside their foliage, and come forth
In purple lights, till every hillock grows
As with the blushes of an evening sky?
Or wilt thou that Thessalian landscape trace,
Where slow Penéus his clear glassy tide
Draws smooth along, between the winding cliffs
Of Ossa and the pathless woods unshorn
That wave o'er huge Olympus? Down the stream,
Look how the mountains with their double range
Embrace the vale of Tempe; from each side
Ascending steep to Heaven, a rocky mound
Cover'd with ivy and the laurel boughs
That crown'd young Phœbus for the Python slain.
Fair Tempe! on whose primrose banks the morn
Awoke most fragrant, and the noon repos'd
In pomp of lights and shadows most sublime:
Whose lawns, whose glades, ere human footsteps yet
Had trac'd an entrance, were the hallow'd haunt
Of sylvan powers immortal; where they sate
Oft in the golden age, the Nymphs and Fauns,
Beneath some arbour branching o'er the flood,
And leaning round hung on the instructive lips
Of hoary Pan, or o'er some open dale
Danc'd in light measures to his sevenfold pipe,
While Zephyr's wanton hand along their path
Flung showers of painted blossoms, fertile dews,
And one perpetual spring. But if our task
More lofty rites demand, with all good vows
Then let us hasten to the rural haunt
Where young Melissa dwells. Nor thou refuse
The voice which calls thee from thy lov'd retreat,
But hither, gentle maid, thy footsteps turn:

Here, to thy own unquestionable theme,
O fair, O graceful, bend thy polish'd brow,
Assenting; and the gladness of thy eyes
Impart to me, like morning's wished light
Seen through the vernal air. By yonder stream,
Where beech and elm along the bordering mead
Send forth wild melody from every bough,
Together let us wander; where the hills
Cover'd with fleeces to the lowing vale
Reply; where tidings of content and peace
Each echo brings. Lo, how the western Sun
O'er fields and floods, o'er every living soul,
Diffuseth glad repose! There while I speak
Of Beauty's honours, thou, Melissa, thou
Shalt hearken, not unconscious. While I tell
How first from Heaven she came: how after all
The works of life, the elemental scenes,
The hours, the seasons, she had oft explor'd,
At length her favourite mansion and her throne
She fix'd in woman's form: what pleasing ties
To virtue bind her; what effectual aid
They lend each other's power; and how divine
Their union, should some ambitious maid,
To all the enchantment of the Idalian queen,
Add sanctity and wisdom: while my tongue
Prolongs the tale, Melissa, thou may'st feign
To wonder whence my rapture is inspir'd;
But soon the smile which dawns upon thy lip
Shall tell it, and the tenderer bloom o'er all
That soft cheek springing to the marble neck,
Which bends aside in vain, revealing more
What it would then keep silent, and in vain
The sense of praise dissembling. Then my song
Great Nature's winning arts, which thus inform
With joy and love the rugged breast of man,
Should sound in numbers worthy of such a theme:
While all whose souls have ever felt the force
Of those enchanting passions, to my lyre
Should throng attentive, and receive once more
Their influence, unobscur'd by any cloud
Of vulgar care, and purer than the hand
Of Fortune can bestow; nor, to confirm
Their sway, should awful Contemplation scorn
To join his dictates to the genuine strain
Of Pleasure's tongue; nor yet should Pleasure's ear
Be much averse. Ye chiefly, gentle band
Of youths and virgins, who through many a wish
And many a fond pursuit, as in some scene
Of magic bright and fleeting, are allur'd
By various beauty; if the pleasing toil
Can yield a moment's respite, hither turn
Your favourable ear, and trust my words.
I do not mean, on bless'd Religion's seat
Presenting Superstition's gloomy form,
To dash your soothing hopes: I do not mean
To bid the jealous thunderer fire the Heavens,
Or shapes infernal rend the groaning Earth,
And scare you from your joys. My cheerful song
With happier omens calls you to the field,
Pleas'd with your generous ardour in the chase,
And warm like you. Then tell me (for ye know)
Doth Beauty ever deign to dwell where use
And aptitude are strangers? is her praise
Confess'd in aught whose most peculiar ends
Are lame and fruitless? or did Nature mean
This pleasing call the herald of a lie,
To hide the shame of discord and disease,
And win each fond admirer into snares,
Foil'd, baffled? No. With better providence
The general mother, conscious how infirm
Her offspring tread the paths of good and ill,
Thus, to the choice of credulous desire,
Doth objects the completest of their tribe
Distinguish and commend. Yon flowery bank,
Cloth'd in the soft magnificence of Spring,
Will not the flocks approve it? will they ask
The reedy fen for pasture? That clear rill,
Which trickleth murmuring from the mossy rock,
Yields it less wholesome beverage to the worn
And thirsty traveller, than the standing pool
With muddy weeds o'ergrown? Yon ragged vine,
Whose lean and sullen clusters mourn the rage
Of Eurus, will the wine-press or the bowl
Report of her, as of the swelling grape
Which glitters through the tendrils, like a gem
When first it meets the Sun? Or what are all
The various charms to life and sense adjoin'd?
Are they not pledges of a state entire,
Where native order reigns, with every part
In health, and every function well perform'd?
Thus then at first was Beauty sent from Heaven,
The lovely ministress of Truth and Good
In this dark world. For Truth and Good are one;
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her
With like participation. Wherefore then,
O sons of Earth, would ye dissolve the tie?
O! wherefore with a rash and greedy aim
Seek ye to rove through every flattering scene
Which Beauty seems to deck, nor once inquire
Where is the suffrage of eternal Truth,
Or where the seal of undeceitful Good,
To save your search from folly? Wanting these,
Lo, Beauty withers in your void embrace;
And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
Did Fancy mock your vows. Nor yet let Hope,
That kindliest inmate of the youthful breast,
Be hence appall'd; be turn'd to coward Sloth,
Sitting in silence, with dejected eyes
Incurious, and with folded hands. Far less
Let scorn of wild fantastic Folly's dreams,
Or hatred of the bigot's savage pride,
Persuade you e'er that Beauty, or the love
Which waits on Beauty, may not brook to hear
The sacred lore of undeceitful Good
And Truth eternal. From the vulgar crowd
Though Superstition, tyranness abhorr'd,
The reverence due to this majestic pair
With threats and execration still demands;
Though the tame wretch, who asks of her the way
To their celestial dwelling, she constrains
To quench or set at nought the lamp of God
Within his frame; through many a cheerless wild
Though forth she leads him credulous and dark,
And aw'd with dubious notion; though at length
Haply she plunge him into cloister'd cells,
And mansions unrelenting as the grave,
But void of quiet, there to watch the hours
Of midnight; there, amid the screaming owl's
Dire song, with spectres or with guilty shades
To talk of pangs and everlasting woe;
Yet be not ye dismay'd. A gentler star
Presides o'er your adventure. From the bower
Where Wisdom sate with her Athenian sons,
Could but my happy hand entwine a wreath
Of Plato's olive with the Mantuan bay,
Then (for what need of cruel fear to you,
To you whom godlike love can well command?)
Then should my powerful voice at once dispel
Those monkish horrours; should in words divine
Relate how favour'd minds like you inspir'd,

ıght their inspiration to conduct
ng Heaven's decree, through various walks
ɔspects various, but delightful all,
nward; while now myrtle groves appear,
ms and radiant trophies, now the rods
ire with the curule throne, or now
nes of contemplation and the Muse.
that hope sublime, whose cloudless eye
h the fair toils and ornaments of Earth
s the nobler life reserv'd for Heaven,
d alike they worship round the shrine
Truth conspicuous with her sister-twins,
livided partners of her sway,
ood and Beauty reigns. O! let not us
ısure's lying blandishments detain'd,
ching to the frowns of bigot Rage,
not us one moment pause to join
osen band. And if the gracious power,
st awaken'd my untutor'd song,
my invocation grant anew
eful spirit, then through all our paths
ıall the sound of this devoted lyre
ing; whether on the rosy mead
ummer smiles, to warn the melting heart
ry's allurement; whether firm
the torrent and the stubborn hill
free Virtue's steps, and to her side
ı that strong divinity of soul
onquers Chance and Fate: or on the height,
l assign'd her, haply to proclaim
mph; on her brow to place the crown
rrupted praise; through future worlds
v her interminated way,
ıs Heaven's image in the heart of man.
ıs the worth of Beauty: such her power,
eless, so rever'd. It now remains,
radation through the various ranks
, to contemplate how her gifts
lue measure, watchful to attend
s of rising Nature. Last and least,
ıs mingling with a random blaze,
ıuty dwell. Then higher in the forms
est, easiest measure; in the bounds
, cube, or sphere. The third ascent
ıetry adds colour: thus the pearl
the concave of its purple bed,
ted shells along some winding shore
th indented folds the glancing Sun.
we rise, appear the blooming tribes
othe the fragrant Earth; which draw from
er
n nutrition; which are born, and die;
ıeir seed, immortal; such the flowers
ich young Maia pays the village-maids
l her natal morn; and such the groves
ithe Pomona rears on Vaga's bank,
he bowl of Ariconian swains,
ff beneath her branches. Nobler still
r's name where, to the full consent
ers and of features, to the pride
, and the vital change of growth,
y flame with piercing sense is given,
tive motion speaks the temper'd soul:
the bird of Juno: so the steed
l swiftness beats the dusty plain,
ful dogs with eager airs of joy
eir fellows. What sublimer pomp
e seat where Virtue dwells on Earth,
h's eternal day-light shines around;
m belongs to man's imperial front,

And woman powerful with becoming smiles,
Chief of terrestrial natures; need we now
Strive to inculcate? Thus hath Beauty there
Her most conspicuous praise to Matter lent,
Where most conspicuous through that shadowy veil
Breaks forth the bright expression of a mind:
By steps directing our enraptur'd search
To him, the first of minds; the chief, the sole;
From whom, through this wide, complicated world,
Did all her various lineaments begin;
To whom alone, consenting and entire,
At once their mutual influence all display.
He, God most high (bear witness, Earth and Heaven)
The living fountains in himself contains
Of beauteous and sublime. With him enthron'd
Ere days or years trod their ethereal way,
In his supreme intelligence enthron'd,
The queen of love holds her unclouded state,
Urania. Thee, O Father, this extent
Of matter; thee the sluggish earth and tract
Of seas, the heavens and heavenly splendours feel
Pervading, quickening, moving. From the depth
Of thy great essence, forth didst thou conduct
Eternal Form; and there, where Chaos reign'd,
Gav'st her dominion to erect her seat,
And sanctify the mansion. All her works,
Well pleas'd, thou didst behold. The gloomy fires
Of storm or earthquake, and the purest light
Of Summer; soft Campania's new-born rose,
And the slow weed, which pines on Russian hills,
Comely alike to thy full vision stand:
To thy surrounding vision, which unites
All essences and powers of the great world
In one sole order, fair alike they stand,
As features well consenting, and alike
Requir'd by Nature, ere she could attain
Her just resemblance to the perfect shape
Of universal Beauty, which with thee
Dwelt from the first. Thou also, ancient Mind,
Whom love and free beneficence await
In all thy doings; to inferior Minds,
Thy offspring, and to Man, thy youngest son,
Refusing no convenient gift nor good;
Their eyes didst open, in this Earth, yon Heaven,
Those starry worlds, the countenance divine
Of Beauty to behold. But not to them
Didst thou her awful magnitude reveal,
Such as before thine own unbounded sight
She stands; (for never shall created soul
Conceive that object) nor, to all their kinds,
The same in shape or features didst thou frame
Her image. Measuring well their different spheres
Of sense and action, thy paternal hand
Hath for each race prepar'd a different test
Of beauty, own'd and reverenc'd as their guide
Most apt, most faithful. Thence inform'd, they scan
The objects that surround them; and select,
Since the great whole disclaims their scanty view,
Each for himself selects peculiar parts
Of Nature; what the standard fix'd by Heaven
Within his breast approves: acquiring thus
A partial beauty, which becomes his lot;
A beauty which his eye may comprehend,
His hand may copy: leaving, O supreme,
O thou whom none hath utter'd, leaving all
To thee that infinite, consummate form,
Which the great powers, the gods around thy throne
And nearest to thy counsels, know with thee
For ever to have been; but who she is,
Or what her likeness, know not. Man surveys

A narrower scene, where, by the mix'd effect
Of things corporeal on his passive mind,
He judgeth what is fair. Corporeal things
The mind of man impell with various powers,
And various features to his eye disclose.
The powers which move his sense with instant joy,
The features which attract his heart to love,
He marks, combines, reposits. Other powers
And features of the self-same thing (unless
The beauteous form, the creature of his mind,
Request their close alliance) he o'erlooks
Forgotten; or with self-beguiling zeal,
Whene'er his passions mingle in the work,
Half alters, half disowns. The tribes of men
Thus from their different functions and the shapes
Familiar to their eye, with art obtain,
Unconscious of their purpose, yet with art
Obtain the beauty fitting man to love:
Whose proud desires from Nature's homely toil
Oft turn away, fastidious: asking still
His mind's high aid, to purify the form
From matter's gross communion; to secure
For ever, from the meddling hand of change
Or rude decay, her features; and to add
Whatever ornaments may suit her mien,
Where'er he finds them scatter'd through the paths
Of Nature or of Fortune. Then he seats
The accomplish'd image deep within his breast,
Reviews it, and accounts it good and fair.
Thus the one beauty of the world entire,
The universal Venus, far beyond
The keenest effort of created eyes,
And their most wide horizon, dwells enthron'd
In ancient silence. At her footstool stands
An altar burning with eternal fire
Unsullied, unconsum'd. Here every hour,
Here every moment, in their turns arrive
Her offspring; an innumerable band
Of sisters, comely all; but differing far
In age, in stature, and expressive mien,
More than bright Helen from her new-born babe.
To this maternal shrine in turns they come,
Each with her sacred lamp; that from the source
Of living flame, which here immortal flows,
Their portions of its lustre they may draw
For days, or months, or years; for ages, some;
As their great parent's discipline requires.
Then to their several mansions they depart,
In stars, in planets, through the unknown shores
Of yon ethereal ocean. Who can tell,
Even on the surface of this rolling Earth,
How many make abode? The fields, the groves,
The winding rivers, and the azure main,
Are render'd solemn by their frequent feet,
Their rites sublime. There each her destin'd home
Informs with that pure radiance from the skies
Brought down, and shines throughout her little sphere,
Exulting. Straight, as travellers by night
Turn towards a distant flame, so some fit eye,
Among the various tenants of the scene,
Discerns the heaven-born phantom seated there,
And owns her charms. Hence the wide universe,
Through all the seasons of revolving worlds,
Bears witness with its people, gods and men,
To Beauty's blissful bower, and with the voice
Of grateful admiration still resounds:
That voice, to which is Beauty's frame divine,
As is the cunning of the master's hand
To the sweet accent of the well-tun'd lyre.

Genius of ancient Greece, whose faithful steps
Have led us to these awful solitudes
Of Nature and of Science; nurse rever'd
Of generous counsels and heroic deeds;
O! let some portion of thy matchless praise
Dwell in my breast, and teach me to adorn
This unattempted theme. Nor be my thoughts
Presumptuous counted, if amid the calm
Which Hesper sheds along the vernal Heaven,
If I, from vulgar Superstition's walk,
Impatient steal, and from the unseemly rites
Of splendid Adulation, to attend
With hymns thy presence in the sylvan shade,
By their malignant footsteps unprofan'd.
Come, O renowned power; thy glowing mien
Such, and so elevated all thy form,
As when the great barbaric lord, again
And yet again diminish'd, hid his face
Among the herd of satraps and of kings;
And, at the lightning of thy lifted spear,
Crouch'd like a slave. Bring all thy martial spoils,
Thy palms, thy laurels, thy triumphal songs,
Thy smiling band of arts, thy godlike sires
Of civil wisdom, thy unconquer'd youth
After some glorious day rejoicing round
Their new-erected trophy. Guide my feet
Through fair Lycéum's walk, the olive shades
Of Academus, and the sacred vale
Haunted by steps divine, where once beneath
That ever-living platane's ample boughs
Ilissus, by Socratic sounds detain'd,
On his neglected urn attentive lay;
While Boreas, lingering on the neighbouring steep
With beauteous Orithyia, his love-tale
In silent awe suspended. There let me
With blameless hand, from thy unenvious fields,
Transplant some living blossoms, to adorn
My native clime: while, far beyond the meed
Of Fancy's toil aspiring, I unlock
The springs of ancient Wisdom: while I add
(What cannot be disjoin'd from Beauty's praise)
Thy name and native dress, thy works beldy'd
And honour'd: while to my compatriot youth
I point the great example of thy sons,
And tune to Attic themes the British lyre.

THE

PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

BOOK II.

M.DCC.LXV.

THE ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION to this more difficult part of the subject. Of truth and its three classes, matter of fact, experimental or scientifical truth, (contradistinguished from opinion) and universal truth: which last is either metaphysical or geometrical, either purely intellectual or perfectly abstracted. On the power of discerning truth depends that of acting with the view of an end; a circumstance essential to virtue. Of virtue considered in the divine mind as a perpetual and universal beneficence. Of human virtue, considered as a system of particular sentiments and actions,

le to the design of Providence and the con-
of man; to whom it constitutes the chief
ınd the first beauty. Of vice and its ori-
Of ridicule: its general nature and final
Of the passions; particularly of those
relate to evil, natural or moral, and which
ınerally accounted painful, though not al-
unattended with pleasure.

: of Beauty and the pleasing forms
aan's untutor'd fancy, from the scenes
:t of this ever-changing world,
and views, enamour'd. Now my song
themes demand: mysterious truth;
ne, sovran good: the spells, the trains,
geny of errour: the dreadful sway
on; and whatever hidden stores
r own lofty deeds and from herself
ıd acquires. Severer argument:
attractive; nor deserving less
ınt ear. For what are all the forms
by fancy from corporeal things,
ss, or pomp, or symmetry of parts?
ling to the heart, soon feeble grows,
lunt arrow 'gainst the knotty trunk,
ıpulse on the sense: while the pall'd eye
in vain its tribute; asks in vain,
ıre the ornaments it once admir'd?
he moral species, nor the powers
on and of thought. The ambitious mind
jects boundless as her own desires
re converse: by these unfading forms
and awaken'd still, with eager act
ds each nerve, and meditates well-pleas'd
s, her godlike fortune. Such the scenes
ening round us. May the destin'd verse
n its equal tenour, though in tracts
: and arduous! May the source of light,
ent, all-sufficient, guide our steps
ı every maze: and whom in childish years
ıe loud throng, the beaten paths of wealth
rer, thou didst apart send forth to speak
'ul words concerning highest things,
ll do thou, O Father, at those hours
ive freedom, when the human soul
ıt the rumour of the world, him still
hou with secret lessons: call thou back
ring thought; and let the yielding strains
s full bosom, like a welcome rill
ıeous from its healthy fountain, flow!
rom what name, what favourable sign,
eavenly auspice, rather shall I date
ilous excursion, than from Truth,
arest inmate of the human soul;
'd from whom, the countenance divine
disfigur'd and dishonour'd sinks
inferior things? For to the brutes
ion and the transient boons of sense
ate imparted: but to man alone
unary beings was it given
eeting impulse on the sensual powers
ıre to review; with equal eye
ı the passion of the stricken nerve
vague object striking: to conduct
ense, the portal turbulent and loud,
e mind's wide palace one by one
quent, pressing, fluctuating forms,
estion and compare them. Thus he learns
Their birth and fortunes; how allied they haunt
The avenues of sense: what laws direct
Their union; and what various discords rise,
Or fix'd or casual: which when his clear thought
Retains, and when his faithful words express,
That living image of the external scene,
As in a polish'd mirror held to view,
Is Truth: where'er it varies from the shape
And hue of its exemplar, in that part
Dim Errour lurks. Moreover, from without,
When oft the same society of forms
In the same order have approach'd his mind,
He deigns no more their steps with curious heed
To trace; no more their features or their garb
He now examines; but of them and their
Condition, as with some diviner's tongue,
Affirms what Heaven in every distant place,
Through every future season, will decree.
This too is truth: where'er his prudent lips
Wait till experience, diligent and slow,
Has authoriz'd their sentence, this is truth;
A second, higher kind: the parent this
Of Science; or the lofty power herself,
Science herself: on whom the wants and cares
Of social life depend; the substitute
Of God's own wisdom in this toilsome world;
The providence of man. Yet oft in vain,
To earn her aid, with fix'd and anxious eye
He looks on Nature's and on Fortune's course:
Too much in vain. His duller visual ray
The stillness and the persevering acts
Of Nature oft elude; and Fortune oft,
With step fantastic, from her wonted walk
Turns into mazes dim. His sight is foil'd;
And the crude sentence of his faltering tongue
Is but Opinion's verdict, half believ'd
And prone to change. Here thou, who feel'st thine ear
Congenial to my lyre's profounder tone,
Pause, and be watchful. Hitherto the stores,
Which feed thy mind and exercise her powers,
Partake the relish of their native soil,
Their parent Earth. But know, a nobler dower
Her sire at birth decreed her; purer gifts
From his own treasure; forms which never deign'd
In eyes or ears to dwell, within the sense
Of earthly organs; but sublime were plac'd
In his essential reason, leading there
That vast ideal host which all his works
Through endless ages never will reveal.
Thus then endow'd, the feeble creature man,
The slave of hunger, and the prey of Death,
Even now, even here, in Earth's dim prison bound,
The language of intelligence divine
Attains; repeating oft concerning one
And many, past and present, parts and whole,
Those sovereign dictates which in furthest Heaven,
Where no orb rowls, Eternity's fix'd ear
Hears from coeval Truth, when Chance nor Change,
Nature's loud progeny, nor Nature's self,
Dares intermeddle or approach her throne.
Ere long, o'er this corporeal world he learns
To extend her sway; while calling from the deep,
From earth and air, their multitudes untold
Of figures and of motions round his walk,
For each wide family some single birth
He sets in view, the impartial type of all
Its brethren; suffering it to claim, beyond
Their common heritage, no private gift,
No proper fortune. Then whate'er his eye
In this discerns, his bold unerring tongue

Pronounceth of the kindred, without bound,
Without condition. Such the rise of forms
Sequester'd far from sense and every spot
Peculiar in the realms of space or time:
Such is the throne which man for Truth amid
The paths of mutability hath built
Secure, unshaken, still; and whence he views
In matter's mouldering structures, the pure forms
Of triangle or circle, cube or cone,
Impassive all; whose attributes nor force
Nor fate can alter. There he first conceives
True being, and an intellectual world
The same this hour and ever. Thence he deems
Of his own lot; above the painted shapes
That fleeting move o'er this terrestrial scene
Looks up; beyond the adamantine gates
Of Death expatiates; as his birthright claims
Inheritance in all the works of God;
Prepares for endless time his plan of life,
And counts the universe itself his home.
Whence also but from truth, the light of minds,
Is human fortune gladden'd with the rays
Of virtue? with the moral colours thrown
On every walk of this our social scene,
Adorning for the eye of gods and men
The passions, action, habitudes of life,
And rendering Earth like Heaven, a sacred place,
Where Love and Praise may take delight to dwell?
Let none with heedless tongue from Truth disjoin
The reign of Virtue. Ere the day-spring flow'd,
Like sisters link'd in Concord's golden chain,
They stood before the great eternal Mind,
Their common parent; and by him were both
Sent forth among his creatures, hand in hand,
Inseparably join'd: nor e'er did Truth
Find an apt ear to listen to her lore, [Truth's
Which knew not Virtue's voice; nor, save where
Majestic words are heard and understood,
Doth Virtue deign to inhabit. Go, inquire
Of Nature: not among Tartarian rocks,
Whither the hungry vulture with its prey
Returns: not where the lion's sullen roar
At noon resounds along the lonely banks
Of ancient Tigris: but her gentler scenes,
The dove-cote and the shepherd's fold at morn,
Consult; or by a meadow's fragrant hedge,
In spring-time, when the woodlands first are green,
Attend the linnet singing to his mate,
Couch'd o'er their tender young. To this fond care
Thou dost not Virtue's honourable name
Attribute: wherefore, save that not one gleam
Of truth did e'er discover to themselves
Their little hearts, or teach them, by the effects
Of that parental love, the love itself
To judge, and measure its officious deeds?
But man, whose eyelids truth has fill'd with day,
Discerns how skilfully to bounteous ends
His wise affections move; with free accord
Adopts their guidance; yields himself secure
To Nature's prudent impulse; and converts
Instinct to duty and to sacred law.
Hence right and fit on Earth: while thus to man
The Almighty Legislator hath explain'd
The springs of action fix'd within his breast;
Hath given him power to slacken or restrain
Their effort; and hath shown him how they join
Their partial movements with the master-wheel
Of the great world, and serve that sacred end
Which he, the unerring reason, keeps in view.
For (if a mortal tongue may speak of him
And his dread ways) even as his boundless eye,
Connecting every form and every change,
Beholds the perfect beauty; so his will,
Through every hour producing good to all
The family of creatures, is itself
The perfect virtue. Let the grateful swain
Remember this, as oft with joy and praise
He looks upon the falling dews which clothe
His lawns with verdure, and the tender seed
Nourish within his furrows: when between
Dead seas and burning skies, where long unmov'd,
The bark had languish'd, now a rustling gale
Lifts o'er the fickle waves her dancing prow,
Let the glad pilot, bursting out in thanks,
Remember this: lest blind o'erweening pride
Pollute their offerings: lest their selfish heart
Say to the heavenly ruler, "At our call
Relents thy power: by us thy arm is mov'd."
Fools! who of God as of each other deem:
Who his invariable acts deduce
From sudden counsels transient as their own;
Nor further of his bounty, than the event
Which haply meets their loud and eager prayer,
Acknowledge; nor, beyond the drop minute
Which haply they have tasted, heed the source
That flows for all; the fountain of his love,
Which, from the summit where he sits enthron'd,
Pours health and joy, unfailing streams, throughout
The spacious region flourishing in view,
The goodly work of his eternal day,
His own fair universe; on which alone
His counsels fix, and whence alone his will
Assumes her strong direction. Such is now
His sovran purpose: such it was before
All multitude of years. For his right arm
Was never idle: his bestowing love
Knew no beginning; was not as a change
Of mood that woke at last and started up
After a deep and solitary sloth
Of boundless ages. No: he now is good,
He ever was. The feet of hoary Time
Through their eternal course have travell'd o'er
No speechless, lifeless desert; but through scenes
Cheerful with bounty still; among a pomp
Of worlds, for gladness round the maker's throne
Loud-shouting, or, in many dialects
Of hope and filial trust, imploring thence
The fortunes of their people: where so fix'd
Were all the dates of being, so dispos'd
To every living soul of every kind
The field of motion and the hour of rest,
That each the general happiness might serve;
And, by the discipline of laws divine
Convinc'd of folly or chastis'd from guilt,
Each might at length be happy. What remains
Shall be like what is pass'd; but fairer still,
And still increasing in the godlike gifts
Of life and truth. The same paternal hand,
From the mute shell-fish gasping on the shore,
To men, to angels, to celestial minds,
Will ever lead the generations on
Through higher scenes of being: while, supply'd
From day to day by his enlivening breath,
Inferior orders in succession rise
To fill the void below. As flame ascends,
As vapours to the Earth in showers return,
As the pois'd ocean toward the attracting Moon
Swells, and the ever-listening planets, charm'd
By the Sun's call, their onward pace incline,
So all things which have life aspire to God,

ant of intellectual day,
s. Nor doth the mastering voice
se within to prompt aright
or is the care of Heaven withheld
to the toil external aid;
stations all may persevere
ascent of being, and approach
er to the life divine.
ernal fabric was not rais'd
pection. Though to some be given
ansient visionary glimpse
tic scene which boundless power
perfect goodness, yet in vain
a life her faculties expand
such an object. Nor could e'er
se have touch'd the hearts of men,
sovran guide, through every stage
rarious journey, pointed out
ew toils, which to their humble sphere
strength might such importance hold
ide creation to his own.
little charities of life,
duties: hence that favourite palm
l, when duty is suffic'd,
liberal soul in ampler deeds
est herself; that sacred sign
l affinity to him
es are his own; to whom none said,
wisest, fullest, fairest world,
offspring happy;" who, intent
s of himself among his works
a pour'd into the human breast
vledge and of love, which guides
e race to act their Maker's part,
self-oblig'd: while, from before
function, the gigantic power
ough wont to curb the force
the savage elements,
d, as from a scene too high
tyranny, and with her bears
followers, Terrour, and base Awe,
erself, and that ill-suited pair,
k'd with Hatred. Then the Soul
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asons of the day, she looks
ce still: to that, as to a fence
tion and the darts of pain,
hopes repair: and, once oppos'd
ther pleasure, other wealth
lross upon the molten gold,
loathsome as the briny sea
languishes with thirst, and sighs
wn fountain pure. For what can strive
which of Nature's regions vast
ny forms produce to sight
l beauty? Beauty, which the eye
unot look upon secure:
's self contemplates, and is turn'd
enderness, to infant smiles,
umblest love. Is aught so fair
ry landscapes of the Spring,
s noontide groves, the purple eve
ne, or in the frosty Moon
Glittering on some smooth sea, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the honour'd roof
Whither from highest Heaven immortal Love
His torch ethereal and his golden bow
Propitious brings, and there a temple holds,
To whose unspotted service gladly vow'd
The social band of parent, brother, child,
With smiles and sweet discourse and gentle deeds
Adore his power? What gift of richest clime
E'er drew such eager eyes, or prompted such
Deep wishes, as the zeal that snatcheth back
From Slander's poisonous tooth a foe's renown;
Or crosseth Danger in his lion-walk,
A rival's life to rescue? as the young
Athenian warrior sitting down in bonds,
That his great father's body might not want
A peaceful, humble tomb? the Roman wife
Teaching her lord how harmless was the wound
Of Death, how impotent the tyrant's rage,
Who nothing more could threaten to afflict
Their faithful love? Or is there in the abyss,
Is there, among the adamantine spheres
Wheeling unshaken through the boundless void,
Aught that with half such majesty can fill
The human bosom, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate
Amid the crowd of patriots; and, his arm
Aloft extending like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, call'd aloud
On Tully's name, and shook the crimson sword
Of Justice in his rapt astonish'd eye,
And bad the father of his country hail,
For, lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free? Thus, through the paths
Of human life, in various pomp array'd
Walks the wise daughter of the judge of Heaven,
Fair Virtue; from her Father's throne supreme
Sent down to utter laws, such as on Earth
Most apt he knew, most powerful to promote
The weal of all his works, the gracious end
Of his dread empire. And though haply man's
Obscurer sight, so far beyond himself
And the brief labours of his little home,
Extends not; yet, by the bright presence won
Of this divine instructress, to her sway
Pleas'd he assents, nor heeds the distant goal
To which her voice conducts him. Thus hath God,
Still looking toward his own high purpose, fix'd
The virtues of his creatures; thus he rules
The parent's fondness and the patriot's zeal;
Thus the warm sense of honour and of shame;
The vows of gratitude, the faith of love;
And all the comely intercourse of praise,
The joy of human life, the earthly Heaven,
How far unlike them must the lot of guilt
Be found! Or what terrestrial woe can match
The self-convicted bosom, which hath wrought
The bane of others or enslav'd itself
With shackles vile? Not poison, nor sharp fire,
Nor the worst pangs that ever monkish hate
Suggested, or despotic rage impos'd,
Were at that season an unwish'd exchange:
When the soul loaths herself: when, flying thence
To crowds, on every brow she sees portray'd
Fell demons, hate or scorn, which drive her back
To solitude, her judge's voice divine
To hear in secret, haply sounding through
The troubled dreams of midnight, and still, still
Demanding for his violated laws
Fit recompense, or charging her own tongue

To speak the award of Justice on herself.
For well she knows what faithful hints within
Were whisper'd to beware the lying forms
Which turn'd her footsteps from the safer way:
What cautions to suspect their painted dress,
And look with steady eyelid on their smiles,
Their frowns, their tears. In vain. The dazzling hues
Of Fancy, and Opinion's eager voice,
Too much prevail'd. For mortals tread the path
In which Opinion says they follow good
Or fly from evil: and Opinion gives
Report of good or evil, as the scene
Was drawn by Fancy, pleasing or deform'd:
Thus her report can never there be true
Where Fancy cheats the intellectual eye
With glaring colours and distorted lines.
Is there a man to whom the name of death
Brings Terrour's ghastly pageants conjur'd up
Before him, death-bed groans, and dismal vows,
And the frail soul plung'd head-long from the brink
Of life and day-light down the gloomy air,
And unknown depth, to gulfs of torturing fire
Unvisited by mercy? Then what hand
Can snatch this dreamer from the fatal toils
Which Fancy and Opinion thus conspire
To twine around his heart? or who shall hush
Their clamour, when they tell him that to die,
To risk those horrours, is a direr curse
Than basest life can bring? Though love with prayers
Most tender, with affliction's sacred tears,
Beseech his aid; though gratitude and faith
Condemn each step which loiters; yet let none
Make answer for him that, if any frown
Of danger thwart his path, he will not stay,
Content, and be a wretch to be secure.
Here vice begins then: at the gate of life,
Ere the young multitude to diverse roads
Part, like fond pilgrims on a journey unknown,
Sits Fancy, deep enchantress; and to each
With kind maternal looks presents her bowl,
A potent beverage. Heedless they comply:
Till the whole soul from that mysterious draught
Is ting'd, and every transient thought imbibes
Of gladness or disgust, desire or fear,
One home-bred colour: which not all the lights
Of Science e'er shall change; not all the storms
Of adverse Fortune wash away, nor yet
The robe of purest Virtue quite conceal.
Thence on they pass, where meeting frequent shapes
Of Good and Evil, cunning phantoms apt
To fire or freeze the breast, with them they join
In dangerous parley; listening oft, and oft
Gazing with reckless passion, while its garb
The spectre heightens, and its pompous tale
Repeats with some new circumstance to suit
That early tincture of the hearer's soul.
And should the guardian, Reason, but for one
Short moment yield to this illusive scene
His ear and eye, the intoxicating charm
Involves him, till no longer he discerns,
Or only guides to err. Then revel forth
A furious band, that spurn him from the throne,
And all is uproar. Hence Ambition climbs
With sliding feet and hands impure, to grasp
Those solemn toys which glitter in his view
On Fortune's rugged steep: hence pale Revenge
Unsheaths her murderous dagger: Rapine hence,
And envious Lust, by venal Fraud upborne,
Surmount the reverend barrier of the laws
Which kept them from their prey: hence all the crimes
That e'er defil'd the Earth, and all the plagues
That follow them for vengeance, in the guise
Of Honour, Safety, Pleasure, Ease, or Pomp,
Stole first into the fond believing mind.
Yet not by Fancy's witchcraft on the brain
Are always the tumultuous passions driven
To guilty deeds, nor Reason bound in chains
That Vice alone may lord it. Oft, adorn'd
With motley pageants, Folly mounts his throne,
And plays her idiot antics, like a queen.
A thousand garbs she wears; a thousand ways
She whirls her giddy empire. Lo, thus far
With bold adventure to the Mantuan lyre
I sing for contemplation link'd with love
A pensive theme. Now haply should my song
Unbend that serious countenance, and learn
Thalia's tripping gait, her shrill-ton'd voice,
Her wiles familiar: whether scorn she darts
In wanton ambush from her lip or eye,
Or whether with a sad disguise of care,
O'ermantling her gay brow, she acts in sport
The deeds of Folly, and from all sides round
Calls forth impetuous Laughter's gay rebuke;
Her province. But through every comic scene
To lead my Muse with her light pencil arm'd;
Through every swift occasion which the hand
Of Laughter points at, when the mirthful sting
Distends her labouring sides and chokes her tongue;
Were endless as to sound each grating note
With which the rooks, and chattering daws, and grave
Unwieldy inmates of the village pond,
The changing seasons of the sky proclaim;
Sun, cloud, or shower. Suffice it to have said,
Where'er the power of Ridicule displays
Her quaint-ey'd visage, some incongruous form,
Some stubborn dissonance of things combin'd,
Strikes on her quick perception: whether pomp,
Or praise, or beauty be dragg'd in, and shown
Where sordid fashions, where ignoble deeds,
Where foul deformity is wont to dwell;
Or whether these with shrewd and wayward spite
Invade resplendent pomp's imperious mien,
The charms of beauty, or the boast of praise.
Ask we for what fair end the Almighty Sire
In mortal bosoms stirs this gay contempt,
These grateful pangs of laughter; from disgust
Educing pleasure? Wherefore, but to aid
The tardy steps of Reason, and at once
By this prompt impulse urge us to depress
Wild Folly's aims? For though the sober light
Of Truth, slow dawning on the watchful mind,
At length unfolds, through many a subtile tie,
How these uncouth disorders end at last
In public evil; yet benignant Heaven,
Conscious how dim the dawn of truth appears
To thousands, conscious what a scanty pause
From labour and from care the wider lot
Of humble life affords for studious thought
To scan the maze of Nature, therefore stamp'd
These glaring scenes with characters of scorn,
As broad, as obvious to the passing clown
As to the letter'd sage's curious eye.
But other evils o'er the steps of man
Through all his walks impend; against whose might
The slender darts of Laughter nought avail:
A trivial warfare. Some, like cruel guards,
On Nature's ever-moving throne attend;
With mischief arm'd for him whoe'er shall thwart

of her inexorable wheels,
e pursues the work that must be done
ocean, earth, and air. Hence frequent
rms
the merchant, with his wealthy bark,
y dashing waves; the traveller
y the pointed lightning in his haste;
poor husbandman, with folded arms,
g his lost labours, and a heap
d chaff the product of the field
he expected bread. But worse than these
far worse, that other race of ills
uman kind rear up among themselves;
rid offspring which misgovern'd will
fantastic errour; vices, crimes,
at curse the Earth, and make the blows,
riest blows, of Nature's innocent hand
ort; which are indeed but as the care
e parent, who solicits good
r house, though haply at the price
and froward wailing and reproach
e unthinking child, whom not the less
er destines to be happy still.
sources then of pain, this double lot
a the inheritance of man,
l for his protection no slight force,
ess watch. And therefore was his breast
ound with passions quick to be alarm'd,
orn to oppose; with fear, more swift
acons catching flame from hill to hill,
rmies land; with anger, uncontrol'd
oung lion bounding on his prey;
rrow, that locks up the struggling heart;
me, that overcasts the drooping eye
a cloud of lightning. These the part
of eager monitors, and goad
l more sharply than with points of steel,
mies to shun or to resist.
those passions, that converse with good,
d themselves; as hope, and love, and joy,
the fairest and the sweetest boons
we rightly count: so these, which guard
invading evil, still excite
ain, some tumult: these, within the mind
admitted or too long retain'd,
heir frail seat, and by their uncurb'd rage
ges more fell than Libya breeds
rm themselves; till human thought becomes
ny ruin, haunt of shapes unbless'd,
tormenting fiends; Horrour, Despair,
, and wicked Envy: foes to all
rks of Nature, and the gifts of Heaven.
when through blameless paths to righteous
ends
keener passions urge the awaken'd soul,
l not, as ungracious violence,
way describe, nor from their free career
lowship of pleasure quite exclude.
at can render, to the self-approv'd,
emper void of comfort, though in pain?
nows not with what majesty divine
ms of Truth and Justice to the mind
, ennobling oft the sharpest woe
riumph and rejoicing? Who, that bears
an bosom, hath not often felt
ar are all those ties which bind our race
leness together, and how sweet
orce, let Fortune's wayward hand the while
l or cruel? Ask the faithful youth
e cold urn, of her whom long he lov'd,
So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
Oh! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
Those sacred hours when, stealing from the noise
Of Care and Envy, sweet Remembrance soothes
With Virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture. Ask the crowd,
Which flies impatient from the village walk
To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
The savage winds have hurl'd upon the coast
Some helpless bark; while holy Pity melts
The general eye, or Terrour's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair;
While every mother closer to her breast
Catcheth her child, and, pointing where the waves
Foam through the shatter'd vessel, shrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch, who spreads his piteous arms
For succour, swallow'd by the roaring surge,
As now another, dash'd against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O! deemest thou indeed
No pleasing influence here by Nature given
To mutual terrour and compassion's tears?
No tender charm mysterious, which attracts
O'er all that edge of pain the social powers
To this their proper action and their end?
Ask thy own heart; when, at the midnight hour,
Slow through that pensive gloom thy pausing eye,
Led by the glimmering taper, moves around
The reverend volumes of the dead, the songs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by Fame
For Grecian heroes, where the sovran Power
Of Heaven and Earth surveys the immortal page
Even as a father meditating all
The praises of his son, and bids the rest
Of mankind there the fairest model learn
Of their own nature, and the noblest deeds
Which yet the world hath seen. If then thy soul
Join in the lot of those diviner men;
Say, when the prospect darkens on thy view;
When, sunk by many a wound, heroic states
Mourn in the dust, and tremble at the frown
Of hard Ambition; when the generous band
Of youths who fought for freedom and their sires
Lie side by side in death; when brutal force
Usurps the throne of Justice, turns the pomp
Of guardian power, the majesty of rule,
The sword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To poor dishonest pageants, to adorn
A robber's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of such as bow the knee; when beauteous works,
Rewards of Virtue, sculptur'd forms which deck'd
With more than human grace the warrior's arch
Or patriot's tomb, now victims to appease
Tyrannic Envy, strew the common path
With awful ruins; when the Muse's haunt,
The marble porch where Wisdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarse jargon of contentious monks,
Or female superstition's midnight prayer;
When ruthless havoc from the hand of Time
Tears the destroying scythe, with surer stroke
To mow the monuments of glory down;
Till Desolation o'er the grass-grown street
Expands her raven wings, and, from the gate
Where senates once the weal of nations plann'd,
Hisseth the gliding snake through hoary weeds,
That clasp the mouldering column: thus when all
The widely mournful scene is fix'd within

Thy throbbing bosom; when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or dash Octavius from the trophied car;
Say, doth thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? or wouldst thou then exchange
Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of silent flatterers bending to his nod,
And o'er them, like a giant, casts his eye,
And says within himself, "I am a king,
And wherefore should the clamorous voice of Woe
Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt
Of barbarous ages, that Circæan draught
Of servitude and folly, have not yet,
Bless'd be the eternal ruler of the world!
Yet have not so dishonour'd, so deform'd
The native judgment of the human soul,
Nor so effac'd the image of her sire.

THE

PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

BOOK III.

M.DCC.LXX.

What tongue then may explain the various fate
Which reigns o'er Earth? or who to mortal eyes
Illustrate this perplexing labyrinth
Of joy and woe through which the feet of man
Are doom'd to wander? That eternal mind
From passions, wants, and envy far estrang'd,
Who built the spacious universe, and deck'd
Each part so richly with whate'er pertains
To life, to health, to pleasure; why bade he
The viper Evil, creeping in, pollute
The goodly scene, and with insidious rage,
While the poor inmate looks around and smiles,
Dart her fell sting with poison to his soul?
Hard is the question, and from ancient days
Hath still oppress'd with care the sage's thought;
Hath drawn forth accents from the poet's lyre
Too sad, too deeply plaintive: nor did e'er
Those chiefs of human kind, from whom the light
Of heavenly Truth first gleam'd on barbarous lands,
Forget this dreadful secret, when they told
What wondrous things had to their favour'd eyes
And ears on cloudy mountain been reveal'd,
Or in deep cave by nymph or power divine,
Portentous oft and wild. Yet one I know,
Could I the speech of lawgivers assume,
One old and splendid tale I would record
With which the Muse of Solon in sweet strains
Adorn'd this theme profound, and render'd all
Its darkness, all its terrours, bright as noon,
Or gentle as the golden star of eve.
Who knows not Solon? last, and wisest far,
Of those whom Greece triumphant in the height
Of glory, styl'd her fathers? him whose voice
Through Athens hush'd the storm of civil wrath;
Taught envious Want and cruel Wealth to join
In friendship; and, with sweet compulsion, tam'd
Minerva's eager people to his laws,
Which their own goddess in his breast inspir'd?
'Twas now the time when his heroic task
Seem'd but perform'd in vain: when sooth'd by years
Of flattering service, the fond multitude
Hung with their sudden counsels on the breath
Of great Pisistratus: that chief renown'd,
Whom Hermes and the Idalian queen had train'd
Even from his birth to every powerful art
Of pleasing and persuading; from whose lips
Flow'd eloquence, which, like the vows of love,
Could steal away suspicion from the hearts
Of all who listen'd. Thus from day to day.
He won the general suffrage, and beheld
Each rival overshadow'd and depress'd
Beneath his ampler state: yet oft complain'd,
As one less kindly treated, who had hop'd
To merit favour, but submits perforce
To find another's services preferr'd,
Nor yet relaxeth aught of faith or zeal.
Then tales were scatter'd of his envious foes,
Of snares that watch'd his fame, of daggers aim'd
Against his life. At last with trembling limbs,
His hair diffus'd and wild, his garments loose,
And stain'd with blood from self-inflicted wounds,
He burst into the public place, as there,
There only, were his refuge; and declar'd
In broken words, with sighs of deep regret,
The mortal danger he had scarce repell'd.
Fir'd with his tragic tale, the indignant crowd,
To guard his steps, forthwith a menial band,
Array'd beneath his eye for deeds of war,
Decree. O still too liberal of their trust,
And oft betray'd by over-grateful love,
The generous people! Now behold him fenc'd
By mercenary weapons, like a king,
Forth issuing from the city gate at eve
To seek his rural mansion, and with pomp
Crowding the public road. The swain stops short,
And sighs: the officious townsmen stand at gaze,
And, shrinking, give the sullen pageant room.
Yet not the less obsequious was his brow;
Nor less profuse of courteous words his tongue,
Of gracious gifts his hand; the while by stealth,
Like a small torrent fed with evening showers,
His train increas'd. Till, at that fatal time
Just as the public eye, with doubt and shame
Startled, began to question what it saw,
Swift as the sound of earthquakes rush'd a voice
Through Athens, that Pisistratus had fill'd
The rocky citadel with hostile arms,
Had barr'd the steep ascent, and sate within
Amid his hirelings, meditating death
To all whose stubborn necks his yoke refus'd.
Where then was Solon? After ten long years
Of absence, full of haste from foreign shores
The sage, the lawgiver, had now arriv'd:
Arriv'd, alas! to see that Athens, that
Fair temple rais'd by him and sacred call'd
To Liberty and Concord, now profan'd
By savage Hate, or sunk into a den
Of slaves, who crouch beneath the master's scourge,
And deprecate his wrath, and court his chains.
Yet did not the wise patriot's grief impede
His virtuous will, nor was his heart inclin'd
One moment with such woman-like distress
To view the transient storms of civil war,
As thence to yield his country and her hopes
To all-devouring bondage. His bright helm,
Ev'n while the traitor's impious act is told,
He buckles on his hoary head: he girds
With mail his stooping breast: the shield, the spear
He snatcheth; and with swift indignant strides
The assembled people seeks: proclaims aloud

ime for counsel: in their spears
ir prudence now; the tyrant yet
firmly seated on his throne,
ie shock of their united force
n him from the summit of his pride
nd groveling in the dust. What else
ert the lost Athenian name
to the laughter of the world
by guile beneath an infant's faith
and scorn'd? Away then: Freedom now
dwell not but with fame in arms:
l show you where their mansion lies,
gh the walks of Danger or of Death
ou to them. While he spake, through all
'ded ranks his quick sagacious eye
; where no cheerful voice was heard
aring; no stretch'd arm was seen
their common task: but pale mistrust
each brow: they shook their heads, and
rn
c hands hung: cold sighs and whisper'd
ibts
th to breath stole round. The sage mean
ie
echless on, while his big bosom heav'd
with shame and sorrow: till at last
ke forth; and, "O immortal shades,
," he exclaim'd, "O Codrus, where,
ye now? behold for what ye toil'd
ife! behold for whom ye chose to die!"
ie added; but with lonely steps,
d slow, his silver beard depress'd,
ern eyes bent heedless on the ground,
s silent dwelling he repair'd.
the gate, his armour, as a man
m the service of the war his chief
after no inglorious toil,
general view. One wishful look
nconscious, toward the public place
: then beneath his quiet roof
word, without a sigh, retir'd.
nad the morrow's Sun his golden rays
et Hymettus darted o'er the fanes
s to the Salaminian shores,
on Solon's threshold met the feet
henians by the same sad care
l all: than whom the state beheld
er. First came Megacles, the son
lcmæon, whom the Lydian king,
unhappy Crœsus, in his days
nad with costly gifts adorn'd,
ls, splendid garments, tinctur'd webs,
of treasur'd gold beyond the lot
sov'reigns; thus requiting well
itable favour which erewhile
to his messengers had shown,
with offerings worthy of the god
his throne in Sardis to revere
lelphic shrine. With Megacles
'd his son, whom Agarista bore,
ous child of Clisthenes, whose hand
n sceptres the most ancient far
sway'd: but greater fame he drew
s control'd by justice, from the love
ie Muses, and the unenvied wreath
nd Olympia gave. For thither once
é steeds the hero led, and there
l through the tumult of the course
ul wheels. Then victor at the goal,
applauses of assembled Greece,
High on his car he stood and wav'd his arm.
Silence ensued! when straight the herald's voice
Was heard, inviting every Grecian youth,
Whom Clisthenes content might call his son,
To visit, ere twice thirty days were pass'd,
The towers of Sicyon. There the chief decreed,
Within the circuit of the following year,
To join at Hymen's altar, hand in hand
With his fair daughter, him among the guests
Whom worthiest he should deem. Forthwith from all
The bounds of Greece the ambitious wooers came:
From rich Hesperea; from the Illyrian shore
Where Epidamnus over Adria's surge
Looks on the setting Sun; from those brave tribes
Chaonian or Molossian whom the race
Of great Achilles governs, glorying still
In Troy o'erthrown; from rough Ætolia, nurse
Of men who first among the Greeks threw off
The yoke of kings, to commerce and to arms
Devoted; from Thessalia's fertile meads,
Where flows Péneus near the lofty walls
Of Cranon old; from strong Eretria, queen
Of all Eubœan cities, who, sublime
On the steep margin of Euripus, views
Across the tide the Marathonian plain,
Not yet the haunt of Glory. Athens too,
Minerva's care, among her graceful sons
Found equal lovers for the princely maid:
Nor was proud Argos wanting; nor the domes
Of sacred Elis; nor the Arcadian groves
That overshade Alphéus, echoing oft [band
Some shepherd's song. But through the illustrious
Was none who might with Megacles compare
In all the honours of unblemish'd youth.
His was the beauteous bride: and now their son
Young Clisthenes, betimes, at Solon's gate
Stood anxious; leaning forward on the arm
Of his great sire, with earnest eyes, that ask'd
When the slow hinge would turn, with restless feet,
And cheeks now pale, now glowing: for his heart
Throbb'd, full of bursting passions, anger, grief
With scorn embitter'd, by the generous boy
Scarce understood, but which, like noble seeds,
Are destin'd for his country and himself,
In riper years to bring forth fruits divine
Of liberty and glory. Next appear'd
Two brave companions, whom one mother bore
To different lords; but whom the better ties
Of firm esteem and friendship rendered more
Than brothers: first Miltiades, who drew
From godlike Æacus his ancient line;
That Æacus whose unimpeach'd renown
For sanctity and justice won the lyre
Of elder bards to celebrate him thron'd
In Hades o'er the dead, where his decrees
The guilty soul within the burning gates
Of Tartarus compel, or send the good
To inhabit with eternal health and peace
The vallies of Elysium. From a stem
So sacred, ne'er could worthier scion spring
Than this Miltiades; whose aid erelong
The chiefs of Thrace, already on their ways
Sent by the inspir'd foreknowing maid who sits
Upon the Delphic tripod, shall implore
To wield their sceptre, and the rural wealth
Of fruitful Chersonesus to protect
With arms and laws. But, nothing careful now,
Save for his injur'd country, here he stands
In deep solicitude with Cymon join'd:
Unconscious both what widely different lots

Await them, taught by Nature as they are
To know one common good, one common ill.
For Cymon not his valour, not his birth
Deriv'd from Codrus, not a thousand gifts
Dealt round him with a wise, benignant hand,
No, not the Olympic olive by himself
From his own brow transferr'd to sooth the mind
Of this Pisistratus, can long preserve
From the fell envy of the tyrant's sons,
And their assassin dagger. But if Death
Obscure upon his gentle steps attend,
Yet Fate an ample recompense prepares
In his victorious son, that other great
Miltiades, who o'er the very throne
Of glory shall with Time's assiduous hand
In adamantine characters engrave
The name of Athens; and, by freedom arm'd
'Gainst the gigantic pride of Asia's king,
Shall all the achievements of the heroes old
Surmount, of Hercules, of all who sail'd
From Thessaly with Jason, all who fought
For empire or for fame at Thebes or Troy.
Such were the patriots who within the porch
Of Solon had assembled. But the gate
Now opens, and across the ample floor
Straight they proceed into an open space
Bright with the beams of morn: a verdant spot,
Where stands a rural altar, pil'd with sods
Cut from the grassy turf, and girt with wreaths
Of branching palm. Here Solon's self they found
Clad in a robe of purple pure, and deck'd
With leaves of olive on his reverend brow.
He bow'd before the altar, and o'er cakes
Of barley from two earthern vessels pour'd
Of honey and of milk a plenteous stream;
Calling meantime the Muses to accept
His simple offering, by no victim ting'd
With blood, nor sullied by destroying fire,
But such as for himself Apollo claims
In his own Delos, where his favourite haunt
Is thence the Altar of the Pious nam'd.
Unseen the guests drew near, and silent view'd
That worship; till the hero priest his eye
Turn'd toward a seat on which prepar'd there lay
A branch of laurel. Then his friends confess'd
Before him stood. Backward his step he drew,
As loth that care or tumult should approach
Those early rites divine: but soon their looks,
So anxious, and their hands, held forth with such
Desponding gesture, bring him on perforce
To speak to their affliction. "Are ye come,"
He cried, "to mourn with me this common shame?
Or ask ye some new effort which may break
Our fetters? Know then, of the public cause
Not for yon traitor's cunning or his might
Do I despair: nor could I wish from Jove
Aught dearer, than at this late hour of life,
As once by laws, so now by strenuous arms,
From impious violation to assert
The rights our fathers left us. But, alas!
What arms? or who shall wield them? Ye beheld
The Athenian people. Many bitter days
Must pass, and many wounds from cruel pride
Be felt, ere yet their partial hearts find room
For just resentment, or their hands endure
To smite this tyrant brood, so near to all
Their hopes, so oft admir'd, so long belov'd.
That time will come, however. Be it yours
To watch its fair approach, and urge it on
With honest prudence: me it ill beseems
Again to supplicate the unwilling crowd,
To rescue from a vile deceiver's hold
That envied power which once with eager zeal
They offer'd to myself; nor can I plunge
In counsels deep and various, nor prepare
For distant wars, thus faultering as I tread
On life's last verge, ere long to join the shades
Of Minos and Lycurgus. But behold
What care employs me now. My vows I pay
To the sweet Muses, teachers of my youth,
And solace of my age. If right I deem
Of the still voice that whispers at my heart,
The immortal sisters have not quite withdrawn
Their old harmonious influence. Let your tongues
With sacred silence favour what I speak,
And haply shall my faithful lips be taught
To unfold celestial counsels, which may arm
As with impenetrable steel your breasts
For the long strife before you, and repel
The darts of adverse Fate." He said, and snatch'd
The laurel bough, and sate in silence down,
Fix'd, wrapp'd in solemn musing, full before
The Sun, who now from all his radiant orb
Drove the grey clouds, and pour'd his genial light
Upon the breast of Solon. Solon rais'd
Aloft the leafy rod, and thus began.
"Ye beauteous offspring of Olympian Jove
And Memory divine, Pierian maids,
Hear me, propitious. In the morn of life,
When hope shone bright, and all the prospect smil'd,
To your sequester'd mansion oft my steps
Were turn'd, O Muses, and within your gate
My offerings paid. Ye taught me then with strains
Of flowing harmony to soften War's
Dire voice, or in fair colours, that might charm
The public eye, to clothe the form austere
Of Civil Counsel. Now my feeble age
Neglected, and supplanted of the hope
On which it lean'd, yet sinks not, but to you,
To your mild wisdom flies, refuge belov'd
Of solitude and silence. Ye can teach
The visions of my bed whate'er the gods
In the rude ages of the world inspir'd,
Or the first heroes acted: ye can make
The morning light more gladsome to my sense,
Than ever it appear'd to active youth
Pursuing careless pleasure: ye can give
To this long leisure, these unheeded hours,
A labour as sublime, as when the sons
Of Athens throng'd and speechless round me stood
To hear pronounc'd for all their future deeds
The bounds of right and wrong. Celestial powers,
I feel that ye are near me: and behold,
To meet your energy divine, I bring
A high and sacred theme; not less than those
Which to the eternal custody of Fame
Your lips entrusted, when of old ye deign'd
With Orpheus or with Homer to frequent
The groves of Hæmus or the Chian shore.
"Ye know, harmonious maids, (for what of all
My various life was e'er from you estrang'd?)
Oft hath my solitary song to you
Reveal'd that duteous pride which turn'd my steps
To willing exile; earnest to withdraw
From Envy and the disappointed thirst
Of Lucre, lest the bold familiar strife,
Which in the eye of Athens they upheld
Against her legislator, should impair
With trivial doubt the reverence of his laws.
To Egypt therefore through the Ægean isles

e I steer'd, and by the banks of Nile
Canopus. Thence the hallow'd domes
nd the rites to Isis paid,
and in her temple's silent courts,
many changing moons, attentive heard
able Sonchis, while his tongue
r midnight the deep story told
o represents whate'er has been,
hall be; whose mysterious veil
l hand hath ever yet remov'd.
xhorted, southward to the walls
ass'd, the city of the Sun,
youthful god. 'Twas there amid
s and sages, who the live-long night
e dread movements of the starry sphere,
wondrous fables half disclose
ts of the elements, 'twas there
t Psenophis taught my raptur'd ears
of old Atlantis, of her chiefs,
ure laws, the first which Earth obey'd.
ny bosom sunk the noble tale;
, while I listen'd, did my mind
ith what delight her own free lyre
metime for an Attic audience raise
t lofty scene, and from their tombs
those ancient demigods to speak
and the hidden Providence
among mankind. But yet meantime
ic pomp of Ammon's gloomy sons
ess pleasing. With contempt I gaz'd
ame garb and those unvarying paths
the double yoke of king and priest
p'd the sullen race. At last, with hymns
our own Pallas and the gods
il Greece, a glad farewell I gave
, and before the southern wind
y full sails. What climes I then survey'd,
tunes I encounter'd in the realm
s or upon the Cyprian shore,
, who prompts my bosom, doth not now
hat I reveal. But when at length
s the Sun returning from the south
r'd with flowers the verdant Earth and fill'd
es with music, pleas'd I then beheld
of those long errours drawing nigh.
I said, will I sit down within
of Athens, till my feet have trod
an soil, have pierc'd those reverend haunts
Law and Civil Concord issued forth
their ancient home, and still to Greece
est, loftiest discipline proclaim.
where Amnisus, mart of wealthy ships,
beneath fam'd Cnossus and her towers
fair handmaid of a stately queen,
my prow, and thence with eager steps
of Minos enter'd. O ye gods,
ght the leaders of the simpler time
n words to curb the untoward will
ls, how within that generous isle
the triumphs of your power displayed
t! Those splendid merchants, lords
and the sea, with what delight
m at their public meal, like sons
me household, join the plainer sort
ealth was only freedom! whence to these
, and to those fantastic Pride,
strange; but noble Concord still
the strength untam'd, the rustic faith,
irst fathers. Then the growing race,
sing to behold them in their schools,
Their sports, their labours, ever plac'd within,
O shade of Minos, thy controlling eye!
Here was a docile band in tuneful tones
Thy laws pronouncing, or with lofty hymns
Praising the bounteous gods, or, to preserve
Their country's heroes from oblivious night,
Resounding what the Muse inspir'd of old;
There, on the verge of manhood, others met,
In heavy armour through the heats of noon
To march, the rugged mountains height to climb
With measur'd swiftness, from the hard-bent bow
To send resistless arrows to their mark,
Or for the fame of prowess to contend,
Now wrestling, now with fists and staves oppos'd,
Now with the biting falchion, and the fence
Of brazen shields; while still the warbling flute
Presided o'er the combat, breathing strains
Grave, solemn, soft; and changing headlong spite
To thoughtful resolution cool and clear.
Such I beheld those islanders renown'd,
So tutor'd from their birth to meet in war
Each bold invader, and in peace to guard
That living flame of reverence for their laws
Which, nor the storms of fortune, nor the flood
Of foreign wealth diffus'd o'er all the land,
Could quench or slacken. First of human names
In every Cretan's heart was Minos still;
And holiest far, of what the Sun surveys
Through his whole course, were those primeval seats
Which with religious footsteps he had taught
Their sires to approach; the wild Dictæan cave
Where Jove was born; the ever-verdant meads
Of Ida, and the spacious grotto, where
His active youth he pass'd, and where his throne
Yet stands mysterious; whither Minos came
Each ninth returning year, the king of gods
And mortals there in secret to consult
On justice, and the tables of his law
To inscribe anew. Oft also with like zeal
Great Rhea's mansion from the Cnossian gates
Men visit; nor less oft the antique fane
Built on that sacred spot, along the banks
Of shady Theron, where benignant Jove
And his majestic consort join'd their hands
And spoke their nuptial vows. Alas! 'twas there
That the dire fame of Athens sunk in bonds
I first receiv'd; what time an annual feast
Had summon'd all the genial country round,
By sacrifice and pomp to bring to mind
That first great spousal; while the enamour'd youths
And virgins, with the priest before the shrine,
Observe the same pure ritual, and invoke
The same glad omens. There, among the crowd
Of strangers from those naval cities drawn
Which deck, like gems, the island's northern shore,
A merchant of Ægina I describ'd,
My ancient host. But, forward as I sprung
To meet him, he, with dark dejected brow,
Stopp'd half-averse; and, 'O Athenian guest,'
He said, 'art thou in Crete; these joyful rites
Partaking? Know thy laws are blotted out:
Thy country kneels before a tyrant's throne.'
He added names of men, with hostile deeds
Disastrous; which obscure and indistinct
I heard: for, while he spake, my heart grew cold
And my eyes dim: the altars and their train
No more were present to me: how I far'd,
Or whither turn'd, I know not; nor recall
Aught of those moments other than the sense
Of one who struggles in oppressive sleep,

And, from the toils of some distressful dream
To break away, with palpitating heart,
Weak limbs, and temples bath'd in death-like dew,
Makes many a painful effort. When at last
The Sun and Nature's face again appear'd,
Not far I found me; where the public path,
Winding through cypress groves and swelling meads,
From Cnossus to the cave of Jove ascends.
Heedless I follow'd on; till soon the skirts
Of Ida rose before me, and the vault
Wide-opening pierc'd the mountain's rocky side.
Entering within the threshold, on the ground
I flung me, sad, faint, overworn with toil."
.....

THE

BEGINNING OF THE FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

M.DCC.LXX.

One effort more, one cheerful sally more,
Our destin'd course will finish. And in peace
Then for an offering sacred to the powers
Who lent us gracious guidance, we will then
Inscribe a monument of deathless praise,
O my adventurous song. With steady speed
Long hast thou, on an untried voyage bound,
Sail'd between Earth and Heaven: hast now survey'd,
Stretch'd out beneath thee, all the mazy tracts
Of Passion and Opinion; like a waste
Of sands and flowery lawns and tangling woods,
Where mortals roam bewilder'd: and hast now
Exulting soar'd among the worlds above,
Or hover'd near the eternal gates of Heaven,
If haply the discourses of the gods,
A curious, but an unpresuming guest,
Thou might'st partake, and carry back some strain
Of divine wisdom, lawful to repeat,
And apt to be conceiv'd of man below.
A different task remains; the secret paths
Of early genius to explore: to trace
Those haunts where Fancy her predestin'd sons,
Like to the demigods of old, doth nurse
Remote from eyes profane. Ye happy souls
Who now her tender discipline obey,
Where dwell ye? What wild river's brink at eve
Imprint your steps? What solemn groves at noon
Use ye to visit, often breaking forth
In rapture 'mid your dilatory walk,
Or musing, as in slumber, on the green?
—Would I again were with you!—O ye dales
Of Tyne, and ye most ancient woodlands; where,
Oft as the giant flood obliquely strides,
And his banks open, and his lawns extend,
Stops short the pleased traveller to view
Presiding o'er the scene some rustic tower
Founded by Norman or by Saxon hands:
O ye Northumbrian shades, which overlook
The rocky pavement and the mossy falls
Of solitary Wensbeck's limpid stream;
How gladly I recall your well-known seats
Belov'd of old, and that delightful time
When all alone, for many a summer's day,
I wander'd through your calm recesses, led
In silence by some powerful hand unseen.
Nor will I e'er forget you. Nor shall e'er
The graver tasks of manhood, or the advice
Of vulgar wisdom, move me to disclaim
Those studies which possess'd me in the dawn
Of life, and fix'd the colour of my mind
For every future year: whence even now
From sleep I rescue the clear hours of morn,
And, while the world around lies overwhelm'd
In idle darkness, am alive to thoughts
Of honourable fame, of truth divine
Or moral, and of minds to virtue won
By the sweet magic of harmonious verse;
The themes which now expect us. For thus far
On general habits, and on arts which grow
Spontaneous in the minds of all mankind,
Hath dwelt our argument; and how self-taught,
Though seldom conscious of their own employ,
In Nature's or in Fortune's changeful scene
Men learn to judge of beauty, and acquire
Those forms set up, as idols in the soul
For love and zealous praise. Yet indistinct,
In vulgar bosoms, and unnotic'd lie
These pleasing stores, unless the casual force
Of things external prompt the heedless mind
To recognize her wealth. But some there are
Conscious of nature, and the rule which man
O'er nature holds: some who, within themselves
Retiring from the trivial scenes of chance
And momentary passion, can at will
Call up these fair exemplars of the mind;
Review their features; scan the secret laws
Which bind them to each other: and display
By forms, or sounds, or colours, to the sense
Of all the world their latent charms display:
Even as in Nature's frame (if such a word,
If such a word, so bold, may from the lips
Of man proceed) as in this outward frame
Of things, the Great Artificer portrays
His own immense idea. Various names
These among mortals bear, as various signs
They use, and by peculiar organs speak
To human sense. There are who by the flight
Of air through tubes with moving stops distinct,
Or by extended chords in measure taught
To vibrate, can assemble powerful sounds
Expressing every temper of the mind
From every cause, and charming all the soul
With passion void of care. Others mean time
The rugged mass of metal, wood, or stone,
Patiently taming; or with easier hand
Describing lines, and with more ample scope
Uniting colours; can to general sight
Produce those permanent and perfect forms,
Those characters of heroes and of gods,
Which from the crude materials of the world
Their own high minds created. But the chief
Are poets; eloquent men, who dwell on Earth
To clothe whate'er the soul admires or loves
With language and with numbers. Hence to these
A field is open'd wide as Nature's sphere;
Nay, wider: various as the sudden acts
Of human wit, and vast as the demands
Of human will. The bard nor length, nor depth,
Nor place, nor form controls. To eyes, to ears,
To every organ of the copious mind,
He offereth all its treasures. Him the hours,
The seasons him obey: and changeful Time
Sees him at will keep measure with his flight,

. To enhance his toil,
om the uttermost extent
iod hath taught him, every form
wer; and all beside
is. His prevailing hand
l essence, life and sense
function of the soul.
him obsequious lies,
sive heap; and as he wills,
ection he assigns
s, their just degrees:
iar honours; whence the race
le his delightful world,
according to themselves,
the uncertain sons of Earth,
his delightful world
ess beauty doth resign.
.....

SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

IN TWO BOOKS.

OK THE FIRST.

ODE I.

PREFACE.

nt billoc laid,
elms, a friendly shade,
lling stream,
Latin lyre,
will I retire
s noontide beam.

my lonely bower,
ee from many a flower
dmy dews:
ings, "the gems are born,
en robe adorn,
breath diffuse."

! may no rude storm
cene deform,
gladsome toils;
ls unsullied spring,
sunshine court thy wing
osial spoils.

ise hereafter fail
rer thee to hail;
the strains!
Nature frame
l your arts the same,
s and your pains.

ly, sylvan scenes,
nd flowery greens
ghted plays;
desert or the air,
eagles triumph there,
bition strays.

Nor where the boding raven chants,
Nor near the owl's unhallowed haunts
Will she her cares employ;
But flies from ruins and from tombs,
From Superstition's horrid glooms,
To day-light and to joy.

Nor will she tempt the barren waste;
Nor deigns the lurking strength to taste
Of any noxious thing;
But leaves with scorn to Envy's use
The insipid nightshade's baneful juice,
The nettle's sordid sting.

From all which Nature fairest knows,
The vernal blooms, the summer rose,
She draws her blameless wealth;
And, when the generous task is done,
She consecrates a double boon,
To pleasure and to health.

ODE II. No. I.

FOR THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

DEC. 11. M.DCC.XL[1].

Now to the utmost southern goal
The Sun has trac'd his annual way,
And backward now prepares to roll,
And bless the North with earlier day.
Prone on Potosi's lofty brow,
Floods of sublimer splendour flow,
Ripening the latent seeds of gold,
Whilst, panting in the lonely shade,
The afflicted Indian hides his head,
Nor dares the blaze of noon behold.

But lo! on this deserted coast,
How faint the light! how chill the air!
Lo! arm'd with whirlwind, hail, and frost,
Fierce Winter desolates the year.
The fields resign their cheerful bloom;
No more the breezes breathe perfume;
No more the warbling waters roll:
Deserts of snow fatigue the eye;
Successive tempests bloat the sky,
And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

But let my drooping genius rise,
And hail the Sun's remotest ray:
Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
To morrow nearer than to day.
Then, louder howl the stormy waste,
Be sand and ocean worse defac'd,
Yet brighter hours are on the wing,
And Fancy, through the wintery gloom,
Radiant with dews and flowers in bloom,
Already hails the emerging Spring.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
How soon, before the vernal ray,
Should each unkindly damp recede!

[1] This Ode was afterwards entirely altered; as may be seen in the following poem. The reader will not be displeased to see it as it was originally written. *N.*

How soon each tempest hovering fly,
That now, fermenting, loads the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep,
And, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

But let not man's imperfect views,
Presume to tax wise Nature's laws:
'Tis his with silent joy to use
The indulgence of the sovereign cause;
Secure that from the whole of things
Beauty and good consummate springs,
Beyond what he can reach to know,
And that the Providence of Heaven
Has some peculiar blessing given
To each allotted state below.

Ev'n now how sweet the wintery night
Spent with the old illustrious dead:
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem the awful course to tread;
Where chiefs and legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye,
With every laurel fresh display'd:
While, charm'd, I rove in classic song,
Or bend to Freedom's fearless tongue,
Or walk the academic shade.

.....

No. II.

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.

M.DCC.XI.

The radiant ruler of the year
At length his wintery goal attains;
Seems to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his steady reins,
Now, piercing half Potosi's height,
Prone rush the fiery floods of light
Ripening the mountain's silver stores:
While in some cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft the approach of eve implores.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How pale the Sun! how thick the air!
Mustering his storms, a sordid host,
Lo, Winter desolates the year:
The fields resign their latest bloom;
No more the breezes waft perfume,
No more the streams in music roll:
But snows fall dark, or rains resound;
And, while great Nature mourns around,
Her griefs infect the human soul.

Hence the loud city's busy throngs
Urge the warm bowl and splendid fire;
Harmonious dances, festive songs
Against the spiteful Heaven conspire:
Meantime, perhaps, with tender fears
Some village-dame the curfew hears,
While round the hearth her children play:
At morn their father went abroad;
The Moon is sunk, and deep the road;
She sighs, and wonders at his stay.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
And hail the Sun's returning force;
Even now he climbs the northern skies,
And Health and Hope attend his course.
Then louder howl the aërial waste,
Be Earth with keener cold embrac'd,
Yet gentle Hours advance their wing;
And Fancy, mocking Winter's might,
With flowers and dews and streaming light
Already decks the new-born Spring.

O fountain of the golden day,
Could mortal vows promote thy speed,
How soon before thy vernal ray
Should each unkindly damp recede!
How soon each hovering tempest fly,
Whose stores for mischief arm the sky,
Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
To rend the forest from the steep,
Or, thundering o'er the Baltic deep,
To 'whelm the merchant's hopes of gain!

But let not man's unequal views
Presume o'er Nature and her laws:
'Tis his with grateful joy to use
The indulgence of the sovran cause;
Secure that health and beauty springs
Through this majestic frame of things,
Beyond what he can reach to know;
And that Heaven's all-subduing will,
With good the progeny of ill,
Attempereth every state below.

How pleasing wears the wintery night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead!
While, by the taper's trembling light,
I seem those awful scenes to tread
Where chiefs or legislators lie,
Whose triumphs move before my eye
In arms and antique pomp array'd;
While now I taste the Ionian song,
Now bend to Plato's godlike tongue
Resounding through the olive shade.

But should some cheerful, equal friend
Bid leave the studious page a while,
Let Mirth on Wisdom then attend,
And social Ease on learned Toil.
Then while, at Love's uncareful shrine,
Each dictates to the god of wine
Her name, whom all his hopes obey,
What flattering dreams each bosom warm,
While absence, heightening every charm,
Invokes the slow returning May!

May, thou delight of Heaven and Earth,
When will thy genial star arise?
The auspicious morn, which gives thee birth,
Shall bring Eudora to my eyes.
Within her sylvan haunt behold,
As in the happy garden old,
She moves like that primeval fair;
Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
Ye tender smiles, ye chaste desires,
Fond hope and mutual faith, repair.

And if believing Love can read
His better omens in her eye,
Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
And every pain of absence die:

ll my jocund harp, attun'd
ue ear, with sweeter sound
: the free Horatian song:
: shall listen to my tale,
› down the bordering vale
quid melody prolong.

ODE III.

TO A FRIEND,

UNSUCCESSFUL IN LOVE.

ıy Phædria, if to find
ealth can female wishes gain,
disturb'd your thoughtful mind,
: one serious moment's pain,
ıave said that all the rules,
ı'd of moralists and schools,
ery useless, very vain.

haps mistake the case—
ough with this heroic air,
that holds a nobler chase,
r the tender loss to bear,
your heart renounce your tongue?
t my censure strangely wrong
nt it such a slight affair?

sper gilds the shaded sky,
you seek the well-known grove,
I see you cast your eye
› the morning scenes of love:
ısing word you heard her say,
e look, her graceful way,
your struggling fancy move.

me, is your soul entire?
Tisdom calmly hold her throne?
you question each desire,
› remain, and that begone?
alf-starting from your eye?
ıg blush you know not why?
ling sigh, nor stifled groan?

ı this unmanly mood!
ere the hoary churl appears,
nd hath seiz'd the favourite good
you reserv'd for happier years:
le by side, the blushing maid
om his visage, half afraid,
the sickly joy she wears.

an powers of love and fame,
aste, harmonious pair behold;
reward the generous flame
ho barter vows for gold.
f youth, O tender charms
ed in a dotard's arms!
l price of beauty sold!

ı to gaze with looks of love:
adieu, the venal fair:
she your bliss to prove;
herefore should she prove your care?
our myrtle garland down;
while the willow's crown
ckier omens bind your hair.

O just escap'd the faithless main,
Though driven unwilling on the land;
To guide your favour'd steps again,
Behold your better genius stand:
Where Truth revolves her page divine,
Where Virtue leads to Honour's shrine,
Behold, he lifts his awful hand.

Fix but on these your ruling aim,
And Time, the sire of manly Care,
Will Fancy's dazzling colours tame,
A soberer dress will Beauty wear:
Then shall Esteem, by Knowledge led,
Enthrone within your heart and head
Some happier love, some truer fair.

ODE IV.

AFFECTED INDIFFERENCE.

TO THE SAME.

Yes, you contemn the perjur'd maid,
Who all your favourite hopes betray'd:
Nor, though her heart should home return,
Her tuneful tongue its falsehood mourn,
Her winning eyes your faith implore,
Would you her hand receive again,
At once dissemble your disdain,
Or listen to the syren's theme,
Or stoop to love: since now esteem,
And confidence, and friendship, is no more.

Yet tell me, Phædria, tell me why,
When, summoning your pride, you try
To meet her looks with cool neglect,
Or cross her walk with slight respect,
(For so is falsehood best repaid)
Whence do your cheeks indignant glow?
Why is your struggling tongue so slow?
What means that darkness on your brow
As if with all her broken vow
You meant the fair apostate to upbraid?

ODE V.

AGAINST SUSPICION.

Oh fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien;
And, meditating plagues unseen,
The sorceress hither bends;
Behold her torch in gall imbrued:
Behold—her garment drops with blood
Of lovers and of friends.

Fly far! already in your eyes
I see a pale suffusion rise;
And soon through every vein,
Soon will her secret venom spread,
And all your heart, and all your head,
Imbibe the potent stain.

Then many a demon will she raise
To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;
While gleams of lost delight
Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
As lightning shines across the main
Through whirlwinds and through night.

No more can faith or candour move;
But each ingenuous deed of love,
Which reason would applaud,
Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
Fancy malignant strives to dress
Like Injury and Fraud.

Farewell to Virtue's peaceful times:
Soon will you stoop to act the crimes
Which thus you stoop to fear:
Guilt follows guilt: and where the train
Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
What horrours form the rear!

'Tis thus to work her baleful power,
Suspicion waits the sullen hour
Of fretfulness and strife,
When care the infirmer bosom wrings,
Or Eurus waves his murky wings
To damp the seats of life.

But come, forsake the scene unbless'd,
Which first beheld your faithful breast
To groundless fears a prey:
Come, where with my prevailing lyre
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
To charm your doubts away.

Thron'd in the Sun's descending car,
What power unseen diffuseth far
This tenderness of mind?
What genius smiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whispers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?

O thou, whate'er thy awful name,
Whose wisdom our untoward frame
With social love restrains;
Thou, who by fair Affection's ties
Giv'st us to double all our joys,
And half disarm our pains.

Let universal candour still,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
Preserve my open mind;
Nor this nor that man's crooked ways
One sordid doubt within me raise
To injure human kind.

ODE VI.

HYMN TO CHEERFULNESS.

How thick the shades of evening close!
How pale the sky with weight of snows!
Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire.
——Alas! in vain I try within
To brighten the dejected scene,
While rous'd by grief these fiery pains
Tear the frail texture of my veins;
While Winter's voice, that storms around,
And yon deep death-bell's groaning sound
Renew my mind's oppressive gloom,
Till starting horrour shakes the room.
Is there in Nature no kind power
To sooth Affliction's lonely hour?
To blunt the edge of dire Disease,
And teach these wintery shades to please?

Come, Cheerfulness, triumphant fair,
Shine through the hovering cloud of care:
O sweet of language, mild of mien,
O Virtue's friend and Pleasure's queen,
Assuage the flames that burn my breast,
Compose my jarring thoughts to rest;
And while thy gracious gifts I feel,
My song shall all thy praise reveal.
As once ('twas in Astræa's reign)
The vernal powers renew'd their train,
It happen'd that immortal Love
Was ranging through the spheres above,
And downward hither cast his eye
The year's returning pomp to spy,
He saw the radiant god of day,
Waft in his car the rosy May;
The fragrant Airs and genial Hours
Were shedding round him dews and flowers;
Before his wheels Aurora pass'd,
And Hesper's golden lamp was last.
But, fairest of the blooming throng,
When Health majestic mov'd along,
Delighted to survey below
The joys which from her presence flow,
While Earth enliven'd hears her voice,
And swains, and flocks, and fields rejoice;
Then mighty Love her charms confess'd,
And soon his vows inclin'd her breast,
And, known from that auspicious morn,
Thee, pleasing Cheerfulness, was born.
Thou, Cheerfulness, by Heaven design'd
To sway the movements of the mind,
Whatever fretful passion springs,
Whatever wayward fortune brings
To disarrange the power within,
And strain the musical machine;
Thou, goddess, thy attempering hand
Doth each discordant string command,
Refines the soft, and swells the strong;
And, joining Nature's general song,
Through many a varying tone unfolds
The harmony of human souls.
Fair guardian of domestic life,
Kind banisher of homebred strife,
Nor sullen lip, nor taunting eye,
Deforms the scene where thou art by:
No sickening husband damns the hour
Which bound his joys to female power;
No pining mother weeps the cares
Which parents waste on thankless heirs:
The officious daughters pleas'd attend;
The brother adds the name of friend:
By thee with flowers their board is crown'd,
With songs from thee their walks resound;
And morn with welcome lustre shines,
And evening unperceiv'd declines.
Is there a youth, whose anxious heart
Labours with love's unpitied smart?
Though now he stray by rills and bowers,
And weeping waste the lonely hours,
Or if the nymph her audience deign,
Debase the story of his pain
With slavish looks, discolour'd eyes,
And accents faltering into sighs;
Yet thou, auspicious power, with ease
Canst yield him happier arts to please,
Inform his mien with manlier charms,
Instruct his tongue with noble arms,
With more commanding passion move,
And teach the dignity of love.

he Muse and all her train,
urt the Muse again:
· thee may well exert
er charms, her fondest art,
thee that pleasing sway
and peopled Heaven obey.
ly's plaintive tongue
later bards have sung;
s Homer's ancient might,
torious Pindar's flight:
h Lesbian wreath attir'd:
an reeds inspir'd:
: the glad perfume
he flowers of Teos bloom;
from Tibur's sabine vale
ws the enlivening gale,
e calls thy sportive choir,
ymphs, around his lyre.
ere yonder pensive sage
aps to Fortune's rage,
ender griefs oppress'd,
ngenial to his breast)
sert scenes to dwell,
joyless world farewell.
ds the autumnal shade,
h the mountain laid
ightly damps ascend
g storms aloft impend;
neighbouring surges roll,
hunders shake the pole:
by every object round,
by every horrid sound,
e for Nature's ways;
ts him through the maze:
housand demons rise
empire of the skies,
and Fate assume the rod,
blot the throne of God.
ose pleasing power I sing,
influence hither bring;
storm, dispel the gloom,
vear her wonted bloom,
d shades their sweets exhale,
well each opening gale:
breast thy softness pour,
learn the timely hour
world's benignant laws,
that presiding cause,
on discord Beauty's reign,
pleasure every pain,
hostile form to rest,
universe be bless'd.
ose pleasing power I sing,
ch the votive string,
se I yield thy name,
thou thy poet's flame:
Muse my bosom share,
peace intruding Care.
ert thy pleasing power
ip's consecrated hour;
y Sophron points the road
Visdom's calm abode,
Freedom's ancient cause
source of Albion's laws,
r all the generous toil
thy unclouded smile.
ortune's stubborn sway,
d Friendship torn away,
Muse's healing spell
at still with absence dwell,
Do thou conduct my fancy's dreams
To such indulgent placid themes,
As just the struggling breast may cheer,
And just suspend the starting tear,
Yet leave that sacred sense of woe
Which none but friends and lovers know.

ODE VII.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

Nor for themselves did human kind
Contrive the parts by Heaven assign'd
On life's wide scene to play:
Not Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill
Can conquer Glory's arduous hill,
If Fortune close the way.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
Though last and least in Fortune's roll,
His proper sphere commands;
And knows what Nature's seal bestow'd,
And sees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he stands.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who rescued nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,
My heart with distant homage views;
Content if thou, celestial Muse,
Didst rule my natal hour.

Not far beneath the hero's feet,
Nor from the legislator's seat
Stands far remote the bard.
Though not with public terrours crown'd,
Yet wider shall his rule be found,
More lasting his award.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave universal sway:
Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey.

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer shall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow;
When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
And Russel move the patriot's breast
No more than Brutus now:

Yet then shall Shakspeare's powerful art
O'er every passion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne:
Tyrants shall bow before his laws;
And Freedom's, Glory's, Virtue's cause,
Their dread assertor own.

ODE VIII.

ON LEAVING HOLLAND.

Farewell to Leyden's lonely bound,
The Belgian Muse's sober seat;
Where, dealing frugal gifts around
To all the favourites at her feet,

She trains the body's bulky frame
For passive, persevering toils;
And lest, from any prouder aim,
The daring mind should scorn her homely spoils,
She breathes maternal fogs to damp its restless flame.

Farewell the grave, pacific air,
Where never mountain zephyr blew:
The marshy levels lank and bare,
Which Pan, which Ceres never knew:
The Naiads, with obscene attire,
Urging in vain their urns to flow;
While round them chant the croking choir,
And haply soothe some lover's prudent woe,
Or prompt some restive bard, and modulate his lyre.

Farewell, ye nymphs, whom sober care of gain
Snatch'd in your cradles from the god of love:
She render'd all his boasted arrows vain;
And all his gifts did he in spite remove.
Ye too, the slow-ey'd fathers of the land,
With whom dominion steals from hand to hand,
Unown'd, undignify'd by public choice,
I go where Liberty to all is known,
And tells a monarch on his throne,
He reigns not but by her preserving voice.

II.

O my lov'd England, when with thee
Shall I sit down, to part no more?
Far from this pale, discolour'd sea,
That sleeps upon the reedy shore,
When shall I plough thy azure tide?
When on thy hills the flocks admire,
Like mountain snows; till down their side
I trace the village and the sacred spire, [vide.
While bowers and copses green the golden slope di-

Ye nymphs, who guard the pathless grove,
Ye blue-ey'd sisters of the streams,
With whom I wont at morn to rove,
With whom at noon I talk'd in dreams:
O! take me to your haunts again,
The rocky spring, the greenwood glade;
To guide my lonely footsteps deign,
To prompt my slumbers in the murmuring shade,
And soothe my vacant ear with many an airy strain.

And thou, my faithful harp, no longer mourn
Thy drooping master's inauspicious hand:
Now brighter skies and fresher gales return,
Now fairer maids thy melody demand.
Daughters of Albion, listen to my lyre!
O Phœbus, guardian of the Aonian choir,
Why sounds not mine harmonious as thy own,
When all the virgin deities above
With Venus and with Juno move
In concert round the Olympian fathers' throne?

III.

Thee too, protectress of my lays,
Elate with whose majestic call
Above degenerate Latium's praise,
Above the slavish boast of Gaul,
I dare from impious thrones reclaim,
And wanton Sloth's ignoble charms,
The honours of a poet's name
To Somers' counsels, or to Hampden's arms,
Thee, Freedom, I rejoin, and bless thy genuine flame.

Great citizen of Albion! thee
Heroic valour still attends,
And useful Science, pleas'd to see
How Art her studious toil extends,
While Truth, diffusing from on high
A lustre unconfin'd as day,
Fills and commands the public eye;
Till, pierc'd and sinking by her powerful ray,
Tame Faith and monkish Awe, like nightly demons, fly.

Hence the whole land the patriot's ardour shares,
Hence dread Religion dwells with social Joy;
And holy passions and unsullied cares,
In youth, in age, domestic life employ.
O fair Britannia, hail!—With partial love
The tribes of men their native seats approve,
Unjust and hostile to each foreign fame:
But when for generous minds and manly laws
A nation holds her prime applause,
Their public zeal shall all reproof disclaim.

ODE IX.

TO CURIO[1].

M.DCC.XLIV.

Thrice hath the spring beheld thy faded fame
Since I exulting grasp'd the tuneful shell:
Eager through endless years to sound thy name,
Proud that my memory with thine should dwell.
How hast thou stain'd the splendour of my choice!
Those godlike forms which hover'd round thy voice,
Laws, freedom, glory, whither are they flown?
What can I now of thee to time report,
Save thy fond country made thy impious sport,
Her fortune and her hope the victims of thy own?

There are, with eyes unmov'd, and reckless heart,
Who saw thee from thy summit fall thus low,
Who deem'd thy arm extended but to dart
The public vengeance on thy private foe.
But, spite of every gloss of envious minds,
The owl-ey'd race whom Virtue's lustre blinds,
Who sagely prove that each man hath his price,
I still believ'd thy aim from blemish free,
I yet, even yet, believe it, spite of thee
And all thy painted pleas to greatness and to vice.

"Thou didst not dream of Liberty decay'd,
Nor wish to make her guardian laws more
But the rash many, first by thee misled, [strong:
Bore thee at length unwillingly along."
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old,
For faith deserted or for cities sold,
Own here one untry'd, unexampled, deed;
One mystery of shame from Curio, learn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn, [meed.
And scape in Guilt's disguise from Virtue's offer'd

For saw we not that dangerous power avow'd
Whom Freedom oft hath found her mortal bane,
Whom public Wisdom ever strove to exclude,
And but with blushes suffereth in her train?
Corruption vaunted her bewitching spoils,
O'er court, o'er senate, spread in pomp her toils,

[1] See the Epistle to Curio.

And call'd herself the state's directing soul:
Till Curio, like a good magician, try'd
With Eloquence and Reason at his side, [trol.
By strength of holier spells the enchantress to con-

Soon with thy country's hope thy fame extends;
The rescued merchant oft thy words resounds:
Thee and thy cause the rural hearth defends;
His bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns:
The learn'd recluse, with awful zeal who read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
Now with like awe doth living merit scan:
While he, whom virtue in his blest retreat
Bade social ease and public passions meet,
Ascends the civil scene, and knows to be a man.

At length in view the glorious end appear'd:
We saw thy spirit through the senate reign;
And Freedom's friends thy instant omen heard
Of laws for which their fathers bled in vain.
Wak'd in the strife the public Genius rose
More keen, more ardent from his long repose:
Deep through her bounds the city felt his call:
Each crowded haunt was stirr'd beneath his power,
And murmuring challeng'd the deciding hour
Of that too vast event, the hope and dread of all.

O, ye good-powers! who look on human kind,
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll;
And watch the fleeting shapes in Curio's mind,
And steer his passions steady to the goal.
O Alfred, father of the English name,
O valiant Edward, first in civil fame,
O William, height of public virtue pure,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
Behold the sum of all your labours nigh,
Your plans of law complete, your ends of rule secure.

'Twas then—O shame! O soul from faith estrang'd!
O Albion, oft to flattering vows a prey!
'Twas then—Thy thought what sudden frenzy chang'd?
What rushing palsy took thy strength away?
Is this the man in Freedom's cause approv'd?
The man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd?
Whom the dead envy'd, and the living bless'd?
This patient slave by tinsel bonds allur'd?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?
Whom those that fear'd him, scorn; that trusted him, detest?

O lost alike to action and repose!
With all that habit of familiar fame,
Sold to the mockery of relentless foes,
And doom'd to exhaust the dregs of life in shame,
To act with burning brow and throbbing heart
A poor deserter's dull exploded part,
To slight the favour thou canst hope no more,
Renounce the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
Charge thy own lightness on thy country's mind,
And from her voice appeal to each tame foreign shore.

But England's sons, to purchase thence applause,
Shall ne'er the loyalty of slaves pretend,
By courtly passions try the public cause;
Nor to the forms of rule betray the end.
O race erect! by manliest passions mov'd,
The labours which to virtue stand approv'd,
Prompt with a lover's fondness to survey;
Yet, where Injustice works her wilful claim,
Fierce as the flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Impatient to confront, and dreadful to repay.

These thy heart owns no longer. In their room
See the grave queen of pageants, Honour, dwell,
Couch'd in thy bosom's deep tempestuous gloom
Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell.
Before her rites thy sickening reason flew,
Divine Persuasion from thy tongue withdrew,
While Laughter mock'd, or Pity stole a sigh:
Can Wit her tender movements rightly frame
Where the prime function of the soul is lame?
Can Fancy's feeble springs the force of Truth supply?

But come: 'tis time: strong Destiny impends
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd:
With princes fill'd, the solemn fane ascends,
By Infamy, the mindful demon sway'd.
There vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From nations fetter'd, and from towns laid waste,
For ever through the spacious courts resound:
There long posterity's united groan,
And the sad charge of horrours not their own,
Assail the giant chiefs, and press them to the ground.

In sight old Time, imperious judge, awaits:
Above revenge, or fear, or pity, just,
He urgeth onward to those guilty gates
The great, the sage, the happy, and august.
And still he asks them of the hidden plan
Whence every treaty, every war began,
Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims:
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath by lying bards bestow'd,
And crush their trophies huge, and rase their sculptur'd names.

Ye mighty shades, arise, give place, attend:
Here his eternal mansion Curio seeks: [bend,
—Low doth proud Wentworth to the stranger
And his dire welcome hardy Clifford speaks:
"He comes, whom Fate with surer arts prepar'd
To accomplish all which we but vainly dar'd:
Whom o'er the stubborn herd she taught to reign:
Who sooth'd with gaudy dreams their raging
Even to its last irrevocable hour; [power,
Then baffled their rude strength, and broke them to the chain."

But ye, whom yet wise Liberty inspires,
Whom for her champions o'er the world she claims,
(That household godhead, whom of old your sires
Sought in the woods of Elbe, and bore to
Drive ye this hostile omen far away; [Thames)
Their own fell efforts on her foes repay;
Your wealth, your arts, your fame, be her's alone:
Still gird your swords to combat on her side;
Still frame your laws her generous test to abide;
And win to her defence the altar and the throne.

Protect her from yourselves, ere yet the flood
Of golden luxury, which Commerce pours,
Hath spread that selfish fierceness through your blood,
Which not her lightest discipline endures:
Snatch from fantastic demagogues her cause:
Dream not of Numa's manners, Plato's laws:

A wiser founder, and a nobler plan,
O sons of Alfred, were for you assign'd:
Bring to that birthright but an equal mind,
And no sublimer lot will Fate reserve for man.

ODE X.

TO THE MUSE.

Queen of my songs, harmonious maid,
Ah why hast thou withdrawn thy aid?
Ah why forsaken thus my breast
With inauspicious damps oppress'd?
Where is the dread prophetic heat,
With which my bosom wont to beat?
Where all the bright mysterious dreams
Of haunted groves and tuneful streams,
That woo'd my genius to divinest themes?

Say, goddess, can the festal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying flame?
Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free, poetic hour?
Or, from amid the Elysian train,
The soul of Milton shall I gain,
To win thee back with some celestial strain?

O powerful strain, O sacred soul!
His numbers every sense control:
And now again my bosom burns;
The Muse, the Muse herself, returns.
Such on the banks of Tyne, confess'd,
I hail'd the fair immortal guest,
When first she seal'd me for her own,
Made all her blissful treasures known,
And bade me swear to follow her alone.

ODE XI.

ON LOVE.—TO A FRIEND.

No, foolish youth—to virtuous fame
If now thy early hopes be vow'd,
If true ambition's nobler flame
Command thy footsteps from the crowd,
Lean not to Love's enchanting snare;
His songs, his words, his looks beware,
Nor join his votaries, the young and fair.

By thought, by dangers, and by toils,
The wreath of just Renown is worn;
Nor will Ambition's awful spoils
The flowery pomp of Ease adorn:
But Love unbends the force of thought;
By Love unmanly fears are taught;
And Love's reward with gaudy Sloth is bought.

Yet thou hast read in tuneful lays,
And heard from many a zealous breast,
The pleasing tale of Beauty's praise
In Wisdom's lofty language dress'd;
Of Beauty, powerful to impart
Each finer sense, each comelier art,
And soothe and polish man's ungentle heart.

If then, from Love's deceit secure,
Thus far alone thy wishes tend,
Go; see the white-wing'd evening hour
On Delia's vernal walk descend:
Go, while the golden light serene,
The grove, the lawn, the soften'd scene,
Becomes the presence of the rural queen.

Attend, while that harmonious tongue
Each bosom, each desire, commands:
Apollo's lute by Hermes strung,
And touch'd by chaste Minerva's hands,
Attend. I feel a force divine,
O Delia, win my thoughts to thine;
That half the colour of thy life is mine.

Yet, conscious of the dangerous charm,
Soon would I turn my steps away;
Nor oft provoke the lovely harm,
Nor lull my reason's watchful sway.
But thou, my friend—I hear thy sighs:
Alas! I read thy downcast eyes;
And thy tongue faulters; and thy colour flies.

So soon again to meet the fair?
So pensive all this absent hour?
—O yet, unlucky youth, beware,
While yet to think is in thy power.
In vain with friendship's flattering name
Thy passion veils its inward shame;
Friendship the treacherous fuel of thy flame!

Once I remember, new to Love,
And dreading his tyrannic chain,
I sought a gentle maid, to prove
What peaceful joys in friendship reign;
Whence we forsooth might safely stand,
And pitying view the love-sick band,
And mock the winged boy's malicious hand.

Thus frequent pass'd the cloudless day,
To smiles and sweet discourse resign'd;
While I exulted to survey
One generous woman's real mind:
Till Friendship soon my languid breast
Each night with unknown cares possess'd,
Dash'd my coy slumbers, or my dreams distr

Fool that I was!—And now, even now
While thus I preach the Stoic strain,
Unless I shun Olympia's view,
An hour unsays it all again.
O friend!—when Love directs her eyes
To pierce where every passion lies,
Where is the firm, the cautious, or the wise?

ODE XII.

TO SIR FRANCIS HENRY DRAKE, BART.

Behold, the Balance in the sky
Swift on the wintry scale inclines;
To earthy caves the Dryads fly,
And the bare pastures Pan resigns.
Late did the farmer's fork o'erspread
With recent soil the twice-mown mead,
Tainting the bloom which autumn knows:
He whets the rusty coulter now,
He binds his oxen to the plough,
And wide his future harvest throws.

ıdon's busy confines round,
nsington's imperial towers,
ghgate's rough descent profound,
an heaths, or Kentish bowers,
I pass, I see approach
ral statesman's eager coach
d by senatorial cares:
ural nymphs (alike within,
courtly praise to win)
e their dress, reform their airs.

t can now the country boast,
ke, thy footsteps to detain,
evish winds and gloomy frost
ınshine of the temper stain?
the priests of Devon grown
o this tolerating throne,
ions for George's legal right?
eral freedom, equal law,
he glory of Nassau
old Wessexian 'squire and knight?

t much; and guess at least
hen the day, which made us free,
ct return, that sacred feast
etter may'st observe with me.
the sulphurous treason old
rior part shall hold
t glad day's triumphal strain;
rous William be rever'd,
untimely accent heard
nes or his ignoble reign.

ile the Gascon's fragrant wine
modest cups our joy supplies,
ıly thank the power divine
ade the chief, the patriot rise;
n heroic ease (the spoil
his youth's Herculean toil,
Belgium to her saviour son)
ı the same unconquer'd zeal
Britannia's injur'd weal,
ws defac'd, her shrines o'erthrown.

. The tyrant from our shore,
forbidden demon, fled;
ternal exile bore
c rage and vassal dread.
nk the mouldering Gothic reign:
rs came forth, a liberal train,
by the people's great decree.
, my friend, let blessings crown:
the demigod's renown
whom thou hast that thou art free.

rake, (for wherefore should we part
ublic and the private weal?)
to her who sways thy heart,
ealth, glad fortune, will we deal.
Aglaia's blooming cheek,
oft ornaments that speak
quent in Daphne's smile,
the piercing lights that fly
e dark heaven of Myrto's eye,
thy fancy then beguile.

is. Thy stubborn breast,
h touch'd by many a slighter wound,
full conquest yet confess'd,
e one fatal charmer found.

While I, a true and loyal swain,
My fair Olympia's gentle reign
Through all the varying seasons own.
Her genius still my bosom warms:
No other maid for me hath charms,
Or I have eyes for her alone.

ODE XIII.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

I.

Once more I join the Thespian choir,
And taste the inspiring fount again:
O parent of the Grecian lyre,
Admit me to thy powerful strain—
And lo! with ease my step invades
The pathless vale and opening shades,
Till now I spy her verdant seat:
And now at large I drink the sound,
While these her offspring, listening round,
By turns her melody repeat.

I see Anacreon smile and sing,
His silver tresses breathe perfume;
His cheek displays a second spring
Of roses taught by wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful cares, away,
And let me listen to his lay;
Let me the wanton pomp enjoy,
While in smooth dance the light-wing'd hours
Lead round his lyre its patron powers,
Kind laughter and convivial joy.

Broke from the fetters of his native land,
Devoting shame and vengeance to her lords,
With louder impulse and a threatening hand
The Lesbian patriot[1] smiles the sounding chords:
Ye wretches, ye perfidious train,
Ye curs'd of gods and free-born men,
Ye murderers of the laws,
Though now ye glory in your lust,
Though now ye tread the feeble neck in dust,
Yet Time and righteous Jove will judge your dreadful cause.

II.

But lo, to Sappho's melting airs
Descends the radiant queen of love:
She smiles, and asks what fonder cares
Her suppliant's plaintive measures move:
Why is my faithful maid distress'd?
Who, Sappho, wounds thy tender breast!
Say, flies he?—Soon he shall pursue:
Shuns he thy gifts?—He soon shall give:
Slights he thy sorrows?—He shall grieve,
And soon to all thy wishes bow.

But, O Melpomene, for whom
Awakes thy golden shell again?
What mortal breath shall e'er presume
To echo that unbounded strain?
Majestic in the frown of years,
Behold, the man of Thebes[2] appears:
For some there are, whose mighty frame
The hand of Jove at birth endow'd
With hopes that mock the gazing crowd;
As eagles drink the noon-tide flame,

[1] Alcæus. [2] Pindar.

While the dim raven beats her weary wings,
And clamours far below.—Propitious Muse,
While I so late unlock thy purer springs,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient airs infuse,
Wilt thou for Albion's sons around
(Ne'er hadst thou audience more renown'd)
Thy charming arts employ,
As when the winds from shore to shore
Through Greece thy lyre's persuasive language bore,
Till towns and isles and seas return'd the vocal joy?

III.

Yet then did Pleasure's lawless throng,
Oft rushing forth in loose attire,
Thy virgin dance, thy graceful song,
Pollute with impious revels dire.
O fair, O chaste, thy echoing shade
May no foul discord here invade:
Nor let thy strings one accent move,
Except what Earth's untroubled ear
'Mid all her social tribes may hear,
And Heaven's unerring throne approve.

Queen of the lyre, in thy retreat
The fairest flowers of Pindus glow;
The vine aspires to crown thy seat,
And myrtles round thy laurel grow:
Thy strings adapt their varied strain
To every pleasure, every pain,
Which mortal tribes were born to prove;
And straight our passions rise or fall,
As at the wind's imperious call
The ocean swells, the billows move.

When Midnight listens o'er the slumbering Earth,
Let me, O Muse, thy solemn whispers hear:
When Morning sends her fragrant breezes forth,
With airy murmurs touch my opening ear,
And ever watchful at thy side,
Let Wisdom's awful suffrage guide
The tenour of thy lay:
To her of old by Jove was given
To judge the various deeds of Earth and Heaven;
'Twas thine by gentle arts to win us to her sway.

IV.

Oft as, to well-earn'd ease resign'd,
I quit the maze where Science toils,
Do thou refresh my yielding mind
With all thy gay, delusive spoils,
But, O indulgent! come not nigh
The busy steps, the jealous eye
Of wealthy Care or gainful Age;
Whose barren souls thy joys disdain,
And hold as foes to Reason's reign
Whome'er thy lovely works engage.

When Friendship and when letter'd Mirth
Haply partake my simple board,
Then let thy blameless hand call forth
The music of the Teian chord.
Or if invok'd at softer hours,
O! seek with me the happy bowers
That hear Olympia's gentle tongue;
To Beauty link'd with Virtue's train,
To Love devoid of jealous pain,
There let the Sapphic lute be strung.

But when from Envy and from Death to clai
A hero bleeding for his native land;
When to throw incense on the vestal flame
Of Liberty my genius gives command,
Nor Theban voice nor Lesbian lyre
From thee, O Muse! do I require;
While my presaging mind,
Conscious of powers she never knew,
Astonish'd grasps at things beyond her view,
Nor by another's fate submits to be confin'd.

ODE XIV.

TO THE HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND:

FROM THE COUNTRY.

Say, Townshend, what can London boast
To pay thee for the pleasures lost,
The health to day resign'd;
When Spring from this her favourite seat
Bade Winter hasten his retreat,
And met the western wind?

Oh! knew'st thou how the balmy air,
The Sun, the azure heavens prepare
To heal thy languid frame;
No more would noisy courts engage,
In vain would lying Faction's rage
Thy sacred leisure claim.

Oft I look'd forth, and oft admir'd;
Till with the studious volume tir'd
I sought the open day;
"And sure," I cry'd, "the rural gods
Expect me in their green abodes,
And chide my tardy stay."

But, ah! in vain my restless feet
Trac'd every silent shady seat
Which knew their forms of old:
Nor Naiad by her fountain laid,
Nor Wood-nymph tripping through her glade,
Did now their rites unfold:

Whether to nurse some infant oak
They turn the slowly-tinkling brook,
And catch the pearly showers,
Or brush the mildew from the woods,
Or paint with noon-tide beams the buds,
Or breathe on opening flowers.

Such rites, which they with Spring renew,
The eyes of Care can never view;
And care hath long been mine:
And hence offended with their guest,
Since grief of love my soul oppress'd,
They hide their toils divine.

But soon shall thy enlivening tongue
This heart, by dear affliction wrung,
With noble hope inspire:
Then will the sylvan powers again
Receive me in their genial train,
And listen to my lyre.

m Dryad's lonely shade
tar shall be paid,
with laurel fram'd:
the inscription wilt approve;
the peace which, lost by Love,
ndship was reclaim'd."

ODE XV.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

retir'd the queen of Heaven
young Endymion strays:
o Hesper is it given
to rule the vacant sky,
shall to her lamp supply
eam of lighter rays.

! while the starry throng
awe thy path surrounds,
n to my suppliant song,
y now the vocal sphere
ler thy delighted ear
oop to mortal sounds.

ne bridegroom's genial strain
ill invoke to shine:
ne bride's unmarried train
n chant their flattering vow,
his lucky torch may glow
nstre pure as thine.

vows must I prefer
indulgent power,
t now I paid my tear
lympia's virgin tomb:
'rom thence, in quest I roam
omela's bower.

send thy golden ray,
urest light above:
se flame seduce to stray
lf or steep lie hid for harm:
where Music's healing charm
othe afflicted love.

by many a grateful song
ner seasons vow'd,
ns, Olympia's haunt, belong:
n silver stream we walk'd,
while Philomela talk'd,
h yon copses stood.

m, where the beachen boughs
oofless tower invade,
while her enchanting Muse
n Moon above us held:
clamorous owl compell'd,
l the solemn shade.

! I hear her liquid tone.
Hesper, guide my feet
red marle with moss o'ergrown,
yon wild thicket next the plain,
wthorns choke the winding lane
leads to her retreat.

See the green space: on either hand
Enlarg'd it spreads around:
See, in the midst she takes her stand,
Where one old oak his awful shade
Extends o'er half the level mead,
Enclos'd in woods profound.

Hark! how through many a melting note
She now prolongs her lays:
How sweetly down the void they float!
The breeze their magic path attends:
The stars shine out: the forest bends:
The wakeful heifers gaze.

Whoe'er thou art, whom chance may bring
To this sequester'd spot,
If then the plaintive syren sing,
Oh! softly tread beneath her bower,
And think of Heaven's disposing power,
Of man's uncertain lot.

Oh! think, o'er all this mortal stage,
What mournful scenes arise:
What ruin waits on kingly rage:
How often Virtue dwells with Woe:
How many griefs from knowledge flow:
How swiftly pleasure flies.

O sacred bird, let me at eve,
Thus wandering all alone,
Thy tender counsel oft receive,
Bear witness to thy pensive airs,
And pity Nature's common cares
Till I forget my own.

ODE XVI.

TO CALEB HARDINGE, M. D.

With sordid floods the wintry urn[1]
Hath stain'd fair Richmond's level green:
Her naked hill the Dryads mourn,
No longer a poetic scene.
No longer there thy rapt'rd eye
The beauteous forms of earth or sky
Surveys as in their author's mind:
And London shelters from the year
Those whom thy social hours to share
The Attic Muse design'd.

From Hampstead's airy summit me,
Her guest, the city shall behold,
What day the people's stern decree
To unbelieving kings is told,
When common men (the dread of Fame)
Adjudg'd as one of evil name,
Before the Sun, the anointed head.
Then seek thou too the pious town,
With no unworthy cares to crown
That evening's awful shade.

Deem not I call thee to deplore
The sacred martyr of the day,
By fast and penitential lore
To purge our ancient guilt away.
For this, on humble faith I rest
That still our advocate, the priest,

[1] Aquarius.

From heavenly wrath will save the land;
Nor ask what rites our pardon gain,
Nor how his potent sounds restrain
The thunderer's lifted hand.

No, Hardinge: peace to church and state!
That evening, let the Muse give law:
While I anew the theme relate
Which my first youth enamour'd saw.
Then will I oft explore thy thought,
What to reject which Locke hath taught,
What to pursue in Virgil's lay:
Till Hope ascends to loftiest things,
Nor envies demagogues or kings
Their frail and vulgar sway.

O! vers'd in all the human frame,
Lead thou where'er my labour lies,
And English Fancy's eager flame
To Grecian purity chastise:
While hand in hand, at Wisdom's shrine,
Beauty with Truth I strive to join,
And grave assent with glad applause;
To paint the story of the soul,
And Plato's visions to control
By Verulamian [2] laws.

ODE XVII.

ON A SERMON AGAINST GLORY.

M.DCC.XLVII.

Come then, tell me, sage divine,
Is it an offence to own
That our bosoms e'er incline
Toward immortal Glory's throne?
For with me nor pomp, nor pleasure,
Bourbon's might, Braganza's treasure,
So can Fancy's dream rejoice,
So conciliate Reason's choice,
As one approving word of her impartial voice.

If to spurn at noble praise
Be the passport to thy Heaven,
Follow thou those gloomy ways;
No such law to me was given,
Nor, I trust, shall I deplore me
Faring like my friends before me;
Nor an holier place desire
Than Timolean's arms acquire,
And Tully's curule chair, and Milton's golden lyre.

ODE XVIII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRANCIS EARL OF HUNTINGDON.

M.DCC.XLVII.

I.

The wise and great of every clime,
Through all the spacious walks of Time,
Where'er the Muse her power display'd,
With joy have listen'd and obey'd.

[2] Verulam gave one of his titles to Francis Bacon, Novum Organum.

For, taught of Heaven, the sacred Nine
Persuasive numbers, forms divine,
To mortal sense impart:
They best the soul with glory fire;
They noblest counsels, boldest deeds inspi
And high o'er Fortune's rage enthrone the fixed

Nor less prevailing is their charm
The vengeful bosom to disarm;
To melt the proud with human woe,
And prompt unwilling tears to flow.
Can wealth a power like this afford?
Can Cromwell's arts, or Marlborough's
An equal empire claim?
No, Hastings. Thou my words will ow
Thy breast the gifts of every Muse hath k
Nor shall the giver's love disgrace thy noble

The Muse's awful art,
And the blest function of the poet's tongu
Ne'er shalt thou blush to honour; to asse
From all that scorned Vice or slavish Fear hat
Nor shall the blandishment of Tuscan str
Warbling at will in Pleasure's myrtle b
Nor shall the servile notes to Celtic kings
By flattering minstrels paid in evil hou
Move thee to spurn the heavenly Muse's
A different strain,
And other themes,
From her prophetic shades and hallow'd st
(Thou well canst witness) meet the purge
Such, as when Greece to her immortal sh
Rejoicing listen'd, godlike sounds to hear
To hear the sweet instructress tell
(While men and heroes throng'd around)
How life its noblest use may find,
How well for freedom be resign'd;
And how, by Glory, Virtue shall be crown'd

II.

Such was the Chian father's strain
To many a kind domestic train,
Whose pious hearth and genial bowl
Had cheer'd the reverend pilgrim's sou
When, every hospitable rite
With equal bounty to requite,
He struck his magic strings;
And pour'd spontaneous numbers forth
And seiz'd their ears with tales of ancient
And fill'd their musing hearts with vast heroic

Now oft, where happy spirits dwell,
Where yet he tunes his charming shell
Oft near him, with applauding hands,
The Genius of his country stands.
To listening gods he makes him known
That man divine, by whom were sown
The seeds of Grecian fame:
Who first the race with freedom fir'd;
From whom Lycurgus Sparta's sons insp
From whom Platæan palms and Cyprian t
came.

O noblest, happiest age!
When Aristides rul'd, and Cimon foug
When all the generous fruits of Home
Exulting Pindar saw to full perfection brou
O Pindar, oft shalt thou be hail'd of me
Not that Apollo fed thee from his shri
Not that thy lips drank sweetness from t
Nor yet that, studious of thy notes div

Pan danc'd their measure with the sylvan throng:
But that thy song
Was proud to unfold
What thy base rulers trembled to behold;
Amid corrupted Thebes was proud to tell
The deeds of Athens and the Persian shame:
Hence on thy head their impious vengeance fell.
But thou, O faithful to thy fame,
The Muse's law didst rightly know;
That who would animate his lays,
And other minds to virtue raise,
Must feel his own with all her spirit glow.

III.

Are there, approv'd of later times,
Whose verse adorn'd a tyrant's[1] crimes?
Who saw majestic Rome betray'd,
And lent the imperial ruffian aid?
Alas! not one polluted bard,
No, not the strains that Mincius heard,
Or Tibur's hills reply'd,
Dare to the Muse's ear aspire;
Save that, instructed by the Grecian lyre,
With Freedom's ancient notes their shameful task they hide.

Mark, how the dread Pantheon stands,
Amid the domes of modern hands:
Amid the toys of idle state,
How simply, how severely great!
Then turn, and, while each western clime
Presents her tuneful sons to Time,
So mark thou Milton's name;
And add, "Thus differs from the throng
The spirit which inform'd thy awful song, [fame."
Which bade thy potent voice protect thy country's

Yet hence barbaric Zeal
His memory with unholy rage pursues;
While from these arduous cares of public weal
She bids each bard begone, and rest him with his Muse.
O fool! to think the man, whose ample mind
Must grasp at all that yonder stars survey;
Must join the noblest forms of every kind,
The world's most perfect image to display,
Can e'er his country's majesty behold,
Unmov'd or cold!
O fool! to deem
That he, whose thought must visit every theme,
Whose heart must every strong emotion know
Inspir'd by Nature, or by Fortune taught;
That he, if haply some presumptuous foe,
With false ignoble science fraught,
Shall spurn at Freedom's faithful band;
That he their dear defence will shun,
Or hide their glories from the Sun,
Or deal their vengeance with a woman's hand!

IV.

I care not that in Arno's plain,
Or on the sportive banks of Seine,
From public themes the Muse's quire
Content with polish'd ease retire.
Where priests the studious head command,
Where tyrants bow the warlike hand
To vile Ambition's aim,
Say, what can public themes afford,
Save venal honours to an hateful lord, [Fame?
Reserv'd for angry Heaven, and scorn'd of honest

[1] Octavianus Cæsar.

But here, where Freedom's equal throne
To all her valiant sons is known;
Where all are conscious of her cares,
And each the power, that rules him, shares;
Here let the Bard, whose dastard tongue
Leaves public arguments unsung,
Bid public praise farewell:
Let him to fitter climes remove,
Far from the hero's and the patriot's love,
And lull mysterious monks to slumber in their cell.

O Hastings, not to all
Can ruling Heaven the same endowments lend:
Yet still doth Nature to her offspring call,
That to one general weal their different powers they bend,
Unenvious. Thus alone, though strains divine
Inform the bosom of the Muse's son;
Though with new honours the patrician's line
Advance from age to age; yet thus alone
They win the suffrage of impartial Fame.
The poet's name
He best shall prove,
Whose lays the soul with noblest passions move.
But thee, O progeny of heroes old,
Thee to severer toils thy fate requires:
The fate which form'd thee in a chosen mould,
The grateful country of thy sires,
Thee to sublimer paths demand;
Sublimer than thy sires could trace,
Or thy own Edward teach his race,
Though Gaul's proud genius sank beneath his hand.

V.

From rich domains and subject farms,
They led the rustic youth to arms;
And kings their stern achievements fear'd;
While private Strife their banners rear'd.
But loftier scenes to thee are shown,
Where Empire's wide-establish'd throne
No private master fills:
Where, long foretold, the people reigns:
Where each a vassal's humble heart disdains;
And judgeth what he sees; and, as he judgeth, wills.

Here be it thine to calm and guide
The swelling democratic tide;
To watch the state's uncertain frame,
And baffle Faction's partial aim:
But chiefly, with determin'd zeal,
To quell that servile band, who kneel
To Freedom's banish'd foes;
That monster, which is daily found
Expert and bold thy country's peace to wound;
Yet dreads to handle arms, nor manly counsel knows.

'Tis highest Heaven's command,
That guilty aims should sordid paths pursue;
That what ensnares the heart should maim the hand,
And Virtue's worthless foes be false to Glory too.
But look on Freedom. See, through every age,
What labours, perils, griefs, hath she disdain'd!
What arms, what regal pride, what priestly rage,
Have her dread offspring conquer'd or sustain'd!
For Albion well have conquer'd. Let the strains
Of happy swains,
Which now resound [bound,
Where Scarsdale's cliffs the swelling pastures

Bear witness. There, oft let the farmer hail
The sacred orchard which imbowers his gate,
And show to strangers passing down the vale,
Where Ca'ndish, Booth, and Osborne sate;
When, bursting from their country's chain,
Even in the midst of deadly arms,
Of papal snares and lawless arms,
They plann'd for Freedom this her noblest reign.

VI.

This reign, these laws, this public care,
Which Nassau gave us all to share,
Had ne'er adorn'd the English name,
Could Fear have silenc'd Freedom's claim.
But Fear in vain attempts to bind
Those lofty efforts of the mind
Which social Good inspires;
Where men, for this, assault a throne,
Each adds the common welfare to his own;
And each unconquer'd heart the strength of all acquires.

Say, was it thus, when late we view'd
Our fields in civil blood imbrued?
When Fortune crown'd the barbarous host,
And half the astonish'd isle was lost?
Did one of all that vaunting train,
Who dare affront a peaceful reign,
Durst one in arms appear?
Durst one in counsels pledge his life?
Stake his luxurious fortunes in the strife?
Or lend his boasted name his vagrant friends to cheer?

Yet, Hastings, these are they
Who challenge to themselves thy country's love;
The true; the constant: who alone can weigh,
What Glory should demand, or Liberty approve!
But let their works declare them. Thy free powers,
The generous powers of thy prevailing mind,
Not for the tasks of their confederate hours,
Lewd brawls and lurking slander, where design'd.
Be thou thy own approver. Honest praise
Oft nobly sways
Ingenuous youth:
But, sought from cowards and the lying mouth,
Praise is reproach. Eternal God alone
For mortals fixeth that sublime award.
He, from the faithful records of his throne,
Bids the historian and the bard
Dispose of honour and of scorn;
Discern the patriot from the slave;
And write the good, the wise, the brave,
For lessons to the multitude unborn.

BOOK THE SECOND.

ODE I.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF SHAKSPEARE:

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE-ROYAL, WHILE THE FRENCH COMEDIANS WERE ACTING BY SUBSCRIPTION.

M.DCC.XLIX.

If, yet regardful of your native land,
Old Shakspeare's tongue you deign to understand,
Lo! from the blissful bowers where Heaven rewards
Instructive sages and unblemish'd bards,
I come, the ancient founder of the stage,
Intent to learn, in this discerning age,
What form of wit your fancies have embrac'd,
And whither tends your elegance of taste,
That thus at length our homely toils you spurn,
That thus to foreign scenes you proudly turn,
That from my brow the laurel wreath you claim
To crown the rivals of your country's fame.
What, though the footsteps of my devious Muse
The measur'd walks of Grecian art refuse?
Or though the frankness of my hardy style
Mock the nice touches of the critic's file?
Yet, what my age and climate held to view,
Impartial I survey'd and fearless drew.
And say, ye skilful in the human heart,
Who know to prize a poet's noblest part,
What age, what clime, could e'er an ampler field
For lofty thought, for daring fancy, yield?
I saw this England break the shameful bands
Forg'd for the souls of men by sacred hands:
I saw each groaning realm her aid implore;
Her sons the heroes of each warlike shore:
Her naval standard (the dire Spaniard's bane)
Obey'd through all the circuit of the main.
Then too great Commerce, for a late-found world,
Around your coast her eager sails unfurl'd:
New hopes, new passions, thence the bosom fir'd;
New plans, new arts, the genius thence inspir'd;
Thence every scene, which private fortune knows,
In stronger life, with bolder spirit, rose.
Disgrac'd I this full prospect which I drew?
My colours languid, or my strokes untrue?
Have not your sages, warriors, swains, and kings,
Confess'd the living draught of men and things?
What other bard in any clime appears
Alike the master of your smiles and tears?
Yet have I deign'd your audience to entice
With wretched bribes to Luxury and Vice?
Or have my various scenes a purpose known
Which Freedom, Virtue, Glory, might not own?
Such from the first was my dramatic plan:
It should be yours to crown what I began:
And now that England spurns her Gothic chain,
And equal laws and social science reign,
I thought, Now surely shall my zealous eyes
View nobler bards and juster critics rise,
Intent with learned labour to refine
The copious ore of Albion's native mine,
Our stately Muse more graceful airs to teach,
And form her tongue to more attractive speech,
Till rival nations listen at her feet,
And own her polish'd, as they own'd her great.
But do you thus my favourite hopes fulfil?
Is France at last the standard of your skill?
Alas for you! that so betray a mind
Of art unconscious, and to beauty blind.
Say; does her language your ambition raise,
Her barren, trivial, unharmonious phrase,
Which fetters eloquence to scantiest bounds,
And maims the cadence of poetic sounds?
Say; does your humble admiration choose
The gentle prattle of her comic Muse,
While wits, plain-dealers, fops, and fools appear,
Charg'd to say nought but what the king may hear?
Or rather melt your sympathizing hearts,
Won by her tragic scene's romantic arts,
Where old and young declaim on soft desire,
And heroes never, but for love, expire?
No. Though the charms of novelty, a while,
Perhaps too fondly win your thoughtless smile,

r you design'd indulgent Fate
s or manners of the Bourbon state.
our minds my partial judgment reads,
y an augury my hope misleads,
r maids of yonder blooming train
ight courtship would an audience deign,
chaste matrons a Parisian wife
r the model of domestic life;
youth of all that generous band,
gth and splendour of their native land,
eld his portion of his country's fame,
old Freedom's patrimonial claim,
ig smiles Oppression's pomp to see,
e of glory by a king's decree.
at home with justly-envied laws,
e chiefs of Europe's general cause,
eaven hath chosen at each dangerous hour
the inroads of barbaric power,
s of trampled nations to reclaim,
d the social world from bonds and shame;
ot Luxury's fantastic charms
the lie to your heroic arms:
e ornaments of life embrace
lessons from that vaunting race,
ate's dread laws (for, in eternal Fate,
Rule was heir to Freedom's hate)
each warlike, each commercial part,
ounsel, and in pleasing art,
of Earth predestin'd for your foes,
it fame and virtue to oppose.

ODE II.

TO SLEEP.

silent power, whose welcome sway
ms every anxious thought away;
ose divine oblivion drown'd,
pain and weary toil grow mild,
is with kinder looks beguil'd,
ief forgets her fondly-cherish'd wound;
er hast thou flown, indulgent god?
kind shadows and of healing dews,
dost thou touch with thy Lethæan rod?
ose temples now thy opiate airs diffuse?

Midnight from her starry reign
s awful down on earth and main.
uneful birds lie hush'd in sleep,
all that crop the verdant food,
all that skim the crystal flood,
nt the caverns of the rocky steep.
ing winds disturb the tufted bowers;
eful sound the moon-light valley knows,
ere the brook its liquid murmur pours,
the waving scene to more profound repose.

not me alone complain,
invoke thy power in vain!
end, propitious, on my eyes;
rom the couch that bears a crown,
rom the courtly statesman's down,
re the miser and his treasure lies:
t the shapes that break the murderer's rest,
e the hireling soldier loves to see,
e which haunt the bigot's gloomy breast:
eir guilty nights, and far their dreams
from me!

Nor yet those awful forms present,
For chiefs and heroes only meant:
The figur'd brass, the choral song,
The rescued people's glad applause,
The listening senate, and the laws
Fix'd by the counsels of Timoleon's[1] tongue,
Are scenes too grand for Fortune's private ways;
And though they shine in youth's ingenuous view,
The sober gainful arts of modern days
To such romantic thoughts have bid a long adieu.

I ask not, god of dreams, thy care
To banish Love's presentments fair:
Nor rosy cheek, nor radiant eye
Can arm him with such strong command
That the young sorcerer's fatal hand
Shall round my soul his pleasing fetters tie.
Nor yet the courtier's hope, the giving smile
(A lighter phantom, and a baser chain)
Did e'er in slumber my proud lyre beguile
To lend the pomp of thrones her ill-according strain.

But, Morpheus, on thy balmy wing
Such honourable visions bring,
As sooth'd great Milton's injur'd age,
When in prophetic dreams he saw
The race unborn with pious awe
Imbibe each virtue from his heavenly page:
Or such as Mead's benignant fancy knows
When Health's deep treasures, by his art explor'd,
Have sav'd the infant from an orphan's woes,
Or to the trembling sire his age's hope restor'd.

ODE III.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O RUSTIC herald of the Spring,
At length in yonder woody vale
Fast by the brook I hear thee sing;
And, studious of thy homely tale,
Amid the vespers of the grove,
Amid the chaunting choir of love,
Thy sage responses hail.

The time has been when I have frown'd
To hear thy voice the woods invade;
And while thy solemn accent drown'd
Some sweeter poet of the shade,
"Thus," thought I, "thus the sons of Care
Some constant youth, or generous fair,
With dull advice upbraid."

I said, "While Philomela's song
Proclaims the passion of the grove,
It ill beseems a cuckoo's tongue
Her charming language to reprove"—
Alas! how much a lover's ear
Hates all the sober truth to hear,
The sober truth of Love!

[1] After Timoleon had delivered Syracuse from the tyranny of Dionysius, the people on every important deliberation sent for him into the public assembly, asked his advice, and voted according to it. Plutarch.

When hearts are in each other bless'd,
When nought but lofty Faith can rule
The nymph's and swain's consenting breast,
How cuckoo-like in Cupid's school,
With store of grave prudential saws
On Fortune's power and Custom's laws,
Appears each friendly fool!

Yet think betimes, ye gentle train
Whom Love and Hope and Fancy sway,
Whom every harsher care disdain,
Who by the morning judge the day,
Think that, in April's fairest hours,
To warbling shades and painted flowers
The cuckoo joins his lay.

ODE IV.

TO

THE HONOURABLE CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

IN THE COUNTRY.

M.DCC.L.

I.

How oft shall I survey
This humble roof, the lawn, the greenwood shade,
The vale with sheaves o'erspread,
The glassy brook, the flocks which round thee stray;
When will thy cheerful mind
Of these have utter'd all her dear esteem?
Or, tell me, dost thou deem
No more to join in Glory's toilsome race,
But here content embrace
That happy leisure which thou hadst resign'd?

Alas! ye happy hours,
When books and youthful sports the soul could share,
Ere one ambitious care
Of civil life had aw'd her simpler powers;
Oft as your winged train
Revisit here my friend in white array,
O fail not to display
Each fairer scene where I perchance had part,
That so his generous heart
The abode of even friendship may remain.

For not imprudent of my loss to come,
I saw from Contemplation's quiet cell
His feet ascending to another home
Where public Praise and envied Greatness dwell.
But shall we therefore, O my lyre,
Reprove Ambition's best desire?
Extinguish Glory's flame?
Far other was the task enjoin'd
When to my hand thy strings were first assign'd:
Far other faith belongs to Friendship's honour'd name.

II.

Thee, Townshend, not the arms
Of slumbering Ease, nor Pleasure's rosy chain,
Were destin'd to detain:
No, nor bright Science, nor the Muse's charms.
For them high Heaven prepares
Their proper votaries, an humbler band:
And ne'er would Spenser's hand
Have deign'd to strike the warbling Tuscan shell,
Nor Harrington to tell
What habit an immortal city wears.

Had this been born to shield
The cause which Cromwell's impious hand betray'd,
Or that, like Vere, display'd
His redcross banner o'er the Belgian field;
Yet where the will divine
Hath shut those loftiest paths, it next remains,
With reason clad in strains
Of harmony, selected minds to inspire,
And Virtue's living fire
To feed and eternize in hearts like thine.

For never shall the herd, whom Envy sways,
So quell my purpose or my tongue control,
That I should fear illustrious worth to praise,
Because its master's friendship mov'd my soul.
Yet if this undissembling strain
Should now perhaps thine ear detain
With any pleasing sound,
Remember thou that righteous Fame
From hoary Age a strict account will claim
Of each auspicious palm with which thy youth was crown'd.

III.

Nor obvious is the way
Where Heaven expects thee; nor the traveller leads,
Through flowers or fragrant meads,
Or groves that hark to Philomela's lay.
The impartial laws of Fate
To nobler virtues wed severer cares.
Is there a man who shares
The summit next where heavenly natures dwell?
Ask him (for he can tell)
What storms beat round that rough laborious height.

Ye heroes, who of old
Did generous England Freedom's throne ordain;
From Alfred's parent reign
To Nassau, great deliverer, wise and bold;
I know your perils hard.
Your wounds, your painful marches, wintry seas,
The night estrang'd from ease,
The day by cowardice and falsehood vex'd,
The head with doubt perplex'd,
The indignant heart disdaining the reward

Which Envy hardly grants. But, O Renown,
O praise from judging Heaven and virtuous men,
If thus they purchas'd thy divinest crown,
Say, who shall hesitate? or who complain?
And now they sit on thrones above:
And when among the gods they move
Before the sovereign mind,
"Lo, these," he saith, "lo, these are they
Who to the laws of mine eternal sway
From violence and fear asserted human kind."

IV.

Thus honour'd while the train
Of legislators in his presence dwell;
If I may aught foretell,
The statesman shall the second palm obtain.
For dreadful deeds of arms
Let vulgar bards, with undiscerning praise,
More glittering trophies raise:
But wisest Heaven what deeds may chiefly move
To favour and to love?
What, save wide blessings, or averted harms?

or to the embattled field
he achievements of the peaceful gown
he green immortal crown
our, or the songs of conquest yield.
ot Fairfax wildly bold,
bare of crest he hew'd his fatal way,
hrough Naseby's firm array,
vier dangers did his breast oppose
han Pym's free virtue chose,
the proud force of Strafford he control'd.

at is man at enmity with truth?
t were the fruits of Wentworth's copious mind,
(blighted all the promise of his youth)
patriot in a tyrant's league had join'd?
Let Ireland's loud-lamenting plains,
Let Tyne's and Humber's trampled swains,
Let menac'd London tell
How impious Guile made Wisdom base;
ow generous Zeal to cruel Rage gave place;
ow unbless'd he liv'd, and how dishonour'd fell.

V.

ence never hath the Muse
l his tomb Pierian roses flung:
or shall one poet's tongue
me for Music's pleasing labour choose.
d sure, when Nature kind
eck'd some favour'd breast above the throng,
at man with grievous wrong
s and wounds his genius, if he bends
Guilt's ignoble ends
nctions of his ill-submitting mind.

r worthy of the wise
g can seem but Virtue; nor Earth yield
eir fame an equal field,
here impartial Freedom gives the prize.
ere Somers fix'd his name,
d the next to William. There shall Time
every wondering clime
ut that Somers, who from Faction's crowd,
e slanderous and the loud,
air assent and modest reverence claim.

aught did laws or social arts acquire,
r this majestic weal of Albion's land
aught accomplish, or to aught aspire,
ithout his guidance, his superior hand.
And rightly shall the Muse's care
Wreaths like her own for him prepare,
Whose mind's enamour'd aim
Could forms of civil beauty draw
ime as ever sage or poet saw,
l to life's rude scene the proud ideas tame.

VI.

t none profane be near!
ise was never foreign to his breast:
Power's grave seat confess'd,
her voice he bent a lover's ear.
d if the blessed know
ncient cares, even now the unfading groves,
here haply Milton roves
enser, hear the enchanted echoes round
rough furthest Heaven resound
mers, guardian of their fame below.

He knew, the patriot knew,
That letters and the Muses' powerful art
Exalt the ingenuous heart,
And brighten every form of just and true.
They lend a nobler sway
To civil Wisdom, than Corruption's lure
Could ever yet procure:
They too from Envy's pale malignant light
Conduct her forth to sight,
Cloth'd in the fairest colours of the day.

O Townshend, thus may Time, the judge severe,
Instruct my happy tongue of thee to tell:
And when I speak of one to Freedom dear
For planning wisely and for acting well,
Of one whom Glory loves to own,
Who still by liberal means alone
Hath liberal ends pursued;
Then, for the guerdon of my lay,
"This man with faithful friendship," will I say,
"From youth to honour'd age my arts and me hath view'd."

ODE V.

ON LOVE OF PRAISE.

Of all the springs within the mind,
Which prompt her steps in Fortune's maze,
From none more pleasing aid we find
Than from the genuine love of praise.

Nor any partial, private end
Such reverence to the public bears;
Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
So like to Virtue's self appears.

For who in glory can delight
Without delight in glorious deeds?
What man a charming voice can slight,
Who courts the echo that succeeds?

But not the echo on the voice
More, than on virtue praise depends;
To which, of course, its real price
The judgment of the praiser lends.

If praise then with religious awe
From the sole perfect judge be sought,
A nobler aim, a purer law,
Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage hath taught.

With which in character the same
Though in an humbler sphere it lies,
I count that soul of human fame,
The suffrage of the good and wise.

ODE VI.

TO WILLIAM HALL, ESQUIRE;

WITH THE WORKS OF CHAULIEU.

Attend to Chaulieu's wanton lyre;
While, fluent as the sky-lark sings
When first the morn allures its wings,
The epicure his theme pursues:
And tell me if, among the choir
Whose music charms the banks of Seine,
So full, so free, so rich a strain
E'er dictated the warbling Muse.

Yet, Hall, while thy judicious ear
Admires the well-dissembled art
That can such harmony impart
To the lame pace of Gallic rhymes;
While wit from affectation clear,
Bright images, and passions true,
Recall to thy assenting view
The envied bards of nobler times;

Say, is not oft his doctrine wrong?
This priest of Pleasure, who aspires
To lead us to her sacred fires,
Knows he the ritual of her shrine?
Say (her sweet influence to thy song
So may the goddess still afford)
Doth she consent to be ador'd
With shameless love and frantic wine?

Nor Cato, nor Chrysippus here
Need we in high indignant phrase
From their Elysian quiet raise:
But Pleasure's oracle alone
Consult; attentive, not severe.
O Pleasure, we blaspheme not thee;
Nor emulate the rigid knee
Which bends but at the stoic throne.

We own had Fate to man assign'd
Nor sense, nor wish, but what obey
Or Venus soft or Bacchus gay,
Then might our bard's voluptuous creed
Most aptly govern human kind:
Unless perchance what he hath sung
Of tortur'd joints and nerves unstrung,
Some wrangling heretic should plead.

But now with all these proud desires
For dauntless truth and honest fame;
With that strong master of our frame,
The inexorable judge within,
What can be done? Alas! ye fires
Of love; alas! ye rosy smiles,
Ye nectar'd cups from happier soils,
—Ye have no bribe his grace to win.

ODE VII.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND

BENJAMIN LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

M.DCC.LIV.

I.

For toils which patriots have endur'd,
For treason quell'd and laws secur'd,
In every nation Time displays
The palm of honourable praise.
Envy may rail; and Faction fierce
May strive; but what, alas! can those
(Though bold, yet blind and sordid foes)
To gratitude and love oppose,
To faithful story and persuasive verse?

O nurse of Freedom, Albion, say,
Thou tamer of despotic sway,
What man, among thy sons around,
Thus heir to glory hast thou found?
What page, in all thy annals bright,
Hast thou with purer joy survey'd
Than that where Truth, by Hoadly's aid,
Shines through Imposture's solemn shade,
Through kingly and through sacerdotal night?

To him the Teacher bless'd,
Who sent Religion, from the palmy field
By Jordan, like the morn to cheer the west,
And lifted up the veil which Heaven from Ea
conceal'd,
To Hoadly thus his mandate he address'd:
"Go thou, and rescue my dishonour'd law
From hands rapacious and from tongues impu
Let not my peaceful name be made a lure
Fell Persecution's mortal snares to aid:
Let not my words be impious chains to draw
The freeborn soul in more than brutal awe,
To faith without assent, allegiance unrepaid.'

II.

No cold or unperforming hand
Was arm'd by Heaven with this command.
The world soon felt it: and, on high,
To William's ear with welcome joy
Did Locke among the blest unfold
The rising hope of Hoadly's name,
Godolphin then confirm'd the fame;
And Somers, when from Earth he came,
And generous Stanhope the fair sequel told.

Then drew the lawgivers around,
(Sires of the Grecian name renown'd)
And listening ask'd, and wondering knew,
What private force could thus subdue
The vulgar and the great combin'd;
Could war with sacred Folly wage;
Could a whole nation disengage
From the dread bonds of many an age,
And to new habits mould the public mind.

For not a conqueror's sword,
Nor the strong powers to civil founders known
Were his: but truth by faithful search explo
And social sense, like seed, in genial plenty sow
Wherever it took root, the soul (restor'd
To freedom) freedom too for others sought.
Not monkish craft, the tyrant's claim divine,
Not regal zeal, the bigot's cruel shrine,
Could longer guard from reason's warfare sag
Not the wild rabble to sedition wrought,
Nor synods by the papal genius taught,
Nor St. John's spirit loose, nor Atterbury's rage

III.

But where shall recompense be found?
Or how such arduous merit crown'd?
For look on life's laborious scene;
What rugged spaces lie between
Adventurous Virtue's early toils
And her triumphal throne! The shade
Of Death, mean time, does oft invade
Her progress; nor, to us display'd,
Wears the bright heroine her expected spoils.

Yet born to conquer is her power:
—O Hoadly, if that favourite hour
On Earth arrive, with thankful awe
We own just Heaven's indulgent law,

ly thy success behold;
thy reverend length of days
diction and with praise,
see in our public ways
eat spirit fam'd in ages old.

ile thus our vows prolong
s on Earth, and when by us resign'd
n'st thy seniors, that heroic throng
or preserv'd the rights of human kind,
worthy may thy Albion's tongue
her friend and benefactor, name:
Hoadly, in thy country's eyes,
us gold, or pleasure's gaudy prize,
ic virtue, public freedom, vile;
n manners tempt us to disclaim
ge, our noblest wealth and fame,
ast kept entire from force and factious
uile.

ODE VIII.

eful bards decide,
l in love's decrees,
ought not to be tried
native power to please,
youths and lovers, tell,
Amoret excel?

right unsullied smile,
speaking in her mien:
tless all the while,
dious to be seen)
at instant gladness know,
whom the gift we owe.

music, nor the powers
nd mirth and frolic cheer,
sunshine to the hours,
e's prospect half so clear,
rings it to the eye
where Amoret was by.

rist could there
indiscretion find;
der sage declare
pictur'd in his mind,
ith lovelier colours glows
s demeanour shows.

eauty's happiest part:
he most unbounded sway:
hant the subject heart
and lily fade away;
ll, in spite of Time,
in all her prime.

ODE IX.

AT STUDY.

ny fancy stray?
c drawn away
my studious theme?
losophic page,
lems of the sage,
through a pleasing dream?

'Tis in vain, alas! I find,
Much in vain, my zealous mind
Would to learned Wisdom's throne
Dedicate each thoughtful hour:
Nature bids a softer power
Claim some minutes for his own.

Let the busy or the wise
View him with contemptuous eyes;
Love is native to the heart:
Guide its wishes as you will;
Without Love, you 'll find it still
Void in one essential part.

Me though no peculiar fair
Touches with a lover's care;
Though the pride of my desire
Asks immortal friendship's name,
Asks the palm of honest fame,
And the old heroic lyre;

Though the day have smoothly gone,
Or to letter'd leisure known,
Or in social duty spent;
Yet at eve my lonely breast
Seeks in vain for perfect rest;
Languishes for true content.

ODE X.

TO

THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQUIRE,

ON THE LATE EDITION OF MR. POPE'S WORKS.

M.DCC.LI.

Believe me, Edwards, to restrain
The licence of a railer's tongue
Is what but seldom men obtain
By sense or wit, by prose or song:
A task for more Herculean powers,
Nor suited to the sacred hours
Of leisure in the Muse's bowers.

In bowers where laurel weds with palm,
The Muse, the blameless queen, resides;
Fair Fame attends, and Wisdom calm
Her eloquence harmonious guides:
While, shut for ever from her gate,
Oft trying, still repining, wait
Fierce Envy and calumnious Hate.

Who then from her delightful bounds
Would step one moment forth to heed
What impotent and savage sounds
From their unhappy mouths proceed?
No: rather Spenser's lyre again
Prepare, and let thy pious strain
For Pope's dishonour'd shade complain.

Tell how displeas'd was every bard,
When lately in the Elysian grove
They of his Muse's guardian heard,
His delegate to Fame above;
And what with one accord they said
Of wit in drooping age misled,
And Warburton's officious aid:

How Virgil mourn'd the sordid fate
  To that melodious lyre assign'd,
Beneath a tutor who so late
  With Midas and his rout combin'd
By spiteful clamour to confound
That very lyre's enchanting sound,
Though listening realms admir'd around:

How Horace own'd he thought the fire
  Of his friend Pope's satiric line
Did further fuel scarce require
  From such a militant divine:
How Milton scorn'd the sophist vain,
Who durst approach his hallow'd strain
With unwash'd hands and lips profane.

Then Shakspeare, debonnair and mild,
  Brought that strange comment forth to view;
Conceits more deep, he said and smil'd,
  Than his own fools or madmen knew:
But thank'd a generous friend above,
Who did with free adventurous love
Such pageants from his tomb remove.

And if to Pope, in equal need,
  The same kind office thou wouldst pay,
Then, Edwards, all the band decreed
  That future bards with frequent lay
Should call on thy auspicious name,
From each absurd intruder's claim,
To keep inviolate their fame.

ODE XI.

TO THE

COUNTRY GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

M.DCC.LVIII.

Whither is Europe's ancient spirit fled?
  Where are those valiant tenants of her shore,
Who from the warrior bow the strong dart sped,
  Or with firm hand the rapid pole-ax bore?
Freeman and soldier was their common name,
Who late with reapers to the furrow came,
Now in the front of battle charg'd the foe:
Who taught the steer the wintry plough to endure,
Now in full councils check'd encroaching power,
And gave the guardian laws their majesty to know.

But who are ye? from Ebro's loitering sons
  To Tiber's pageants, to the sports of Seine;
From Rhine's frail palaces to Danube's thrones
  And cities looking on the Cimbric main,
Ye lost, ye self-deserted? whose proud lords
Have baffled your tame hands, and given your swords
To slavish ruffians, hir'd for their command:
These, at some greedy monk's or harlot's nod,
See rifled nations crouch beneath their rod;
These are the public will, the reason of the land.

Thou, heedless Albion, what, alas! the while
  Dost thou presume? O inexpert in arms,
Yet vain of freedom, how dost thou beguile,
  With dreams of hope, these near and loud alarms?
Thy splendid home, thy plan of laws renown'd,
The praise and envy of the nations round,
What care hast thou to guard from Fortur
Amid the storms of war, how soon may
The lofty pile from its foundations fall,
Of ages the proud toil, the ruin of a day!

No: thou art rich, thy streams and fer
  Add Industry's wise gifts to Nature's
And every port is crowded with thy sai
  And every wave throws treasure on t
What boots it? If luxurious plenty ch
Thy selfish heart from glory, if thy arı
Shrink at the frowns of danger and of p
Those gifts, that treasure is no longer t
Oh rather far be poor. Thy gold will
Tempting the eye of force, and deck tl
bane.

But what hath force or war to do with
  Girt by the azure tide, and thron'd
Amid thy floating bulwarks, thou cans
  With scorn, the fury of each hostile
Dash'd ere it reach thee. Sacred fror
Are thy fair fields. Athwart thy guar
No bold invader's foot shall tempt the
Yet say, my country, will the waves a
Obey thee? Hast thou all thy hopes r
To the sky's fickle faith? the pilot's wave

For oh! may neither fear nor stronger
  (Love, by thy virtuous princes nobl
Thee, last of many wretched nations,
  With mighty armies station'd round
To trust thy safety. Then, farewell tl
Of Freedom! Her proud records to th
Then bear, an offering at Ambition's sh
Whate'er thy ancient patriots dar'd de
From furious John's, or faithless Charl
Or what great William seal'd for his ado

But if thy sons be worthy of their nan
  If liberal laws with liberal hearts th
Let them from conquest, and from serv
  In War's glad school their own prot
Ye chiefly, heirs of Albion's cultur'd p
Ye leaders of her bold and faithful sw
Now not unequal to your birth be fou
The public voice bids arm your rural
Paternal hamlets for your ensigns wai
And grange and fold prepare to pour t
around.

Why are ye tardy? what inglorious c
  Detains you from their head, your n
Who most their country's fame and for
  'Tis theirs to share her toils, her p
Each man his task in social life sustai
With partial labours, with domestic g
Let others dwell: to you indulgent H
By counsel and by arms the public c
To serve for public love and love's ap
The first employment far, the noblest
given.

Have ye not heard of Lacedæmon's f
  Of Attic chiefs in Freedom's war di
Of Rome's dread generals? the Vale
  The Fabion sons? the Scipios, mat
Your lot was theirs. The farmer and tl
Met his lov'd patron's summons from th

The legions gather'd; the bright eagles flew:
Barbarian monarchs in the triumph mourn'd;
The conquerors to their household gods return'd,
And fed Calabrian flocks, and steer'd the Sabine plough.

Shall then this glory of the antique age,
This pride of men, be lost among mankind?
Shall War's heroic arts no more engage
The unbought hand, the unsubjected mind?
Doth valour to the race no more belong?
No more with scorn of violence and wrong
Doth forming Nature now her sons inspire,
That, like some mystery to few reveal'd,
The skill of arms abash'd and aw'd they yield,
And from their own defence with hopeless hearts retire?

O shame to human life, to human laws!
The loose adventurer, hireling of a day,
Who his fell sword without affection draws,
Whose God, whose country, is a tyrant's pay,
This man the lessons of the field can learn;
Can every palm, which decks a warrior, earn,
And every pledge of conquest: while in vain,
To guard your altars, your paternal lands,
Are social arms held out to your free hands:
Too arduous is the lore; too irksome were the pain.

Meantime by Pleasure's lying tales allur'd,
From the bright Sun and living breeze ye stray;
And deep in London's gloomy haunts immur'd,
Brood o'er your fortune's, freedom's, health's decay.
O blind of choice and to yourselves untrue!
The young grove shoots, their bloom the fields renew,
The mansion asks its lord, the swains their friend;
While he doth Riot's orgies haply share,
Or tempt the gamester's dark, destroying snare,
Or at some courtly shrine with slavish incense bend.

And yet full oft your anxious tongues complain
That lawless tumult prompts the rustic throng;
That the rude village inmates now disdain
Those homely ties which rul'd their fathers long.
Alas! your fathers did by other arts
Draw those kind ties around their simple hearts,
And led in other paths their ductile will;
By succour, faithful counsel, courteous cheer,
Won them the ancient manners to revere,
To prize their country's peace, and Heaven's due rites fulfil.

But mark the judgment of experienc'd Time,
Tutor of nations. Doth light Discord tear
A state? and impotent Sedition's crime?
The powers of warlike Prudence dwell not there;
The powers who to command and to obey,
Instruct the valiant. There would civil sway
The rising race to manly concord tame?
Oft let the marshal'd field their steps unite,
And in glad splendour bring before their sight
One common cause and one hereditary fame.

Nor yet be aw'd, nor yet your task disown,
Though War's proud votaries look on severe;
Though secrets taught erewhile to them alone,
They deem profan'd by your intruding ear.
Let them in vain, your martial hope to quell,
Of new refinements, fiercer weapons tell,
And mock the old simplicity, in vain:
To the time's warfare, simple or refin'd,
The time itself adapts the warrior's mind;
And equal prowess still shall equal palms obtain.

Say then; if England's youth, in earlier days,
On Glory's field with well-train'd armies vy'd,
Why shall they now renounce that generous praise?
Why dread the foreign mercenary's pride?
Though Valois brav'd young Edward's gentle hand,
And Albert rush'd on Henry's way-worn band,
With Europe's chosen sons in arms renown'd,
Yet not on Vere's bold archers long they look'd,
Nor Audley's squires, nor Mowbray's yeomen bound.
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch brook'd:

Such were the laurels which your fathers won;
Such Glory's dictates in their dauntless breast:
—Is there no voice that speaks to every son?
No nobler, holier call to You address'd?
O! by majestic Freedom, righteous laws,
By heavenly Truth's, by manly Reason's cause,
Awake; attend; be indolent no more:
By Friendship, social Peace, domestic Love,
Rise; arm! your country's living safety prove;
And train her valiant youth, and watch around her shore.

ODE XII.

ON RECOVERING FROM A FIT OF SICKNESS.

IN THE COUNTRY.

M.DCC.LVIII.

Thy verdant scenes, O Goulder's hill,
Once more I seek, a languid guest:
With throbbing temples and with burden'd breast
Once more I climb thy steep aërial way.
O faithful cure of oft-returning ill,
Now call thy sprightly breezes round,
Dissolve this rigid cough profound,
And bid the springs of life with gentler movement play.

How gladly 'mid the dews of dawn
By weary lungs thy healing gale,
The balmy west or the fresh north, inhale!
How gladly, while my musing footsteps rove
Round the cool orchard or the sunny lawn,
Awak'd I stop, and look to find
What shrub perfumes the pleasant wind,
Or what wild songster charms the Dryads of the grove.

Now, ere the morning walk is done,
The distant voice of Health I hear,
Welcome as Beauty's to the lover's ear.
"Droop not, nor doubt of my return," she cries;
"Here will I, 'mid the radiant calm of noon,
Meet thee beneath yon chesnut bower,
And lenient on thy bosom pour
That indolence divine, which lulls the earth and skies."

The goddess promis'd not in vain.
I found her at my favourite time.
Nor wish'd to breathe in any softer clime,
While (half-reclin'd, half-slumbering as I lay)
She hover'd o'er me. Then, among her train
Of nymphs and zephyrs, to my view
Thy gracious form appear'd anew,
Then first, O heavenly Muse, unseen for many a day.

In that soft pomp the tuneful maid
Shone like the golden star of love.
I saw her hand in careless measures move;
I heard sweet preludes dancing on her lyre,
While my whole frame the sacred sound obey'd.
New sunshine o'er my fancy springs,
New colours clothe external things,
And the last glooms of pain and sickly plaint retire.

O Goulder's hill, by thee restor'd
Once more to this enliven'd hand,
My harp, which late resounded o'er the land
The voice of Glory, solemn and severe,
My Dorian harp shall now with mild accord
To thee her joyful tribute pay,
And send a less-ambitious lay
Of Friendship and of Love to greet thy master's ear.

For when within thy shady seat
First from the sultry town he chose,
And the tir'd senate's cares, his wish'd repose,
Then wast thou mine; to me a happier home
For social leisure: where my welcome feet,
Estrang'd from all the entangling ways
In which the restless vulgar strays,
Through Nature's simple paths with ancient faith might roam.

And while around his sylvan scene
My Dyson led the white-wing'd hours,
Oft from the Athenian Academic bowers
Their sages came: oft heard our lingering wa'k
The Mantuan music warbling o'er the green:
And oft did Tully's reverend shade,
Though much for liberty afraid,
With us of letter'd ease or virtuous glory talk.

But other guests were on their way,
And reach'd erelong this favour'd grove;
Even the celestial progeny of Jove,
Bright Venus, with her all-subduing son,
Whose golden shaft most willingly obey
The best and wisest. As they came,
Glad Hymen wav'd his genial flame,
And sang their happy gifts, and prais'd their spotless throne.

I saw when through yon festive gate
He led along his chosen maid,
And to my friend with smiles presenting said;
"Receive that fairest wealth which Heaven assign'd
To human fortune. Did thy lonely state
One wish, one utmost hope confess?
Behold, she comes, to adorn and bless:
Comes, worthy of thy heart, and equal to thy mind."

ODE XIII.

TO THE AUTHOR OF MEMOIRS OF THE HO BRANDENBURGH.

M.DCC.LI.

The men renown'd as chiefs of human ra
And born to lead in counsels or in arm
Have seldom turn'd their feet from Glory'
To dwell with books, or court the Muse's
Yet, to our eyes if haply time hath brou
Some genuine transcript of their calmer t
There still we own the wise, the great, or
And Cæsar there and Xenophon are seen
As clear in spirit and sublime of mien,
As on Pharsalian plains, or by the Assyrian

Say thou too, Frederic, was not this thy
Thy vigils could the student's lamp er
Except for this? except that future fam
Might read thy genius in the faithful
That if hereafter Envy shall presume
With words irreverent to inscribe thy ton
And baser weeds upon thy palms to fling
That hence posterity may try thy reign,
Assert thy treaties, and thy wars explain
And view in native lights the hero and the

O evil foresight and pernicious care!
Wilt thou indeed abide by this appeal
Shall we the lessons of thy pen compare
With private honour or with public ze
Whence then at things divine those darts o
Why are the woes, which virtuous men ha
For sacred Truth, a prey to laughter giv
What fiend, what foe of Nature, urged t
The Almighty of his sceptre to disarm?
To push this Earth adrift, and leave it loc
Heaven?

Ye godlike shades of legislators old,
Ye who made Rome victorious, Athen
Ye first of mortals with the bless'd enrol
Say did not horrour in your bosoms ri
When thus by impious vanity impell'd
A magistrate, a monarch, ye beheld
Affronting civil order's holiest bands?
Those bands which ye so labour'd to imp
Those hopes and fears of justice from ab
Which tam'd the savage world to your divi
mands?

ODE XIV.

THE COMPLAINT.

Away! away!
Tempt me no more, insidious Love:
Thy soothing sway
Long did my youthful bosom prove:
At length thy treason is discern'd,
At length some dear-bought caution ear
Away! nor hope my riper age to move.

I know, I see
merit. Needs it now be shown,
Alas! to me?
often, to myself unknown,
graceful, gentle, virtuous maid
I admir'd! How often said,
oy to call a heart like her's one's own.

But, flattering god,
wanderer of content and ease,
In thy abode
Care's rude lesson learn to please?
y, deceiver, hast thou won
d Fortune to attend thy throne,
r'd thy friends above her stern decrees?

ODE XV.

ON DOMESTIC MANNERS.

[UNFINISHED.]

MEER honour, female shame,
ither, sweetest offspring of the sky,
om Albion dost thou fly;
ion's daughters once the favourite fame?
Beauty's only friend,
iv'st her pleasing reverence to inspire;
'bo, selfish, bold desire
esteem and dear affection turn;
as! of thee forlorn,
oy, what praise, what hope can life pretend?

Behold; our youths in vain
ning nuptial happiness inquire:
ir maids no more aspire
ts of bashful Hymen to attain;
it with triumphant eyes
eeks impassive, as they move along,
k homage of the throng.
er swears that in a harlot's arms
e found the self-same charms,
rthless and deserted lives and dies.

Behold; unbless'd at home,
ther of the cheerless household mourns:
e night in vain returns,
re and glad Content at distance roam;
hile she, in whom his mind
efuge from the day's dull task of cares,
meet him she prepares,
h noise and spleen and all the gamester's art,
listless, harass'd heart,
not one tender thought can welcome find."

was thus, along the shore
mes, Britannia's guardian Genius heard,
om many a tongue preferr'd,
and grief the fond invective lore:
which the queen divine
nt, with her adamantine spear
ke thunder sounding near,
the red cross upon her silver shield,
d thus her wrath reveal'd.
h'd her awful words and made them mine.)
.....

NOTES

ON

THE TWO BOOKS OF ODES.

Book I. Ode XVIII. Stanza II. Line 19.] Lycurgus the Lacedæmonian law-giver, brought into Greece from Asia Minor the first complete copy of Homer's works.—At Platæa was fought the decisive battle between the Persian army and the united militia of Greece, under Pausanias and Aristides. —Cymon the Athenian erected a trophy in Cyprus for two great victories gained on the same day over the Persians by sea and land. Diodorus Siculus has preserved the inscription which the Athenians affixed to the consecrated spoils, after this great success; in which it is very remarkable, that the greatness of the occasion has raised the manner of expression above the usual simplicity and modesty of all other ancient inscriptions. It is this:

ΕΞ. ΟΥ. Γ.' ΕΥΡΩΠΗΝ. ΑΣΙΑΣ. ΔΙΧΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΣ. ΕΝΕΙΜΕ.
ΚΑΙ. ΠΟΛΕΑΣ. ΘΝΗΤΩΝ. ΘΟΥΡΟΣ. ΑΡΗΣ. ΕΠΕΧΕΙ.
ΟΥΔΕΝ ΠΩ. ΤΟΙΟΥΤΟΝ. ΕΠΙΧΘΟΝΙΩΝ. ΓΕΝΕΤ'. ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.
ΕΡΓΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΗΠΕΙΡΩΙ. ΚΑΙ. ΚΑΤΑ. ΠΟΝΤΟΝ. ΑΜΑ.
ΟΙΔΕ. ΓΑΡ ΕΝ ΚΥΠΡΩΙ. ΜΗΔΟΥΣ. ΠΟΛΛΟΥΣ. ΟΛΕΣΑΝΤΕΣ.
ΦΟΙΝΙΚΩΝ. ΕΚΑΤΟΝ. ΝΑΥΣ. ΕΛΟΝ. ΕΝ. ΠΕΛΑΓΕΙ.
ΑΝΔΡΩΝ, ΠΑΗΘΟΥΣΑΣ. ΜΕΓΑ. Δ'. ΕΣΤΕΝΕΝ. ΑΣΙΣ. ΤΠ'. ΑΥΤΩΝ.
ΠΑΗΓΕΙΣ'. ΑΜΦΟΤΕΡΑΙΣ. ΧΕΡΣΙ. ΚΡΑΤΕΙ. ΠΟΛΕΜΟΥ.

The following translation is almost literal:

Since first the sea from Asia's hostile coast
Divided Europe, and the god of war
Assail'd imperious cities; never yet,
At once among the waves and on the shore,
Hath such a labour been achiev'd by men
Who Earth inhabit. They, whose arms the Medes,
In Cyprus felt pernicious, they, the same
Have won from skilful Tyre an hundred ships
Crowded with warriors. Asia groans, in both
Her hands sore smitten, by the might of war.

Stanza II. Line 24.] Pindar was contemporary with Aristides and Cymon, in whom the glory of ancient Greece was at its height. When Xerxes invaded Greece, Pindar was true to the common interest of his country; though his fellow citizens, the Thebans, had sold themselves to the Persian king. In one of his Odes he expresses the great distress and anxiety of his mind, occasioned by the vast preparations of Xerxes against Greece. (Isthm. 8.) In another he celebrates the victories of Salamis, Platæa, and Himera. (Pyth. 1.) It will be necessary to add two or three other particulars of his life, real or fabulous, in order to explain what follows in the text concerning him. First then, he was thought to be so great a favourite of Apollo, that the priests of that deity allotted him a constant share of their offerings. It was said of him

as of some other illustrious men, that at his birth a swarm of bees lighted on his lips, and fed him with their honey. It was also a tradition concerning him, that Pan was heard to recite his poetry, and seen dancing to one of his hymns on the mountains near Thebes. But a real historical fact in his life is, that the Thebans imposed a large fine upon him, on account of the veneration which he expressed in his poems for that heroic spirit, shown by the people of Athens in defence of the common liberty, which his own fellow-citizens had shamefully betrayed. And as the argument of this ode implies, that *great poetical talents, and high sentiments of liberty, do reciprocally produce and assist each other*, so Pindar is perhaps the most exemplary proof of this connection, which occurs in history. The Thebans were remarkable, in general, for a slavish disposition through all the fortunes of their commonwealth; at the time of its ruin by Philip; and even in its best state, under the administration of Pelopidas and Epaminondas: and every one knows, they were no less remarkable for great dulness, and want of all genius. That Pindar should have equally distinguished himself from the rest of his fellow-citizens in both these respects seems somewhat extraordinary, and is scarce to be accounted for but by the preceding observation.

Stanza III. Line 28.] Alluding to his "Defence of the People of England" against Salmasius. See particularly the manner in which he himself speaks of that undertaking, in the introduction to his reply to Morus.

Stanza IV. Line 33.] Edward the Third; from whom descended Henry Hastings, third earl of Huntingdon, by the daughter of the duke of Clarence, brother to Edward the Fourth.

Stanza V. Line 36.] At Whittington, a village on the edge of Scarsdale in Derbyshire, the earls of Devonshire and Danby, with the lord Delamere, privately concerted the plan of the Revolution. The house in which they met is at present a farmhouse; and the country people distinguish the room where they sat, by the name of "the plotting parlour."

Book II. Ode VII. Stanza II. Line 5.] Mr. Locke died in 1704, when Mr. Hoadly was beginning to distinguish himself in the cause of civil and religious liberty: lord Godolphin in 1712, when the doctrines of the Jacobite faction were chiefly favoured by those in power: lord Somers in 1716, amid the practices of the non-juring clergy against the protestant establishment; and lord Stanhope in 1721, during the controversy with the lower house of convocation.

Ode X. Stanza V.] During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present lord bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time, in his intercourse with them, he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.

Ode XIII.] In the year 1751, appeared a very splendid edition, in quarto, of "Memoires pour servir à l' Histoire de la Maison de Brandebourg, à Berlin et à la Haye;" with a privilege signed Frederic; the same being engraved in imitation of hand-writing. In this edition, among other extraordinary passages, are the two following, to which the third stanza of this ode more particularly refers:

"Il se fit une migration" (the author is speaking of what happened of the revocation of the edict of Nantes) "dont on n'avoit guere vu d'exemples dans l'histoire: un peuple entier sortit du royaume par l'esprit de parti en haine du pape, et pour recevoir sous un autre ciel la communion sous les deux especes: quatre cens mille ames s'expatrierent ainsi et abandonnerent tous leur biens pour detonner dans d'autres temples les vieux pseaumes de Clement Marot." P. 165.

"La crainte donna le jour à la credulité, et l'amour propre interessa bientôt le ciel au destin des hommes." P. 242.

HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

M.DCC.XLVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The nymphs, who preside over springs and rivulets, are addressed at day-break, in honour of their several functions, and of the relations which they bear to the natural and to the moral world. Their origin is deduced from the first allegorical deities, or powers of Nature; according to the doctrine of the old mythological poets, concerning the generation of the gods and the rise of things. They are then successively considered, as giving motion to the air and exciting summer-breezes; as nourishing and beautifying the vegetable creation; as contributing to the fullness of navigable rivers, and consequently to the maintenance of commerce; and by that means, to the maritime part of military power. Next is represented their favourable influence upon health, when assisted by rural exercise: which introduces their connection with the art of physic, and the happy effects of mineral medicinal springs. Lastly, they are celebrated for the friendship which the Muses bear them, and for the true inspiration which temperance only can receive: in opposition to the enthusiasm of the more licentious poets.

O'er yonder eastern hill the twilight pale
Walks forth from darkness; and the god of day,
With bright Astræa seated by his side,
Waits yet to leave the ocean. Tarry, Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs, ye blue-ey'd progeny of Thames,
Who now the mazes of this rugged heath
Trace with your fleeting steps; who all night long
Repeat, amid the cool and tranquil air,
Your lonely murmurs, tarry: and receive
My offer'd lay. To pay you homage due, 10
I leave the gates of Sleep; ner shall my lyre

· into the splendid hours of morn
: your audience: my observant hand
lose the strain ere any sultry beam
ıch you. To your subterranean haunts
n may timely steal; to pace with care
ımid sands; to loosen from the soil
ıbbling sources; to direct the rills
et in wider channels; or beneath
rotto's dripping arch, at height of noon 20
nber, shelter'd from the burning heaven.
ere shall my song begin, ye Nymphs? or end?
s your praise and copious—First of things,
f the lonely powers, ere Time arose,
Love and Chaos. Love the sire of Fate;
than Chaos. Born of Fate was Time,
nany sons and many comely births
r'd, relentless father: till the child
ra drove him from the upper sky, 29
ıell'd his deadly might. Then social reign'd
ndred powers, Tethys, and reverend Ops,
otless Vesta; while supreme of sway
n'd the cloud-compeller. From the couch
hys sprang the sedgy crowned race,
rom a thousand urns, o'er every clime,
ribute to their parent: and from them
, O Naiads: Arethusa fair,
meful Aganippe; that sweet name,
sia; that soft family which dwelt
Syrian Daphne; and the honour'd tribes 40
l of Pæon. Listen to my strain,
ters of Tethys: listen to your praise.
, Nymphs, the winged offspring, which of old
ı to divine Astræus bore,
and your aid beseecheth. When the might
perion, from his noontide throne,
ds their languid pinions, aid from you
ask: Favonius and the mild South-west
rou relief implore. Your sallying streams
vigour to their weary wings impart. 50
they fly, disporting; from the mead
pen'd and the tender blades of corn,
ep the noxious mildew; or dispel
rious streams, which oft the parched Earth
es on her fainting sons. From noon to eve,
the river and the paved brook,
l the cheerful breezes: hail'd of bards
fast by learned Cam, the Æolian lyre
; nor unwelcome to the youth
n the heights of Tibur, all inclin'd 60
ushing Anio, with a pious hand
verend scene delineates, broken fanes,
nbs, or pillar'd aqueducts, the pomp
ient Time; and haply, while he scans
ins, with a silent tear revolves
me and fortune of imperious Rome.
too, O Nymphs, and your unenvious aid
ıral powers confess; and still prepare
ı their choicest treasures. Pan commands,
the Delian king with Sirius holds 70
ntral heavens, the father of the grove
ands his Dryads over your abodes
ead their deepest umbrage. Well the god
nbereth how indulgent ye supplied
reneral dews to nurse them in their prime.
s, the pasture's queen, where'er ye stray,
s your steps, delighted; and the path
iving verdure clothes. Around your haunts
ughing Chloris, with profuseth hand,
wide her blooms, her odours. Still with you
a seeks to dwell: and o'er the lawns, 81

And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames
Ye love to wander, Amalthea pours
Well-pleas'd the wealth of that Ammonian horn,
Her dower; unmindful of the fragrant isles
Nysæan or Atlantic. Nor canst thou,
(Albeit oft, ungrateful, thou dost mock
The beverage of the sober Naiad's urn,
O Bromius, O Lenæan) nor canst thou
Disown the powers whose bounty, ill repaid, 90
With nectar feeds thy tendrils. Yet from me,
Yet, blameless Nymphs, from my delighted lyre,
Accept the rites your bounty well may claim,
Nor heed the scoffings of the Edonian band.
For better praise awaits you. Thames your sire,
As down the verdant slope your duteous rills
Descend, the tribute stately Thames receives,
Delighted; and your piety applauds;
And bids his copious tide roll on secure, 99
For faithful are his daughters; and with words
Auspicious gratulates the bark which, now
His banks forsaking, her adventurous wings
Yields to the breeze, with Albion's happy gifts
Extremest isles to bless. And oft at morn,
When Hermes, from Olympus bent o'er Earth
To bear the words of Jove, on yonder hill
Stoops lightly-sailing; oft intent your springs
He views: and waving o'er some new-born stream
His blest pacific wand, "And yet," he cries, 109
"Yet," cries the son of Maia, "though recluse
And silent be your stores, from you, fair Nymphs,
Flows wealth and kind society to men.
By you my function and my honour'd name
Do I possess; while o'er the Bœtic vale,
Or through the towers of Memphis, or the palms
By sacred Ganges water'd, I conduct
The English merchant: with the buxom fleece
Of fertile Ariconium while I clothe
Sarmatian kings; or to the household gods
Of Syria, from the bleak Cornubian shore, 120
Dispense the mineral treasure which of old
Sidonian pilots sought, when this fair land
Was yet unconscious of those generous arts
Which wise Phœnicia from their native clime
Transplanted to a more indulgent Heaven."
Such are the words of Hermes: such the praise,
O Naiads, which from tongues celestial waits
Your bounteous deeds. From bounty issueth power:
And those who, sedulous in prudent works,
Relieve the wants of nature, Jove repays 130
With noble wealth, and his own seat on Earth,
Fit judgments to pronounce, and curb the might
Of wicked men. Your kind unfailing urns
Not vainly to the hospitable arts
Of Hermes yield their store. For, O ye Nymphs,
Hath he not won the unconquerable queen
Of arms to court your friendship? You she owns
The fair associates who extend her sway
Wide o'er the mighty deep; and grateful things
Of you she uttereth, oft as from the shore 140
Of Thames, or Medway's vale, or the green banks
Of Vecta, she her thundering navy leads
To Calpe's foaming channel, or the rough
Cantabrian surge; her auspices divine
Imparting to the senate and the prince
Of Albion, to dismay barbaric kings,
The Iberian, or the Celt. The pride of kings
Was ever scorn'd by Pallas: and of old
Rejoic'd the virgin, from the brazen prow
Of Athens o'er Ægina's gloomy surge, 150
To drive her clouds and storms; o'erwhelming all

The Persian's promis'd glory, when the realms
Of Indus and the soft Ionian clime,
When Libya's torrid champain and the rocks
Of cold Imaüs join'd their servile bands,
To sweep the sons of Liberty from Earth.
In vain: Minerva on the bounding prow
Of Athens stood, and with the thunder's voice
Denounc'd her terrours on their impious heads,
And shook her burning ægis. Xerxes saw: 160
From Heracléum, on the mountain's height
Thron'd in his golden car, he knew the sign
Celestial; felt unrighteous hope forsake
His faultering heart, and turn'd his face with shame.
Hail, ye who share the stern Minerva's power;
Who arm the hand of Liberty for war:
And give to the renown'd Britannic name
To awe contending monarchs: yet benign,
Yet mild of nature: to the works of peace
More prone, and lenient of the many ills 170
Which wait on human life. Your gentle aid
Hygeia well can witness; she who saves
From poisonous cates and cups of pleasing bane,
The wretch devoted to the entangling snares
Of Bacchus and of Comus. Him she leads
To Cynthia's lonely haunts. To spread the toils,
To beat the coverts, with the jovial horn
At dawn of day to summon the loud hounds,
She calls the lingering sluggard from his dreams:
And where his breast may drink the mountain breeze,
And where the fervour of the sunny vale 181
May beat upon his brow, through devious paths
Beckons his rapid courser. Nor when ease,
Cool ease and welcome slumbers have becalm'd
His eager bosom, does the queen of health
Her pleasing care withhold. His decent board
She guards, presiding; and the frugal powers
With joy sedate leads in: and while the brown
Ennæan dame with Pan presents her stores;
While changing still, and comely in the change,
Vertumnus and the Hours before him spread 191
The garden's banquet; you to crown his feast,
To crown his feast, O Naiads, you the fair
Hygeia calls: and from your shelving seats,
And groves of poplar, plenteous cups ye bring,
To slake his veins: till soon a purer tide
Flows down those loaded channels; washeth off
The dregs of luxury, the lurking seeds 198
Of crude disease; and through the abodes of life
Sends vigour, sends repose. Hail, Naiads: hail,
Who give, to labour, health; to stooping age,
The joys which youth had squander'd. Oft your
Will I invoke; and, frequent in your praise, [urns
Abash the frantic Thyrsus with my song.
For not estrang'd from your benignant arts
Is he, the god, to whose mysterious shrine
My youth was sacred, and my votive cares
Belong; the learned Paeon. Oft when all
His cordial treasures he hath search'd in vain;
When herbs, and potent trees, and drops of balm
Rich with the genial influence of the Sun, 211
(To rouse dark Fancy from her plaintive dreams,
To brace the nerveless arm, with food to win
Sick appetite, or hush the unquiet breast
Which pines with silent passion) he in vain
Hath prov'd; to your deep mansions he descends,
Your gates of humid rock, your dim arcades,
He entereth; where empurpled veins of ore
Gleam on the roof; where through the rigid mine
Your trickling rills insinuate. There the god 220
From your indulgent hands the streaming bowl
Wafts to his pale-ey'd suppliants; wafts the seeds
Metallic, and the elemental salts [soon
Wash'd from the pregnant glebe. They drink: and
Flies pain; flies inauspicious care: and soon
The social haunt or unfrequented shade
Hears Io, Io Paean; as of old,
When Python fell. And, O propitious Nymphs,
Oft as for helpless mortals I implore
Your salutary springs, through every urn 230
Oh shed your healing treasures. With the first
And finest breath, which from the genial strife
Of mineral fermentation springs, like light
O'er the fresh morning's vapours, lustrate then
The fountain, and inform the rising wave.
My lyre shall pay your bounty. Scorn not ye
That humble tribute. Though a mortal hand
Excite the strings to utterance, yet for themes
Not unregarded of celestial powers,
I frame their language; and the Muses deign 240
To guide the pious tenour of my lay.
The Muses (sacred by their gifts divine)
In early days did not my wondering sense
Their secrets oft reveal: oft my rais'd ear
In slumber felt their music: oft at noon
Or hour of sunset, by some lonely stream,
In field or shady grove, they taught me words
Of power, from death and envy to preserve [mind,
The good man's name. Whence yet with grateful
And offerings unprofan'd by ruder eye, 250
My vows I send, my homage, to the seats
Of rocky Cirrha, where with you they dwell:
Where you their chaste companions they admit
Through all the hallow'd scene: where oft intent,
And leaning o'er Castalia's mossy verge,
They mark the cadence of your confluent urns,
How tuneful, yielding gratefullest repose
To their consorted measure: till again,
With emulation all the sounding choir,
And bright Apollo, leader of the song, 260
Their voices through the liquid air exalt,
And sweep their lofty strings: those powerful strings
That charm the mind of gods: that fill the courts
Of wide Olympus with oblivion sweet
Of evils, with immortal rest from cares:
Assuage the terrours of the throne of Jove;
And quench the formidable thunderbolt
Of unrelenting fire. With slacken'd wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord 270
Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number'd notes,
Possess'd; and satiate with the melting tone:
Sovereign of birds. The furious god of war,
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
Relents, and soothes his own fierce heart to ease,
Most welcome ease. The sire of gods and men,
In that great moment of divine delight,
Looks down on all that live; and whatsoe'er
He loves not, o'er the peopled earth, and o'er 280
The interminated ocean, he beholds
Curs'd with abhorrence by his doom severe,
And troubled at the sound. Ye Naiads, ye
With ravish'd ears the melody attend
Worthy of sacred silence. But the slaves
Of Bacchus with tempestuous clamours strive
To drown the heavenly strains; of highest Jove
Irreverent, and by mad presumption fir'd
Their own discordant raptures to advance
With hostile emulation. Down they rush 290
From Nysa's vine-empurpled cliff, the dames

e, the Satyrs, and the unruly Fauns,
Silenus, reeling through the crowd
ambols round him, in convulsions wild
heir limbs, and brandishing in air
mantled thyrsus, or the torch
black smoke flaming, to the Phrygian pipe's
ce, and to the clashing cymbals, mix'd
ieks and frantic uproar. May the gods
ery unpolluted ear avert 300
gies! If within the seats of men,
he walls, the gates, where Pallas holds
rdian key, if haply there be found
es to mingle with the revel-band
rken to their accents; who aspires
ch instructors to inform his breast
rse; let him, fit votarist, implore
spiration. He perchance the gifts
g Lyæus, and the dread exploits,
g in aptest numbers: he the fate 310
Pentheus, he the Paphian rites,
ed Mars with Cytherea chain'd,
ng Alcides in the spinster's robes,
ebrate, applauded. But with you,
s, far from that unhallow'd rout,
rell the man whoe'er to praised themes
the immortal Muse. The immortal Muse
calm habitations, to the cave
n or the Delphic mount, will guide
steps; and with your unsullied streams
will bathe: whether the eternal lore 321
nis, or the majesty of Jove,
als he reveal; or teach his lyre
nvied guerdon of the patriot's toils,
unfading islands of the bless'd,
acred bards abide. Hail, honour'd Nymphs;
ail. For you the Cyrenaïc shell
I touch, revering. To my songs
ent ye with favourable feet,
profaner audience far remove.

NOTES

ON

THE HYMN TO THE NAIADS.

25. ..... *Love* .....

Elder than Chaos.] Hesiod, in his Theogonia gives a different account, and make Chaos first of beings; though he assigns to Love no father nor superior: which circumstance is early mentioned by Phædrus, in Plato's Banquet, being observable not only in Hesiod, but other writers both of verse and prose: and the same occasion he cites a line from Parmenides, in which Love is expressly styled the eldest of the gods. Yet Aristophanes, in The Birds, says that "Chaos, and Night, and Erebus, and Tartarus, were first; and that Love was produced from an egg, which the sable-winged Night deposited in the immense bosom of Erebus." But it is to be observed, that the Love designed by this poet was always distinguished from the Love from that original and self-existent being ΟΝ or ΑΓΑΘΟΝ of Plato, and meant only the ΔΗΜΙΟΥΡΓΟΣ or second person of the old Platonic trinity; to whom is inscribed an hymn among those which pass under the name of Orpheus, where he is called Protogonos, or the first-begotten, is said to have been born of an egg, and is represented as the principal or origin of all these external appearances of Nature. In the fragments of Orpheus, collected by Henry Stephens, he is named Phanes, the discoverer or discloser; who unfolded the ideas of the supreme intelligence, and exposed them to the perception of inferior beings in this visible frame of the world; as Macrobius, and Proclus, and Athenagoras, all agree to interpret the several passages of Orpheus, which they have preserved.

But the Love designed in our text, is the one self-existent and infinite mind, whom if the generality of ancient mythologists have not introduced or truly described in accounting for the production of the world and its appearances; yet, to a modern poet, it can be no objection that he hath ventured to differ from them in this particular; though, in other respects, he professeth to imitate their manner, and conform to their opinions. For, in these great points of natural theology, they differ no less remarkably among themselves, and are perpetually confounding the philosophical relations of things with the traditionary circumstances of mythic history: upon which very account, Callimachus, in his hymn to Jupiter, declareth his dissent from them concerning even an article of the national creed; adding, that the ancient bards were by no means to be depended on. And yet in the exordium of the old Argonautic poem, ascribed to Orpheus, it is said, that "Love, whom mortals in latter times call Phanes, was the father of the eternally begotten Night;" who is generally represented by these mythological poets, as being herself the parent of all things; and who, in the Indigitamenta, or Orphic Hymns, is said to be the same with Cypris, or Love itself. Moreover, in the body of this Argonautic poem, where the personated Orpheus introduceth himself singing to his lyre in reply to Chiron, he celebrateth "the obscure memory of Chaos, and the natures which it contained within itself in a state of perpetual vicissitude; how the Heaven had its boundary determined; the generation of the Earth; the depth of the ocean; and also the sapient Love, the most ancient, the self-sufficient; with all the beings which he produced when he separated one thing from another." Which noble passage is more directly to Aristotle's purpose in the first book of his metaphysics than any of those which he has there quoted, to show that the ancient poets and mythologists agreed with Empedocles, Anaxagoras, and the other more sober philosophers, in that natural anticipation and common notion of mankind concerning the necessity of mind and reason to account for the connection, motion, and good order of the world. For, though neither this poem, nor the hymns which pass under the same name, are, it should seem, the work of the real Orpheus; yet beyond all question they are very ancient. The hymns, more particularly, are allowed to be older than the invasion of Greece by Xerxes; and were probably a set of public and solemn forms of devotion: as appears by a passage in one of them, which Demosthenes hath almost literally cited in his first oration against Aristogiton, as the saying of Orpheus, the founder of their most holy mysteries. On this account, they are of higher authority than any other mythological work now extant, the Theogony of Hesiod himself

not excepted. The poetry of them is often extremely noble; and the mysterious air which prevails in them, together with its delightful impression upon the mind, cannot be better expressed than in that remarkable description with which they inspired the German editor Eschenbach, when he accidentally met with them at Leipsic: "Thesaurum me reperisse credidi," says he, "et profecto thesaurum reperi. Incredibile dictu quo me sacro horrore afflaverint indigitamenta ista deorum: nam et tempus ad illorum lectionem eligere cogebar, quod vel solum horrorem incutere animo potest, nocturnum; cum enim totam diem consumserim in contemplando urbis splendore, et in adeundis, quibus scatet urbs illa, viris doctis; sola nox restabat, quam Orpheo consecrare potui. In abyssum quendam mysteriorum venerandæ antiquitatis descendere videbar, quotiescunque silente mundo, solis vigilantibus astris et luna μελαινοφάνει istos hymnos ad manus sumsi."

Ver. 25. *Chaos.*] The unformed, undigested mass of Moses and Plato: which Milton calls

"The womb of Nature."

Ib. *Love, the sire of Fate.*] Fate is the universal system of natural causes; the work of the Omnipotent Mind, or of Love; so Minucius Felix: "Quid aliud est fatum, quam quod de unoquoque nostrum deus fatus est." So also Cicero, in the first book on Divination: "Fatum autem id appello, quod Græci ΕΙΡΜΑΡΜΕΝΗΝ; id est, ordinem seriemque causarum, cum causa causæ nexa rem ex se gignat —ex quo intelligitur, ut fatum sit non id quod superstitiose, sed id quod physice dicitur causa æterna rerum." To the same purpose is the doctrine of Hierocles, in that excellent fragment concerning Providence and Destiny. As to the three Fates, or Destinies of the poets, they represented that part of the general system of natural causes which relates to man, and to other mortal beings: for so we are told in the hymn addressed to them among the Orphic Indigitamenta, where they are called the daughters of Night, (or Love) and, contrary to the vulgar notion, are distinguished by the epithets of gentle, and tender-hearted. According to Hesiod, Theog. ver. 904, they were the daughters of Jupiter and Themis; but in the Orphic Hymn to Venus, or Love, that goddess is directly styled the mother of Necessity, and is represented, immediately after, as governing the three Destinies, and conducting the whole system of natural causes.

Ver. 26. *Born of Fate was Time.*] Cronos, Saturn, or Time, was, according to Apollodorus, the son of Cœlum and Tellus. But the author of the hymns gives it quite undisguised by mythological language, and calls him plainly the offspring of the Earth and the starry Heaven; that is, of Fate, as explained in the preceding note.

Ver. 27. *Who many sons .....*
Devour'd.] The known fable of Saturn devouring his children was certainly meant to imply the dissolution of natural bodies; which are produced and destroyed by Time.

Ver. 28. ..... *the child*
Of Rhea.] Jupiter, so called by Pindar.

Ver. 29. ..... *drove him from the upper sky.*] That Jupiter dethroned his father Saturn, is recorded by all the mythologists. Phurnutus, or Cornutus, the author of a little Greek treatise on the nature of the gods, informs us, that by Jupiter was meant the vegetable soul of the world, which restrained and prevented those uncertain alterations which Saturn, or Time, used formerly to cause in the mundane system.

Ver. 30. *Then social reign'd.*] Our mythology here supposeth, that before establishment of the vital, vegetative, plastic nature, (represented by Jupiter) the four elements were in a variable and unsettled condition; but afterwards, well-disposed and at peace among themselves. Tethys was the wife of the Ocean; Ops, or Rhea, the Earth; Vesta, the eldest daughter of Saturn, Fire; and the cloud-compeller, or Ζεὺς νεφεληγερέτης, the Air: though he also represented the plastic principle of Nature, as may be seen in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

Ver. 34. ..... *the sedgy-crowned race.*] The river-gods; who, acccording to Hesiod's Theogony, were the sons of Oceanus and Tethys.

Ver. 36. ..... *from them,*
Are ye, O Naiads.] The descent of the Naiads is less certain than most points of the Greek mythology. Homer, Odyss. xiii. κοῦραι Διός. Virgil, in the eighth book of the Æneid, speaks as if the Nymphs, or Naiads, were the parents of the rivers: but in this he contradicts the testimony of Hesiod, and evidently departs from the orthodox system, which representeth several nymphs as retaining to every single river. On the other hand, Calimachus, who was very learned in all the school-divinity of those times, in his hymn to Delos, maketh Penus, the great Thessalian river-god, the father of his Nymphs: and Ovid, in the fourteenth book of his Metamorphosis, mentions the Naiads of Latium as the immediate daughters of the neighbouring river-gods. Accordingly, the Naiads of particular rivers are occasionally, both by Ovid and Statius, called by a patronymic, from the name of the river to which they belong.

Ver. 40. ..... *Syrian Daphne.*] The grove of Daphne in Syria, near Antioch, was famous for its delightful fountains.

Ib. ..... *tribes*
Belov'd by Pæon.] Mineral and medicinal springs. Pæon was the physician of the gods.

Ver. 43. ..... *the winged offspring.*] The Winds; who, according to Hesiod and Apollodorus, were the sons of Astræus and Aurora.

Ver. 46. *Hyperion.*] A son of Cœlum and Tellus, and father of the Sun, who is thence called, by Pindar, Hyperionides. But Hyperion is put by Homer in the same manner as here, for the Sun himself.

Ver. 49. *Your sallying streams.*] The state of the atmosphere with respect to rest and motion is, in several ways, affected by rivers and running streams; and that more especially in hot seasons: first, they destroy its equilibrium, by cooling those parts of it with which they are in contact; and secondly, they communicate their own motion: and the air which is thus moved by them, being left heated, is of consequence more elastic than other parts of the atmosphere, and therefore fitter to preserve and to propagate that motion.

Ver. 70. *Delian king.*] One of the epithets of Apollo, or the Sun, in the Orphic hymn inscribed to him.

Ver. 79. *Chloris.*] The ancient Greek name for Flora.

Ver. 83. *Amalthea.*] The mother of the first Bacchus, whose birth and education was written, as Diodorus Siculus informs us, in the old Pelasgic character, by Thymœtes, grandson to Laomedon, and contemporary with Orpheus. Thymœtes had travelled over Libya to the country which borders on the western ocean; there he saw the island of Nysa, and learned from the inhabitants, that "Ammon, king of Libya, was married in former ages to Rhea, sister of Saturn and the Titans: that he afterwards fell in love with a beautiful virgin, whose name was Amalthea; had by her a son, and gave her possession of a neighbouring tract of land, wonderfully fertile; which in shape nearly resembling the horn of an ox, was thence called the Hesperian horn, and afterwards the horn of Amalthea: that, fearing the jealousy of Rhea, he concealed the young Bacchus, with his mother, in the island of Nysa;" the beauty of which, Diodorus describes with great dignity and pomp of style. This fable is one of the noblest in all the ancient mythology, and seems to have made a particular impression on the imagination of Milton; the only modern poet (unless perhaps it be necessary to except Spenser) who, in these mysterious traditions of the poetic story, had a heart to feel, and words to express, the simple and solitary genius of antiquity. To raise the idea of his Paradise, he prefers it even to

..... that Nysean isle
Girt by the river Triton, where old Cham,
(Whom Gentiles Ammon call, and Libyan Jove)
Hid Amalthea, and her florid son,
Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye.

Ver. 94. *Edonian band.*] The priestesses and other ministers of Bacchus; so called from Edonus, a mountain of Thrace, where his rights were celebrated.

Ver. 105. *When Hermes.*] Hermes, or Mercury, was the patron of commerce; in which benevolent character he is addressed by the author of the Indigitamenta, in these beautiful lines:

Ἑρμῆτυ πάντων, κεξείμποξε, λυσιμέριμνε,
Ὃς χαρίσθαι ἴχνις εἰρήνης ὅπλων ἀμείλιξις.

Ver. 121. *Dispense the mineral treasure.*] The merchants of Sidon and Tyre made frequent voyages to the coast of Cornwall, from whence they carried home great quantities of tin.

Ver. 136. *Hath he not won.*] Mercury, the patron of commerce, being so greatly dependent on the good offices of the Naiads, in return obtains for them the friendship of Minerva, the goddess of war; for military power, at least the naval part of it, hath constantly followed the establishment of trade; which exemplifies the preceding observation, that "from bounty issueth power."

Ver. 143. ..... *Calpe* .....
Cantabrian surge.] Gibraltar and the bay of Biscay.

Ver. 150. *Ægina's gloomy surge.*] Near this island, the Athenians obtained the victory of Salamis, over the Persian navy.

Ver. 160. ..... *Xerxes saw.*] This circumstance is recorded in that passage, perhaps the most splendid among all the remains of ancient history, where Plutarch, in his Life of Themistocles, describes the sea-fights of Artemisium and Salamis.

Ver. 204. *Thyrsus.*] A staff, or spear, wreathed round with ivy: of constant use in the bacchanalian mysteries.

Ver. 227. ..... *Io Pæan.*] An exclamation of victory and triumph, derived from Apollo's encounter with Python.

Ver. 252. *Cirrha.*] One of the summits of Parnassus, and sacred to Apollo. Near it were several fountains, said to be frequented by the Muses. Nysa, the other eminence of the same mountain, was dedicated to Bacchus.

Ver. 263. .... *charm the mind of gods.*] This whole passage, concerning the effects of sacred music among the gods, is taken from Pindar's first Pythian ode.

Ver. 297. ..... *Phrygian pipe's.*] The Phrygian music was fantastic and turbulent, and fit to excite disorderly passions.

Ver. 302. ..... *The gates where Pallas holds*
The guardian key.] It was the office of Minerva to be the guardian of walled cities; whence she was named ΠΟΛΙΑΣ and ΠΟΛΙΟΥΧΟΣ, and had her statues placed in their gates, being supposed to keep the keys; and on that account styled ΚΛΗΔΟΥΧΟΣ.

Ver. 310. ..... *fate*
Of sober Pentheus.] Pentheus was torn in pieces by the bacchanalian priests and women, for despising their mysteries.

Ver. 318. ..... *the cave*
Corycian.] Of this cave Pausanias, in his tenth book, gives the following description: "between Delphi and the eminences of Parnassus, in a road to the grotto of Corycium, which has its name from the nymph Corycia, and is by far the most remarkable which I have seen. One may walk a great way into it without a torch. It is of a considerable height, and hath several springs within it; and yet a much greater quantity of water distills from the shell and roof, so as to be continually dropping on the ground. The people round Parnassus hold it sacred to the Corycian nymphs and to Pan."

Ver. 319. ..... *Delphic mount.*] Delphi, the seat and oracle of Apollo, had a mountainous and rocky situation, on the skirts of Parnassus.

Ver. 327. *Cyrenaïc.*] Cyrene was the native country of Callimachus, whose hymns are the most remarkable example of that mythological passion which is assumed in the preceding poem, and have always afforded particular pleasure to the author of it, by reason of the mysterious solemnity with which they affect the mind. On this account he was induced to attempt somewhat in the same manner; solely by way of exercise: the manner itself being now almost entirely abandoned in poetry. And as the mere genealogy, or the personal adventures of heathen gods, could have been but little interesting to a modern reader; it was therefore thought proper to select some convenient part of the history of Nature, and to employ these ancient divinities as it is probable they were first employed; to wit, in personifying natural causes, and in representing the mutual agreement or opposition of the corporeal and moral powers of the world: which hath been accounted the very highest office of poetry.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I.

FOR A GROTTO.

To me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream,
This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine,
Which o'er the rocky entrance downward shoot,
Where plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale,
Primrose, and purple lychnis, deck'd the green
Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
With honeysuckle covered. Here at noon,
Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
I slumber: here my clustering fruits I tend:
Or from my humid flowers, at break of day,
Fresh garlands weave, and chase from all my bounds
Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
O stranger! undismay'd. Nor bat, nor toad
Here lurks: and if thy breast of blameless thoughts
Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
My quiet mansion: chiefly, if thy name
Wise Pallas and the immortal Muses own.

II.

FOR A

STATUE OF CHAUCER AT WOODSTOCK.

Such was old Chaucer. Such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
He sang, of love, or knighthood, or the wiles
Of homely life: through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though perchance
From Blenheim's towers, O stranger, thou art come
Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet in vain
Dost thou applaud them if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero; who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming verse
To tame the rudeness of his native land.

III.

Whoever thou art whose path, in summer, lies
Through yonder village, turn thee where the grove
Of branching oaks a rural palace old
Embosoms. There dwells Albert, generous lord
Of all the harvest round. And onward thence
A low plain chapel fronts the morning light
Fast by a silent rivulet. Humbly walk,
O stranger, o'er the consecrated ground;
And on that verdant hillock, which thou seest
Beset with osiers, let thy pious hand
Sprinkle fresh water from the brook, and strew
Sweet-smelling flowers. For there doth Edmund rest,
The learned shepherd; for each rural art
Fam'd, and for songs harmonious, and the woes
Of ill-requited love. The faithless pride
Of fair Matilda sank him to the grave
In manhood's prime. But soon did righteous Heaven
With tears, with sharp remorse, and pining care,
Avenge her falsehood. Nor could all the gold,
And nuptial pomp, which lur'd her plighted faith
From Edmund to a loftier husband's home,
Relieve her breaking heart, or turn aside
The strokes of Death. Go, traveller; relate
The mournful story. Haply some fair maid
May hold it in remembrance, and be taught
That riches cannot pay for truth or love.

IV.

O youths and virgins: O declining eld:
O pale Misfortune's slaves: O, ye who dwell
Unknown with humble Quiet; ye who wait
In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings:
O sons of Sport and Pleasure; O thou wretch
That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds
Of conscious Guilt, or Death's rapacious hand
Which left thee void of hope: O ye who roam
In exile; ye who through the embattled field
Seek bright renown; or who for nobler palms
Contend, the leaders of a public cause;
Approach: behold this marble. Know ye not
The features? Hath not oft his faithful tongue
Told you the fashion of your own estate,
The secrets of your bosom? Here then, round
His monument with reverence while ye stand,
Say to each other: "This was Shakspeare's form:
Who walk'd in every path of human life.
Felt every passion; and to all mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
Which his own genius only could acquire."

V.

GULIELMVS III. FORTIS, PIVS, LIBERATOR, CVM INEVNTE AETATE PATRIÆ LABENTI ADFVISSET SALVS IPSE VNICA: CVM MOX ITIDEM REIPVBLICÆ BRITANNICÆ VINDEX RENVNCIATVS ESSET ATQVE STATOR; TVM DENIQVE AD ID SE NATVM RECOGNOVIT ET REGEM FACTVM, VT CVRARET NE DOMINO IMPOTENTI CEDERENT PAX, FIDES, FORTVNA, GENERIS HVMANI. AVCTORI PVBLICÆ FELICITATIS P. C. A. M. A.

VI.

FOR A COLUMN AT RUNNYMEDE.

Thou, who the verdant plain dost traverse here
While Thames among his willows from thy view
Retires; O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king
(Then rendered tame) did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom. Pass not on
Till thou hast blest their memory, and paid
Those thanks which God appointed the reward
Of public virtue. And if chance thy home
Salute thee with a father's honour'd name,
Go, call thy sons: instruct them what a debt
They owe their ancestors; and make them swear
To pay it, by transmitting down entire
Those sacred rights to which themselves were born.

VII.

THE WOOD-NYMPH.

in silence. 'Tis no vulgar tale
the Driad of this hoary oak,
e to mortal ears. The second age
eneth to its period, since I rose
air lawn. The groves of yonder vale
ıy offspring: and each Nymph, who guards
es and the furrow'd fields beyond,
e. Many changes have I seen
n things, and many awful deeds
e, when the ruling hand of Jove
he tyrants of the land, against
ıllow'd sons of Luxury and Guile,
d for retribution. Thus at length
ı laws divine, I know the paths
ɔm, and erroneous Folly's end
presag'd: and now well-pleas'd I wait
ning till a noble youth, who loves
e, a while releas'd from public cares,
eful gate shall enter, and sit down
my branches. Then his musing mind
, unseen; and place before his view
forms of good; and move his heart
dread bounties of the Sire Supreme
ınd men, with Freedom's generous deeds,
voice of Glory, and the faith
l Friendship. Stranger, I have told
tion. If within thy bosom dwell
ıich may challenge praise, thou wilt not
r'd my abode, nor shall I hear [leave
; benediction from thy tongue.

VIII.

s unseen, to whom the bards of Greece
ıltars; ye who to the mind
y views unfold, and prompt the heart
re divine emotions; if erewhile
unpleasing have my votive rites
een deem'd, when oft this lonely seat
consecrated; then vouchsafe
h your instant energy to crown
y solitude. It is the hour
st I love to invoke you, and have felt
quent your glad ministry divine.
s calm: the Sun's unveiled orb
the middle Heaven. The harvest round
ıiet, and among the golden sheaves
ers lie reclin'd. The neighbouring groves
; nor even a linnet's random strain
amid the silence. Let me feel
ıence, ye kind powers. Aloft in Heaven
? or on those transparent clouds
rom hill to hill? or on the shades
onder elms cast o'er the lake below
onverse retir'd? From what lov'd haunt
cpect you? Let me once more feel
uence, O ye kind inspiring powers!
l guard it well, nor shall a thought
ıy mind, nor shall a passion move
y bosom unobserv'd, unstor'd
ıl memory. And then at some
ive moment will I call them forth
nd join them in majestic forms,
them utterance in harmonious strains;
mankind shall wonder at your sway.

IX.

Me though in life's sequester'd vale
The Almighty Sire ordain'd to dwell,
Remote from Glory's toilsome ways,
And the great scenes of public praise;
Yet let me still with grateful pride
Remember how my infant frame
He temper'd with prophetic flame,
And early music to my tongue supply'd.

'Twas then my future fate he weigh'd:
And, "This be thy concern," he said,
"At once with Passion's keen alarms,
And Beauty's pleasurable charms,
And sacred Truth's eternal light,
To move the various mind of man;
Till under one unblemish'd plan,
His reason, fancy, and his heart unite."

AN EPISTLE TO CURIO[1].

Thrice has the Spring beheld thy faded fame,
And the fourth Winter rises on thy shame,
Since I exulting grasp'd the votive shell,
In sounds of triumph all thy praise to tell;
Blest could my skill through ages make thee shine,
And proud to mix my memory with thine.
But now the cause that wak'd my song before,
With praise, with triumph, crowns the toil no more.
If to the glorious man, whose faithful cares,
Nor quell'd by malice, nor relax'd by years,
Had aw'd Ambition's wild audacious hate,
And dragg'd at length Corruption to her fate;
If every tongue its large applauses ow'd,
And well-earn'd laurels every Muse bestow'd;
If public Justice urg'd the high reward,
And Freedom smil'd on the devoted bard:
Say then, to him whose levity or lust
Laid all a people's generous hopes in dust;
Who taught Ambition firmer heights of power,
And sav'd Corruption at her hopeless hour;
Does not each tongue its execrations owe?
Shall not each Muse a wreath of shame bestow?
And public Justice sanctify the award?
And Freedom's hand protect th' impartial bard?

[1] Curio was a young Roman senator of distinguished birth and parts, who, upon his first entrance into the forum, had been committed to the care of Cicero. Being profuse and extravagant, he soon dissipated a large and splendid fortune; to supply the want of which, he was driven to the necessity of abetting the designs of Cæsar against the liberties of his country, although he had before been a professed enemy to him.—Cicero exerted himself with great energy to prevent his ruin, but without effect, and he became one of the first victims in the civil war. This epistle was first published in the year 1744, when a celebrated patriot, after a long and at last a successful opposition to an unpopular minister, had deserted the cause of his country, and become the foremost in support and defence of the same measures he had so steadily and for such a length of time contended against. It was altered by the author into the Ode to Curio; but the original poem is too curious to be omitted. *N.*

Yet long reluctant I forbore thy name,
Long watch'd thy virtue like a dying flame,
Hung o'er each glimmering spark with anxious eyes,
And wish'd and hop'd the light again would rise.
But since thy guilt still more entire appears,
Since no art hides, no supposition clears;
Since vengeful Slander now too sinks her blast,
And the first rage of party-hate is past;
Calm as the Judge of Truth, at length I come
To weigh thy merits, and pronounce thy doom:
So may my trust from all reproach be free,
And Earth and Time confirm the fair decree.
There are who say they view'd without amaze
Thy sad reverse of all thy former praise;
That through the pageants of a patriot's name,
They pierc'd the foulness of thy secret aim;
Or deem'd thy arm exalted but to throw
The public thunder on a private foe.
But I, whose soul consented to thy cause,
Who felt thy genius stamp its own applause,
Who saw the spirits of each glorious age
Move in thy bosom, and direct thy rage;
I scorn'd the ungenerous gloss of slavish minds,
The owl-ey'd race, whom Virtue's lustre blinds.
Spite of the learned in the ways of Vice,
And all who prove that each man has his price,
I still believ'd thy end was just and free;
And yet, even yet believe it—spite of thee.
Even though thy mouth impure has dar'd disclaim,
Urg'd by the wretched impotence of shame,
Whatever filial cares thy zeal had paid
To laws infirm and liberty decay'd;
Has begg'd Ambition to forgive the show;
Has told Corruption thou wert ne'er her foe;
Has boasted in thy country's awful ear,
Her gross delusion when she held thee dear;
How tame she follow'd thy tempestuous call,
And heard thy pompous tales, and trusted all—
Rise from your sad abodes, ye curst of old
For laws subverted, and for cities sold!
Paint all the noblest trophies of your guilt,
The oaths you perjur'd, and the blood you spilt;
Yet must you one untempted vileness own,
One dreadful palm reserv'd for him alone:
With studied arts his country's praise to spurn,
To beg the infamy he did not earn,
To challenge hate when honour was his due,
And plead his crimes where all his virtue knew.
Do robes of state the guarded heart enclose
From each fair feeling human nature knows?
Can pompous titles stun the enchanted ear
To all that reason, all that sense, would hear?
Else could'st thou e'er desert thy sacred post,
In such unthankful baseness to be lost?
Else could'st thou wed the emptiness of vice,
And yield thy glories at an idiot's price?
When they who, loud for liberty and laws,
In doubtful times had fought their country's cause,
When now of conquest and dominion sure,
They sought alone to hold their fruits secure;
When taught by these, Oppression hid the face
To leave Corruption stronger in her place,
By silent spells to work the public fate,
And taint the vitals of the passive state,
Till healing Wisdom should avail no more,
And Freedom loath to tread the poison'd shore;
Then, like some guardian god that flies to save
The weary pilgrim from an instant grave,
Whom, sleeping and secure, the guileful snake
Steals near and nearer through the peaceful brake;
Then Curio rose to ward the public woe,
To wake the heedless, and incite the slow,
Against Corruption, Liberty to arm,
And quell the enchantress by a mightier charm.
Swift o'er the land the fair contagion flew,
And with the country's hopes thy honours grew.
Thee, patriot, the patrician roof confess'd:
Thy powerful voice the rescued merchant bless'd;
Of thee with awe the rural hearth resounds;
The bowl to thee the grateful sailor crowns;
Touch'd in the sighing shade with manlier fires,
To trace thy steps the love-sick youth aspires;
The learn'd recluse, who oft amaz'd had read
Of Grecian heroes, Roman patriots dead,
With new amazement hears a living name
Pretend to share in such forgotten fame;
And he who, scorning courts and courtly ways,
Left the tame track of these dejected days,
The life of nobler ages to renew
In virtues sacred from a monarch's view,
Rouz'd by thy labours from the blest retreat,
Where social ease and public passions meet,
Again ascending treads the civil scene,
To act and be a man, as thou hadst been.
Thus by degrees thy cause superior grew,
And the great end appear'd at last in view:
We heard the people in thy hopes rejoice;
We saw the senate bending to thy voice;
The friends of Freedom hail'd the approaching reign
Of laws for which our fathers bled in vain;
While venal Faction, struck with new dismay,
Shrunk at their frown, and self-abandon'd lay.
Wak'd in the shock, the public Genius rose,
Abash'd and keener from his long repose;
Sublime in ancient pride, he rais'd the spear
Which slaves and tyrants long were wont to fear:
The city felt his call: from man to man,
From street to street, the glorious horrour ran;
Each crowded haunt was stirr'd beneath his power,
And, murmuring, challeng'd the deciding hour.
Lo! the deciding hour at last appears;
The hour of every freeman's hopes and fears!
Thou, Genius! guardian of the Roman name,
O ever prompt tyrannic rage to tame!
Instruct the mighty moments as they roll,
And guide each movement steady to the goal.
Ye Spirits, by whose providential art
Succeeding motives turn the changeful heart,
Keep, keep the best in view to Curio's mind,
And watch his fancy, and his passions bind!
Ye Shades immortal, who, by Freedom led,
Or in the field, or on the scaffold bled,
Bend from your radiant seats a joyful eye,
And view the crown of all your labours nigh.
See Freedom mounting her eternal throne!
The sword submitted, and the laws her own:
See! public Power, chastis'd, beneath her stands,
With eyes intent, and uncorrupted hands!
See private life by wisest arts reclaim'd!
See ardent youth to noblest manners fram'd!
See us acquire whate'er was sought by you,
If Curio, only Curio, will be true.
'Twas then—O shame! O trust how ill repaid!
O Latium, oft by faithless sons betray'd!—
'Twas then—what frenzy on thy reason stole?
What spells unsinew'd thy determin'd soul?
—Is this the man in Freedom's cause approv'd?
The man so great, so honour'd, so belov'd?
This patient slave by tinsel chains allur'd?
This wretched suitor for a boon abjur'd?

, hated and despis'd by all?
imself, to work his country's fall?
ilike to action and repose!
unpitied in the worst of woes!
hat conscious, undissembled pride,
e insults of a foe defy'd!
hat habit of familiar fame,
exhaust the dregs of life in shame!
ad refuge of thy baffled art,
tatesman's dull exploded part,
the praise no longer in thy power,
y virtue, though without a dower,
the giddy crowd, the vulgar wind,
thy eyes that others may be blind.
me, Romans, that I bear to smile
meless mouths your majesty defile,
a thoughtless, frantic, headlong crew,
heir own impieties on you.
s, Freedom, to whose sacred power
as vow'd from reason's earliest hour,
I stood exulting, to survey
y's virtues opening in thy ray!
the sons of every foreign shore
I match'd them, honour'd her's the more!
ct! whose native strength of soul,
gs, nor priests, nor sordid laws control,
tame round of animal affairs,
a nobler centre for its cares;
laws of life to comprehend,
minion's limits by its end.
and equal in their love or hate,
us reason judging every state,
orget not, though in rags he lies,
the mortal through a crown's disguise:
ompt alike with witty scorn to view
Grandeur lift his solemn brow,
ke at Pity's soft command,
nild ear, and stretch the gracious hand:
ge of heart, from envy far remov'd,
lic toils to virtue stand approv'd,
ung lover fonder to admire,
indulgent the delighted sire;
nd jealous of their free-born name,
he flight of Jove's destroying flame,
Oppression works her wanton sway,
onfront, and dreadful to repay.
urchase Curio's sage applause,
y must with him renounce her cause,
slave the path a patriot trod,
eek knee, and kiss the regal rod;
ye powers, instruct his tongue to rail,
zeal, nor let his subject fail:
e change the style, bear me away
he Gracchi [2], where the Bruti stay!
ever'd, and late resign'd to shame!
urtly page thy notice claim
loud cares of business are withdrawn,
est beggars round thy footsteps fawn;
, thoughtful, solitary hour,
h exerts her unresisted power,
false optics ting'd with Fortune's glare,
e breast, and lays the passions bare;
thy eyes on that important scene,
yself—if all be well within.
e heartfelt worth and weight of soul,
ur could not stop, nor fear control?

Where the known dignity, the stamp of awe,
Which, half abash'd, the proud and venal saw?
Where the calm triumphs of an honest cause?
Where the delightful taste of just applause?
Where the strong reason, the commanding tongue,
On which the senate fir'd or trembling hung?
All vanish'd, all are sold—and in their room,
Couch'd in thy bosom's deep, distracted gloom,
See the pale form of barbarous Grandeur dwell,
Like some grim idol in a sorcerer's cell!
To her in chains thy dignity was led;
At her polluted shrine thy honour bled;
With blasted weeds thy awful brow she crown'd,
Thy powerful tongue with poison'd philters bound,
That baffled Reason straight indignant flew,
And fair Persuasion from her seat withdrew:
For now no longer Truth supports thy cause;
No longer Glory prompts thee to applause;
No longer Virtue breathing in thy breast,
With all her conscious majesty confest,
Still bright and brighter wakes the almighty flame,
To rouse the feeble, and the wilful tame,
And where she sees the catching glimpses roll,
Spreads the strong blaze, and all involves the soul;
But cold restraints thy conscious fancy chill,
And formal passions mock thy struggling will;
Or, if thy Genius e'er forget his chain,
And reach impatient at a nobler strain,
Soon the sad bodings of contemptuous mirth
Shoot through thy breast, and stab the generous birth,
Till, blind with smart, from Truth to Frenzy tost,
And all the tenour of thy reason lost,
Perhaps thy anguish drains a real tear;
While some with pity, some with laughter hear.
—Can Art, alas! or Genius, guide the head,
Where Truth and Freedom from the heart are fled?
Can lesser wheels repeat their native stroke,
When the prime function of the soul is broke?
But come, unhappy man! thy fates impend;
Come, quit thy friends, if yet thou hast a friend;
Turn from the poor rewards of guilt like thine,
Renounce thy titles, and thy robes resign;
For see the hand of Destiny display'd
To shut thee from the joys thou hast betray'd!
See the dire fane of Infamy arise!
Dark as the grave, and spacious as the skies;
Where, from the first of time, thy kindred train,
The chiefs and princes of the unjust remain.
Eternal barriers guard the pathless road
To warn the wanderer of the curst abode;
But prone as whirlwinds scour the passive sky,
The heights surmounted, down the steep they fly.
There, black with frowns, relentless Time awaits,
And goads their footsteps to the guilty gates:
And still he asks them of their unknown aims,
Evolves their secrets, and their guilt proclaims;
And still his hands despoil them on the road
Of each vain wreath, by lying bards bestow'd,
Break their proud marbles, crush their festal cars,
And rend the lawless trophies of their wars.
At last the gates his potent voice obey;
Fierce to their dark abode he drives his prey,
Where, ever arm'd with adamantine chains,
The watchful demon o'er her vassals reigns,

brothers, Tiberius and Caius Gracchus, res in attempting to introduce the only hat could give stability and good order to the Roman republic. L. Junius Brutus founded the commonwealth, and died in its defence. Akenside.

O'er mighty names and giant-powers of lust,
The Great, the Sage, the Happy, and August[3].
No gleam of hope their baleful mansion cheers,
No sound of honour hails their unblest ears;
But dire reproaches from the friend betray'd,
The childless sire and violated maid;
But vengeful vows for guardian laws effac'd,
From towns enslav'd and continents laid waste;
But long Posterity's united groan,
And the sad charge of horrours not their own,
For ever through the trembling space resound,
And sink each impious forehead to the ground.
Ye mighty foes of Liberty and Rest,
Give way, do homage to a mightier guest!
Ye daring spirits of the Roman race,
See Curio's toil your proudest claims efface!
—Aw'd at the name, fierce Appius[4] rising bends,
And hardy Cinna from his throne attends:
"He comes," they cry, "to whom the Fates assign'd
With surer arts to work what we design'd,
From year to year the stubborn herd to sway,
Mouth all their wrongs, and all their rage obey;
Till, own'd their guide, and trusted with their power,
He mock'd their hopes in one decisive hour:
Then, tir'd and yielding, led them to the chain,
And quench'd the spirit we provok'd in vain."
But thou, Supreme, by whose eternal hands
Fair Liberty's heroic empire stands;
Whose thunders the rebellious deep control,
And quell the triumphs of the traitor's soul,
O turn this dreadful omen far away:
On Freedom's foes their own attempts repay;
Relume her sacred fire so near suppress,
And fix her shrine in every Roman breast:
Though bold Corruption boast around the land,
"Let Virtue, if she can, my baits withstand!"
Though bolder now she urge the accursed claim,
Gay with her trophies rais'd on Curio's shame;
Yet some there are who scorn her impious mirth,
Who know what conscience and a heart are worth.
—O friend and father of the human mind,
Whose art for noblest ends our frame design'd!
If I, though fated to the studious shade
Which party-strife nor anxious power invade,
If I aspire in Public Virtue's cause,
To guide the Muses by sublimer laws,
Do thou her own authority impart,
And give my numbers entrance to the heart.
Perhaps the verse might rouse her smother'd flame,
And snatch the fainting patriot back to fame;
Perhaps, by worthy thoughts of human kind,
To worthy deeds exalt the conscious mind;
Or dash Corruption in her proud career,
And teach her slaves that Vice was born to fear.

LOVE. AN ELEGY.

Too much my heart of Beauty's power hath known,
Too long to Love hath Reason left her throne;
Too long my genius mourn'd his myrtle chain,
And three rich years of youth consum'd in vain.

My wishes, lull'd with soft inglorious dreams,
Forgot the patriot's and the sage's themes:
Through each Elysian vale and fairy grove,
Through all the enchanted Paradise of Love.
Misled by sickly Hope's deceitful flame,
Averse to action, and renouncing fame.
At last the visionary scenes decay,
My eyes, exulting, bless the new-born day,
Whose faithful beams detect the dangerous road
In which my heedless feet securely trod,
And strip the phantoms of their lying charms
That lur'd my soul from Wisdom's peaceful arms.
For silver streams and banks bespread with flowers,
For mossy couches and harmonious bowers,
Lo! barren heaths appear, and pathless woods,
And rocks hung dreadful o'er unfathom'd floods:
For openness of heart, for tender smiles,
Looks fraught with love, and wrath disarming wiles,
Lo! sullen Spite, and perjur'd Lust of Gain,
And cruel Pride, and crueler Disdain.
Lo! cordial Faith to idiot airs refin'd,
Now coolly civil, now transporting kind.
For graceful Ease, lo! Affectation walks;
And dull Half-sense, for Wit and Wisdom talks.
New to each hour what low delight succeeds,
What precious furniture of hearts and heads!
By nought their prudence, but by getting, known;
And all their courage in deceiving shown.
See next what plagues attend the lover's state,
What frightful forms of Terrour, Scorn, and Hate!
See burning Fury, Heaven and Earth defy!
See dumb Despair in icy fetters lie!
See black Suspicion bend his gloomy brow,
The hideous image of himself to view!
And fond Belief, with all a lover's flame,
Sinks in those arms that points his head with shame!
There wan Dejection, faultering as he goes,
In shades and silence vainly seeks repose;
Musing through pathless wilds, consumes the day,
Then lost in darkness weeps the hours away.
Here the gay crowd of Luxury advance,
Some touch the lyre, and others urge the dance;
On every head the rosy garland glows,
In every hand the golden goblet flows.
The Syren views them with exulting eyes,
And laughs at bashful Virtue as she flies.
But see behind, where Scorn and Want appear,
The grave remonstrance and the witty sneer.
See fell Remorse in action, prompt to dart
Her snaky poison through the conscious heart.
And Sloth to cancel, with oblivious shame,
The fair memorial of recording Fame.
Are these delights that one would wish to gain?
Is this the Elysium of a sober brain:
To wait for happiness in female smiles,
Bear all her scorn, be caught with all her wiles,
With prayers, with bribes, with lies, her pity crave,
Bless her hard bonds, and boast to be her slave;
To feel, for trifles, a distracting train
Of hopes and terrours equally in vain;
This hour to tremble, and the next to glow,
Can pride, can sense, can reason, stoop so low?
When Virtue, at an easier price, displays
The sacred wreaths of honourable praise;
When Wisdom utters her divine decree,
To laugh at pompous Folly, and be free.
I bid adieu, then, to these woful scenes;
I bid adieu to all the sex of queens;
Adieu to every suffering, simple soul,
That lets a woman's will his case control.

[3] Titles which have been generally ascribed to the most pernicious of men. Akenside.

[4] Appius Claudius the decemvir, and L. Cornelius Cinna, both attempted to establish a tyrannical dominion in Rome, and both perish'd by the treason. Akenside.

gh, ye witty; and rebuke, ye grave!
scorn to boast that I'm a slave.
whining brotherhood be gone,
r heart! my wishes are my own!
he female Heaven, the female Hell;
eat God of Love a glad farewell.
triumph of thy awful name?
the splendid hopes that urg'd thy aim,
t my bosom own'd thy haughty sway?
is Minerva heard thee, boasting, say,
tial maid, elsewhere thy arts employ,
to shelter that devoted boy.
the solemn sons of Care and Age,
ve statesmen, and the midnight sage;
g with me must other lessons prove,
ls for Pleasure, Pleasure calls for Love.
s heart thy grave advice disdains,
bind him in eternal chains."
great Love, how idle was the boast!
is are broken, and thy lessons lost;
l rage has tir'd my suffering heart,
on, reason, forc'd thee to depart.
erefore dost thou linger on thy way?
ly search for some pretence to stay,
wds of vassals court thy pleasing yoke,
tless victims bow them to the stroke?
d thy shrine a thousand youths advance,
h the gentle ardours of romance;
s to assert thy cause with feats of arms,
the world confess Dulcinea's charms.
and girls, with flowery chaplets crown'd,
and streams thy tender triumph sound;
the stream in murmurs speak her flame,
s the grove to sigh her shepherd's name.
y pride such easy honour scorn,
tropnies must thy toil adorn,
n flowery antiquated maid
the bloom of threescore years display'd;
thou bind in thy delightful chains,
with gentle pangs her wither'd veins,
r cheek with crimson blushes dye,
ams of rapture melt her maudlin eye.
ien thy labours to the servile crowd,
e wary, and control the proud;
sad miser his best gains forego,
n statesman sigh to be a beau;
coquette with fondest passion burn,
banalian o'er his bottle mourn:
chief glory of thy power maintain,
e ambition in a female brain."
thy triumphs. But no more presume
rebellious heart will yield thee room.
y puny force, thy simple wiles;
iumphant through thy flimsy toils:
dying lamp's last languid glow,
rs blunted, and unbrac'd thy bow.
ner fires my breast inflame,
science, and ingenuous fame:
he paths my earliest choice began,
with pride, the lover in the man.

A BRITISH PHILIPPIC:

ED BY THE INSULTS OF THE SPANIARDS, AND
HE PRESENT PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

M.DCC.XXXVIII.

this unwonted transport in my breast?
my thoughts, and whither would the Muse
Aspire with rapid wing? Her country's cause
Demands her efforts; at that sacred call
She summons all her ardour, throws aside
The trembling lyre, and with the warrior's trump
She means to thunder in each British ear;
And if one spark of honour or of fame,
Disdain of insult, dread of infamy,
One thought of public virtue yet survive,
She means to wake it, rouse the generous flame,
With patriot zeal inspirit every breast,
And fire each British heart with British wrongs.
Alas, the vain attempt! what influence now
Can the Muse boast? or what attention now
Is paid to fame or virtue? Where is now
The British spirit, generous, warm, and brave,
So frequent wont from tyranny and woe
To free the suppliant nations? Where, indeed!
If that protection, once to strangers given,
Be now withheld from sons? Each nobler thought,
That warm'd our sires, is lost and buried now
In luxury and avarice. Baneful vice!
How it unmans a nation! Yet I'll try,
I'll aim to shake this vile degenerate sloth;
I'll dare to rouze Britannia's dreaming sons
To fame, to virtue, and impart around
A generous feeling of compatriot woes.
Come then the various powers of forceful speech,
All that can move, awaken, fire, transport;
Come the bold ardour of the Theban bard!
The arouzing thunder of the patriot Greek!
The soft persuasion of the Roman sage!
Come all! and raise me to an equal height,
A rapture worthy of my glorious cause!
Lest my best efforts failing should debase
The sacred theme; for with no common wing
The Muse attempts to soar. Yet what need these?
My country's fame, my free-born British heart,
Shall be my best inspirers, raise my flight
High as the Theban's pinion, and with more
Than Greek or Roman flame exalt my soul.
Oh! could I give the vast ideas birth
Expressive of the thoughts that flame within,
No more should lazy Luxury detain
Our ardent youth; no more should Britain's sons
Sit tamely passive by, and careless hear
The prayers, sighs, groans (immortal infamy!)
Of fellow Britons, with oppression sunk,
In bitterness of soul demanding aid,
Calling on Britain, their dear native land,
The land of Liberty; so greatly fam'd
For just redress: the land so often dyed
With her best blood, for that arouzing cause,
The freedom of her sons; those sons that now,
Far from the manly blessings of her sway,
Drag the vile fetters of a Spanish lord.
And dare they, dare the vanquish'd sons of Spain,
Enslave a Briton? Have they then forgot,
So soon forgot, the great, the immortal day,
When rescued Sicily with joy beheld
The swift-wing'd thunder of the British arm
Disperse their navies? when their coward bands
Fled, like the raven from the bird of Jove,
From swift impending vengeance fled in vain:
Are these our lords? And can Britannia see
Her foes oft vanquish'd, thus defy her power,
Insult her standard, and enslave her sons,
And not arise to justice? Did our sires,
Unaw'd by chains, by exile, or by death,
Preserve inviolate her guardian rights,
To Britons ever sacred! that their sons

Might give them up to Spaniards?—Turn your eyes,
Turn ye degenerate, who with haughty boast
Call yourselves Britons, to that dismal gloom,
That dungeon dark and deep, where never thought
Of joy or peace can enter; see the gates
Harsh-creaking open; what an hideous void,
Dark as the yawning grave! while still as death
A frightful silence reigns: there on the ground
Behold your brethren chain'd like beasts of prey:
There mark your numerous glories, there behold
The look that speaks unutterable woe;
The mangled limb, the faint, the deathful eye
With famine sunk, the deep heart-bursting groan
Suppress'd in silence; view the loathsome food,
Refus'd by dogs, and oh! the stinging thought!
View the dark Spaniard glorying in their wrongs,
The deadly priest triumphant in their woes,
And thundering worse damnation on their souls:
While that pale form, in all the pangs of death,
Too faint to speak, yet eloquent of all
His native British spirit yet untam'd,
Raises his head, and with indignant frowns
Of great defiance, and superior scorn,
Looks up and dies.—Oh! I am all on fire!
But let me spare the theme, lest future times
Should blush to hear that either conquer'd Spain
Durst offer Britain such outrageous wrong,
Or Britain tamely bore it—
Descend, ye guardian heroes of the land!
Scourges of Spain, descend! Behold your sons,
See! how they run the same heroic race,
How prompt, how ardent in their country's cause,
How greatly proud to assert their British blood,
And in their deeds reflect their fathers' fame!
Ah! would to Heaven! ye did not rather see
How dead to virtue in the public cause!
How cold, how careless, how to glory deaf,
They shame your laurels, and beli- their birth!
Come, ye great spirits, Ca'ndish, Raleigh, Blake!
And ye of later name your country's pride,
Oh! come, disperse these lazy fumes of sloth,
Teach British hearts with British fires to glow!
In wakening whispers rouze our ardent youth,
Blazon the triumphs of your better days,
Paint all the glorious scenes of rightful war,
In all its splendours; to their swelling souls
Say how ye bow'd the insulting Spaniards pride,
Say how ye thunder'd o'er their prostrate heads,
Say how ye broke their lines and fir'd their ports,
Say how not death, in all its frightful shapes,
Could damp your souls, or shake the great resolve
For Right and Britain: then display the joys
The patriot's soul exalting, while he views
Transported millions hail with loud acclaim
The guardian of their civil, sacred rights.
How greatly welcome to the virtuous man
Is death for others good! the radiant thoughts
That beam celestial on his passing soul,
The unfading crowns awaiting him above,
The exalting plaudit of the Great Supreme,
Who in his actions with complacence views
His own reflected splendour: then descend,
Though to a lower, yet a nobler scene;
Paint the just honours to his relics paid,
Show grateful millions weeping o'er his grave;
While his fair fame in each progressive age
For ever brightens; and the wise and good
Of every land in universal choir
With richest incense of undying praise
His urn encircle, to the wondering world
His numerous triumphs blazon; while with
With filial reverence, in his steps they trea
And, copying every virtue, every fame,
Transplant his glories into second life,
And, with unsparing hand, make nations bl
By his example. Vast immense rewards!
For all the turmoils which the virtuous min
Encounters here. Yet, Britons, are ye cold
Yet deaf to glory, virtue, and the call
Of your poor injur'd countrymen? Ah! no.
I see ye are not; every bosom glows
With native greatness, and in all its state
The British spirit rises. Glorious change!
Fame, Virtue, Freedom, welcome! Oh! fo
The Muse, that ardent in her sacred cause
Your glory question'd: she beholds with jo
She owns, she triumphs in her wish'd mistal
See! from her sea-beat throne in awful
Britannia towers: upon her laurel crest
The plumes majestic nod; behold she heav
Her guardian shields, and terrible in arms
For battle shakes her adamantine spear:
Loud at her foot the British lion roars,
Frighting the nations; haughty Spain full
Shall hear and tremble. Go then, Britons,
Your country's daring champions: tell you
Tell them in thunders o'er their prostrate
You were not born for slaves: let all your
Show that the sons of those immortal men,
The stars of shining story, are not slow
In virtue's path to emulate their sires,
To assert their country's rights, avenge her
And hurl the bolts of justice on her foes.

HYMN TO SCIENCE.

O vitæ Philosophia dux! O virtutis ind
expultrixque vitiorum.—Tu urbes peperi
inventrix legum, tu magistra morum e
plinæ fuisti: Ad te confugimus, a te op
timus. Cic. Tusc. Quæst.

Science! thou fair effusive ray
From the great source of mental day,
Free, generous, and refin'd!
Descend with all thy treasures fraught,
Illumine each bewilder'd thought,
And bless my labouring mind.

But first with thy resistless light,
Disperse those phantoms from my sight,
Those mimic shades of thee;
The scholiast's learning, sophist's cant,
The visionary bigot's rant,
The monk's philosophy.

O! let thy powerful charms impart
The patient head, the candid heart,
Devoted to thy sway;
Which no weak passions e'er mislead,
Which still with dauntless steps proceed
Where reason points the way.

Give me to learn each secret cause;
Let number's, figure's, motion's laws
Reveal'd before me stand;
These to great Nature's scenes apply,
And round the globe, and through the sk
Disclose her working hand.

Next, to thy nobler search resign'd,
The busy, restless, human mind
  Through every maze pursue;
Detect perception where it lies,
Catch the ideas as they rise,
  And all their changes view.

Say from what simple springs began
The vast, ambitious thoughts of man,
  Which range beyond control;
Which seek eternity to trace,
Dive through the infinity of space,
  And strain to grasp the whole.

Her secret stores let Memory tell,
Bid Fancy quit her fairy cell.
  In all her colours drest;
While, prompt her sallies to control,
Reason, the judge, recalls the soul
  To Truth's severest test.

Then launch through being's wide extent;
Let the fair scale, with just ascent,
  And cautious steps, be trod;
And from the dead, corporeal mass,
Through each progressive order pass
  To Instinct, Reason, God.

There, Science! veil thy daring eye;
Nor dive too deep, nor soar too high,
  In that divine abyss:
To Faith content thy beams to lend,
Her hopes to assure, her steps befriend,
  And light her way to bliss.

Then downwards take thy flight again,
Mix with the policies of men,
  And social nature's ties;
The plan, the genius of each state,
Its interest and its powers relate,
  Its fortunes and its rise.

Through private life pursue thy course,
Trace every action to its source,
  And means and motives weigh:
Put tempers, passions, in the scale,
Mark what degrees in each prevail,
  And fix the doubtful sway.

That last, best effort of thy skill,
To form the life, and rule the will,
  Propitious power! impart:
Teach me to cool my passions' fires,
Make me the judge of my desires,
  The master of my heart.

Raise me above the vulgar's breath,
Pursuit of Fortune, fear of Death,
  And all in life that's mean:
Still true to reason be my plan,
Still let my actions speak the man,
  Through every various scene.

Hail! queen of manners, light of truth;
Hail! charm of age, and guide of youth;
  Sweet refuge of distress:
In business, thou! exact, polite;
Thou giv'st retirement its delight,
  Prosperity its grace.

Of wealth, power, freedom, thou! the cause;
Foundress of order, cities, laws,
  Of arts inventress, thou!
Without thee, what were human kind?
How vast their wants, their thoughts how blind!
  Their joys how mean! how few!

Sun of the soul! thy beams unveil!
Let others spread the daring sail,
  On Fortune's faithless sea:
While, undeluded, happier I
From the vain tumult timely fly,
  And sit in peace with thee.

THE

POEMS

OF

THOMAS GRAY.

THE

LIFE OF GRAY,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THOMAS GRAY, the son of Mr. Philip Gray, a scrivener of London, was born in Cornhill, November 26, 1716. His grammatical education he received at Eton under the care of Mr. Antrobus, his mother's brother, then assistant to Dr. George; and when he left school, in 1734, entered a pensioner at Peterhouse in Cambridge.

The transition from the school to the college is, to most young scholars, the time from which they date their years of manhood, liberty, and happiness; but Gray seems to have been very little delighted with academical gratifications; he liked at Cambridge neither the mode of life nor the fashion of study, and lived sullenly on to the time when his attendance on lectures was no longer required. As he intended to profess the common law, he took no degree.

When he had been at Cambridge about five years, Mr. Horace Walpole, whose friendship he had gained at Eton, invited him to travel with him as his companion. They wandered through France into Italy; and Gray's Letters contain a very pleasing account of many parts of their journey. But unequal friendships are easily dissolved: at Florence they quarrelled, and parted; and Mr. Walpole is now content to have it told, that it was by his fault. If we look, however, without prejudice, on the world, we shall find that men, whose consciousness of their own merit sets them above the compliances of servility, are apt enough in their association with superiors to watch their own dignity with troublesome and punctilious jealousy, and in the fervour of independence to exact that attention which they refuse to pay. Part they did, whatever was the quarrel; and the rest of their travels was doubtless more unpleasant to them both. Gray continued his journey in a manner suitable to his own little fortune, with only an occasional servant.

He returned to England in September 1741, and in about two months afterwards buried his father, who had, by an injudicious waste of money upon a new house, so much lessened his fortune, that Gray thought himself too poor to study the law. He therefore retired to Cambridge, where he soon after became bachelor of civil law, and where, without liking the place or its inhabitants, or professing to like them, he passed, except a short residence at London, the rest of his life.

About this time he was deprived of Mr. West, the son of a chancellor of Ireland, a

friend on whom he appears to have set a high value, and who deserved his esteem the powers which he shows in his letters, and in the Ode to May, which Mr. M has preserved, as well as by the sincerity with which, when Gray sent him part Agrippina, a tragedy that he had just begun, he gave an opinion which probably in cepted the progress of the work, and which the judgment of every reader will conf It was certainly no loss to the English stage that Agrippina was never finished.

In this year (1742) Gray seems to have applied himself seriously to poetry; fo this year were produced the Ode to Spring, his Prospect of Eton, and his Ode Adversity. He began likewise a Latin poem, De Principiis Cogitandi.

It may be collected from the narrative of Mr. Mason, that his first ambition wa have excelled in Latin poetry: perhaps it were reasonable to wish that he had prosecu his design; for, though there is at present some embarrassment in his phrase, and s harshness in his lyric numbers, his copiousness of language is such as very few poss and his lines, even when imperfect, discover a writer whom practice would have m skilful.

He now lived on at Peterhouse, very little solicitous what others did or thought, cultivated his mind and enlarged his views without any other purpose than of impro and amusing himself; when Mr. Mason, being elected fellow of Pembroke Hall, brou him a companion who was afterwards to be his editor, and whose fondness and fide has kindled in him a zeal of admiration, which cannot be reasonably expected from neutrality of a stranger, and the coldness of a critic.

In this retirement he wrote (1747) an Ode on the Death of Mr. Walpole's Cat; the year afterwards attempted a poem of more importance, on Government and Edu tion, of which the fragments which remain have many excellent lines.

His next production (1750) was his far-famed Elegy in the Church-yard, which, fi ing its way into a Magazine, first, I believe, made him known to the public.

An invitation from lady Cobham about this time gave occasion to an odd composit called A Long Story, which adds little to Gray's character.

Several of his pieces were published (1753) with designs by Mr. Bentley; and, t they might in some form or other make a book, only one side of each leaf was print I believe the poems and the plates recommended each other so well, that the wh impression was soon bought. This year he lost his mother.

Some time afterward (1756) some young men of the college, whose chambers w near his, diverted themselves with disturbing him by frequent and troublesome noi and, as is said, by pranks yet more offensive and contemptuous. This insolence, hav endured it a while, he represented to the governors of the society, among whom p haps he had no friends; and, finding his complaint little regarded, removed himself Pembroke Hall.

In 1757 he published The Progress of Poetry, and The Bard, two compositions which the readers of poetry were at first content to gaze in mute amazement. So that tried them confessed their inability to understand them, though Warburton sa that they were understood as well as the works of Milton and Shakspeare, which i the fashion to admire. Garrick wrote a few lines in their praise. Some hardy cha pions undertook to rescue them from neglect; and in a short time many were cont to be shown beauties which they could not see.

Gray's reputation was now so high, that, after the death of Cibber, he had t honour of refusing the laurel, which was then bestowed on Mr. Whitehead.

riosity, not long after, drew him away from Cambridge to a lodging near the , where he resided near three years, reading and transcribing; and, so far as iscovered, very little affected by two odes on Oblivion and Obscurity, in which performances were ridiculed with much contempt and much ingenuity.

the professor of modern history at Cambridge died, he was, as he says, ed and spirited up," till he asked it of lord Bute, who sent him a civil refusal; place was given to Mr. Brocket, the tutor of sir James Lowther.

nstitution was weak, and, believing that his health was promoted by exercise ıge of place, he undertook (1765) a journey into Scotland, of which his ac- o far as it extends, is very curious and elegant: for, as his comprehension was ıis curiosity extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, :he monuments of past events. He naturally contracted a friendship with Dr. whom he found a poet, a philosopher, and a good man. The Mareschal ıt Aberdeen offered him the degree of doctor of laws, which, having omitted t at Cambridge, he thought it decent to refuse.

he had formerly solicited in vain was at last given him without solicitation. The :ship of history became again vacant, and he received (1768) an offer of it duke of Grafton. He accepted, and retained it to his death; always de- ectures, but never reading them; uneasy at his neglect of duty, and appeasing iness with designs of reformation, and with a resolution, which he believed o have made, of resigning the office, if he found himself unable to discharge it.

lth made another journey necessary, and he visited (1769) Westmoreland and and. He that reads his epistolary narration wishes, that to travel, and to tell ls, had been more of his employment; but it is by studying at home that we ain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement.

avels and his studies were now near their end. The gout, of which he had l many weak attacks, fell upon his stomach, and, yielding to no medicines, l strong convulsions, which (July 30, 1771) terminated in death.

aracter I am willing to adopt, as Mr. Mason has done, from a letter written to d Mr. Boswell, by the rev. Mr. Temple, rector of St. Gluvias in Cornwall; as willing as his warmest well-wisher to believe it true.

aps he was the most learned man in Europe. He was equally acquainted with ınt and profound parts of science, and that not superficially, but thoroughly. ν every branch of history, both natural and civil; had read all the original s of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, sics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study; voyages and travels of were his favourite amusements; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, archi- and gardening. With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have ally instructing and entertaining; but he was also a good man, a man of virtue ıanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection; and I greatest defect in his was an affectation in delicacy, or rather effeminacy, and fastidiousness, or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also some degree, that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Mr. Congreve: he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress that they had made ledge, yet he could not bear to be considered merely as a man of letters; and, without birth, or fortune, or station, his desire was to be looked upon as a ndependent gentleman, who read for his amusement. Perhaps it may be said,

What signifies so much knowledge, when it produced so little? Is it worth taking so much pains to leave no memorials but a few poems? But let it be considered, that Mr. Gray was to others at least innocently employed; to himself certainly beneficially. His time passed agreeably: he was every day making some new acquisition in science; his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shown to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider every thing as trifling, and unworthy of the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, in that state wherein God hath placed us."

To this character Mr. Mason has added a more particular account of Gray's skill in zoology. He has remarked, that Gray's effeminacy was affected most "before those whom he did not wish to please;" and that he is unjustly charged with making knowledge his sole reason of preference, as he paid his esteem to none whom he did not likewise believe to be good.

What has occurred to me from the slight inspection of his letters in which my undertaking has engaged me is, that his mind had a large grasp; that his curiosity was unlimited, and his judgment cultivated; that he was a man likely to love much where he loved at all; but that he was fastidious and hard to please. His contempt, however, is often employed where I hope it will be approved, upon scepticism and infidelity. His short account of Shaftesbury I will insert.

"You say you cannot conceive how lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue; I will tell you: first, he was a lord; secondly, he was as vain as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; fourthly, they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; fifthly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads no where; sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seems always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead lord ranks with commoners; vanity is no longer interested in the matter; for a new road has become an old one."

Mr. Mason has added, from his own knowledge, that, though Gray was poor, he was not eager of money; and that, out of the little that he had, he was very willing to help the necessitous.

As a writer he had this peculiarity, that he did not write his pieces first rudely, and then correct them, but laboured every line as it arose in the train of composition; and he had a notion not very peculiar, that he could not write but at certain times, or at happy moments; a fantastic foppery, to which my kindness for a man of learning and virtue wishes him to have been superior.

GRAY'S poetry is now to be considered; and I hope not to be looked on as an enemy to his name, if I confess that I contemplate it with less pleasure than his life.

His ode On Spring has something poetical, both in the language and the thought; but the language is too luxuriant, and the thoughts have nothing new. There has of late arisen a practice of giving to adjectives derived from substantives the termination of participles; such as the *cultured* plain, the *daisied* bank; but I was sorry to see, in the lines of a scholar like Gray, the *honied* Spring. The morality is natural, but too stale; the conclusion is pretty.

The poem On the Cat was doubtless by its author considered as a trifle; but it is not a happy trifle. In the first stanza, "the azure flowers *that* blow" show resolutely a

rhyme is sometimes made when it cannot easily be found. Selima, the Cat, is called a nymph, with some violence both to language and sense; but there is no good use made of it when it is done; for of the two lines,

> What female heart can gold despise?
> What cat 's averse to fish?

the first relates merely to the nymph, and the second only to the cat. The sixth stanza contains a melancholy truth, that "a favourite has no friend;" but the last ends in a pointed sentence of no relation to the purpose; if *what glistered* had been *gold*, the cat would not have gone into the water; and, if she had, would not less have been drowned.

The Prospect of Eton College suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel. His supplication to father Thames, to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself. His epithet "buxom health" is not elegant; he seems not to understand the word. Gray thought his language more poetical as it was more remote from common use: finding in Dryden "honey redolent of Spring," an expression that reaches the utmost limits of our language, Gray drove it a little more beyond common apprehension, by making "gales" to be "redolent of joy and youth."

Of the Ode on Adversity the hint was at first taken from O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium: but Gray has excelled his original by the variety of his sentiments, and by their moral application. Of this piece, at once poetical and rational, I will not, by slight objections, violate the dignity.

My process has now brought me to the *wonderful* "wonder of wonders," the two sister odes; by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common sense at first universally rejected them, many have been since persuaded to think themselves delighted. I am one of those that are willing to be pleased, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of The Progress of Poetry.

Gray seems in his rapture to confound the images of "spreading sound and running water." A "stream of music" may be allowed; but where does "music," however "smooth and strong," after having visited the "verdant vales, rowl down the steep amain," so as that "rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar?" If this be said of music, it is nonsense; if it be said of water, it is nothing to the purpose.

The second stanza, exhibiting Mars's car and Jove's eagle, is unworthy of further notice. Criticism disdains to chase a school-boy to his common-places.

To the third it may likewise be objected, that it is drawn from mythology, though such as may be more easily assimilated to real life. Idalia's "velvet green" has something of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from Nature ennobles Art: an epithet or metaphor drawn from Art degrades Nature. Gray is too fond of words arbitrarily compounded. "Many-twinkling" was formerly censured as not analogical; we may say "many-spotted," but scarcely "many-spotting." This stanza, however, has something pleasing.

Of the second ternary of stanzas, the first endeavours to tell something, and would have told it, had it not been crossed by Hyperion: the second describes well enough the universal prevalence of Poetry; but I am afraid that the conclusion will not arise from the premises. The caverns of the North and the plains of Chili are not the resi-

dences of "Glory and generous Shame." But that Poetry and Virtue go always together is an opinion so pleasing, that I can forgive him who resolves to think it true.

The third stanza sounds big with "Delphi," and "Egean," and "Ilissus," and "Meander," and "hallowed fountains," and "solemn sound;" but in all Gray's odes there is a kind of cumbrous splendour which we wish away. His position is at last false: in the time of Dante and Petrarch, from whom we derive our first school of poetry, Italy was over-run by "tyrant power" and "coward vice;" nor was our state much better when we first borrowed the Italian arts.

Of the third ternary, the first gives a mythological birth of Shakspeare. What is said of that mighty genius is true; but it is not said happily: the real effects of this poetical power are put out of sight by the pomp of machinery. Where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worse than useless; the counterfeit debases the genuine.

His account of Milton's blindness, if we supposed it caused by study in the formation of his poem, a supposition surely allowable, is poetically true, and happily imagined. But the *car* of Dryden, with his *two coursers*, has nothing in it peculiar; it is a car in which any other rider may be placed.

The Bard appears, at the first view, to be, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the prophecy of Nereus. Algarotti thinks it superior to its original: and, if preference depends only on the imagery and animation of the two poems, his judgment is right. There is in The Bard more force, more thought, and more variety. But to copy is less than to invent, and the copy has been unhappily produced at a wrong time. The fiction of Horace was to the Romans credible; but its revival disgusts us with apparent and unconquerable falsehood. *Incredulus odi.*

To select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, has little difficulty; for he that forsakes the probable may always find the marvellous. And it has little use; we are affected only as we believe; we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined. I do not see that The Bard promotes any truth, moral or political.

His stanzas are too long, especially his epodes; the ode is finished before the ear has learned its measures, and consequently before it can receive pleasure from their consonance and recurrence.

Of the first stanza the abrupt beginning has been celebrated; but technical beauties can give praise only to the inventor. It is in the power of any man to rush abruptly upon his subject, that has read the ballad of *Johnny Armstrong*,

Is there ever a man in all Scotland—

The initial resemblances, or alliterations, "ruin, ruthless, helm or hauberk," are below the grandeur of a poem that endeavours at sublimity.

In the second stanza the bard is well described; but in the third we have the puerilities of obsolete mythology. When we are told that "Cadwallo hush'd the stormy main," and that "Modred made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head," attention recoils from the repetition of a tale that, even when it was first heard, was heard with scorn.

The *weaving* of the *winding sheet* he borrowed, as he owns, from the northern bards; but their texture, however, was very properly the work of female powers, as the act of spinning the thread of life is another mythology. Theft is always dangerous;

Gray has made weavers of slaughtered bards by a fiction outrageous and incongruous. They are then called upon to "Weave the warp, and weave the woof," perhaps with no great propriety; for it is by crossing the *woof* with the *warp* that men weave the *web* or piece; and the first line was dearly bought by the admission of its wretched correspondent, "Give ample room and verge enough[1]." He has, however, no other line as bad.

The third stanza of the second ternary is commended, I think, beyond its merit. The personification is indistinct. *Thirst* and *Hunger* are not alike; and their features, to make the imagery perfect, should have been discriminated. We are told, in the same stanza, how "towers are fed." But I will no longer look for particular faults; yet let it be observed, that the ode might have been concluded with an action of better example; but suicide is always to be had, without expense of thought.

These odes are marked by glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornaments; they strike, rather than please; the images are magnified by affectation; the language is laboured into harshness. The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence. "Double, double, toil and trouble." He has a kind of strutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tiptoe. His art and his struggle are too visible, and there is too little appearance of ease and nature[2].

To say that he has no beauties, would be unjust: a man like him, of great learning and great industry, could not but produce something valuable. When he pleases least, it can only be said that a good design was ill directed.

His translations of Northern and Welsh poetry deserve praise; the imagery is preserved, perhaps often improved; but the language is unlike the language of other poets.

In the character of his Elegy I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The Church-yard abounds with images which find a mirrour in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas, beginning "Yet even these bones," are to me original: I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him.

[1] I have a soul, that like an *ample* shield
Can take in all; and *verge enough* for more.
Dryden's Sebastian.

[2] Lord Orford used to assert, that Gray "never wrote any thing easily, but things of humour;" and added, that humour was his natural and original turn. C.

POEMS

OF

THOMAS GRAY.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

re the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
enus' train appear,
the long-expecting flowers,
ike the purple year!
warbler pours her throat,
re to the cuckoo's note,
taught harmony of Spring:
hispering pleasure as they fly,
hyrs through the clear blue sky
gather'd fragrance fling.

the oak's thick branches stretch
der, browner shade;
the rude and moss-grown beech
nopies the glade[1],
me water's rushy brink
the Muse shall sit, and think
e reclin'd in rustic state)
the ardour of the crowd,
how little are the proud,
digent the great!

e toiling hand of Care:
nting herd's repose:
how through the peopled air
sy murmur glows!
t youth are on the wing,
taste the honied spring,
at amid the liquid noon[2]:
itly o'er the current skim,
w their gayly-gilded trim
glancing to the Sun[3].

..... a bank
nopied with luscious woodbine.
Shaksp. Mids. Night's Dream.

per æstatem liquidam—
Virg. Georg. lib. iv.

..... sporting with quick glance
o the Sun their waved coats dropp'd with
ld. Milton's Paradise Lost, Book ii.

To Contemplation's sober eye[4]
Such is the race of man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day.
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance;
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply;
"Poor moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets;
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown:
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May."

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers that blow;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw; and purr'd applause.

[4] While insects from the threshold preach, &c.
M. Green, in the Grotto.
Dodsley's Miscellanies, vol. v. p. 161.

Still had she gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream:
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize;
What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sate by, and smil'd)
The slippery verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd;
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,
A favourite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,
And be with caution bold.
Not all, that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize;
Not all that glisters, gold.

ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

Ἄνθρωπος· ἱκανὴ παρόφασις εἰς τὸ δυςυχεῖν.
Menander.

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's [1] holy shade;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way.

Ah, happy hills, ah, pleasing shade,
Ah, fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth [2],
To breathe a second spring.

[1] King Henry the Sixth, founder of the college.

[2] And bees their honey redolent of spring.
Dryden's Fable on the Pythag. System.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay Hope is theirs, by Fancy fed,
Less pleasing, when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue;
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to day.
Yet see how all around them wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train,
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love, shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning Infamy,
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse, with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness [3] laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

[3] ..... Madness laughing in his ireful mood.
Dryden's Fable of Palamon and Arci

vale of years beneath
· troop are seen,
al family of Death,
deous than their queen:
the joints, this fires the veins,
y labouring sinew strains,
the deeper vitals rage:
y, to fill the band,
bs the soul with icy hand,
w-consuming Age.

is sufferings: all are men,
in'd alike to groan;
r for another's pain,
feeling for his own.
why should they know their fate!
ow never comes too late,
ppiness too swiftly flies.
would destroy their Paradise.
where ignorance is bliss,
y to be wise.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

..... Ζῆνα
Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοὺς ὁδώσαντα, τῷ παθεῖ μαθὼν
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.
Æschylus, in Agamemnone.

of Jove, relentless power,
mer of the human breast,
n scourge, and torturing hour,
l affright, afflict the best!
thy adamantine chain
l are taught to taste of pain,
e tyrants vainly groan
s unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

t thy sire to send on Earth
his darling child, design'd,
e gave the heavenly birth,
le to form her infant mind.
ted nurse; thy rigid lore
ence many a year she bore:
ow was, thou bad'st her know,
her own she learn'd to melt at others woe.

thy frown terrific, fly
asing Folly's idle brood,
ghter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
ve us leisure to be good.
disperse, and with them go
ner friend, the flattering foe;
rosperity receiv'd,
y vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

n sable garb array'd,
'd in rapturous thought profound,
ncholy, silent maid,
aden eye, that loves the ground,
y solemn steps attend:
arity, the general friend,
ice, to herself severe,
dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

on thy suppliant's head,
oddess, lay thy chastening hand!
gorgon terrour's clad,
led with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
With screaming Horrour's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh, goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are, to feel, and know myself a man.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The curfew tolls[1] the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The peeling anthem swells the note of praise.

[1] ... . squilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.
Dante. Purgat. l. 8.

Can storied urn or animated bust
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
  Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
  The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
  Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires [2].

[2] Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, et due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.
Petrarch, Son. 169.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'
  Dost in these lines their artless tale r
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
  Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy

Haply some hoary-headed swain may sa
  "Oft have we seen him at the peep o
Brushing with hasty steps the dews awa
  To meet the Sun upon the upland law

"There at the foot of yonder nodding b
  That wreathes its old fantastic roots s
His listless length at noontide would he
  And pore upon the brook that bubble

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in
  Muttering his wayward fancies he wo
Now drooping woful wan, like one forlor
  Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hop

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom
  Along the heath and near his favourit
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
  Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was

"The next with dirges due in sad array
  Slow through the church-way path w
Approach and read (for thou canst read
  Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Fart
  A youth to fortune and to fame unkn
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble
  And Melancholy mark'd him for her

Large was his bounty, and his soul sinc
  Heaven did a recompense as largely
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear;
  He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all h

No further seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his frailties from their dread
(There they alike in trembling hope re
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE PROGRESS OF POES

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν. ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων χατίζει.
Pindar. Oly

ADVERTISEMENT.

When the author first published this a
lowing ode, he was advised, even by
to subjoin some few explanatory notes
too much respect for the understan
readers to take that liberty.

[3] ..... preventosa speme. Petrarch.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

I.

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake [1],
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
The laughing flowers that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks, and nodding groves, rebellow to the roar.

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul [2],
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft control:
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command:
Perching on the scepter'd hand [3]
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terrour of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obéy [4],
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet [5].
Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arts sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:

[1] Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.
David's Psalms.

Pindar styles his own poetry with its musical accompaniments, Αἰολὶς μολπὰ, Αἰόλιδες χορδαὶ, Αἰολέων πνοαὶ ἀυλῶν. Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute.

The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various sources of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all its touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

[2] Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

[3] This is a faint imitation of some incomparable lines in the same ode.

[4] Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

[5] Μαρμαρυγὰς θυῖτο πολυν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ.
Homer, Od. θ.

O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love [6].

II.

Man's feeble race what ills await [7],
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar [8] [war.
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of

[9] In climes beyond the solar [10] road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep [11],
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?

[6] Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ παρειαῖς.
Παρείσι φῶς ἔρωτος.
Phrynichus, apud Athenæum.

[7] To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrours of the night.

[8] Or seen the morning's well-appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar.
Cowley.

[9] Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs.]

[10] Extra anni solisque vias—— Virgil.
Tutta lontana dal camin dei sole.
Petrarch. Canzon 2.

[11] Progress of poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante, or of Petrarch. The earl of Surrey, and sir Thomas Wyatt, had travelled in Italy, and had formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus, for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III.

Far from the Sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling [12] laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
"This pencil take," she said, "whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horrour that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second he [13], that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time [14]:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze [15],
Where angels tremble, while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night [16].
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two courses of ethereal race [17],
With necks in thunder cloth'd [18], and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts, that breathe, and words, that burn [19].
But ah! 'tis heard no more [20]—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle [21] bear
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the Sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

THE

BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he compleated the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death.

I.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
Confusion on thy banners wait,
Though, fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state [1].
Helm, nor hauberk's [2] twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
Such were the sounds, that o'er the [3] crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's [4] shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.

Cecilia's day: for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses—above all, in the last of Caractacus.

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread? &c.

[12] Shakspeare.

[13] Milton.

[14] ... flammantia mœnia mundi. Lucretius.

[15] For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels—And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone.—This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord. Ezekiel i. 20, 26, 28.

[16] Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε· δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν ἀοιδήν.
Hom. Odys.

[17] Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

[18] Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Job.

[19] Words, that weep, and tears, that speak.
Cowley.

[20] We have had, in our language, no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day: for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses—above all, in the last of Caractacus.

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread? &c.

[21] Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον. Olymp. 2. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise.

[1] Mocking the air with colours idly spread.
Shakspeare's King John.

[2] The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

[3] —The crested adder's pride.
Dryden's Indian Queen.

[4] Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract, which the Welsh themselves call Craigian-eryri: it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as

Stout Glo'ster[5] stood aghast in speechless trance:
To arms! cried Mortimer[6], and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard[7], and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air[8])
And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, oh king! their hundred arms they weave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-top'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore[9] they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail:
The famish'd eagle[10] screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart[11],
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—

No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line[12].

II.

"'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of Hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs that ring[13];
Shrieks of an agonizing king;
She-wolf of France[14], with unrelenting fangs,
That tears the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven[15]. What terrours round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd;
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

"'Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies[16]!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior[17] fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm, that in the noon-tide beam were born;
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn[18], and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

"'Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare:
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast[19]:
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by king Edward the First, says, "Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283,) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte."

[5] Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to king Edward.

[6] Edmond de Mortimer, lord of Wigmore.

They both were lords-marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in his expedition.

[7] The image was taken from the well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel: there are two of these paintings, (both believed original) one at Florence, the other at Paris.

[8] Shone, like a meteor, streaming to the wind.
Milton's Paradise Lost.

[9] The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.

[10] Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowdon is called *The Eagle's Nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, &c. can testify: it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. See Willoughby's Ornithol. Published by Ray.

[11] As dear to me as are the ruddy drops,
That visit my sad heart. Shaksp. Jul. Caes.

[12] See the Norwegian Ode, that follows.

[13] Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley castle.

[14] Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous queen.

[15] Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

[16] Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

[17] Edward the Black Prince, dead sometime before his father.

[18] Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard, and other contemporary writers.

[19] Richard the Second (as we are told by archbishop Scroop and the confederate lords in their manifesto, by Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon, is of much later date.

Heard ye the din of battle bray[20],
Lance to lance, and horse to horse!
Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius[21], London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murther fed,
Revere his consort's[22] faith, his father's[23] fame,
And spare the meek usurper's[24] holy head.
Above, below, the rose[25] of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe we spread:
The bristled boar[26] in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III.

"'Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate[27].
(The web is wove. The work is done.)'
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur[28] we bewail.
All-hail, ye genuine kings[29]; Britannia's issue, hail!

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
Her lion-port[30], her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play;
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin[31], hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay,
Bright rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love[32],
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures[33] move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horrour, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice[34], as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings[35] lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our Fates assign.
Be thine Despair, and sceptter'd Care:
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

THE

FATAL SISTERS,

AN ODE[1].

[FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE.]

IN THE ORCADES OF THORMODUS TORFÆUS HAFNIÆ, 1697, FOLIO; AND ALSO IN BARTHOLINUS.

Vitt er oprit fyrir valfalli, &c.

PREFACE.

In the eleventh century, Sigurd, earl of the Orkney-islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assist-

[20] Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster.

[21] Henry the Sixth, George duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Cæsar.

[22] Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

[23] Henry the Fifth.

[24] Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

[25] The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

[26] The silver-boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of The Boar.

[27] Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret, and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.

[28] It was the common belief of the Welsh nation, that king Arthur was still alive in Fairy-land, and should return again to reign over Britain.

[29] Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

[30] Speed, relating an audience given by queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, "And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie chekes.

[31] Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

[32] Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.
Spenser's Proëme to the Fairy Queen.

[33] Shakspeare.

[34] Milton.

[35] The succession of poets after Milton's time.

[1] The author once had thoughts (in concert with a friend) of giving The History of English Poetry:

ictryg with the Silken Beard, who was ng war on his father-in-law Brian, king : the earl and all his forces were cut to d Sictryg was in danger of a total de- the enemy had a greater loss, by the Brian, their king, who fell in the action. mas-day, (the day of the battle) a native ss, in Scotland, saw at a distance, a num- rsons on horseback, riding full speed to- ill, and seeming to enter into it. Curi- ium to follow them, till, looking through g in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic sembling women: they were all em- out a loom; and as they wove, they following dreadful song; which when finished, they tore the web into twelve d (each taking her portion) galloped six th, and as many to the south.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

storm begins to lour,
the loom of Hell prepare,)
of arrowy shower
in the darken'd air.

lances are the loom,
the dusky warp we strain,
nany a soldier's doom,
s woe, and Randver's bane.

iesly texture grow,
human entrails made)
eights that play below,
gasping warrior's head.

shuttles, dipt in gore,
trembling cords along;
t once a monarch bore,
e tissue close and strong.

oduction to it he meant to have produced mens of the style that reigned in ancient ng the neighbouring nations, or those ubdued the greater part of this island, ur progenitors; the following three imi- de a part of them. He has long since s design, especially after he had heard already in the hands of a person well do it justice, both by his taste, and his into antiquity.

alkyriur were female divinities, servants or Woden) in the Gothic mythology. e signifies choosers of the slain. They ted on swift horses, with drawn swords ands; and in the throng of battle se- as were destined to slaughter, and con- m to Valkalla, the hall of Odin, or pa- e brave; where they attended the ban- erved the departed heroes with horns of ale.

quick they wheel'd; and flying, behind hem shot
sleet of arrowy shower—
Milton's Paradise Regained.

ise of battle hurtled in the air.
Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.

Mista black, terrific maid,
Sangride, and Hilda see,
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy Sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of Fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field:
Gondula, and Geira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to Slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war)

They, whom once the desert-beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horrour covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the Sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death;
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands:
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song.
Scotland, through each winding vale
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence, with spurs of speed:
Each her thundering falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed.
Hurry, hurry to the field.

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

AN ODE.

[FROM THE NORSE-TONGUE.]

IN BARTHOLINUS, DE CAUSIS CONTEMNENDÆ MORTIS; HAFNIÆ, 1689, QUARTO.

Upreis Odinn allda gauir, &c.

Uprose the King of Men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed;

Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's[1] drear abode,
Him the Dog of Darkness spied,
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd;
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning Earth beneath him shakes)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of Hell arise.
Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate;
Where long o' yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetic maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.
Pr. What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb;
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mouldering bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?
O. A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below,
For whom yon glittering board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed.
Pr. Mantling in the goblet, see
The pure beverage of the bee,
O'er it hangs the shield of gold;
'Tis the drink of Balder bold:
Balder's head to death is given,
Pain can reach the sons of Heaven!
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.
O. Once again my call obey,
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?
Pr. In Hoder's hand the hero's doom:
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me, to repose.
O. Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt,
Pr. In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace comprest,
A wondrous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the Sun's departing beam:
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me, to repose.
O. Yet a while my call obey,
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air.
Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
Then I leave thee to repose.
Pr. Ha! no traveller art thou
King of Men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line—
O. No boding maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor prophetess of good;
But mother of the giant-brood!
Pr. Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again;
Till Lok[2] has burst his tenfold chain.
Never, till substantial Night
Has reassum'd her ancient right;
Till wrap'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

[1] Niflheimr, the Hell of the Gothic nations, consisted of nine worlds, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle: over it presided Hela, the goddess of death.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN[3].

A FRAGMENT.

FROM MR. EVANS'S SPECIMENS OF THE WELSH POETI
LONDON, 1764, QUARTO.

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's[4] shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor all profusely pours;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.
Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin[5] ploughs the watery way:
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war;

[2] Lok is the evil being, who continues in ch
till the twilight of the gods approaches, whe
shall break his bonds; the human race, the st
and Sun, shall disappear; the earth sink in
seas, and fire consume the skies: even Odin l
self and his kindred deities shall perish. F
further explanation of this mythology, see Mal
Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1
quarto.

[3] Owen succeeded his father Griffin in the p
cipality of North Wales, A. D. 112. This b
was fought near forty years afterwards.

[4] North Wales.

[5] Denmark.

l huge along they sweep,
of the angry deep.
ess on his native sands
on-son [6] of Mona stands;
ing arms and glory drest,
ears his ruby crest.
: thundering strokes begin,
: press, and there the din;
ra's rocky shore
to the battle's roar,
s glowing eye-balls turn,
l banners round him burn.
e points his purple spear,
asty rout is there,
with indignant eye
top, and shame to fly.
nfusion, Terrour's child,
ierce, and Ruin wild,
hat pants for breath,
and honourable Death.

.....

EPITAPH,

AT BECKENHAM, ON MRS. CLARKE [7].

ere this silent marble weeps,
a wife, a mother, sleeps;
within whose sacred cell
eful virtues lov'd to dwell:
warm, and Faith sincere,
Humanity, were there.
, in death, resign'd,
he wound she left behind.
it image, here below,
ing on a father's woe;
hat awaits, while yet he strays
s lonely vale of days?
to secret sorrow dear;
n unavailing tear;
: shall every grief remove,
, with memory, and with love.

STANZAS

ITED BY A VIEW OF THE SEAT AND RUINS AT KINGSGATE, IN KENT, 1766.

abandon'd by each venal friend,
d———d took the pious resolution
gle a few years, and strive to mend
en character and constitution.

congenial spot he fix'd his choice;
oodwin trembled for his neighb'ring sand;
-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
ariners, though ship-wreck'd, fear to land.

gn the blustering North and blighting East,
e is heard to whisper, bird to sing;
ure could not furnish out the feast,
invokes new terrours still to bring.

red dragon is the device of Cadwallader,
l his descendants bore on their banners.
to a physician at Epsom; she died April
.

Now mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
Unpeopled monasteries delude our eyes,
And mimic desolation covers all.

"Ah!" said the sighing peer, "had B—te been true,
Nor G——'s, nor B——d's promises been vain,
Far other scenes than this had grac'd our view,
And realis'd the horrours which we feign.

"Purg'd by the sword, and purify'd by fire,
Then had we seen proud London's hated walls:
Owls should have hooted in St. Peter's choir,
And foxes stunk and litter'd in St. Paul's."

ODE FOR MUSIC.

PERFORMED IN THE SENATE-HOUSE AT CAMBRIDGE, JULY 1, 1769, AT THE INSTALLATION OF HIS GRACE AUGUSTUS-HENRY-FITZROY, DUKE OF GRAFTON, CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY.

"Hence, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers
Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train in flowers.
Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-ey'd Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay:
There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine,
The few, whom genius gave to shine
Through every unborn age and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their opening soul
First the genuine ardour stole.
'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

"Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
That Contemplation loves,
Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
Oft at the blush of dawn
I trod your level lawn,
Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd Melancholy."

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High potentates and dames of royal birth,
And mitred fathers in long order go:
Great Edward [1], with the lilies on his brow,

[1] Edward the Third; who added the fleur de lys of France to the arms of England. He founded Trinity College.

From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon [2], on her bridal morn
That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare [3],
And Anjou's [4] heroine, and the paler rose [5],
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry [6] there,
The murder'd saint, and the majestic lord,
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies.

"What is grandeur, what is power?
Heavier toil, superior pain.
What the bright reward we gain?
The grateful memory of the good.
Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasure's sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude."

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud
The venerable Marg'ret [7] see!
"Welcome, my noble son," (she cries aloud)
"To this, thy kindred train, and me:
Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
A Tudor's [8] fire, a Beaufort's grace.
Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
The flower unheeded shall descry,
And bid it round Heaven's altars shed
The fragrance of its blushing head:
Shall raise from Earth the latent gem,
To glitter on the diadem.

"Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;
Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:
She reveres herself and thee.
With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow
The laureat wreath, that Cecil [9] wore, she brin
And to thy just, thy gentle hand
Submits the fasces of her sway,
While spirits blest above and men below
Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.
Through the wild waves as they roar
With watchful eye and dauntless mien
Thy steady course of honour keep,
Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:
The star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrours of the deep."

A LONG STORY [1].

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands:
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employ'd the power of fairy hands

[2] Mary de Valentia, countess of Pembroke, daughter of Guy de Chatillon, comte de St. Paul in France: of whom tradition says, that her husband, Audemar de Valentia, earl of Pembroke, was slain at a tournament on the day of his nuptials. She was the foundress of Pembroke College or Hall, under the name of Aula Mariæ de Valentia.

[3] Elizabeth de Burg, countess of Clare, was wife of John de Burg, son and heir of the earl of Ulster, and daughter of Gilbert de Clare, earl of Gloucester, by Joan of Acres, daughter of Edward the First. Hence the poet gives her the epithet of princely. She founded Clare Hall.

[4] Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry the Sixth, foundress of Queen's College. The poet has celebrated her conjugal fidelity in a former ode.

[5] Elizabeth Widville, wife of Edward the Fourth (hence called the paler rose, as being of the house of York). She added to the foundation of Margaret of Anjou.

[6] Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

[7] Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

[8] The countess was a Beaufort, and married to a Tudor; hence the application of this line to the duke of Grafton, who claims descent from both these families.

[9] Lord treasurer Burleigh was chancellor of university, in the reign of queen Elizabeth.

[1] When Mr. Gray had put his last hand to celebrated Elegy in the Country Church-yard, communicated it to his friend Mr. Walpole, wl good taste was too much charmed with it to su him to withhold the sight of it from his acqua ance; accordingly it was shown about for s time in manuscript, and received with all the plause it so justly merited. Amongst the res the fashionable world, for to those only it wa present communicated, lady Cobham, who lived at the mansion-house at Stoke-Pogis, read and admired it. She wished to be acquai with the author; accordingly her relation, Speed, and lady Schaub, then at her house, dertook to bring this about by making him the visit. He happened to be from home when ladies arrived at his aunt's solitary mansion; when he returned, was surpris'd to find, writte one of his papers in the parlour where he usu read, the following note: "Lady Schaub's c pliments to Mr. Gray; she is sorry not to l found him at home, to tell him that lady Brov very well." This necessarily obliged him to re the visit, and soon after induced him to compc ludicrous account of this little adventure, for amusement of the ladies in question. He wro in ballad measure, and entitled it a Long St when it was handed about in manuscript, not could be more various than the opinions conc ing it; by some it was thought a masterpie original humour, by others a wild and fant farrago; and when it was published, the sentim of good judges were equally divided about it. Mr. Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 125.

e ceiling's fretted height,
nnel in achievements clothing,
ws that exclude the light,
sages, that lead to nothing [2].

thin the spacious walls,
e had fifty winters o'er him,
lord-keeper [3] led the brawls;
l and maces danc'd before him.

beard, and shoe-strings green,
-crown'd hat, and sattin doublet,
stout heart of England's queen,
pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

he very first beginning!
of the versifying tribe!
ry whither are you spinning!
u do nothing but describe?

ere is (and that's enough)
hence one fatal morning issues
f warriors [4], not in buff,
tling in their silks and tissues.

ame cap-a-pee from France,
quering destiny fulfilling,
aner beauties eye askance,
nly ape her art of killing.

Amazon kind Heaven
n'd with spirit, wit, and satire:
m had the polish given,
p'd her arrow with good-nature.

te her eyes, her air—
panegyrics would but tease her.
her *nom de guerre*.
o would not wish to please her!

et blue and capuchine,
ons long they hid their armour,
their weapons bright and keen,
to the country farmer.

the shape of Mr. P—t [5],
s time all the parish know it)
that thereabouts there lurk'd
d imp they called a poet:

Who prowl'd the country far and near,
Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,
Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine,
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task,
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
Rap'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask,
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle.

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
Run hurryskurry round the floor,
And o'er the bed and tester clamber;

Into the drawers and china pry,
Papers and books a huge imbroglio!
Under a tea-cup he might lie,
Or creas'd, like dog's-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops
The Muses, hopeless of his pardon,
Convey'd him underneath their hoops
To a small closet in the garden.

So Rumour says: (who will, believe.)
But that they left the door a-jar,
Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve,
He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
The power of Magic was no fable;
Out of the window, wisk, they flew,
But left a spell upon the table.

The words too eager to unriddle,
The poet felt a strange disorder:
Transparent bird-lime form'd the middle,
And chains invisible the border.

So cunning was the apparatus,
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,
That, will he, nill he, to the Great-house
He went, as if the Devil drove him.

Yet on his way (no sign of grace
For folks in fear are apt to pray)
To Phœbus he preferr'd his case,
And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel;
But with a blush, on recollection,
Own'd, that his quiver and his laurel
'Gainst four such eyes, were no protection.

mansion-house at Stoke-Pogis, then in the of viscountess Cobham. The style of which we now call queen Elizabeth's, is irably described, both with regard to its and defects; and the third and fourth lineate the fantastic manners of her time l truth and humour. The house formerly to the earls of Huntingdon and the family . *M.*

hristopher Hatton, promoted by queen for his graceful person and fine dancing. awls were a sort of figure-dance, then in d probably deemed as elegant as our mo- tions, or still more modern quadrilles. *M.*

eader is already apprised who these ladies e two descriptions are prettily contrasted; ng can be more happily turned than the nt to lady Cobham in the eighth stanza. *M.*

e been told that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeased at the liberty here taken with his name; yet, surely, without any great reason. *M.*

The court was sat, the culprit there,
  Forth from the gloomy mansions creeping
The lady Janes and Joans repair,
  And from the gallery stand peeping:

Such as in silence of the night
  Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
(Styack[6] has often seen the sight)
  Or at the chapel-door stand centry:

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd,
  Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
  The drawing-room of fierce queen Mary.

The peeress comes. The audience stare,
  And doff their hats with due submission:
She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
  To all the people of condition.

The bard, with many an artful fib,
  Had in imagination fenc'd him,
Disprov'd the arguments of Squib[7],
  And all that Groom[8] could urge against him.

But soon his rhetoric forsook him,
  When he the solemn hall had seen;
A sudden fit of ague shook him:
  He stood as mute as poor Macleane[9].

Yet something he was heard to mutter,
  "How in the park, beneath an old tree,
(Without design to hurt the butter,
  Or any malice to the poultry)

"He once or twice had penn'd a sonnet:
  Yet hop'd, that he might save his bacon:
Numbers would give their oaths upon it,
  He ne'er was for a conj'rer taken."

The ghostly prudes with hagged face[10]
  Already had condemn'd the sinner.
My lady rose, and with a grace—
  She smil'd, and bid him come to dinner[11].

"Jesu-Maria! Madam Bridget,
  Why, what can the viscountess mean!
(Cried the square-hoods in woeful fidget)
  The times are alter'd quite and clean!

"Decorum 's turn'd to mere civ lity;
  Her air and all her manners show it.
Commend me to her affability!
  Speak to a commoner and poet!"

[*Here* 500 *stanzas are lost.*]

And so God save our noble king,
  And guard us from long-winded lubbers,
That to eternity would sing,
  And keep my lady from her rubbers.

[6] The house-keeper.

[7] Groom of the chamber. *G.*

[8] The steward. *G.*

[9] A famous highwayman, hanged the week before. *G.*

[10] Hagged, i. e. the face of a witch or hag epithet hagard has been sometimes mistak conveying the same idea; but it means a different thing, viz. wild and farouche, and is from an unreclaimed hawk, called an haggai

[11] Here the story finishes; the exclamat the ghosts which follows is characteristic Spanish manners of the age, when they ar posed to have lived; and the five hundred st said to be lost, may be imagined to contain t mainder of their long-winded expostulation.

THE

POEMS

OF

LORD LYTTELTON.

THE

LIFE OF LYTTELTON.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

GEORGE LYTTELTON, the son of sir Thomas Lyttelton, of Hagley in Worcestershire, was born in 1709. He was educated at Eton, where he was so much distinguished, that his exercises were recommended as models to his schoolfellows.

From Eton he went to Christ-church, where he retained the same reputation of superiority, and displayed his abilities to the public in a poem on Blenheim.

He was a very early writer, both in verse and prose. His Progress of Love, and his Persian Letters, were both written when he was very young; and indeed the character of a young man is very visible in both. The verses cant of shepherds and flocks, and crooks dressed with flowers; and the letters have something of that indistinct and headstrong ardour for liberty which a man of genius always catches when he enters the world, and always suffers to cool as he passes forward.

He staid not long in Oxford; for in 1728 he began his travels, and saw France and Italy. When he returned, he obtained a seat in parliament, and soon distinguished himself among the most eager opponents of sir Robert Walpole, though his father, who was commissioner of the admiralty, always voted with the court.

For many years the name of George Lyttelton was seen in every account of every debate in the house of commons. He opposed the standing army; he opposed the excise; he supported the motion for petitioning the king to remove Walpole. His zeal was considered by the courtiers not only as violent, but as acrimonious and malignant; and, when Walpole was at last hunted from his places, every effort was made by his friends, and many friends he had, to exclude Lyttelton from the secret committee.

The prince of Wales, being (1737) driven from St. James's, kept a separate court, and opened his arms to the opponents of the ministry. Mr. Lyttelton became his secretary, and was supposed to have great influence in the direction of his conduct. He persuaded his master, whose business it was now to be popular, that he would advance his character by patronage. Mallet was made under-secretary, with 200*l.*; and Thomson had a pension of 100*l.* a year. For Thomson, Lyttelton always retained his kindness, and was able at last to place him at ease.

Moore courted his favour by an apologetical poem, called The Trial of Selim; which he was paid with kind words, which, as is common, raised great hopes, that w at last disappointed.

Lyttelton now stood in the first rank of opposition; and Pope, who was incited, i not easy to say how, to increase the clamour against the ministry, commended h among the other patriots. This drew upon him the reproaches of Fox, who, in t house, imputed to him as a crime his intimacy with a lampooner so unjust and licentio Lyttelton supported his friend; and replied, that he thought it an honour to be recei into the familiarity of so great a poet.

While he was thus conspicuous, he married (1741) Miss Lucy Fortescue, of Dev shire, by whom he had a son, the late lord Lyttelton, and two daughters, and with wh he appears to have lived in the highest degree of connubial felicity: but human pl sures are short; she died in childbed about five years afterwards; and he solaced hi self by writing a long poem to her memory.

He did not, however, condemn himself to perpetual solitude and sorrow; for, afte while, he was content to seek happiness again by a second marriage with the daughter sir Robert Rich; but the experiment was unsuccessful.

At length, after a long struggle, Walpole gave way, and honour and profit were d tributed among his conquerors. Lyttelton was made (1744) one of the lords of t treasury; and from that time was engaged in supporting the schemes of the ministry.

Politics did not, however, so much engage him as to withhold his thoughts from thi of more importance. He had, in the pride of juvenile confidence, with the help of c rupt conversation, entertained doubts of the truth of Christianity; but he thought t time now come when it was no longer fit to doubt or believe by chance, and applied hi self seriously to the great question. His studies, being honest, ended in conviction. found that religion was true; and what he had learned he endeavoured to teach (17 by Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul; a treatise to which infidelity has ne been able to fabricate a specious answer. This book his father had the happiness seeing, and expressed his pleasure in a letter which deserves to be inserted.

"I have read your religious treatise with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The st is fine and clear, the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kin whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labours, and gr that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye-witnes that happiness which I don't doubt he will bountifully bestow upon you. In the m time, I shall never cease glorifying God, for having endowed you with such useful tale and giving me so good a son.

"Your affectionate father,

"THOMAS LYTTELTON."

A few years afterward, (1751) by the death of his father, he inherited a baron title with a large estate, which, though perhaps he did not augment, he was careful adorn by a house of great elegance and expense, and by much attention to the coration of his park.

As he continued his activity in parliament, he was gradually advancing his claim profit and preferment; and accordingly was made in time (1754) cofferer and pri

ɪr: this place he exchanged next year for the great office of chancellor of the
ɛr; an office, however, that required some qualifications which he soon perceived
to want.

ear after, his curiosity led him into Wales; of which he has given an account,
rather with too much affectation of delight, to Archibald Bower, a man of
ɛ has conceived an opinion more favourable than he seems to have deserved, and
having once espoused his interest and fame, he was never persuaded to disown.
whatever was his moral character, did not want abilities; attacked as he was by
rsal outcry, and that outcry, as it seems, the echo of truth, he kept his ground;
when his defences began to fail him, he sallied out upon his adversaries, and his
ies retreated.

: this time Lyttelton published his Dialogues of the Dead, which were very
ead, though the production rather, as it seems, of leisure than of study: rather
than compositions. The names of his persons too often enable the reader to
e their conversation; and, when they have met, they too often part without
lusion. He has copied Fenelon more than Fontenelle.

they were first published, they were kindly commended by the critical reviewers;
r Lyttelton, with humble gratitude, returned, in a note which I have read,
dgments which can never be proper, since they must be paid either for flattery
ɪstice.

, in the latter part of the last reign, the inauspicious commencement of the war
: dissolution of the ministry unavoidable, sir George Lyttelton, losing with the
mployment, was recompensed with a peerage; and rested from political tur-
in the house of lords.

ɪt literary production was his History of Henry the Second, elaborated by the
and deliberations of twenty years, and published with such anxiety as only
m dictate.

ory of this publication is remarkable. The whole work was printed twice over,
ɪart of it three times, and many sheets four or five times. The booksellers paid
rst impression; but the charges and repeated operations of the press were at
nse of the author, whose ambitious accuracy is known to have cost him at least
nd pounds. He began to print in 1755. Three volumes appeared in 1764, a
dition of them in 1767, a third edition in 1768, and the conclusion in 1771.

w Reid, a man not without considerable abilities, and not unacquainted with
with life, undertook to persuade Lyttelton, as he had persuaded himself, that
aster of the secret of punctuation; and, as fear begets credulity, he was em-
I know not at what price, to point the pages of Henry the Second. The book
st pointed and printed, and sent into the world. Lyttelton took money for his
which, when he had paid the pointer, he probably gave the rest away; for he
liberal to the indigent.

time brought the history to a third edition, Reid was either dead or discarded;
uperintendence of typography and punctuation was committed to a man origi-
omb-maker, but then known by the style of Doctor. Something uncommon
ably expected, and something uncommon was at last done; for to the doctor's
appended, what the world has hardly seen before, a list of errours in nineteen

politics and literature there must be an end. Lord Lyttelton had never the

appearance of a strong or of a healthy man; he had a slender uncompacted frame, and a meagre face; he lasted, however, sixty years, and was then seized with his last illness. Of his death a very affecting and instructive account has been given by his physician[1], which will spare me the task of his moral character.

"On Sunday evening the symptoms of his lordship's disorder, which for a week past had alarmed us, put on a fatal appearance, and his lordship believed himself to be a dying man. From this time he suffered by restlessness rather than pain; though his nerves were apparently much fluttered, his mental faculties never seemed stronger, when he was thoroughly awake.

"His lordship's bilious and hepatic complaints seemed alone not equal to the expected mournful event; his long want of sleep, whether the consequence of the irritation in the bowels, or, which is more probable, of causes of a different kind, accounts for his loss of strength, and for his death, very sufficiently.

"Though his lordship wished his approaching dissolution not to be lingering, he waited for it with resignation, He said, 'It is a folly, a keeping me in misery, now to attempt to prolong life;' yet he was easily persuaded, for the satisfaction of others, to do or take any thing thought proper for him. On Saturday he had been remarkably better, and we were not without some hopes of his recovery.

"On Sunday, about eleven in the forenoon, his lordship sent for me, and said he felt a great hurry, and wished to have a little conversation with me, in order to divert it. He then proceeded to open the fountain of that heart, from whence goodness had so long flowed, as from a copious spring. 'Doctor,' said he, 'you shall be my confessor: when I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned: but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics, and public life, I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong; but I did not err designedly. I have endeavoured, in private life, to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatsoever.'

"At another time he said, 'I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness; I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing.'

"On the evening, when the symptoms of death came on, he said, 'I shall die; but it will not be your fault.' When lord and lady Valentia came to see his lordship, he gave them his solemn benediction, and said, 'Be good, be virtuous, my lord; you must come to this.' Thus he continued giving his dying benediction to all around him. On Monday morning a lucid interval gave some small hopes, but these vanished in the evening; and he continued dying, but with very little uneasiness, till Tuesday morning, August 22, when, between seven and eight o'clock, he expired, almost without a groan."

His lordship was buried at Hagley; and the following inscription is cut on the side of his lady's monument.

[1] Dr. Johnstone of Kidderminster. C.

This unadorned stone was placed here
by the particular desire and express
directions of the Right Honourable
GEORGE Lord LYTTELTON,
who died August 22, 1773, aged 64.

Lord Lyttelton's poems are the works of a man of literature and judgment, devoting part of his time to versification. They have nothing to be despised, and little to be admired. Of his Progress of Love, it is sufficient blame to say that it is pastoral. His blank verse in Blenheim has neither much force nor much elegance. His little performances, whether songs or epigrams, are sometimes sprightly, and sometimes insipid. His epistolary pieces have a smooth equability, which cannot much tire, because they are short, but which seldom elevates or surprises. But from this censure ought to be excepted his Advice to Belinda, which, though for the most part written when he was very young, contains much truth and much prudence, very elegantly and vigorously expressed, and shows a mind attentive to life, and a power of poetry which cultivation might have raised to excellence.

POEMS

OF

LORD LYTTELTON.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE,

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

ertainty. To Mr. Pope.
e. To the hon. George Doddington.
ousy. To Edward Walpole, esq.
ession. To the right hon. the lord viscount Cobham.

UNCERTAINTY.

ECLOGUE I.

TO MR. POPE.

E, to whose reed beneath the beachen shade,
nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
yet thy Muse, content with humbler praise,
d in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing
ious wars and godlike chiefs she sing:
ou with me revisit once again
ystal fountain, and the flowery plain?
ou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
rious changes of a lover's state;
hile each turn of passion I pursue,
own heart if what I tell be true?
he green margin of a lonely wood,
pendent shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
the image of his beauteous maid:
k, far off, unfed, untended, lay,
ry savage a defenceless prey;
se of interest could their master move,
ery care seem'd trifling now but love.
in pensive silence he remain'd,
ough his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;
th the thoughts within his bosom pent
his unwilling tongue to give them vent.

"Ye nymphs," he cried, "ye Dryads, who so long
Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
Though wild Ambition and destructive Rage
No factions here can form, no wars can wage:
Though Envy frowns not on your humble shades,
Nor Calumny your innocence invades:
Yet cruel Love, that troubler of the breast,
Too often violates your boasted rest;
With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.
"Ah, luckless day! when first with fond surprise
On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes!
Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
Then reason, liberty, at once were lost: —
And every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,
But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
Then too she smil'd: can smiles our peace destroy,
Those lovely children of Content and Joy!
How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
From the same spring at the same moment flow:
Unhappy boy! these vain inquiries cease,
Thought could not guard, nor will restore, thy peace:
Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
Come, flattering Memory! and tell my heart
How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band;
To me alone she gave her willing hand:
Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
Still in my song found something to admire.
By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
By none but her my brows with ivy bound:
The world, that Damon was her choice, believ'd,
The world, alas! like Damon, was deceiv'd.
When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire
In words as soft as passion could inspire,
Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.

The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,
To have my faithful service thus repaid?
Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,
But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
Or did you only nurse my growing love,
That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
Sure guilty treachery no place could find
In such a gentle, such a generous mind:
A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
No; let me rather think her anger feign'd,
Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."
Pleas'd with this flattering thought, the lovesick boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy;
Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
When now the setting Sun more fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

HOPE.

ECLOGUE II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON, AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE REGIS.

Hear, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing,
Like those that warbling hail the genial Spring.
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artless reeds:
From Love alone their melody proceeds.
From Love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join[1].
Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.
"Blest be the hour," he said, "that happy hour,
When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power;
Then gloomy discontent and pining care
Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
Delightful languors, and transporting fires.
Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid;
There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
She led the dance—Heavens! with what grace she mov'd!
Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
But gloried in a happy captive's name;
Nor would I now, could Love permit, be free,
But leave to brutes their savage liberty.

[1] Mr. Doddington had written some very pretty love verses, which have never been published. Lyttelton.

"And art thou then, fond youth, secure of joy?
Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy?
Has treacherous Love no torment yet in store?
Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break?
Why were the desert rocks invok'd to hear
The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
Delia, who now compassionates my woes,
Who bids me *hope;* and in that charming word
Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.
"Begin my pipe, begin the gladsome lay;
A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;
A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
Given with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content.
No laureat wreaths I ask, to bind my brows,
Such as the Muse on lofty bards bestows:
Let other swains to praise or fame aspire;
I from her lips my recompense require.
"Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
Light gales have chas'd the late impending shower;
Th' emerging Sun more bright his beams extends;
Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay:
The birds renew their songs on every spray!
Come forth, my love, thy shepherd's joys to crown:
All nature smiles.—Will only Delia frown?
"Hark how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
While every flower of every sweet they drain:
See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep:
Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
If with my fond desires my love comply;
From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.
"Ah! how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms?
What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
And bears the fortunate Canaries name;
In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
Not ev'n the nightingale's melodious throat.
Accept of this; and could I add beside
What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide:
If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove:
The tuneful Nine, who never sue in vain,
Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite swain.
For him each blue-ey'd Naiad of the flood,
For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
His music calls to dance the night away.
And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
And let her often hear her shepherd's name:
Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
And show my merits in the fairest light;
My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
And every friend shall claim a different lay.
"But see! in yonder glade the heavenly fair
Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet;
Adieu, my pipe; I go my love to meet:—

find her as we parted last,
each future hour be like the past!
he whitest lamb these pastures feed,
s Venus, on thy altars bleed."

JEALOUSY.

ECLOGUE III.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere;
s disturb'd by care, and power by fear:
passions that employ the mind,
love the sweetest joys we find:
those joys dire Jealousy molests,
kens each fair image in our breasts.
he warmth of thy too tender heart
l the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
wn quiet, think thy mistress just,
ly take thy happiness on trust.
my Muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,
t numbers and disorder'd verse.
omantic mountain's airy head
rowzing goats at ease around him fed)
he lay, with jealous cares opprest;
nd anger labouring in his breast—
beneath a pleasing prospect yields
nt meads and cultivated fields;
these a river rolls its winding flood,
with various tufts of rising wood;
f conceal'd in trees, a cottage stands,
there the opening plain commands;
a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
nt hills the wide horizon bound:
ing was the scene, a while the swain
elighted, and forgot his pain:
the stings infix'd within his heart
el force renew'd their raging smart:
ry wreath, which long with pride he wore,
of Delia, from his brows he tore,
d, "May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
e neglected roses, droop and fade!
ry Heaven deform each guilty grace,
mphs now in that deluding face!
er'd looks may every shepherd fly,
thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I!
thou inconstant, what has Damon done,
e heart his tedious pains had won?
what charms you in my rival find,
hose power no ties have strength to bind?
ike me, with long obedience strove
er your disdain, and merit love?
ith transport every smile ador'd,
with grief at each ungentle word?
the conquest was obtain'd with ease;
'd you, by not studying to please:
ess indolence your pride alarm'd;
he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.
in to think! another shall possess
my lips which I was wont to press:
n her panting breast shall lie,
sweet madness from her swimming eye!—
ir friendly flocks together feed,
m hand in hand walk o'er the mead:
y clos'd eye had sunk in endless night,
doom'd to bear that hateful sight!
they pass'd, be blasted every flower,
ry wolves their helpless flocks devour!—
Ah, wretched swain, could no examples move
Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love?
Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas[2] died
A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride?
Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd in vain:
Around his tomb their tears the Muses paid;
And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.
Would I could die like him, and be at peace?
These torments in the quiet grave would cease;
There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
And rest, as if my Delia still were kind.
No, let me live, her falsehood to upbraid:
Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
Alas! what aid, fond swain, wouldst thou receive?
Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve?
Protect her, Heaven! and let her never know
The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
I ask no vengeance from the powers above;
All I implore is never more to love.—
Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
Come, cool Indifference, and heal my breast;
Wearied, at length, I seek thy downy rest:
No turbulence of passion shall destroy
My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
Hear, mighty Pan, and, all ye sylvans, hear
What by your guardian deities I swear;
No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
No more I'll court the traitoress to my arms;
Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
And she shall find that reason conquers love!"—
Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn below
Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
At once transported, he forgot his vow,
(Such perjuries the laughing gods allow!)
Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew;
He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

POSSESSION.

ECLOGUE IV.

TO LORD COBHAM.

COBHAM, to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing:
Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,
With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening plains:
Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were dear;
Recall those years which time has thrown behind,
When smiling Love with Honour shar'd thy mind:
When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
Delighted less than one successful night.
The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;
And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.
Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood.
To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
In friendly league to favour human-kind.
With wanton Cupids, in that happy shade,
The gentle Virtues and mild Wisdom play'd.

[2] See Mr. Gay's Dione.

Nor there in sprightly Pleasure's genial train,
Lurk'd sick Disgust, or late-repenting Pain,
Nor Force, nor Interest, join'd unwilling hands,
But Love consenting tied the blissful bands.
Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame:
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
"Hail, bounteous god! before whose hallow'd shrine
My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove!
And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!
Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.
"O the dear bloom of last propitious night!
O shade more charming than the fairest light!
Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
Then all my pains one moment overpaid;
Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
Thou too, bright goddess, once, in Ida's grove,
Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love;
With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,
Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade:
Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
"What are ye now, my once most valued joys?
Insipid trifles all, and childish toys—
Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.
"Ye Muses, skill'd in every winning art,
Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,
And crown her with the pride of all the Spring:
On all her days let health and peace attend;
May she ne'er want, nor ever lose, a friend!
May some new pleasure every hour employ:
But let her Damon be her highest joy!
"With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
All night caress thee, and admire all day;
In the same field our mingled flocks we 'll feed,
To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,
Together will we share the harvest toils,
Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
Delightful state, where Peace and Love combine,
To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads;
Here rising forests lift their verdant heads;
Here let me wear my careless life away,
And in thy arms insensibly decay.
"When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
When Time no longer will thy beauties spare,
And only Damon's eye shall think thee fair;
Then may the gentle hand of welcome Death,
At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath!
May we beneath one common stone be laid,
And the same cypress both our ashes shade!
Perhaps some friendly Muse, in tender verse,
Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse
And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd."

SOLILOQUY

OF A BEAUTY IN THE COUNTRY.

WRITTEN AT ETON SCHOOL.

'Twas night; and Flavia, to her room retir'd,
With evening chat and sober reading tir'd;
There, melancholy, pensive, and alone,
She meditates on the forsaken town:
On her rais'd arm reclin'd her drooping head,
She sigh'd, and thus in plaintive accents said:
"Ah! what avails it to be young and fair;
To move with negligence, to dress with care?
What worth have all the charms our pride can boast,
If all in envious solitude are lost?
Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle;
Beauty, like wit, to judges should be shown;
Both most are valued, where they best are known
With every grace of Nature or of Art,
We cannot break one stubborn country heart:
The brutes, insensible, our power defy:
To love, exceeds a 'squire's capacity.
The town, the court, is Beauty's proper sphere;
That is our Heaven, and we are angels there:
In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,
The court of Britain is the court of Love.
How has my conscious heart with triumph glow'd
How have my sparkling eyes their transport show'd
At each distinguish'd birth-night ball, to see
The homage, due to empire, paid to me!
When every eye was fix'd on me alone,
And dreaded mine more than the monarch's frown;
When rival statesmen for my favour strove,
Less jealous in their power than in their love.
Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die,
Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky:
Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,
The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.
In stupid indolence my life is spent,
Supinely calm, and dully innocent:
Unblest I wear my useless time away;
Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream all day;
Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer
(For dullness ever must be regular.)
Now with mamma at tedious whist I play;
Now without scandal drink insipid tea;
Or in the garden breathe the country air,
Secure from meeting any tempter there;
From books to work, from work to books, I rove,
And am, alas! at leisure to improve!—
Is this the life a beauty ought to lead?
Were eyes so radiant only made to read?
These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would glow,
Are these of use for nothing but to sew?
Sure erring Nature never could design
To form a housewife in a mould like mine!
O Venus, queen and guardian of the fair,
Attend propitious to thy votary's prayer:
Let me revisit the dear town again:
Let me be seen!—could I that wish obtain,
All other wishes my own power would gain."

BLENHEIM.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD, IN THE YEAR 1727.

, whose skilful hand first taught
ile to rise, and form'd the plan
ortion; architect divine.
to my adventurous lyre
oke, that means to sing
ıd monument of British fame,
ork! for thou the lofty towers
rtue raise, whom oft thy shield
ed, and thy wisdom steer'd
e storms of war.—Thee too I call,
Muse, who lov'st to rove
ly paths and verdant bowers
s happy grove: there tuning sweet
, while all the Dryad train
ı; let thy warbling song
lodious praise the pleasing scene,
se to Pindus' honour'd shades.
pe freed, confess'd the saving power
gh's hand; Britain, who sent him forth
lerate hosts, to fight the cause
l Justice, grateful rais'd
ıered to her leader's fame:
ıccess; with spoils adorn'd
owns, and glorying in the name
ious field, where Churchill's sword
e might of Gallia, and chastis'd
—Majestic in its strength,
ud dome, and speaks its great design.
chief, whose valour could deserve
rious! grateful nation, hail,
is service with so rich a meed!
hall I admire, which worthiest praise,
ıe people? Honour doubts,
ıeir virtues in an equal scale.
nania pays th' uncancell'd debt
o us—Blush, Cæsar, blush,
hold'st these towers; ingrate, to thee
of shame! Canst thou forget
are nam'd, and what an English arm
ırone that day? But we disdain
l or imitate thy guilt.
ırate heart against the sense
infinite; and know,
Heaven, protects a thankless world
glory, nor expects reward.
h the noble theme, her task the Muse
'd, and through the palace roves
w delight. The tapestry rich
ıd gay with all the beauteous paint
lour'd silks, dispos'd with skill,
curious eye. Here Ister rolls
ave; and there the Granick flood
squadrons foams: here hardy Gaul
e sword of Britain; there to Greece
ersia yields.—In arms oppos'd,
and Alexander vie for fame
s competition; equal both
l in fortune: but their praise
for with different views they fought:
e, and that to *free* mankind.
ıgh the stately portals issuing forth,
softer glories turns, and seeks
l shade, delighted. Not the vale
m'd in song, or Ida's grove,
Such beauty boasts. Amid the mazy gloom
Of this romantic wilderness once stood
The bower of Rosamonda, hapless fair,
Sacred to grief and love; the crystal fount
In which she us'd to bathe her beauteous limbs
Still warbling flows, pleas'd to reflect the face
Of Spencer, lovely maid, when tir'd she sits
Beside its flowery brink, and views those charms
Which only Rosamond could once excel.
But see where, flowing with a nobler stream,
A limpid lake of purest waters rolls
Beneath the wide-stretch'd arch, stupendous work,
Through which the Danube might collected pour
His spacious urn! Silent a while and smooth
The current glides, till with an headlong force
Broke and disorder'd, down the steep it falls
In loud cascades; the silver-sparkling foam
Glitters relucent in the dancing ray.
In these retreats repos'd the mighty soul
Of Churchill, from the toils of war and state,
Splendidly private, and the tranquil joy
Of contemplation felt, while Blenheim's dome
Triumphal ever in his mind renew'd
The memory of his fame, and sooth'd his thoughts
With pleasing record of his glorious deeds.
So, by the rage of Faction home recall'd,
Lucullus, while he wag'd successful war
Against the pride of Asia, and the power
Of Mithridates, whose aspiring mind
No losses could subdue, enrich'd with spoils
Of conquer'd nations, back return'd to Rome,
And in magnificent retirement past
The evening of his life.—But not alone,
In the calm shades of honourable ease, [ven
Great Marlborough peaceful dwelt: indulgent Hea-
Gave a companion to his softer hours,
With whom conversing, he forgot all change
Of fortune, or of state, and in her mind
Found greatness equal to his own, and lov'd
Himself in her.—Thus each by each admir'd,
In mutual honour, mutual fondness join'd,
Like two fair stars, with intermingled light,
In friendly union they together shone,
Aiding each other's brightness, till the cloud
Of night eternal quench'd the beams of one.
Thee, Churchill, first the ruthless hand of Death
Tore from thy consort's side, and call'd thee hence
To the sublimer seats of joy and love;
Where Fate again shall join her soul to thine,
Who now, regardful of thy fame, erects
The column to thy praise, and soothes her woe
With pious honours to thy sacred name
Immortal. Lo! where, towering in the height
Of yon aërial pillar, proudly stands
Thy image, like a guardian god, sublime,
And awes the subject plain: beneath his feet,
The German eagles spread their wings; his hand
Grasps Victory, its slave. Such was thy brow
Majestic, such thy martial port, when Gaul
Fled from thy frown, and in the Danube sought
A refuge from thy sword.—There, where the field
Was deepest stain'd with gore, on Hochstet's plain,
The theatre of thy glory, once was rais'd
A meaner trophy, by the imperial hand;
Extorted gratitude! which now the rage
Of malice impotent, beseeming ill
A regal breast, has levell'd to the ground:
Mean insult! This, with better auspices,
Shall stand on British earth to tell the world
How Marlborough fought, for whom, and how repaid

His services. Nor shall the constant love
Of her who rais'd this monument be lost
In dark oblivion: that shall be the theme
Of future bards in ages yet unborn,
Inspir'd with Chaucer's fire, who in these groves
First tun'd the British harp, and little deem'd
His humble dwelling should the neighbour be
Of Blenheim, house superb; to which the throng
Of travellers approaching shall not pass
His roof unnoted, but respectful hail
With reverence due. Such honour does the Muse
Obtain her favourites.—But the noble pile
(My theme) demands my voice.—O shade ador'd,
Marlborough! who now above the starry sphere
Dwell'st in the palaces of Heaven, enthron'd
Among the demi-gods, deign to defend
This thy abode, while present here below,
And sacred still to thy immortal fame,
With tutelary care. Preserve it safe
From Time's destroying hand, and cruel stroke
Of factious Envy's more relentless rage.
Here may, long ages hence, the British youth,
When Honour calls them to the field of war,
Behold the trophies which thy valour rais'd;
The proud reward of thy successful toils
For Europe's freedom, and Britannia's fame;
That fir'd with generous envy, they may dare
To emulate thy deeds.—So shall thy name,
Dear to thy country, still inspire her sons
With martial virtue; and to high attempts
Excite their arms, till other battles won,
And nations sav'd, new monuments require,
And other Blenheims shall adorn the land.

TO THE REVEREND DR. AYSCOUGH,

AT OXFORD.

WRITTEN FROM PARIS IN THE YEAR 1728.

Say, dearest friend, how roll thy hours away?
What pleasing study cheats the tedious day?
Dost thou the sacred volumes oft explore
Of wise Antiquity's immortal lore,
Where virtue, by the charms of wit refin'd,
At once exalts and polishes the mind?
How different from our modern guilty art,
Which pleases only to corrupt the heart;
Whose curst refinements odious vice adorn,
And teach to honour what we ought to scorn!
Dost thou in sage historians joy to see
How Roman greatness rose with liberty:
How the same hands that tyrants durst control
Their empire stretched from Atlas to the pole;
Till wealth and conquest into slaves refin'd
The proud luxurious masters of mankind?
Dost thou in letter'd Greece each charm admire,
Each grace, each virtue, Freedom could inspire;
Yet in her troubled state see all the woes,
And all the crimes, that giddy Faction knows;
Till, rent by parties, by corruption sold,
Or weakly careless, or too rashly bold,
She sunk beneath a mitigated doom,
The slave and tutoress of protecting Rome?
Does calm Philosophy her aid impart,
To guide the passions, and to mend the heart?
Taught by her precepts, hast thou learnt the end
To which alone the wise their studies bend;
For which alone by Nature were design'd
The powers of thought—to benefit mankind?
Not, like a cloyster'd drone, to read and dose,
In undeserving, undeserv'd, repose;
But reason's influence to diffuse; to clear
Th' enlighten'd world of every gloomy fear;
Dispel the mists of errour, and unbind
Those pedant chains that clog the freeborn mind.
Happy who thus his leisure can employ!
He knows the purest hours of tranquil joy;
Nor vext with pangs that busier bosoms tear,
Nor lost to social virtue's pleasing care;
Safe in the port, yet labouring to sustain
Those who still float on the tempestuous main.
So Locke the days of studious quiet spent;
So Boyle in wisdom found divine content;
So Cambray, worthy of a happier doom,
The virtuous slave of Louis and of Rome.
Good Wor'ster[1] thus supports his drooping age,
Far from court-flattery, far from party-rage;
He, who in youth a tyrant's frown defy'd,
Firm and intrepid on his country's side, [guide!
Her boldest champion then, and now her mildest
O generous warmth! O sanctity divine!
To emulate his worth, my friend, be thine:
Learn from his life the duties of the gown;
Learn, not to flatter, nor insult the crown;
Nor, basely servile, court the guilty great,
Nor raise the church a rival to the state:
To errour mild, to vice alone severe,
Seek not to spread the *law of love* by fear.
The priest who plagues the world can never mend:
No foe to man was e'er to God a friend.
Let reason and let virtue faith maintain;
All force but theirs is impious, weak, and vain.
Me other cares in other climes engage,
Cares that become my birth, and suit my age;
In various knowledge to improve my youth,
And conquer prejudice, worst foe to truth;
By foreign arts domestic faults to mend,
Enlarge my notions, and my views extend;
The useful science of the world to know,
Which books can never teach, or pedants show.
A nation here I pity and admire,
Whom noblest sentiments of glory fire,
Yet taught, by custom's force and bigot fear,
To serve with pride, and boast the yoke they bear:
Whose nobles, born to cringe and to command,
(In courts a mean, in camps a generous band)
From each low tool of power, content receive
Those laws, their dreaded arms to Europe give.
Whose people (vain in want, in bondage blest;
Though plunder'd, gay; industrious, though oppress'd)
With happy follies rise above their fate,
The jest and envy of each wiser state.
Yet here the Muses deign'd a while to sport
In the short sunshine of a favouring court:
Here Boileau, strong in sense and sharp in wit,
Who, from the ancients, like the ancients writ,
Permission gain'd inferior vice to blame,
By flattering incense to his master's fame.
Here Moliere, first of comic wits, excelled
Whate'er Athenian theatres beheld;
By keen, yet decent, satire skill'd to please,
With morals mirth uniting, strength with ease.
Now, charm'd, I hear the bold Corneille inspire
Heroic thoughts, with Shakspeare's force and fire!
Now sweet Racine, with milder influence, move
The soften'd heart to pity and to love.

[1] Bishop Hough.

With mingled pain and pleasure, I survey
The pompous works of arbitrary sway;
Proud palaces, that drain'd the subjects' store,
Rais'd on the ruins of th' oppress and poor;
Where ev'n mute walls are taught to flatter state,
And painted triumphs style Ambition GREAT [2].
With more delight those pleasing shades I view,
Where Condé from an envious court withdrew [3];
Where, sick of glory, faction, power, and pride,
(Sure judge how empty all, who all had tried!)
Beneath his palms the weary chief repos'd,
And life's great scene in quiet virtue clos'd.
With shame that other fam'd retreat I see,
Adorn'd by art, disgrac'd by luxury [4]:
Where Orleans wasted every vacant hour,
In the wild riot of unbounded power;
Where feverish debauch and impious love
Stain'd the mad table and the guilty grove.
With these amusements is thy friend detain'd,
Pleas'd and instructed in a foreign land;
Yet oft a tender wish recalls my mind
From present joys to dearer left behind.
O native isle, fair Freedom's happiest seat!
At thought of thee, my bounding pulses beat;
At thought of thee, my heart impatient burns,
And all my country on my soul returns.
When shall I see thy fields, whose plenteous grain
No power can ravish from th' industrious swain?
When kiss, with pious love, the sacred earth
That gave a Burleigh or a Russel birth?
When, in the shade of laws, that long have stood,
Propt by their care, or strengthen'd by their blood,
Of fearless independence wisely vain,
The proudest slave of Bourbon's race disdain?
Yet, oh! what doubt, what sad presaging voice,
Whispers within, and bids me not rejoice;
Bids me contemplate every state around,
From sultry Spain to Norway's icy bound;
Bids their lost rights, their ruin'd glory see;
And tells me, "These, like England, once were free!"

TO MR. POYNTZ,

AMBASSADOR AT THE CONGRESS OF SOISSONS, IN 1728.

WRITTEN AT PARIS.

O THOU, whose friendship is my joy and pride,
Whose virtues warm me, and whose precepts guide;
Thou to whom greatness, rightly understood,
Is but a larger power of being good;
Say, Poyntz, amidst the toil of anxious state,
Does not thy secret soul desire retreat?
Dost thou not wish (the task of glory done)
Thy busy life at length might be thy own;
That, to thy lov'd philosophy resign'd,
No care might ruffle thy unbended mind?
Just is the wish. For sure the happiest meed,
To favour'd man by smiling Heaven decreed,
Is, to reflect at ease on glorious pains,
And calmly to enjoy what virtue gains.
Not him I praise, who, from the world retir'd,
By no enlivening generous passion fir'd,
On flowery couches slumbers life away,
And gently bids his active powers decay;
Who fears bright Glory's awful face to see,
And shuns renown as much as infamy.
But blest is he, who, exercis'd in cares,
To private leisure public virtue bears:
Who tranquil ends the race he nobly run,
And decks repose with trophies Labour won.
Him Honour follows to the secret shade,
And crowns propitious his declining head;
In his retreats their harps the Muses string,
For him in lays unbought spontaneous sing;
Friendship and Truth on all his moments wait,
Pleas'd with retirement better than with state;
And round the bower, where humbly great he lies,
Fair olives bloom, or verdant laurels rise.
So when thy country shall no more demand
The needful aid of thy sustaining hand;
When Peace restor'd shall, on her downy wing,
Secure repose and careless leisure bring;
Then, to the shades of learned ease retir'd,
The world forgetting, by the world admir'd,
Among thy books and friends, thou shalt possess
Contemplative and quiet happiness:
Pleas'd to review a life in honour spent,
And painful merit paid with sweet content.
Yet, though thy hours unclogg'd with sorrow roll,
Though wisdom calm, and science feed thy soul,
One dearer bliss remains to be possest,
That only can improve and crown the rest.—
Permit thy friend this secret to reveal,
Which thy own heart perhaps would better tell;
The point to which our sweetest passions move
Is, to be truly lov'd, and fondly love.
This is the charm that smooths the troubled breast,
Friend of our health, and author of our rest:
Bids every gloomy vexing passion fly,
And tunes each jarring string to harmony.
Ev'n while I write, the name of Love inspires
More pleasing thoughts, and more enlivening fires;
Beneath his power my raptur'd fancy glows,
And every tender verse more sweetly flows.
Dull is the privilege of living free;
Our hearts were never form'd for liberty:
Some beauteous image, well imprinted there,
Can best defend them from consuming care.
In vain to groves and gardens we retire,
And Nature in her rural works admire;
Though grateful these, yet these but faintly charm;
They may delight us, but can nerve warm.
May some fair eyes, my friend, thy bosom fire
With pleasing pangs of ever-gay desire;
And teach thee that soft science, which alone
Still to thy searching mind rests slightly known!
Thy soul, though great, is tender and refin'd,
To friendship sensible, to love inclin'd,
And therefore long thou canst not arm thy breast
Against the entrance of so sweet a guest.
Hear what th' inspiring Muses bid me tell,
For Heaven shall ratify what they reveal:
"A chosen bride shall in thy arms be plac'd,
With all th' attractive charms of beauty grac'd,
Whose wit and virtue shall thy own express,
Distinguish'd only by their softer dress:
Thy greatness she, or thy retreat, shall share;
Sweeten tranquillity, or soften care;
Her smiles the taste of every joy shall raise,
And add new pleasure to renown and praise;
Till charm'd you own the truth my verse would prove,
That happiness is near allied to love."

[2] The victories of Louis the Fourteenth, painted in the galleries of Versailles.

[3] Chantilly.

[4] St. Cloud.

VERSES

TO BE WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF MR. POYNTZ.

Such is thy form, O Poyntz, but who shall find
A hand, or colours, to express thy mind?
A mind unmov'd by every vulgar fear,
In a false world that dares to be sincere;
Wise without art; without ambition great;
Though firm, yet pliant; active, though sedate;
With all the richest stores of learning fraught,
Yet better still by native prudence taught;
That, fond the griefs of the distrest to heal,
Can pity frailties it could never feel;
That, when Misfortune sued, ne'er sought to know
What sect, what party, whether friend or foe;
That, fix'd on equal virtue's temperate laws,
Despises calumny, and shuns applause:
That, to its own perfections singly blind,
Would for another think this praise design'd.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

FROM ROME, 1730.

Immortal bard! for whom each Muse has wove
The fairest garlands of th' Aonian grove;
Preserv'd our drooping genius to restore,
When Addison and Congreve are no more;
After so many stars extinct in night,
The darken'd age's last remaining light!
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,
Inspir'd by memory of ancient wit;
For now no more these climes their influence boast,
Fall'n is their glory, and their virtue lost;
From tyrants, and from priests, the Muses fly,
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty!
Nor Baiæ now nor Umbria's plain they love,
Nor on the banks of Nar or Mincio rove;
To Thames's flowery borders they retire,
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.
So in the shades, where, cheer'd with summer rays,
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain
Of gloomy Winter's unauspicious reign,
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,
But mournful silence saddens all the grove.
Unhappy Italy! whose alter'd state
Has felt the worst severity of Fate:
Not that barbarian hands her fasces broke,
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke;
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,
Her cities desert, and her fields unsown;
But that her ancient spirit is decay'd,
That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled;
That there the source of science flows no more,
Whence its rich streams supplied the world before.
Illustrious names! that once in Latium shin'd,
Born to instruct and to command mankind;
Chiefs, by whose virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,
And poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd;
Oft I the traces you have left explore,
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore;
Oft kiss, with lips devout, some mouldering stone,
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown;
Those horrid ruins better pleas'd to see
Than all the pomp of modern luxury.
As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flowers I strow'd,
While with th' inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,
Crown'd with eternal bays, my ravish'd eyes
Beheld the poet's awful form arise:
"Stranger," he said, "whose pious hand has paid
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,
To Pope this message from his master bear:
"Great bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,
If, high exalted on the throne of wit,
Near me and Homer thou aspire to sit,
No more let meaner satire dim the rays
That flow majestic from thy nobler bays;
In all the flowery paths of Pindus stray,
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way;
Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,
Address the least attractive of the Nine.
"Of thee more worthy were thy task, to raise
A lasting column to thy country's praise;
To sing the land, which yet alone can boast
That liberty corrupted Rome has lost;
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid,
And plants her palm beneath the olive's shade.
Such was the theme for which my lyre I strung,
Such was the people whose exploits I sung;
Brave, yet refin'd, for arms and arts renown'd,
With different bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd;
Dauntless opposers of tyrannic sway,
But pleas'd a mild Augustus to obey.
"If these commands submissive thou receive,
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live,
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire;
And howl with furies in tormenting fire;
Approving Time shall consecrate thy lays,
And join the patriot's to the poet's praise."

TO LORD HERVEY.

IN THE YEAR 1730. FROM WORCESTERSHIRE.

Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere: quod petis, hic est;
Est ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus. Hor.

Favourite of Venus and the tuneful Nine,
Pollio, by Nature form'd in courts to shine,
Wilt thou once more a kind attention lend,
To thy long absent and forgotten friend;
Who, after seas and mountains wander'd o'er,
Return'd at length to his own native shore,
From all that's gay retir'd, and all that's great,
Beneath the shades of his paternal seat,
Has found that happiness he sought in vain
On the fam'd banks of Tiber and of Seine?
'Tis not to view the well-proportion'd pile,
The charms of Titian's and of Raphael's style;
At soft Italian sounds to melt away;
Or in the fragrant groves of myrtle stray;
That lulls the tumults of the soul to rest,
Or makes the fond possessor truly blest.
In our own breasts the source of pleasure lies,
Still open, and still flowing to the wise;
Not forc'd by toilsome art and wild desire
Beyond the bounds of Nature to aspire,
But, in its proper channels gliding fair;
A common benefit, which all may share.
Yet half mankind this easy good disdain,
Nor relish happiness unbought by pain; [is vain.
False is their taste of bliss, and thence their search

So idle, yet so restless, are our minds,
We climb the Alps, and brave the raging winds;
Through various toils to seek content we roam,
Which with but *thinking right* were ours at home.
For not the ceaseless change of shifted place
Can from the heart a settled grief erase,
Nor can the purer balm of foreign air
Heal the distemper'd mind of aching care.
The wretch, by wild impatience driven to rove,
Vext with the pangs of ill-requited love,
From Pole to Pole the fatal arrow bears,
Whose rooted point his bleeding bosom tears;
With equal pain each different clime he tries,
And is himself that torment which he flies.
For how should ills, which from our passions flow,
Be chang'd by Afric's heat, or Russia's snow?
Or how can aught but powerful reason cure
What from unthinking folly we endure?
Happy is he, and he alone, who knows
His heart's uneasy discord to compose;
In generous love of others' good, to find
The sweetest pleasures of the social mind;
To bound his wishes in their proper sphere;
To nourish pleasing hope, and conquer anxious fear:
This was the wisdom ancient sages taught,
This was the sovereign good they justly sought;
This to no place or climate is confin'd,
But the free native produce of the mind.
Nor think, my lord, that courts to you deny
The useful practice of philosophy:
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful choir,
Not always chose from greatness to retire;
But, in the palace of Augustus, knew
The same unerring maxims to pursue,
Which, in the Sabine or the Velian shade,
His study and his happiness he made.
May you, my friend, by his example taught,
View all the giddy scene with sober thought;
Undazzled every glittering folly see,
And in the midst of slavish forms be free;
In its own centre keep your steady mind,
Let Prudence guide you, but let Honour bind.
In show, in manners, act the courtier's part,
But be a country gentleman at heart.

ADVICE TO A LADY.

M.DCC.XXXI.

The counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flatteries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater your's, sincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:
All who approach them their own ends pursue;
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from Reason heedless Beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays,
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most ye tyrannise, you 're most abus'd.
What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys;
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful Nature's unaffected ease.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.
Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you, the plainest is the wisest rule:
A *cunning woman* is a *knavish fool.*
Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene;
Without, all beauty; and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat:
Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.
To rougher man Ambition's task resign:
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine;
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of Envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.
Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution choose; but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in Love's delightful Heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.
A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame;
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.
Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possest,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most:
Hers is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.
But, lest harsh Care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let Reason teach what Passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by Prudence should be tied,
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:

Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more.
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief:
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.
Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandoned prostitutes are they,
Who not to love, but avarice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of *wife;*
A maid so wedded is *a whore for life.*
Ev'n in the happiest choice, where favouring Heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost;
The Graces might *alone* his heart *allure;*
They and the Virtues *meeting* must *secure.*
Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him,* and anxious *tenderness.*
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The *household sceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *servant* to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife;*
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame, shall unextinguish'd burn.
Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known:
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind,
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy.
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

When Delia on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I would approach, but dare not move:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other wit but her's approve:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other youth commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I do more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring, or shadiest grove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When, fond of power, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spread for every swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove:
Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1733.

The heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me:
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.

But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you 've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loitering time to cheat.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:

All I of Venus ask, is this;
No more to let us join:
But grant me here the flattering bliss,
To die, and think you mine.

DAMON AND DELIA.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

DAMON.

Tell me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how! —
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part;
Reason these fears may disapprove:
But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with such warmth her charms you prais
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true,

DAMON.

ıy falsehood to upbraid,
own orders I obey'd;
: try, by this deceit,
of the world to cheat,
ıeneath another name,
of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

ur prudence I confess,
wish it had been less;
ıe lover's part you play'd,
nuch art your court you made;
n only art, your eyes
have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

: thus idly to molest
ndless fears thy virgin breast.
s at fancied wrongs you grieve,
eal pain you give.

DELIA.

ell I might your truth distrust,
ı heart believes you just:
is faith may disapprove;
eve, because I love.

ODE.

IN IMITATION OF PASTOR FIDO.

O primavera gioventu del anno.)

WRITTEN ABROAD IN 1729.

f blooming flowers and gay desires,
of the tender year, delightful Spring,
approach, inspir'd with equal fires,
norous nightingale and poet sing!

st thou return, but not with thee
ı the smiling hours I once possest;
thou bring'st to others, but to me
d remembrance that I once was blest.

d charms, which Winter snatch'd away,
'd in all their former lustre shine;
no more shall hapless I be gay,
ow the vernal joys that have been mine.

innets sing, though flowers adorn the green,
h on their wings soft Zephyrs fragrance bear:
the music, joyless is the scene,
lour faint: for Delia is not there.

s and cold I feel the genial Sun,
thee while absent I in exile rove;
ly presence, fairest light, alone
arm my heart to gladness and to love.

TS OF AN ELEGY OF TIBULLUS.

TRANSLATED, 1729-30.

ivitias alius fulvo sibi congerat auro.)

ers heap of wealth a shining store,
ıch possessing, labour still for more;
n, disquieted with dire alarms,
o win a dangerous fame in arms:
Me tranquil poverty shall lull to rest,
Humbly secure, and indolently blest;
Warm'd by the blaze of my own cheerful hearth,
I'll waste the wintry hours in social mirth;
In summer pleas'd attend to harvest toils,
In autumn press the vineyard's purple spoils,
And oft to Delia in my bosom bear
Some kid, or lamb, that wants its mother's care:
With her I'll celebrate each gladsome day,
When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
With her new milk on Pales' altar pour,
And deck with ripen'd fruits Pomona's bower.
At night, how soothing would it be to hear,
Safe in her arms, the tempest howling near;
Or, while the wintry clouds their deluge pour,
Slumber, assisted by the beating shower!
Ah! how much happier, than the fool who braves,
In search of wealth, the black tempestuous waves!
While I, contented with my little store,
In tedious voyage seek no distant shore;
But, idly lolling on some shady seat,
Near cooling fountains shun the dog-star's heat:
For what reward so rich could Fortune give,
That I by absence should my Delia grieve?
Let great Messalla shine in martial toils,
And grace his palace with triumphal spoils;
Me Beauty holds, in strong though gentle chains,
Far from tumultuous war and dusty plains.
With thee, my love, to pass my tranquil days,
How would I slight Ambition's painful praise!
How would I joy with thee, my love, to yoke
The ox, and feed my solitary flock!
On thy soft breast might I but lean my head,
How downy should I think the woodland bed!
The wretch, who sleeps not by his fair-one's side,
Detests the gilded couch's useless pride,
Nor knows his weary weeping eyes to close,
Though murmuring rills invite him to repose.
Hard were his heart, who thee, my fair, could leave
For all the honours prosperous war can give;
Though through the vanquish'd East he spread his fame,
And Parthian tyrants tremble at his name;
Though, bright in arms, while hosts around him bleed,
With martial pride he prest his foaming steed.
No pomps like these my humble vows require;
With thee I'll live, and in thy arms expire.
Thee may my closing eyes in death behold!
Thee may my faultering hand yet strive to hold!
Then, Delia, then, thy heart will melt in woe,
Then o'er my breathless clay thy tears will flow;
Thy tears will flow, for gentle is thy mind,
Nor dost thou think it weakness to be kind.
But, ah! fair mourner, I conjure thee, spare
Thy heaving breasts and loose dishevell'd hair:
Wound not thy form; lest on th' Elysian coast
Thy anguish should disturb my peaceful ghost.
But now nor death nor parting should employ
Our sprightly thoughts, or damp our bridal joy:
We'll live, my Delia; and from life remove
All care, all business, but delightful love.
Old age in vain those pleasures would retrieve
Which youth alone can taste, alone can give:
Then let us snatch the moment to be blest,
This hour is Love's—be Fortune's all the rest.

SONG.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1732.

Say, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

Is it, because you fear to share
The ills that love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

VERSES,

WRITTEN AT MR. POPE'S HOUSE AT TWICKENHAM, WHICH HE HAD LENT TO MRS. GREVILLE.

IN AUGUST 1735.

Go, Thames, and tell the busy town,
Not all its wealth or pride
Could tempt me from the charms that crown
Thy rural flowery side:

Thy flowery side, where Pope has plac'd
The Muses' green retreat,
With every smile of Nature grac'd,
With every art complete.

But now, sweet bard, thy heavenly song
Enchants us here no more;
Their darling glory lost too long
Thy once-lov'd shades deplore.

Yet still, for beauteous Greville's sake,
The Muses here remain;
Greville, whose eyes have power to make
A Pope of every swain.

EPIGRAM.

None without hope e'er lov'd the brightest fair:
But Love can hope, where Reason would despair.

TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM[1].

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1740.

Fair Nature's sweet simplicity,
With elegance refin'd,
Well in thy seat, my friend, I see,
But better in thy mind.

To both, from courts and all their state,
Eager I fly, to prove
Joys far above a courtier's fate,
Tranquillity and love.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

Once, by the Muse alone inspir'd
I sung my amorous strains:
No serious love my bosom fir'd;
Yet every tender maid, deceiv'd,
The idly-mournful tale believ'd,
And wept my fancied pains.

But Venus now, to punish me
For having feign'd so well,
Has made my heart so fond of thee,
That not the whole Aonian choir
Can accents soft enough inspire,
Its real flame to tell.

TO THE SAME;

WITH HAMMOND'S ELEGIES.

All that of love can be express'd,
In these soft numbers see;
But, Lucy, would you know the rest,
It must be read in me.

TO THE SAME.

To him who in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,
Another day or year to live,
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

To ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
Last night the secret casket I explor'd,
Where all the letters of my absent fair
His richest treasure careful love had stor'd

In every word a magic spell I found
Of power to charm each busy thought to r
Though every word increas'd the tender wou
Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses every sorrow at the sight;
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or secure delight.

[1] See the Inscriptions in Mr. West's Poems.

uld I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
st thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
: thy letters should the change upbraid;
and each dear memorial shall resign:

kind word shall in my power remain,
nful witness of reproach to thee;
my heart should still their sense retain,
eart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

A PRAYER TO VENUS.

IN HER TEMPLE AT STOW.

TO THE SAME.

nus, whose delightful shrine surveys
nt reflected in the silver lake,
umble offerings, which thy servant pays,
flowers, and myrtle wreaths, propitious take.

ıy love exceeds all other love,
Lucy's charms all other charms excel,
n my breast each soothing hope remove,
here let sad Despair for ever dwell.

ıy soul is fill'd with her alone;
her wish nor other object knows:
ıke her, goddess, make her all my own,
ive my trembling heart secure repose!

hful spies I ask, to guard her charms,
alls of brass, no steel-defended door:
er but once within my circling arms,
surest fort, and I will doubt no more.

TO THE SAME.

ON HER PLEADING WANT OF TIME.

mes's bank, a gentle youth
y sigh'd, with matchless truth,
when he sigh'd in rhyme;
ely maid his flame return'd,
ıld with equal warmth have burn'd,
hat she had not time.

epair'd with eager feet
t shades his fair to meet,
ıth th' accustom'd lime:
ld have fondly met him there,
l'd with love each tender care,
hat she had not time.

not thus, inconstant maid!
ed once," the shepherd said,
en love was in its prime:"
v'd to hear him thus complain;
ıld have writ, to ease his pain,
hat she had not time.

ın you act so cold a part?
e of mine has chang'd your heart,
e be not a crime.—
most part for months, for years"—
ld have answer'd with her tears,
hat she had not time.

TO THE SAME.

Your shape, your lips, your eyes, are still the same,
Still the bright object of my constant flame;
But where is now the tender glance, that stole,
With gentle sweetness, my enchanted soul?
Kind fears, impatient wishes, soft desires,
Each melting charm that love alone inspires?
These, these are lost; and I behold no more
The maid my heart delighted to adore.
Yet, still unchang'd, still doating to excess,
I ought, but dare not try, to love you less;
Weakly I grieve, unpitied I complain;
But not unpunish'd shall your change remain;
For you, cold maid, whom no complaints can move,
Were far more blest, when you like me could love.

TO THE SAME.

When I think on your truth, I doubt you no more,
I blame all the fears I gave way to before:
I say to my heart, "Be at rest, and believe
That whom once she has chosen she never will leave."

But, ah! when I think on each ravishing grace
That plays in the smiles of that heavenly face;
My heart beats again; I again apprehend
Some fortunate rival in every friend.

These painful suspicions you cannot remove,
Since you neither can lessen your charms nor my love;
But doubts caus'd by passion you never can blame;
For they are not ill founded, or you feel the same.

TO THE SAME.

WITH A NEW WATCH.

With me while present may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies;
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy!

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

WRITTEN AT WICKHAM IN 1746.

TO THE SAME.

Ye sylvan scenes with artless beauty gay,
Ye gentle shades of Wickham, say,
What is the charm that each successive year,
Which sees me with my Lucy here,
Can thus to my transported heart
A sense of joy unfelt before, impart?

Is it glad Summer's balmy breath, that blows
From the fair jasmine and the blushing rose?
Her balmy breath, and all her blooming store
Of rural bliss, was here before:
Oft have I met her on the verdant side
Of Norwood-hill, and in the yellow meads,
Where Pan the dancing Graces leads,
Array'd in all her flowery pride.
No sweeter fragrance now the gardens yield,
No brighter colours paint th' enamel'd field.

Is it to Love these new delights I owe?
Four times has the revolving Sun
His annual circle through the zodiac run;
Since all that Love's indulgent power
On favour'd mortals can bestow,
Was given to me in this auspicious bower.

Here first my Lucy, sweet in virgin charms,
Was yielded to my longing arms;
And round our nuptial bed,
Hovering with purple wings, th' Idalian boy
Shook from his radiant torch the blissful fires
Of innocent desires,
While Venus scatter'd myrtles o'er her head.
Whence then this strange increase of joy?
He, only he, can tell, who, match'd like me,
(If such another happy man there be)
Has by his own experience tried
How much *the wife* is dearer than *the bride*.

TO THE

MEMORY OF THE SAME LADY.

A MONODY. A. D. 1747.

Ipse cavâ solans ægram testudine amorem,
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.

At length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thoughts might claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow,
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now with fond delight
And taste refin'd your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no mor
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song,
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell;
For Death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes e:

In vain I look around
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk
We saw the summer Sun go down the sky;
Nor by yon fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bou
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales
And flower embroider'd vales
From an admiring world she chose to fly:
With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful faw
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender ca
To every virtue would have form'd your you
And strew'd with flowers the thorny way
truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to s

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless I
From these fond arms your fair disciple t
From these fond arms, that vainly stro
With hapless ineffectual love
To guard her bosom from the mortal blo
Could not your favouring power, Ac
maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her
For whom so oft in these inspiring shade

Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store,
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's bank[1]
Beset with osiers dank,
Nor where Clitumnus[2] rolls his gentle stream,
Nor where through hanging woods,
Steep Anio[3] pours his floods,
Nor yet where Meles[4] or Ilissus[5] stray.
Ill does it now beseem,
That, of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days
To emulate her ancient praise
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The powers of Reason and of Fancy join'd
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd.

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal Fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb:
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look spoke!
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish Vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid Truth's simplicity,
And uncorrupted Innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of others' good destroy,
Her kindly-melting heart,
To every want and every woe,
To guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind:
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On Fortune's smile or frown;
That could without regret or pain
To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or Interest or Ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever past
The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere.
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial Summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend, and th' Idalian queen.
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows:
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves, and dies.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land

[1] The Mintio runs by Mantua, the birth place of Virgil.

[2] The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

[3] The Anio runs through Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

[4] The Meles is a river of Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called Melisigenes.

[5] The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity move.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine:
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:
Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.
O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope, for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full blown joys at once should
Was his most righteous will—and be that will ob

Would thy fond love his grace to her co
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy groveling mind to
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity se
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss;
Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect stat
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gat
No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall
There Death himself thy Lucy shall rest
There yield up all his power ne'er to divide you

ON THE SAME LADY.

To the
Memory of Lucy Lyttelton,
Daughter of Hugh Fortescue of Filleigh
In the county of Devon, esq.
Father to the present earl of Clinton,
By Lucy his wife,
The daughter of Matthew lord Aylmer,
Who departed this life the 19th of Jan. 174
Aged twenty-nine,
Having employed the short time assigned her here
In the uniform practice of religion and virt

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all ey
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty,
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of Love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd
Her mind was Virtue by the Graces dress'd.

HORACE. BOOK IV. ODE IV.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD 1725 [1].

Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem, &c.

As the wing'd minister of thundering Jove,
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bea
Faithful assistant [2] of his master's love,
King of the wandering nations of the air,

[1] First printed with Mr. West's translat
Pindar. See the preface to that gentle
poems.

[2] In the rape of Ganymede, who was carr

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky,
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In slight essays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fir'd his generous breast;

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractis'd foe;
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown
The scaly snake and crested dragon know:

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The gazing kid beholds with fearful eye,
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood:

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatch'd in fight:
So were their hearts with abject terrour quell'd;
So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight.

Tam'd by a boy, the fierce barbarians find
How guardian Prudence guides the youthful flame,
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame;

A valiant son springs from a valiant sire:
Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.

But education can the genius raise,
And wise instructions native virtue aid;
Nobility without them is disgrace,
And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess
How much of empire and of fame is ow'd
By thee, O Rome, to the Neronian race.

Of this be witness that auspicious day,
Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,
First smil'd on Latium with a milder ray, [light.
And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning

Since the dire African with wasteful ire
Rode o'er the ravag'd towns of Italy;
As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
Or Eurus o'er the vext Sicilian sea.

From this bright era, from this prosperous field,
The Roman glory dates her rising power;
From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to wield,
Raise her fall'n gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke:
"Like stags to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke,
Whom to elude and 'scape were victory:

"A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
Hostile Ausonia, to thy destin'd shore
Her gods, her infant sons, and aged sires,
Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore:

"As on high Algidas the sturdy oak,
Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
Improves by loss, and, thriving with the stroke,
Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel.

"Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head
So tir'd the baffled force of Hercules;
Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
Pregnant of hills, and fam'd for prodigies.

"Plunge her in ocean, like the morning Sun,
Brighter she rises from the depths below:
To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
Recruits her strength, and foils the wondering foe.

"No more of victory the joyful fame
Shall from my camp to haughty Carthage fly;
Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name!
With Asdrubal her hopes and fortune die!

"What shall the Claudian valour not perform
Which Power Divine guards with propitious care,
Which Wisdom steers through all the dangerous storm, [war?"
Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful

to Jupiter by an eagle, according to the Poetical History.

VIRTUE AND FAME.

TO THE COUNTESS OF EGREMONT.

Virtue and Fame, the other day,
Happen'd to cross each other's way;
Said Virtue, "Hark ye! madam Fame,
Your ladyship is much to blame;
Jove bids you always wait on me,
And yet your face I seldom see:
The Paphian queen employs your trumpet,
And bids it praise some handsome strumpet;
Or, thundering through the ranks of war,
Ambition ties you to her car."
Saith Fame, "Dear madam, I protest,
I never find myself so blest
As when I humbly wait behind you!
But 'tis so mighty hard to find you!
In such obscure retreats you lurk!
To seek you is an endless work."
"Well," answer'd Virtue, "I allow
Your plea. But hear, and mark me now.
I know (without offence to others)
I know the best of wives and mothers;
Who never pass'd an useless day
In scandal, gossiping, or play:
Whose modest wit, chastis'd by sense,
Is lively cheerful innocence;
Whose heart nor envy knows, nor spite,
Whose duty is her sole delight;
Nor rul'd by whim, nor slave to fashion,
Her parents' joy, her husband's passion."
Fame smil'd and answer'd, "On my life,
This is some country parson's wife,
Who never saw the court nor town,
Whose face is homely as her gown;
Who banquets upon eggs and bacon—"
"No, madam, no—you're much mistaken—
I beg you'll let me set you right—
'Tis one with every beauty bright;
Adorn'd with every polish'd art
That rank or fortune can impart:
'Tis the most celebrated toast
That Britain's spacious isle can boast;
'Tis princely Petworth's noble dame;
'Tis Egremont—Go, tell it, Fame."

ADDITION, EXTEMPORE,

BY EARL HARDWICKE.

Fame heard with pleasure—straight replied,
" First on my roll stands Wyndham's bride;
My trumpet oft I 've rais'd, to sound
Her modest praise the world around!
But notes were wanting—Canst thou find
A Muse to sing her face, her mind?
Believe me, I can name but one,
A friend of yours—'tis Lyttelton."

LETTER TO EARL HARDWICKE:

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING VERSES.

MY LORD,

A thousand thanks to your lordship for your addition to my verses. If you can write such *extempore*, it is well for other poets, that you chose to be lord chancellor, rather than laureat. They explain to me a vision I had the night before.

Methought I saw before my feet,
With countenance serene and sweet,
The Muse, who, in my youthful days,
Had oft inspir'd my careless lays.
She smil'd, and said, " Once more I see
My fugitive returns to me;
Long had I lost you from my bower,
You scorn'd to own my gentle power;
With me no more your genius sported,
The grave historic Muse you courted;
Or, rais'd from Earth, with straining eyes;
Pursued Urania through the skies;
But now, to my forsaken track,
Fair Egremont has brought you back:
Nor blush, by her and Virtue led,
That soft, that pleasing path, to tread;
For there, beneath to morrow's ray,
Ev'n Wisdom's self shall deign to play.
Lo! to my flowery groves and springs
Her favourite son the goddess brings,
The council's and the senate's guide,
Law's oracle, the nation's pride:
He comes, he joys with thee to join,
In singing Wyndham's charms divine:
To thine he adds his nobler lays;
Ev'n thee, my friend, he deigns to praise.
Enjoy that praise, nor envy Pitt
His fame with burgess or with cit;
For sure one line from such a bard,
Virtue would think her best reward."

HYMEN TO ELIZA.

Madam, before your feet I lay
This ode upon your wedding-day,
The first indeed I ever made,
For writing odes is not my trade:
My head is full of household cares,
And necessary dull affairs;
Besides that sometimes jealous frumps
Will put me into doleful dumps.
And then no clown beneath the sky
Was e'er more ungallant than I;
For you alone I now think fit
To turn a poet and a wit—
For you whose charms, I know not how,
Have power to smooth my wrinkled brow,
And make me, though by nature stupid,
As brisk, and as alert, as Cupid.
These obligations to repay,
Whene'er your happy nuptial day
Shall with the circling years return,
For you my torch shall brighter burn
Than when you first my power ador'd,
Nor will I call myself your lord,
But am, (as witness this my hand)
Your humble servant at command.

HYMEN.

Dear child, let Hymen not beguile
You, who are such a judge of style,
To think that he these verses made,
Without an abler penman's aid;
Observe them well, you 'll plainly see,
That every line was writ by me.

CUPID.

ON

READING MISS CARTER'S POEMS

IN MANUSCRIPT.

Such were the notes that struck the wondering ear
Of silent Night, when, on the verdant banks
Of Siloë's hallow'd brook, celestial harps,
According to seraphic voices, sung
Glory to God on high, and on the earth
Peace and good-will to men!—Resume the lyre,
Chauntress divine, and every Briton call
Its melody to hear—so shall thy strains,
More powerful than the song of Orpheus, tame
The savage heart of brutal Vice, and bend
At pure Religion's shrine the stubborn knees
Of bold Impiety.—Greece shall no more
Of Lesbian Sappho boast, whose wanton Muse,
Like a false Syren, while she charm'd, seduc'd
To guilt and ruin. For the sacred head
Of Britain's poetess, the Virtues twine
A nobler wreath, by them from Eden's grove
Unfading gather'd, and direct the hand
Of —— to fix it on her brows.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

The gods, on thrones celestial seated,
By Jove, with bowls of nectar heated,
All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes;
" That place is mine," great Neptune cries:
" Behold! how proud o'er all the main
Those stately turrets seem to reign!
No views so grand on Earth you see!
The master too belongs to me:
I grant him my domain to share,
I bid his hand my trident bear."
" The sea is your's, but mind the land,"
Pallas replies; " by me were plann'd
Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
That fort, which crowns those island rocks:
The lady too is of my choir,
I taught her hand to touch the lyre;

charm her mind I grac'd,
rudence, knowledge, taste."
adam," interrupted Venus,
must be shar'd between us:
nine is yonder grove,
ark, so fit for love;
as in th' Idalian glade,
lawn, my palace shade."
ads, Dryads, Naiads, came;
h alleg'd her lawful claim.
to finish the debate,
and what he speaks is fate:
or goddess, great or small,
g his or her's may call;
nt Edgecumbe for you all."

INVITATION.

E DOWAGER DUTCHESS D'AIGUILLON.

e shall, on her downy wing,
nd England Friendship bring,
illon, and here receive
e we delight to give
alents, foreign charms,
hich Envy's self disarms
atred: come and love
which you now approve.
France amends be made
lebt can e'er be paid)
with seducing art
in stol'n her Hervey's heart.

TO

COLONEL DRUMGOLD.

whose ancestors from Albion's shore
ering standards to Hibernia bore,
thy valour, to thy country lost,
e foremost ranks of Gallia's host,
hat France shall borrow all thy fame—
sh sires deriv'd thy genius came:
s energy, to these it ow'd,
r polish Gallia's clime bestow'd:
there each ruder thought refin'd,
st wit with soundest sense combin'd.
ht in sportive Fancy's gay attire
e gravest of th' Aonian choir,
o sober Wisdom's wrinkled cheek
that dwells in Hebe's dimple sleek.
h realm the debt that each may ask:
nd thine alone, the pleasing task,
legance of Gallic phrase
he spirit of the British lays.
flower which every Muse's hand
profuse in Britain's favourite land,
ansplanted to the banks of Seine,
t native odours shall retain.
thy noble friend, with olive crown'd,
l's golden chain has firmly bound
nations, thou for both shalt raise
ul song to his immortal praise.
ll think she hears her Prior sing;
e, that Boileau strikes the tuneful string,
Then shalt thou tell what various talents join'd,
Adorn, embellish, and exalt his mind;
Learning and wit, with sweet politeness grac'd;
Wisdom by guile or cunning undebas'd;
By pride unsullied, genuine dignity;
A nobler and sublime simplicity.
Such in thy verse shall Nivernois be shown:
France shall with joy the fair resemblance own;
And Albion sighing bid her sons aspire
To imitate the merit they admire.

EPITAPH ON CAPTAIN GRENVILLE[1];

KILLED IN LORD ANSON'S ENGAGEMENT IN 1747.

Ye weeping Muses, Graces, Virtues, tell
If, since your all-accomplish'd Sydney fell,
You, or afflicted Britain, e'er deplor'd
A loss like that these plaintive lays record!
Such spotless honour; such ingenuous truth;
Such ripen'd wisdom in the bloom of youth!
So mild, so gentle, so compos'd a mind,
To such heroic warmth and courage join'd;
He too, like Sydney, nurs'd in Learning's arms,
For nobler War forsook her softer charms:
Like him, possess'd of every pleasing art,
The secret wish of every female's heart:
Like him, cut off in youthful glory's pride,
He, unrepining, *for his country dy'd.*

ON GOOD-HUMOUR.

WRITTEN AT ETON-SCHOOL, 1729.

Tell me, ye sons of Phœbus, what is this
Which all admire, but few, too few, possess?
A virtue 'tis to ancient maids unknown,
And prudes, who spy all faults except their own.
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wise,
Though knaves abuse it, and like fools despise.
Say, Wyndham, if 'tis possible to tell,
What is the thing in which you most excel?
Hard is the question, for in all you please;
Yet sure good-nature is your noblest praise;
Secur'd by this, your parts no envy move,
For none can envy him whom all must love.
This magic power can make ev'n folly please,
This to Pitt's genius adds a brighter grace,
And sweetens every charm in Cælia's face.

[1] These verses having been originally written when the author was in opposition, concluded thus, (much better, perhaps, than at present):

But nobler far, and greater is the praise
So bright to shine in these degenerate days:
An age of heroes kindled Sidney's fire;
His inborn worth alone could Grenville's deeds inspire.

But some years after, when his lordship was with ministry, he erased these four lines. See Gent. Mag. vol. xlix. p. 601. *N.*

SOME ADDITIONAL STANZAS

TO

ASTOLFO'S VOYAGE TO THE MOON,

IN ARIOSTO.

When now Astolfo, stor'd within a vase,
Orlando's wits had safely brought away;
He turn'd his eyes towards another place,
Where, closely cork'd, unnumber'd bottles lay.

Of finest crystal were those bottles made,
Yet what was there enclos'd he could not see:
Wherefore in humble wise the saint he pray'd,
To tell what treasure there conceal'd might be.

"A wondrous thing it is," the saint replied,
"Yet undefin'd by any mortal wight;
An airy essence, not to be descried,
Subtle and thin, that MAIDENHEAD is hight.

"From Earth each day in troops they hither come,
And fill each hole and corner of the Moon;
For they are never easy while at home,
Nor ever owner thought them gone too soon.

"When here arriv'd, they are in bottles pent,
For fear they should evaporate again;
And hard it is a prison to invent,
So volatile a spirit to retain.

"Those that to young and wanton girls belong
Leap, bounce, and fly, as if they 'd burst the glass:
But those that have below been kept too long
Are spiritless, and quite decay'd, alas!"

So spake the saint, and wonder seiz'd the knight,
As of each vessel he th' inscription read;
For various secrets there were brought to light;
Of which report on Earth had nothing said.

Virginities, that close confin'd he thought
In t' other world, he found above the sky;
His sister's and his cousin's there were brought,
Which made him swear, though good St. John was by.

But much his wrath increas'd, when he espied
That which was Chloe's once, his mistress dear:
"Ah, false and treacherous fugitive!" he cried,
"Little I deem'd that I should meet thee here.

"Did not thy owner, when we parted last,
Promise to keep thee safe for me alone?
Scarce of our absence three short months are past,
And thou already from thy post art flown.

"Be not enrag'd," replied th' apostle kind—
"Since that this maidenhead is thine by right,
Take it away; and, when thou hast a mind,
Carry it *thither* whence it took its flight."

"Thanks, holy father!" quoth the joyous knight,
"The Moon shall be no loser by your grace:
Let me but have the use on 't for a night,
And I 'll restore it to its present place."

TO A YOUNG LADY.

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF VENICE PRESERVED.

In tender Otway's moving scenes we find
What power the gods have to your sex assign'd:
Venice was lost, if on the brink of fate
A woman had not propt her sinking state:
In the dark danger of that dreadful hour,
Vain was her senate's wisdom, vain its power;
But, sav'd by Belvidera's charming tears,
Still o'er the subject main her towers she rears,
And stands a great example to mankind,
With what a boundless sway you rule the mind,
Skilful the worst or noblest ends to serve,
And strong alike to ruin or preserve.
In wretched Jaffier, we with pity view
A mind, to honour false, to virtue true,
In the wild storm of struggling passions tost,
Yet saving innocence, though fame was lost;
Greatly forgetting what he ow'd his friend—
His country, which had wrong'd him, to defend.
But she, who urg'd him to that pious deed,
Who knew so well the patriot's cause to plead,
Whose conquering love her country's safety won,
Was, by that fatal love, herself undone.
[1] "Hence may we learn, what passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by prudence should be tied,
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry Fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dreams of joys be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more;
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the bridal couch they stain:
And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but augment the anguish of their grief:
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care."
May all the joys in Love and Fortune's power
Kindly combine to grace your nuptial hour!
On each glad day may plenty shower delight,
And warmest rapture bless each welcome night!
May Heaven, that gave you Belvidera's charms,
Destine some happier Jaffier to your arms,
Whose bliss misfortune never may allay,
Whose fondness never may through care decay;
Whose wealth may place you in the fairest light,
And force each modest beauty into sight!
So shall no anxious want your peace destroy,
No tempest crush the tender buds of joy;
But all your hours in one gay circle move,
Nor Reason ever disagree with Love!

ELEGY.

Tell me, my heart, fond slave of hopeless love,
And doom'd its woes, without its joys to prove,
Canst thou endure thus calmly to erase
The dear, dear image of thy Delia's face?

[1] The twelve following lines, with some small variations, already have been printed in Advice to a Lady, p. 175; but, as lord Lyttelton chose to introduce them here, it was thought more eligible to repeat these few lines, than to suppress the rest of the poem.

exclude that habitant divine,
ome meaner idol in her shrine?
feeble reason too severe!
ought could teach me but despair!
oid my eyes that heavenly sight,
iew'd so oft with languishing delight?
urs shun that voice, whose charming sound
relieve, while it increas'd, my wound?
r! Petrarch! you who tun'd the lyre
notes of elegant desire;
lney to a rival gave her charms,
ura dying left her lover's arms,
our pains less exquisite than mine,
far to lose, than to resign!

INSCRIPTION

OR A BUST OF LADY SUFFOLK;

ED TO BE SET UP IN A WOOD AT STOWE.

1732.

d beauty for a court were made:
nd goodness fit her for a shade.

ULPICIA TO CERINTHUS,

IN HER SICKNESS.

FROM TIBULLUS.

IT TO A FRIEND, IN A LADY'S NAME.)

erinthus, does thy tender breast
me feverish heats that mine molest?
ly wish for health again,
think my lover shares my pain:
ould health avail to wretched me,
ld, unconcern'd, my illness see?

SULPICIA TO CERINTHUS.

of this tedious dull deceit;
orture, while the world I cheat:
udence bids me strive to guard my fame,
he low hypocrisy with shame;
ne all confess, and call thee mine,
y heart, as I am worthy thine:
for thee I will no longer hide;
for thee is woman's noblest pride.

O'S SPEECH TO LABIENUS,

IN THE NINTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

uid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.)

ienus, would thy fond desire,
Jove's prophetic shrine inquire?
seek in arms a glorious doom,
live, and be a king in Rome?
thing more than death's delay;
force can honest minds dismay,
may Fortune's frown disdain;
ean is all that virtue can;
dependant on itself alone,
dition from success?—'Tis known:
Fix'd in my heart these constant truths I bear,
And Ammon cannot write them deeper there.
Our souls, allied to God, within them feel
The secret dictates of the almighty will:
This is his voice, be this our oracle.
When first his breath the seeds of life instill'd,
All that we ought to know was then reveal'd.
Nor can we think the omnipresent mind
Has truth to Libya's desert sands confin'd,
There, known to few, obscur'd, and lost, to lie—
Is there a temple of the Deity,
Except earth, sea, and air, yon azure pole;
And chief, his holiest shrine, the virtuous soul?
Where'er the eye can pierce, the feet can move,
This wide, this boundless universe is Jove.
Let abject minds, that doubt because they fear,
With pious awe to juggling priests repair;
I credit not what lying prophets tell—
Death is the only certain oracle.
Cowards and brave must die one destin'd hour—
This Jove has told; he needs not tell us more.

TO MR. GLOVER;

ON HIS POEM OF LEONIDAS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

Go on, my friend, the noble task pursue,
And think thy genius is thy country's due;
To vulgar wits inferior themes belong,
But liberty and virtue claim thy song.
Yet cease to hope, though grac'd with every charm,
The patriot verse will cold Britannia warm;
Vainly thou striv'st our languid hearts to raise,
By great examples drawn from better days:
No longer we to Sparta's fame aspire,
What Sparta scorn'd, instructed to admire;
Nurs'd in the love of wealth, and form'd to bend
Our narrow thoughts to that inglorious end:
No generous purpose can enlarge the mind,
No social care, no labour for mankind,
Where mean self-interest every action guides,
In camps commands, in cabinets presides;
Where Luxury consumes the guilty store,
And bids the villain be a slave for more.
Hence, wretched nation, all thy woes arise,
Avow'd corruption, licens'd perjuries,
Eternal taxes, treaties for a day,
Servants that rule, and senates that obey.
O people, far unlike the Grecian race,
That deems a virtuous poverty disgrace,
That suffers public wrongs and public shame,
In council insolent, in action tame!
Say, what is now th' ambition of the great?
Is it to raise their country's sinking state;
Her load of debt to ease by frugal care,
Her trade to guard, her harass'd poor to spare?
Is it, like honest Somers, to inspire
The love of laws, and freedom's sacred fire?
Is it, like wise Godolphin, to sustain
The balanc'd world, and boundless power restrain?
Or is the mighty aim of all their toil,
Only to aid the wreck, and share the spoil?
On each relation, friend, dependant, pour,
With partial wantonness, the golden shower,
And, fenc'd by strong corruption, to despise
An injur'd nation's unavailing cries!

Rouze, Britons, rouze! if sense of shame be weak,
Let the loud voice of threatening danger speak.
Lo! France, as Persia once, o'er every land
Prepares to stretch her all-oppressing hand.
Shall England sit regardless and sedate,
A calm spectatress of the general fate;
Or call forth all her virtue, and oppose,
Like valiant Greece, her own and Europe's foes?
O let us seize the moment in our power,
Our follies now have reach'd the fatal hour;
No later term the angry gods ordain;
This crisis lost, we shall be wise in vain.
And thou, great poet, in whose nervous lines
The native majesty of freedom shines,
Accept this friendly praise; and let me prove
My heart not wholly void of public love;
Though not like thee I strike the sounding string
To notes which Sparta might have deign'd to sing,
But, idly sporting in the secret shade,
With tender trifles soothe some artless maid.

TO WILLIAM PITT, ESQUIRE,

ON HIS LOSING HIS COMMISSION,

IN THE YEAR 1736.

Long had thy virtues mark'd thee out for fame,
Far, far superior to a cornet's name;
This generous Walpole saw, and griev'd to find
So mean a post disgrace that noble mind.
The servile standard from thy freeborn hand
He took, and bade thee lead the patriot band.

PROLOGUE TO THOMSON'S CORIOLANUS.

SPOKEN BY MR. QUIN.

I come not here your candour to implore
For scenes, whose author is, alas! no more;
He wants no advocate his cause to plead;
You will yourselves be patrons of the dead.
No party his benevolence confin'd,
No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind.
He lov'd his friends (forgive this gushing tear:
Alas! I feel I am no actor here)
He lov'd his friends with such a warmth of heart,
So clear of interest, so devoid of art,
Such generous friendship, such unshaken zeal,
No words can speak it: but our tears may tell.—
O candid truth, O faith without a stain,
O manners gently firm, and nobly plain,
O sympathizing love of others' bliss,
Where will you find another breast like his?
Such was the man—the poet well you know:
Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe:
Oft in this crowded house, with just applause,
You heard him teach fair Virtue's purest laws;
For his chaste Muse employ'd her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line, which dying he could wish to blot.
Oh! may to-night your favourable doom
Another laurel add, to grace his tomb:
Whilst he, superior now to praise or blame,
Hears not the feeble voice of human fame.
Yet, if to those whom most on Earth he lov'd,
From whom his pious care is now remov'd,
With whom his liberal hand, and bounteous h
Shar'd all his little fortune could impart;
If to those friends your kind regard shall give
What they no longer can from his receive;
That, that, ev'n now, above yon starry pole,
May touch with pleasure his immortal soul.

EPILOGUE TO LILLO'S ELMERICK

You, who, supreme o'er every work of wit,
In judgment here, unaw'd, unbiass'd, sit,
The *palatines* and guardians of the pit;
If to your minds this merely modern play
No useful sense, no generous warmth convey;
If *fustian* here, through each unnatural scene,
In *strain'd conceits sound high*, and *nothing mea*
If *lofty dullness* for your vengeance call:
Like Elmerick judge, and let *the guilty fall.*
But if simplicity, with force and fire,
Unlabour'd thoughts and artless words inspire
If, like the action which these scenes relate,
The whole appear irregularly great;
If master-strokes the nobler passions move;
Then, like the *king*, *acquit* us, and *approve.*

INSCRIPTIONS AT HAGLEY.

I.

ON A VIEW FROM AN ALCOVE.

..... VIRIDANTIA TEMPE!
TEMPE, QVAE SYLVAE CINGVNT SVPERIMPENDENT

II.

ON A ROCKY FANCY SEAT.

..... EGO LAVDO RVRIS AMOI
RIVOS, ET MVSCO CIRVMLITA SAXA NEMVSQVE.

III.

TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQUIRE;
IN WHOSE VERSES
WERE ALL THE NATURAL GRACES,
AND IN WHOSE MANNERS
WAS ALL THE AMIABLE SIMPLICITY,
OF PASTORAL POETRY,
WITH THE SWEET TENDERNESS
OF THE ELEGIAC.

IV.

ON THE PEDESTAL OF AN URN [1].

ALEXANDRO POPE;
POETARVM ANGLICANORVM
ELEGANTISSIMO DVLCISSIMOQVE;

[1] A Doric portico in another part of the p
honoured with the name of Pope's Building
inscribed, QVIETI ET MVSIS.

VIRORVM CASTIGATORI ACERRIMO,
SAPIENTIAE DOCTORI SVAVISSIMO,
SACRA ESTO.
ANN. DOM. M.DCC.XLIV.

V.

ON A BENCH.

LIBET IACERE MODO SVB ANTIQVA ILICE,
MODO IN TENACE GRAMINE;
LABVNTVR ALTIS INTERIM RIVIS AQVAE;
QVAERVNTVR IN SYLVIS AVES:
FONTESQVE LYMPHIS OBSTREPVNT MANANTIBVS
SOMNOS QVOD INVITET LEVES.

VI.

ON THOMSON'S SEAT [2].

INGENIO IMMORTALI
IACOBI THOMSON,
POETAE SVBLIMIS,
VIRI BONI;
AEDICVLAM HANC, QVEM VIVVS DILEXIT,
POST MORTEM EIVS CONSTRVCTAM,
DICAT DEDICATQVE
GEORGIVS LYTTELTON.

[2] A very handsome and well-finished building, in an octagonal line.

THE

POEMS

OF

EDWARD MOORE.

THE

LIFE OF E. MOORE,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

VING lately published what information I could collect respecting the life of e[1], the present article will be little else than a transcript, with a few additional ulars from more recent inquiry.. For the account of his family I am indebted to nderson, who received his information from Mr. Toulmin of Taunton.

ward Moore was the grandson of the reverend John Moore, of Devonshire, one of jected nonconformists, who died Aug. 23, 1717, leaving two sons in the dissenting try. Of these, Thomas, the father of our poet, removed to Abingdon in Berkshire, : he died in 1721, and where Edward was born March 22, 1711-12, and for some brought up under the care of his uncle. He was afterwards placed at the school st Orchard in Dorsetshire, where he probably received no higher education than l qualify him for trade.

r some years he followed the business of a linen-draper, both in London and in d, but with so little success that he became disgusted with his occupation, and, informs us in his preface, " more from necessity than inclination," began to en- er the vicissitudes of a literary life. His first attempts were of the poetical kind, still preserve his name among the minor poets of his country. In 1744, he pub- his Fables for the Female Sex, which were so favourably received, as to intro- him into the society of some learned and some opulent contemporaries. The hon. 'elham was one of his early patrons, and, by his Trial of Selim, he gained the ship of lord Lyttelton, who felt himself flattered by a compliment turned with ingenuity, and decorated by wit and spirit.

t as, for some time, Moore derived no substantial advantage from patronage, his dependance was on the stage, to which, within five years, he supplied three pieces nsiderable, although unequal, merit. The Foundling, a comedy, which was first in 1748, was decried from a fancied resemblance to the Conscious Lovers. It is ter, of a more lively cast, and the characters and incidents are more natural and ble. His Gil Blas, which appeared in 1751, met with a more severe fate, and,

[1] British Essayists, vol. xxvi. pref. to the World.

notwithstanding the sprightliness of the dialogue, not altogether unjustly. The reader will perhaps not be displeased to read the following account of its failure, written for the Gentleman's Magazine, by Dr. Johnson[2].

"Perhaps the ill success of this comedy is chiefly the effect of the author's having so widely mistaken the character of Gil Blas, whom he has degraded from a man of sense, discernment, true humour, and great knowledge of mankind, who never discovered his vanity but in circumstances in which every man would have been vain, to an impertinent, silly, conceited coxcomb, a mere *Lying Valet*, with all the affectation of a fop, and all the insolence of a coward. But though he was not at liberty to degrade Gil Blas, some applause is certainly due to him for having changed the character of Isabella. In the novel she is a woman of virtue, and Aurora's stratagem to deprive her of the affection of Don Lewis, whom she tenderly loved, is so base and cruel, that a good mind regrets her success, and a bad one is encouraged to imitation: but in the play she is a prostitute, that needed only to be known to be hated, and Aurora is no more than an instrument in the discovery of her true character."

The Gamester, a tragedy, first acted Feb. 7, 1753, was our author's most successful attempt, and is still a favourite. In this piece, however, he deviated from the custom of the modern stage, as Lillo had in his George Barnwell, by discarding blank verse, and perhaps nothing short of the power by which the catastrophe engages the feelings, could have reconciled the audience to this innovation. But his object was the misery of the life and death of a gamester, to which it would have been difficult to give a heroic colouring, and his language became, what would be most impressive, that of truth and nature. The critic already quoted remarks, that it "probably produced a greater effect upon the majority of the audience than if it had been decorated with beauties, which they cannot miss, at the expense of that plainness without which they cannot understand."

Davies, in his life of Garrick, seems inclined to share the reputation of The Gamester between Moore and Garrick. Moore acknowledges, in his preface, that he was indebted to that inimitable actor for "many popular passages," and Davies believes that the scene between Lewson and Stukely, in the fourth act, was almost entirely his, because he expressed, during the time of action, uncommon pleasure at the applause given to it. Whatever may be in this conjecture, the play, after having been acted to crowded houses for eleven nights, was suddenly withdrawn. The report of the day attributed this to the intervention of the leading members of some gaming clubs. Davies thinks this a mere report, "to give more consequence to those assemblies than they could really boast." From a letter, in my possession, written by Moore to Dr. Warton, it appears, that Garrick suffered so much from the fatigue of acting the principal character as to require some repose. Yet this will not account for the total neglect, for some years afterwards, of a play, not only popular, but obviously calculated to give the alarm to reclaimable gamesters, and perhaps bring the whole gang into discredit. The author mentions, in his letter to Dr. Warton, that he expected to clear about four hundred pounds by his tragedy, exclusive of the profits by the sale of the copy.

It is asserted by Dr. Johnson, in his life of lord Lyttelton, that, in return for Moore's elegant compliment, The Trial of Selim, his lordship paid him with "kind words, which, as is common, raised great hopes, that at last were disappointed." It is possible, how-

[2] From internal evidence.

ever, that these hopes were of another kind than it was in his lordship's power to gratify[3], and it is certain that he substituted a method of serving Moore, which was not only successful for a considerable time, but must have been agreeable to the feelings of a delicate and independent mind. About the years 1751-2 periodical writing began to revive in its most pleasing form, but had hitherto been executed by men of learning only. Lord Lyttelton projected a paper, in concert with Dodsley, which should unite the talents of certain men of rank, and receive such a tone and consequence from that circumstance, as mere scholars can seldom hope to command or attain. Such was the origin of The World, for every paper of which Dodsley stipulated to pay Moore three guineas, whether the papers were written by him, or by the volunteer contributors. Lord Lyttelton, to render this bargain more productive to the editor, solicited and obtained the assistance of the earls of Chesterfield, Bath, and Corke, and of Messrs. Walpole, Cambridge, Jenyns, and other men of rank and taste, who gave their assistance, some with great regularity, and all so effectually, as to render The World far more popular than any of its contemporaries.

In this work, Moore wrote sixty-one papers, in a style easy and unaffected, and treated the whims and follies of the day with genuine humour. His thoughts are often original, and his ludicrous combinations argue a copious fancy. Some of his papers, indeed, are mere playful exercises, which have no direct object in view, but in general in his essays, as well as in all his works, he shows himself the friend of morality and public decency. In the last number, the conclusion of the work is made to depend on a fictitious accident which had occasioned the author's death. When the papers were collected into volumes for a second edition, Moore superintended the publication, and actually died while this last number was in the press: a circumstance which induces the wish that death may be less frequently included among the topics of wit.

During the publication of The World, and probably before, Moore wrote some lighter pieces and songs for the public gardens. What his other literary labours were, or whether he contributed regularly to any publications, is not known. A very few weeks before his death he projected a magazine, in which Gataker, and some other of his colleagues in The World, were to be engaged. His acknowledged works are not numerous, consisting only of the poems here reprinted, and of his three plays. These were published by him, in a handsome quarto volume, in 1756, by subscription, dedicated to the duke of Newcastle, brother to his deceased patron Mr. Pelham. The subscribers were very numerous, and included many persons of the highest rank and talents, but he did not long enjoy the advantages of their liberality. He died, February 28, 1757, at his house at Lambeth, of an inflammation on his lungs, the consequence of a fever improperly treated.

In the year 1750, he married Miss Hamilton, daughter of Mr. Charles Hamilton, table-decker to the princesses: a lady who had herself a poetical turn. During their courtship, she addressed some lines to a female friend, of which Mr. Moore's name, by

[3] Of this Moore was not always sensible. On one occasion, when lord Lyttelton bestowed a small place on Bower, to which our poet thought he had a higher claim, he behaved in such a manner to his patron as to occasion a coolness. Horace Walpole undertook to reconcile them. Moore did not know that Walpole had written the Letters to the Whigs, which, in his zeal for Lyttelton, he had undertaken to answer. Horace, however, kept his own secret, and performed the office of mediator. Walpole's Letters, in Works, vol. v.

a small change to *More*, not uncommon in pronunciation, was the burthen. The la stanza runs thus:

> You will wonder, my girl, who this dear one can be,
> Whose merit can boast such a conquest o'er me:
> His name you may guess, for I told it before,
> It begins with an M, but I dare not say *More*.

The whole may be perused in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1749.

By this lady, who in 1758 obtained the place of necessary-woman to the queen' apartments, which she held until her death in 1804, he had a son Edward, who die in the naval service in 1773.

Moore's personal character appears to have been unexceptionable, and his pleasin manners and humble demeanour rendered his society acceptable to a very numerou class of friends. His productions were those of a genius somewhat above the commo order, unassisted by learning. His professed exclusion of Greek and Latin mottc from the papers of The World (although they were not rejected when sent) induces m to think that he had little acquaintance with the classics, and there is indeed nothing i any of his works that indicates the study of a particular branch of science. When h projected the magazine above-mentioned, he told the Wartons, in confidence, "that h wanted a dull plodding fellow of one of the universities, who understood Latin and Greek[4]."

Of his poetry, simplicity and smoothness appear to be the leading features: hence he is easily intelligible, and consequently instructive, and his Fables have always been popular. All his pieces are of the light kind, produced with little effort, and to answer temporary purposes. We find no where indications that he could have succeeded in the higher species of poetry. His songs have much originality of thought, but sometimes a looseness of expression which would not now be tolerated. His Nun might be excluded from the collection, without injury to his memory. The Trial of Selim is an ingenious and elegant panegyric, but it ought to have sufficed to have once verified the forms of law. The Trial of Sarah ——, alias Slim Sal, has too much the air of a copy. He ranks but low as a writer of odes, yet The Discovery, addressed to Mr. Pelham, has many beauties, and among those the two last stanzas may be safely enumerated.

[4] Wooll's Life of Warton, vol. i. p. 245.

TO HIS GRACE,

THOMAS HOLLES,

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

HAD I the honour of being personally known to your grace, I had not thus presumptuously addressed you, without previous solicitation for so great an indulgence. But, that your grace may neither be surprised nor offended at the liberty I am taking, my plea is, that the great and good man, whose name is prefixed to the first of these poems, was a friend and benefactor to me. The favours I have received at his hands, and the kind assurances he was pleased to give me of their continuance, which his death only prevented, have left me to lament my own private loss amidst the general concern. It is from these favours and assurances that I flatter myself with having a kind of privilege to address your grace upon this occasion, and to entreat your patronage of the following sheets. I pretended to no merit with Mr. Pelham, except that of honouring his virtues, and wishing to have been serviceable to them: I pretend to no other with your grace. My hopes are, that while you are fulfilling every generous intention of the brother whom you loved, your grace will not think me unworthy of some small share of that notice, with which he was once pleased to honour me.

I will not detain your grace to echo back the voice of a whole people in favour of your just and prudent administration of public affairs. That the salutary measures you are pursuing may be as productive of tranquillity and honour to your grace, as they are of happiness to these kingdoms, is the sincere wish of,

my lord,
your grace's
most humble,
most obedient,
and,
most devoted servant,

EDWARD MOORE.

Tully's Head, Pall-Mall,
Feb. 26, 1756.

PREFACE

TO THE EDITION OF MOORE'S POEMS AND PLAYS,

PUBLISHED IN 1756, QUARTO.

Most of the following poems have already made their appearance in detached pieces; but as many of them were printed without a name, I was advised by some particular friends to collect them into a volume, and publish them by subscription. The painful task of soliciting such a subscription was chiefly undertaken by those friends, and with such spirit and zeal, that I should be greatly wanting in gratitude, if I neglected any opportunity, either public or private, of making them my most sincere acknowledgments. I am also obliged to a very valuable friend in Ireland for a considerable number of subscribers in that kingdom, a list of whose names I have not been favoured with, and for which I was desired not to delay publication. I mention this seeming neglect, that my friends on that side the water may not accuse me of any disrespect.

Such as the work now is, I submit it to the public. Defects in it there are many, which I have wanted both time and abilities to amend as I could wish. Its merit (if it has any, and I may be allowed to name it) is its being natural and unaffected, and tending to promote virtue and good-humour. Those parts of it that have been published singly had the good fortune to please; those that are now added will, I hope, be no discredit to them. Upon the whole, I have sent this my offspring into the world in as decent a dress as I was able: a legitimate one I am sure it is; and if it should be thought defective in strength, spirit, or vigour, let it be considered, that its father's marriage with the Muses, like most other marriages into that noble family, was more from necessity than inclination.

POEMS

OF

EDWARD MOORE.

THE DISCOVERY:

AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY PELHAM.

..... Vir bonus est quis? Hor.

KE wing, my Muse! from shore to shore
Fly, and that happy place explore
nere Virtue deigns to dwell;
: she treads on British ground,
e can the fugitive be found,
city, court, or cell?

here, where wine and frantic mirth
: the sensual sons of Earth
Pleasure's thoughtless train;
ret where sanctity's a show,
re souls nor joy nor pity know
r human bliss or pain.

ocial heart alike disowns
ace, who, shunning crowds and thrones,
shades sequester'd doze;
se sloth no generous care can wake,
rot, like weeds on Lethe's lake,
senseless, vile repose.

. these she shuns the factious tribe,
spurn the yet unoffer'd bribe,
d at corruption lour;
ing till Discord Havoc cries,
pes, like Catiline, to rise
anarchy to pow'r!

its, who boast from ancient times
ht divine to scourge our crimes,
it with you she rests?
Int'rest, slander are your views,
Virtue now, with every Muse,
es your unhallow'd breasts.

There was a time, I heard her say,
Ere females were sedue'd by play,
When Beauty was her throne;
But now, where dwelt the Soft Desires,
The Furies light forbidden fires,
To Love and her unknown.

From these th' indignant goddess flies,
And where the spires of Science rise,
A while suspends her wing;
But pedant Pride and Rage are there,
And Faction tainting all the air,
And pois'ning every spring.

Long through the sky's wide pathless way
The Muse observ'd the wand'rer stray,
And mark'd her last retreat;
O'er Surry's barren heaths she flew,
Descending like the silent dew
On Esher's peaceful seat.

There she beholds the gentle Mole
His pensive waters calmly roll,
Amidst Elysian ground:
There through the windings of the grove
She leads her family of Love,
And strews her sweets around.

I hear her bid the daughters fair
Oft to yon gloomy grot repair,
Her secret steps to meet:
"Nor thou," she cries, "these shades forsake,
But come, lov'd consort, come and make
The husband's bliss complete."

Yet not too much the soothing ease
Of rural indolence shall please
My Pelham's ardent breast;
The man whom Virtue calls her own
Must stand the pillar of a throne,
And make a nation blest.

Pelham! 'tis thine with temp'rate zeal
To guard Britannia's public weal,
  Attack'd on every part:
Her fatal discords to compose,
Unite her friends, disarm her foes,
  Demands thy head and heart.

When bold Rebellion shook the land,
Ere yet from William's daun'less hand
  Her barbarous army fled;
When Valour droop'd, and Wisdom fear'd,
Thy voice expiring Credit heard,
  And rais'd her languid head.

Now by thy strong assisting hand,
Fix'd on a rock I see her stand,
  Against whose solid feet,
In vain, through every future age,
The loudest, most tempestuous rage
  Of angry war shall beat.

And grieve not if the sons of Strife
A tempt to cloud thy spotless life,
  And shade its brightest scenes;
Wretches, by kindness unsubdu'd,
Who see, who share the common good,
  Yet cavil at the means.

Like these, the metaphysic crew,
Proud to be singular and new,
  Think all they see deceit;
Are warm'd and cherish'd by the day,
Feel and enjoy the heav'nly ray,
  Yet doubt of light and heat.

THE TRIAL OF SELIM THE PERSIAN[1],

FOR DIVERS HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS.

The court was met; the pris'ner brought;
The counsel with instructions fraught;
And evidence prepar'd at large,
On oath, to vindicate the charge.
  But first 'tis meet, where form denies
Poetic helps of fancy'd lies,
Gay metaphors, and figures fine,
And similies to deck the line;
'Tis meet (as we before have said)
To call description to our aid.
  Begin we then (as first 'tis fitting)
With the three chiefs in judgment sitting.
  Above the rest, and in the chair,
Sat Faction with dissembled air;
Her tongue was skill'd in specious lies,
And murmurs, whence dissentions rise;
A smiling mask her features veil'd,
Her form the patriot's robe conceal'd;
With study'd blandishments she bow'd,
And drew the captivated crowd.
The next in place, and on the right,
Sat Envy, hideous to the sight;
Her snaky locks, her hollow eyes,
And haggard form forbad disguise;
Pale discontent and sullen hate
Upon her wrinkled forehead sat;
Her left hand, clench'd, her cheek sustain'd,
Her right (with many a murder stain'd)
A dagger clutch'd, in act to strike,
With starts of rage, and aim oblique.
  Last on the left was Clamour seen,
Of stature vast, and horrid mien;
With bloated cheeks, and frantic eyes,
She sent her yellings to the skies;
Prepar'd with trumpet in her hand,
To blow sedition o'er the land.
  With these, four more of lesser fame,
And humbler rank, attendant came;
Hypocrisy with smiling grace,
And Impudence with brazen face,
Contention bold, with iron lungs,
And Slander with her hundred tongues.
  The walls in sculptur'd tale were rich,
And statues proud (in many a nich)
Of chiefs, who fought in Faction's cause,
And perish'd for contempt of laws.
The roof in vary'd light and shade,
The seat of Anarchy display'd.
Triumphant o'er a falling throne
(By emblematic figures known)
Confusion rag'd, and Lust obscene,
And Riot with distemper'd mien,
And Outrage bold, and Mischief dire,
And Devastation clad in fire.
Prone on the ground a martial maid
Expiring lay, and groan'd for aid;
Her shield with many a stab was pierc'd,
Her laurels torn, her spear revers'd;
And near her, crouch'd amidst the spoils,
A lion panted in the toils.
  With look compos'd the pris'ner stood,
And modest pride. By turns he view'd
The court, the counsel, and the crowd,
And with submissive rev'rence bow'd.
  Proceed we now, in humbler strains,
And lighter rhymes, with what remains.
  Th' indictment grievously set forth,
That Selim, lost to patriot worth,
(In company with one Will Pitt[2],
And many more, not taken yet)
In Forty-five, the royal palace[3]
Did enter, and to shame grown callous,
Did then and there his faith forsake,
And did accept, receive, and take,
With mischievous intent and base,
Value unknown, a certain place.
  He was a second time indicted,
For that, by evil zeal excited,
With learning more than layman's share,
(Which parsons want, and he might spare)
In letter to one Gilbert West[4],
He, the said Selim, did attest,
Maintain, support, and make assertion
Of certain points, from Paul's conversion,

[1] George Lyttelton, esq. afterwards lord Lyttelton. The Persian Letters of this nobleman were written under the character of Selim, which occasioned Mr. Moore to give him the same name in this poem.

Afterwards earl of Chatham.

[3] Mr. Lyttelton was appointed a lord of treasury 25th Dec. 1744.

[4] Entitled, Observations on the Conversion Apostleship of St. Paul. In a Letter to Gil West, esq. 8vo. 1747.

whereof the said apostle
an unbeliever jostle,
nfashionable fancies,
ing truths on known romances.
charge ran, that knowing well
eat as pamphlets sell,
iid Selim, notwithstanding,
) answ'ring, shaming, branding
ious Letters to the Whigs[5];
) reader care three figs
iets contain'd therein;
unchari·able sin
', modest and deserving,
n'd to contempt and starving;
ie king, his crown and peace,
ie statutes in that case.
ader rose with brief full charg'd,
e pris'ner's crimes enlarg'd—
) damp the Muse's fire
'ric. such as courts require,
to keep the reader warm,
he matter from the form.
and social love," he said,
iour from the land were fled;
iots now, like other folks,
le the butt of vulgar jokes;
position dropp'd her crest,
ed pow'r for wealth and rest.
e folks laugh'd, and some folks rail'd,
e submitted, some assail'd,
pleas'd—all solv'd the doubt
were in, and who were out.
of Clamour grew so sickly,
'd for dissolution quickly;
kly journals, finely written,
k in privies all besh——n;
and[6], and the London Evening,
soul was found believing in;
)[7], once so bold and strong,
d now, and always wrong.
re whence rose this foul disgrace?
n has receiv'd a place,
by brought the cause to shame;
hat people, void of blame,
ve their country and their king,
g both the self-same thing:
the credulous believ'd,
s (by strange arts deceiv'd)
isters were sometimes right,
it not to destroy us quite.
bart'ring thus in state affairs,
nust deal in sacred wares,
y's rights divine invade,
gle in the gospel-trade:
is zeal to re-instate
notions, out of date;
ld rakes to church in shoals,
lren, sniv'ling for their souls;
s gay, from smut and libels,
eliefs, and read their bibles;
conscience for a tutor,
the present by the future;

ed, Three Letters to the Whigs; occa-
the Letter to the Tories. 8vo. 1748.

position paper at that time published, in
Lyttelton was frequently abused.

d'Anvers, the name assumed by the
the Craftsman.

As if to evils known and real
'Twas needful to annex ideal;
When all of human life we know
Is care, and bitterness, and woe,
With short transitions of delight,
To set the shatter'd spirits right.
Then why such mighty pains and care,
To make us humbler than we are?
Forbidding short-liv'd mirth and laughter,
By fears of what may come hereafter?
Better in ignorance to dwell;
None fear, but who believe a Hell;
And if there should be one, no doubt,
Men of themselves would find it out.
"But Selim's crimes," he said, "went further,
And barely stopp'd on this side murther;
One yet remain'd to close the charge,
To which (with leave) he 'd speak at large.
And, first, 'twas needful to premise,
That though so long (for reasons wise)
The press inviolate had stood,
Productive of the public good;
Yet still, too modest to abuse,
It rail'd at vice, but told not whose.
That great improvements, of late days,
Were made, to many an author's praise,
Who, not so scrupulously nice,
Proclaim'd the person with the vice;
Or gave, where vices might be wanted,
The name, and took the rest for granted.
Upon this plan, a champion[8] rose,
Unrighteous greatness to oppose,
Proving the man inventus non est,
Who trades in pow'r, and still is honest;
And (God be prais'd) he did it roundly,
Flogging a certain junto soundly.
But chief his anger was directed,
Where people least of all suspected;
And Selim, not so strong as tall,
Beneath his grasp appear'd to fall.
But Innocence (as people say)
Stood by, and sav'd him in the fray.
By her assisted, and one Truth,
A busy, prating, forward youth,
He rally'd all his strength anew,
And at the foe a letter threw[9]:
His weakest part the weapon found,
And brought him senseless to the ground.
Hence Opposition fled the field,
And Ignorance with her seven-fold shield;
And well they might, for (things weigh'd fully)
The pris'ner, with his whore and bully,
Must prove for every foe too hard,
Who never fought with such a guard.
"But Truth and Innocence," he said,
"Would stand him here in little stead;
For they had evidence on oath,
That would appear too hard for both."
Of witnesses a fearful train
Came next, th' indictments to sustain
Detraction, Hatred, and Distrust,
And Party, of all foes the worst,
Malice, Revenge, and Unbelief,
And Disappointment worn with grief,
Dishonour foul, unaw'd by shame,
And every fiend that Vice can name,

[8] Author of the Letters to the Whigs.

[9] Probably, A Congratulatory Letter to Selim on the Letters to the Whigs. 8vo. 1748.

All these in ample form depos'd,
Each fact the triple charge disclos'd,
With taunts and gibes of bitter sort,
And asking vengeance from the court.
The pris'ner said in his defence,
That he indeed had small pretence
To soften facts so deeply sworn,
But would for his offences mourn;
Yet more he hop'd than bare repentance
Might still be urg'd to ward the sentence.
That he had held a place some years,
He own'd with penitence and tears,
But took it not from motives base,
Th' indictment there mistook the case;
And though he had betray'd his trust
In being to his country just,
Neglecting Faction and her friends,
He did it not for wicked ends,
But that complaints and feuds might cease,
And jarring parties mix in peace.
That what he wrote to Gilbert West,
Bore hard against him, he confess'd;
Yet there they wrong'd him; for the fact is,
He reason'd for belief, not practice;
And people might believe, he thought,
Though practice might be deem'd a fault.
He either dreamt it, or was told,
Religion was rever'd of old,
That it gave breeding no offence,
And was no foe to wit and sense;
But whether this was truth, or whim,
He would not say; the doubt with him
(And no great harm he hop'd) was, how
Th' enlighten'd world would take it now:
If they admitted it, 'twas well;
If not, he never talk'd of Hell;
Nor ev'n hop'd to change men's measures,
Or frighten ladies from their pleasures.
One accusation, he confess'd,
Had touch'd him more than all the rest;
Three patriot-letters, high in fame,
By him o'erthrown, and brought to shame.
And though it was a rule in vogue,
If one man call'd another rogue,
The party injur'd might reply,
And on his foe retort the lie;
Yet what accru'd from all his labour,
But foul dishonour to his neighbour?
And he 's a most unchristian elf,
Who others damns to save himself.
Besides, as all men knew, he said,
Those Letters only rail'd for bread;
And hunger was a known excuse
For prostitution and abuse:
A guinea, properly apply'd,
Had made the writer change his side;
He wish'd he had not cut and carv'd him,
And own'd, he should have bought, not starv'd him.
The court, he said, knew all the rest,
And must proceed as they thought best;
Only he hop'd such resignation
Would plead some little mitigation;
And if his character was clear
From other faults, (and friends were near,
Who would, when call'd upon, attest it)
He did in humblest form request it,
To be from punishment exempt,
And only suffer their contempt.
The pris'ner's friends their claim preferr'd,
In turn demanding to be heard.
Integrity and Honour swore,
Benevolence, and twenty more,
That he was always of their party,
And that they knew him firm and hearty.
Religion, sober dame, attended,
And, as she could, his cause befriended.
She said, 'twas since he came from college,
She knew him introduc'd by Knowledge:
The man was modest and sincere,
Nor further could she interfere.
The Muses begg'd to interpose;
But Envy with loud hissings rose,
And call'd them women of ill fame,
Liars, and prostitutes to shame;
And said, to all the world 'twas known,
Selim had had them every one.
The pris'ner blush'd, the Muses frown'd,
When silence was proclaim'd around,
And Faction, rising with the rest,
In form the pris'ner thus address'd.
"You, Selim, thrice have been indicted:
First, that by wicked pride excited,
And bent your country to disgrace,
You have receiv'd and held a place:
Next, Infidelity to wound,
You 've dar'd, with arguments profound,
To drive Freethinking to a stand,
And with Religion vex the land:
And lastly, in contempt of right,
With horrid and unnat'ral spite,
You have an author's fame o'erthrown,
Thereby to build and fence your own.
"These crimes successive, on your trial,
Have met with proofs beyond denial;
To which yourself, with shame, conceded,
And but in mitigation pleaded.
Yet that the justice of the court
May suffer not in men's report,
Judgment a moment I suspend,
To reason as from friend to friend.
"And first, that you, of all mankind,
With kings and courts should stain your mind!
You! who were Opposition's lord!
Her nerves, her sinews, and her sword!
That you at last, for servile ends,
Should wound the bowels of her friends,
Is aggravation of offence,
That leaves for mercy no pretence.
Yet more——For you to urge your hate,
And back the church, to aid the state!
For you to publish such a letter!
You! who have known Religion better!
For you, I say, to introduce
The fraud again!—there 's no excuse.
And last of all, to crown your shame,
Was it for you to load with blame
The writings of a patriot-youth,
And summon Innocence and Truth
To prop your cause?——Was this for you?——
But justice does your crimes pursue;
And sentence now alone remains,
Which thus, by me, the court ordains:
"That you return from whence you came,
There to be stript of all your fame
By vulgar hands; that once a week
Old England pinch you till you squeak;
That ribbald pamphlets do pursue you,
And lies and murmurs, to undo you.
With every foe that Worth procures,
And only Virtue's friends be your's."

ODE TO GARRICK,

UPON THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

said I would die a batchelor, I did not
I should live till I were married.
Much Ado about Nothing.

the left-hand box, in blue;
on't you see her?—"See her! Who?"
hang me if I tell.
Garrick in the music-box!
it his eyes; see there——"O pox!
ur servant, ma'moiselle!"

ne, David, is it true?
us! what will some folks do?
will they curse this stranger!
airly taken in for life!
erious, wedded wife!
upon you, Ranger!

y too have join'd the chat;
it!—Has he thought of that?
eans he to convert her?"
y, unless your zeal be stout,
ph may turn your faith about,
rguments experter.

s, pale and out of breath,
he witches in Macbeth,
if the "deed be done?"
! Listen to my lay!
hesy the things they 'll say;
tongues, you know, will run.

ay, what other news d' ye hear?
—But don't you think, my dear,
s growing out of fashion?
ay fancy what they will,
's the only actor still,
ouch the tender passion.

adam, did you mind, last night,
er? not a line on 't right!
ought I heard some hisses.
d! if Billy Mills, thought I,
Havard would but try,
y 'd beat him all to pieces.

rudent though to drop his Bayes—
re nous) the laureat says,
opes he 'll give up Richard.
it tickles me to see,
gs, such a shrimp as he
mpt to ravish Pritchard.

llow pleas'd me well enough
what d' ye call it? Hoadley's stuff;
re 's something there like nature:
n life, he runs about,
bo-peep, now in, now out,
hurts no mortal creature.

en there 's Belmont, to be sure——
y gentle Neddy Moore!
does my good lord-mayor?
you left Cheapside, my dear?
you write again next year,
how your fav'rite player?

"But Merope, we own, is fine,
Eumenes charms in every line;
How prettily he vapours!
So gay his dress, so young his look,
One would have sworn 'twas Mr. Cook,
Or Mathews, cutting capers."

Thus, David, will the ladies flout,
And councils hold at every rout,
To alter all your plays:
Yates shall be Benedick next year,
Macklin be Richard, Taswell Lear,
And Kitty Clive be Bayes.

Two parts they readily allow
Are yours; but not one more, they vow;
And thus they close their spite:
You will be sir John Brute, they say,
A very sir John Brute all day,
And Fribble all the night.

But tell me, fair-ones, is it so?
"You all did love him once[1]," we know;
What then provokes your gall?
Forbear to rail—I 'll tell you why;
Quarrels may come, or madam die,
And then there 's hope for all.

And now a word or two remains,
Sweet Davy, and I close my strains:
Think well ere you engage;
Vapours and ague-fits may come,
And matrimonial claims at home,
Unnerve you for the stage.

But if you find your spirits right,
Your mind at ease, your body tight,
Take her; you can't do better:
A pox upon the tattling town!
The fops that join to cry her down
Would give their ears to get her.

Then if her heart be good and kind,
(And sure that face bespeaks a mind
As soft as woman's can be)
You 'll grow as constant as a dove,
And taste the purer sweets of love,
Unvisited by Rauby[2].

ENVY AND FORTUNE:

A TALE.

TO MRS. GARRICK.

Says Envy to Fortune, "Soft, soft, madam Flirt!
Not so fast with your wheel, you 'll be down in the dirt!
Well, and how does your David? Indeed, my dear creature,
You 've shown him a wonderful deal of good-nature;
His bags are so full, and such praises his due,
That the like was ne'er known—and all owing to you:
But why won't you make him quite happy for life,
And to all you have done add the gift of a wife?"
Says Fortune, and smil'd, "Madam Envy, God save ye!
But why always sneering at me and poor Davy?

[1] Julius Cæsar.
[2] An eminent surgeon. *C.*

I own that sometimes, in contempt of all rules,
I lavish my favours on blockheads and fools;
But the case is quite different here, I aver it,
For David ne'er knew me, till brought me by Merit.
And yet to convince you—nay, madam, no hisses—
Good manners at least—such behaviour as this is—!"
(For mention but Merit, and Envy flies out
With a hiss and a yell that would silence a rout.
But Fortune went on)—"To convince you, I say,
That I honour your scheme, I 'll about it to day;
The man shall be marry'd, so pray now be easy,
And Garrick for once shall do something to please ye."
So saying, she rattled her wheel out of sight,
While Envy walk'd after, and grinn'd with delight.
It seems 'twas a trick that she long had been brewing,
To marry poor David, and so be his ruin:
For Slander had told her the creature lov'd pelf,
And car'd not a fig for a soul but himself;
From thence she was sure, had the Devil a daughter,
He 'd snap at the girl, so 'twas Fortune that brought her:
And then should her temper be sullen or haughty,
Her flesh too be frail, and incline to be naughty,
'Twould fret the poor fellow so out of his reason,
That Barry and Quin would set fashions next season.
But Fortune, who saw what the Fury design'd,
Resolv'd to get David a wife to his mind:
Yet afraid of herself in a matter so nice,
She visited Prudence, and begg'd her advice.
The nymph shook her head when the business she knew,
And said that her female acquaintance were few;
That excepting miss R.....—O, yes, there was one,
A friend of that lady's, she visited none;
But the first was too great, and the last was too good,
And as for the rest, she might get whom she could.
Away hurried Fortune, perplex'd and half mad,
But her promise was pass'd, and a wife must be had:
She travers'd the town from one corner to t'other,
Now knocking at one door and then at another.
The girls curtsy'd low as she look'd in their faces,
And bridled and primm'd with abundance of graces;
But this was coquettish, and that was a prude,
One stupid and dull, t'other noisy and rude;
A third was affected, quite careless a fourth,
With prate without meaning, and pride without worth;
A fifth, and a sixth, and a seventh were such
As either knew nothing or something too much—
In short as they pass'd, she to all had objections;
The gay wanted thought, the good-humour'd affections,
The prudent were ugly, the sensible dirty,
And all of them flirts, from fifteen up to thirty.
When Fortune saw this she began to look silly,
Yet still she went on till she reach'd Piccadilly;
But vex'd and fatigu'd, and the night growing late,
She rested her wheel within Burlington gate.
My lady rose up, as she saw her come in,
"O ho, madam Genius! pray where have you been?"
(For her ladyship thought, from so serious an air,
'Twas Genius come home, for it seems she liv'd there.)
But Fortune, not minding her ladyship's blunder,
And wiping her forehead, cry'd, "Well may you wonder
To see me thus flurry'd;"—then told her the case,
And sigh'd till her ladyship laugh'd in her face.
"Mighty civil indeed!"—"Come, a truce," says my lady,
"A truce with complaints, and perhaps I may aid ye.
I 'll show you a girl that—Here, Martin! go fell—
But she 's gone to undress; by-and-by is as well—
I 'll show you a sight that you 'll fancy uncommon,
Wit, beauty, and goodness, all met in a woman;
A heart to no folly or mischief inclin'd,
A body all grace, and all sweetness a mind"
"O, pray let me see her," says Fortune, and smil'd,
"Do but give her to me, and I'll make her my child—
But who, my dear, who?—for you have not told yet"—
"Who indeed," says my lady, "if not Violette?"
The words were scarce spoke when she enter'd the room;
A blush at the stranger still heighten'd her bloom;
So humble her looks were, so mild was her air,
That Fortune, astonish'd, sat mute in her chair.
My lady rose up, and with countenance bland,
"This is Fortune, my dear," and presented her hand:
The goddess embrac'd her, and call'd her her own,
And, compliments over, her errand made known.
But how the sweet girl colour'd, flutter'd, and trembled,
How oft she said no, and how ill she dissembled;
Or how little David rejoic'd at the news,
And swore, from all others, 'twas her he would choose;
What methods he try'd, and what arts to prevail;
All these, were they told, would but burthen my tale—
In short, all affairs were so happily carry'd,
That hardly six weeks pass'd away till they marry'd.
But Envy grew sick when the story she heard,
Violette was the girl that of all she most fear'd;
She knew her good-humour, her beauty and sweetness,
Her ease and compliance, her taste and her neatness;
From these she was sure that her man could not roam,
And must rise on the stage, from contentment at home:
So on she went hissing, and inwardly curst her,
And Garrick next season will certainly burst her.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY PELHAM,

THE HUMBLE PETITION

OF THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF POETS AND NEWS-WRITERS,

SHOWETH,

That your honour's petitioners (dealers in rhymes,
And writers of scandal for mending the times)
By losses in business, and England's well-doing,
Are sunk in their credit, and verging on ruin.
That these their misfortunes, they humbly conceive,
Arise not from dulness, as some folks believe,
But from rubs in their way which your honour has laid,
And want of materials to carry on trade.
That they always had form'd high conceits of their use,
And meant their last breath should go out in abuse;

But now (and they speak it with sorrow and tears)
Since your honour has sat at the helm of affairs,
No party will join them, no faction invite
To heed what they say, or to read what they write;
Sedition, and Tumult, and Discord are fled,
And Slander scarce ventures to lift up her head—
In short, public business is so carry'd on,
That their country is sav'd, and the patriots undone.
To perplex them still more, and sure famine to bring,
(Now satire has lost both its truth and its sting)
If, in spite of their natures, they bungle at praise,
Your honour regards not, and nobody pays.

Your petitioners therefore most humbly intreat
(As the times will allow, and your honour thinks meet)
That measures be chang'd, and some cause of complaint
Be immediately furnish'd, to end their restraint;
Their credit thereby, and their trade to retrieve,
That again they may rail, and the nation believe.
Or else (if your wisdom shall deem it all one)
Now the parliament 's rising, and business is done,
That your honour would please, at this dangerous crisis,
To take to your bosom a few private vices,
By which your petitioners haply might thrive,
And keep both themselves and Contention alive.
In compassion, good sir, give them something to say,
And your honour's petitioners ever shall pray.

THE

TRIAL OF SARAH ....., ALIAS SLIM SAL,

FOR PRIVATELY STEALING.

The prisoner was at large indicted,
For that by thirst of gain excited,
One day in July last, at tea,
And in the house of Mrs. P.
From the left breast of E. M. gent.
With base felonious intent,
Did then and there a heart with strings,
Rest, quiet, peace, and other things,
Steal, rob, and plunder; and all them
The chattels of the said E. M.
The prosecutor swore, last May
(The month he knew, but not the day)
He left his friends in town, and went
Upon a visit down in Kent:
That staying there a month or two,
He spent his time as others do,
In riding, walking, fishing, swimming;
But being much inclin'd to women,
And young and wild, and no great reasoner,
He got acquainted with the prisoner.
He own'd, 'twas rumour'd in those parts
That she 'd a trick of stealing hearts,
And from fifteen to twenty-two,
Had made the devil and all to do:
But Mr. W. the vicar,
(And no man brews you better liquor)
Spoke of her thefts as tricks of youth,
The frolics of a girl forsooth:
Things now were on another score,
He said; for she was twenty-four.
However to make matters short,
And not to trespass on the court,
The lady was discover'd soon,
And thus it was. One afternoon,
The ninth of July last, or near it,
(As to the day, he could not swear it)
In company at Mrs. P.'s,
Where folks say any thing they please;
Dean L. and lady Mary by,
And Fanny waiting on Miss Y.
(He own'd he was inclin'd to think
Both were a little in their drink)
The pris'ner ask'd, and call'd him cousin,
How many kisses made a dozen?
That being, as he own'd, in liquor,
The question made his blood run quicker,
And, sense and reason in eclipse,
He vow'd he 'd score them on her lips.
That rising up to keep his word,
He got as far as kiss the third,
And would have counted t' other nine,
And so all present did opine,
But that he felt a sudden dizziness,
That quite undid him for the business:
His speech, he said, began to falter,
His eyes to stare, his mouth to water,
His breast to thump without cessation,
And all within one conflagration.
"Bless me!" says Fanny, "what 's the matter?"
And lady Mary look'd hard at her,
And stamp'd, and wish'd the pris'ner further,
And cry'd out, "Part them, or there's murther!"
That still he held the pris'ner fast,
And would have stood it to the last;
But struggling to go through the rest,
He felt a pain across his breast,
A sort of sudden twinge, he said,
That seem'd almost to strike him dead,
And after that such cruel smarting,
He thought the soul and body parting.
That then he let the pris'ner go,
And stagger'd off a step or so;
And thinking that his heart was ill,
He begg'd of miss Y.'s maid to feel.
That Fanny stept before the rest,
And laid her hand upon his breast;
But, mercy on us! what a stare
The creature gave! No heart was there;
Souse went her fingers in the hole,
Whence heart, and strings, and all were stole.
That Fanny turn'd, and told the prisoner,
She was a thief, and so she 'd christen her;
And that it was a burning shame,
And brought the house an evil name;
And if she did not put the heart in,
The man would pine and die for certain.
The pris'ner then was in her airs,
And bid her mind her own affairs;
And told his reverence, and the rest of 'em,
She was as honest as the best of 'em.
That lady Mary and dean L.
Rose up and said, "'Twas mighty well,"
But that, in general terms they said it,
A heart was gone, and some one had it:
Words would not do, for search they must,
And search they would, and her the first.
That then the pris'ner dropp'd her anger,
And said, she hop'd they would not hang her;
That all she did was meant in jest,
And there the heart was, and the rest.

That then the dean cry'd out, "O fie!"
And sent in haste for justice I.
Who, though he knew her friends and pity'd her,
Call'd her hard names, and so committed her.
The parties present swore the same;
And Fanny said, the pris'ner's name
Had frighten'd all the country round;
And glad she was the bill was found.
She knew a man, who knew another,
Who knew the very party's brother,
Who lost his heart by mere surprise,
One morning looking at her eyes;
And others had been known to squeak,
Who only chanc'd to hear her speak:
For she had words of such a sort,
That though she knew no reason for it,
Would make a man of sense run mad,
And rifle him of all he had;
And that she 'd rob the whole community,
If ever she had opportunity.
The pris'ner now first silence broke,
And curtsy'd round her as she spoke.
She own'd, she said, it much incens'd her,
To hear such matters sworn against her,
But that she hop'd to keep her temper,
And prove herself eadem semper.
That what the prosecutor swore
Was some part true, and some part more:
She own'd she had been often seen with him,
And laugh'd and chatted on the green with him;
The fellow seem'd to have humanity,
And told her tales that sooth'd her vanity,
Pretending that he lov'd her vastly,
And that all women else look'd ghastly.
But then she hop'd the court would think
She never was inclin'd to drink,
Or suffer hands like his to daub her, or
Encourage men to kiss and slobber her;
She 'd have folks know she did not love it,
Or if she did, she was above it.
But this, she said, was sworn of course,
To prove her giddy, and then worse;
As she whose conduct was thought lævis,
Might very well be reckon'd thievish.
She hop'd, she said, the court's discerning
Would pay some honour to her learning,
For every day from four to past six,
She went up stairs, and read the classics.
Thus having clear'd herself of levity,
The rest, she said, would come with brevity.
And first, it injur'd not her honour
To own the heart was found upon her;
For she could prove, and did aver,
The paltry thing belong'd to her:
The fact was thus. This prince of knaves
Was once the humblest of her slaves,
And often had confess'd the dart
Her eyes had lodg'd within his heart:
That she, as 'twas her constant fashion,
Made great diversion of his passion;
Which set his blood in such a ferment,
As seem'd to threaten his interment:
That then she was afraid of losing him,
And so desisted from abusing him;
And often came and felt his pulse,
And bid him write to doctor Hulse.
The prosecutor thank'd her kindly,
And sigh'd, and said she look'd divinely;
But told her that his heart was bursting,
And doctors he had little trust in;
He therefore begg'd her to accept it,
And hop'd 'twould mend if once she kept it.
That having no aversion to it,
She said, with all her soul, she 'd do it;
But then she begg'd him to remember,
If he should need it in December,
(For winter months would make folks shiver,
Who wanted either heart or liver)
It never could return; and added,
'Twas her's for life, if once she had it.
The prosecutor said, Amen,
And that he wish'd it not again;
And took it from his breast and gave her,
And bow'd, and thank'd her for the favour;
But begg'd the thing might not be spoke of,
As heartless men were made a joke of.
That next day, whisp'ring him about it,
And asking how he felt without it,
He sigh'd, and cry'd, Alack! alack!
And begg'd, and pray'd to have it back;
Or that she 'd give him her's instead on 't:
But she conceiv'd there was no need on 't;
And said, and bid him make no pother,
He should have neither one nor t' other.
That then he rav'd and storm'd like fury,
And said, that one was his de jure,
And rather than he 'd leave pursuing her,
He 'd swear a robbery, and ruin her.
That this was truth she did aver,
Whatever hap betided her.
Only that Mrs. P. she said,
Miss Y. and her deluded maid,
And lady Mary, and his reverence,
Were folks to whom she paid some deference;
And that she verily believ'd
They were not perjur'd, but deceiv'd.
Then doctor D. begg'd leave to speak,
And sigh'd as if his heart would break.
He said, that he was madam's surgeon,
Or rather, as in Greek, chirurgeon,
From cheir, manus, ergon, opus,
(As scope is from the Latin scopus.)
That he, he said, had known the prisoner
From the first sun that ever rose on her;
And griev'd he was to see her there;
But took upon himself to swear,
There was not to be found in nature
A sweeter or a better creature;
And if the king (God bless him) knew her,
He 'd leave St. James's to get to her:
But then, as to the fact in question,
He knew no more on 't than Hephæstion;
It might be false, and might be true;
And this, he said, was all he knew.
The judge proceeded to the charge,
And gave the evidence at large,
But often cast a sheep's eye at her,
And strove to mitigate the matter,
Pretending facts were not so clear,
And mercy ought to interfere.
The jury then withdrew a moment,
As if on weighty points to comment;
And, right or wrong, resolv'd to save her,
They gave a verdict in her favour.
But why or wherefore things were so,
It matters not for us to know:
The culprit by escape grown bold,
Pilfers alike from young and old,
The country all around her teazes,
And robs or murders whom she pleases.

IBLES FOR THE LADIES.

EFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

ing Fables were written at intervals, id myself in humour, and disengaged rs of greater moment. As they are the an idle hour, so they are intended for of those, whose only business is amuse- hopes of profit, or applause, are not ; nor have I printed through necessity, of friends. I have leave from her royal address her, and I claim the fair for . My fears are lighter than my ex- I wrote to please myself, and I pub- se others; and this so universally, that wished for correctness to rob the critic ire, or my friend of the laugh. iates are few, and I am not solicitous to iem. I have learnt, that where the d please, the man should be unknown. is the reverse of all other objects, and y distance, but diminishes by approach. attachments must give place to public no man can forgive his friend the ill- empt of being thought wiser than him-

l therefore the misfortunes that may at- om any accidental success, I think it to inform those who know me, that I assisted in the following papers by the Gustavus Vasa [1]. Let the crime of his, whose talents as a writer, and ies as a man, have rendered him a living he whole circle of his acquaintance.

FABLE I.

GLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF BIRDS.

OYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

lay, to beauty due,
r excellence, to you;
'd to hope my vacant hours
employ'd to sweeten yours.
er fiction I impart,
ut folly from the heart;
the paths that lead astray
ring nymph from Wisdom's way.
ne. The great and good
ir actions understood;
nment if actions raise,
ace by idle praise?
the voice of Fame,
ls delighted on your name;
ly tale, however true,
'ry, if I told it you.
ud, the envious, and the vain,
he prude, demand my strain;
detesting praise, I write,
in charity, my spite.

With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all, promiscuous as they pass;
Should Folly there her likeness view,
I fret not that the mirror 's true;
If the fantastic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.
Virtue, in every clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-soothing page,
While satire, that offends the ear
Of Vice and Passion, pleases her.
Premising this, your anger spare,
And claim the fable you who dare.

The birds in place, by factions press'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd;
By specious lies the state was vex'd,
Their counsels libellers perplex'd;
They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
Jove grants their suit. The Eagle sate,
Decider of the grand debate.
The Pye, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
Demands permission to be heard.
Says he, "Prolixity of phrase
You know I hate. This libel says,
'Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,
Are hir'd to silence Wisdom's voice,
And skill'd to chatter out the hour,
Rise by their emptiness to pow'r.'
That this is aim'd direct at me,
No doubt, you 'll readily agree;
Yet well this sage assembly knows,
By parts to government I rose;
My prudent counsels prop the state;
Magpies were never known to prate."
The Kite rose up. "His honest heart
In virtue's sufferings bore a part.
That there were birds of prey he knew;
So far the libeller said true;
'Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
Who knew no int'rest but their own;
Who hovering o'er the farmer's yard,
Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd.'
This might be true, but if apply'd
To him, in troth, the slanderer ly'd.
Since ign'rance then might be misled,
Such things, he thought, were best unsaid."
The Crow was vex'd. As yester-morn
He flew across the new-sown corn,
A screaming boy was set for pay,
He knew, to drive the crows away;
Scandal had found out him in turn,
And buzz'd abroad, that crows love corn.
The Owl arose, with solemn face,
And thus harangu'd upon the case.
"That magpies prate, it may be true,
A kite may be voracious too,
Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease;
He libels not, who strikes at these;
The slander 's here—'But there are birds,
Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words;
Blund'rers, who level in the dark,
And always shoot beside the mark.'
He names not me; but these are hints,
Which manifests at whom he squints;
I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
To question if he meant an owl."
"Ye wretches, hence!" the Eagle cries,
"'Tis conscience, conscience that applies;

[1] Brooke, esq. who wrote the fourteenth, and sixteenth fables, which are reserved on in his works. C

The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
Secur'd by innocence from harm:
While Guilt, and his associate, Fear,
Are startled at the passing air."

FABLE II.

THE PANTHER, THE HORSE, AND OTHER BEASTS.

The man who seeks to win the fair,
(So custom says) must truth forbear;
Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lie,
And raise the goddess to the sky.
For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeness, which she cannot bear.
A rudeness? Yes. I speak my thoughts;
For truth upbraids her with her faults.
How wretched, Chloe, then am I,
Who love you, and yet cannot lie!
And still to make you less my friend,
I strive your errours to amend!
But shall the senseless fop impart
The softest passion to your heart,
While he, who tells you honest truth,
And points to happiness your youth,
Determines, by his care, his lot,
And lives neglected, and forgot?
Trust me, my dear, with greater ease
Your taste for flatt'ry I could please,
And similies in each dull line,
Like glow-worms in the dark, should shine.
What if I say your lips disclose
The freshness of the op'ning rose?
Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs?
Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
Time every beauty will invade.
The butterfly, of various hue,
More than the flow'r resembles you;
Fair, fluttering, fickle, busy thing,
To pleasure ever on the wing,
Gayly coquetting for an hour,
To die, and ne'er be thought of more.
Would you the bloom of youth should last?
'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
An easy carriage, wholly free
From sour reserve, or levity;
Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
And looks unskill'd in any art;
Humility, enough to own
The frailties, which a friend makes known;
And decent pride, enough to know
The worth, that virtue can bestow.
These are the charms, which ne'er decay,
Though youth and beauty fade away;
And time, which all things else removes,
Still heightens virtue, and improves.
You 'll frown, and ask to what intent
This blunt address to you is sent?
I 'll spare the question, and confess
I 'd praise you, if I lov'd you less:
But rail, be angry, or complain,
I will be rude, while you are vain.

Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
When beasts met friendly on the plain,
A Panther, of majestic port,
(The vainest female of the court)
With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
Fill'd every bosom with desire.
Where'er she mov'd, a servile crowd
Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd;
Assemblies every week she held,
(Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd,
Where noise and nonsense, and grimace,
And lies and scandal fill'd the place.
Behold the gay, fantastic thing,
Encircled by the spacious ring.
Low bowing, with important look,
As first in rank, the Monkey spoke.
"Gad take me, madam, but I swear,
No angel ever look'd so fair:
Forgive my rudeness, but I vow
You were not quite divine till now;
Those limbs! that shape! and then those eyes!
O, close them, or the gazer dies!"
"Nay, gentle pug, for goodness hush,
I vow, and swear, you make me blush;
I shall be angry at this rate;
'Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate."
The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have vast pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain,
And play'd so cunningly his part,
That pug was rivall'd in his art.
The Goat avow'd his amorous flame;
And burnt—for what he durst not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold address,
She frown'd; but yet, she must confess,
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.
The Hog her neatness much admir'd;
The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd;
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar'd her love.
The Horse, whose gen'rous heart disdain'd
Applause by servile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage, silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke.
"When flattering monkeys fawn and prate,
They justly raise contempt or hate;
For merit 's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendships to betray.
Dismiss the train of fops and fools,
And learn to live by wisdom's rules;
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who would court that lovely shape,
To be the rival of an ape?"
He said; and snorting in disdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and sought the plain.

FABLE III.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

The prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily, and the blushing rose,

lic view her charms will screen,
y in the crowd be seen;
le truth shall keep her wise,
'est fruits attract the flies."

'ht, a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
ıting her glitt'ring train,
Sure there never was in nature
, so fine a creature.
nsects, that I see,
l ant, industrious bee,
m, with contempt I view;
hat low, mechanic crew,
lely their lives employ
s, enemy to joy.
gar herd! ye are my scorn,
eur only I was born,
n sprung from race divine,
l on Earth, to live and shine.
ts that sparkle so on high,
e glow-worms of the sky,
on Earth their gems admire,
ıey imitate my fire."
ke. Attentive on a spray,
gale forbore his lay;
e shining morsel near,
directed by the glare;
gaz'd with sober look,
he trembling prey bespoke.
ed fool, with pride elate,
thy beauty brings thy fate:
ing, long thou might'st have lain
on the velvet plain:
n or late, degraded mourns,
y wrecks whom she adorns."

FABLE IV.

HYMEN AND DEATH.

'ye say? Nay then 'tis time;
ar destroys your prime.
-The settlement! "That's made."
's my simple girl afraid?
moment, if you can,
ully the fable scan.

des were fled, the morning blush'd,
were in their caverns hush'd,
nen, pensive and sedate,
the fields his musing gait.
n, through the green-wood shade,
eagre form the god survey'd,
ly, with gigantic stride,
his pace, and join'd his side.
on various subjects ran,
Hymen thus began.
tless Death, whose iron sway
luctant must obey,
pow'r shall I complain,
so partial hand arraign?
oid brings a pair of hearts
uck with equal darts,
shafts my hopes deride,
ne knot, that Hymen ty'd.
not the bloody, and the bold,
, hoarding up his gold,
, reeking from the stew,
fell revenge pursue?
But must the gentle, and the kind,
Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find?"
The monarch calmly thus reply'd:
"Weigh well the cause, and then decide.
That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be justly laid;
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years,
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus sends;
Hence care, and bitterness, and strife
Are common to the nuptial life.
"Believe me; more than all mankind,
Your vot'ries my compassion find;
Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,
Who seek the wretched to release;
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indissoluble but for me.
"'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
By me, your crowded altars smoke:
For mortals boldly dare the noose,
Secure that Death will set them loose."

FABLE V.

THE POET AND HIS PATRON.

Why, Cælia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed!
Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,
A little water might displace,
As Nature every morn bestows
The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose.
Those tresses, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face, which once they deck'd.
Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, madam, are you marry'd? "Yes."
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,
No matter now how loose your dress is;
The end is won, your fortune's made,
Your sister now may take the trade.
Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that sours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then, and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest, than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there further to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame,
But every woman is the same.
Then study chiefly to improve
The charm, that fix'd your husband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress,
That gave your beauty power to bless?
Pursue it still; be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;

So shall you keep alive desire,
And Time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)
A poet sung his tuneful lay;
So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
Apollo and the Muses there.
Through all the town his praises rung,
His sonnet at the playhouse sung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddess Want her pinions spread,
And with poetic fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.
A noble youth, of taste and wit,
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
And sought him in his cobweb dome,
Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.
Behold him at the stately board,
Who, but the Poet and my Lord!
Each day deliciously he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away th' inspiring goddess flew.
Now, dropt for politics, and news,
Neglected lay the drooping Muse;
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifled the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,
Lampoon, nor epigram was ready.
With just contempt his patron saw,
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool bespoke.
"Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the sun of favour shone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'st the charm,
That gave it birth, and kept it warm."
Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts, that taught them first to rise.

FABLE VI.

THE WOLF, THE SHEEP, AND THE LAMB.

Duty demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
In that, is due obedience shown;
To choose, belongs to her alone.
May horrour seize his midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence Virtue sickens; and the breast,
Where Peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubled seat of Care,
And pines with anguish and despair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough and bold,
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.
His purpose known, the savage race,
In num'rous crowds, attend the place;
For why? a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance sought;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.
It happen'd, as at early dawn
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive Lamb
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.
The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
And, courteous, thus the dam bespoke.
"Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near;
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder business brings me now,
Vanquish'd, at Beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter——Sweet, forgive
A Wolf's address—In her I live;
Love from her eyes like lightning came,
And set my marrow all on flame;
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.
"Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
While I secure his master's sheep."
Discourse like this, attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd;
Now fearless by his side she walk'd,
Of settlements and jointures talk'd;
Prepos'd, and doubled her demands
Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.
The Wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;
To Miss her happy fate she tells;
And of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.
The loathing Lamb with horrour hears,
And wearies out her dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mamma best knew
What inexperience'd girls should do;
So, to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
A formal ass the couple marry'd.
Torn from the tyrant-mother's side,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride,
Reluctant, meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horrour oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The crashing bones he grinds for food,
And slakes his thirst with streaming blood.
Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast;
But (as we find in human race,
A mask conceals the villain's face)
Justice must authorize the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.
As forth he walk'd, in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight; the marsh he sought;
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.

nach balk'd, now hunger gnaws,
g, he grinds his empty jaws;
ust be had, and lamb is nigh;
w invokes the fraudful lie.
s," dissembling rage, he cry'd,
gentle virtue of a bride?
eagu'd with man's destroying race,
s her husband for the chase?
ich'ry prompts the noisy hound
it his footsteps on the ground?
ait'ress vile! for this thy blood
lut my rage, and dye the wood!"
ying, on the Lamb he flies,
h his jaws the victim dies.

FABLE VII.

THE GOOSE AND THE SWANS.

he face, however fair,
rries an affected air;
ing tone, the shape constrain'd,
dy'd look, the passion feign'd,
peries, which only tend
re what they strive to mend.
what superior grace enchants
e, which Nature's pencil paints!
eyes, unexercis'd in art,
ith the meaning of the heart!
freedom, and good-humour sit,
y gaiety, and wit!
perfect beauty be not there,
ster lines, the finish'd air,
ch from every look delight,
w enamour'd at the sight:
uty, though we all approve,
our wonder more than love,
he agreeable strikes sure,
es the wounds we cannot cure.
then, my Amoret, this care,
ns you, in effect, less fair?
re on your cheek bestows
, that emulates the rose,
some heav'nly image drew
, Apelles never knew,
-judg'd aid will you impart,
il by meretricious art?
you, Nature's errour, come
e from the mother's womb,
rming care she still rejects,
only heightens her defects.
uch, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
ss the foremost in the crowd,
y public show are seen,
ok awry, and aukward mien,
dly dress attracts the eye,
gnifies deformity.
re may under-do her part,
lom wants the help of Art;
er; she is your surest friend,
de your form for you to mend.

ose, affected, empty, vain,
illest of the cackling train,
oud, and elevated crest,
nce claim'd above the rest.
she, "I laugh at human race,
y, geese hobble in their pace:
Look here! the slaud'rous lie detect;
Not haughty man is so erect.
That peacock yonder! lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were stript, I'd pawn my word,
A goose would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock? No."
Thus vaunting, cross the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The Sun shot down his noontide beams,
The Swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes, and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. "Why there," she cry'd,
"Again, what arrogance we see!
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall every fowl the waters skim,
Because we geese are known to swim?
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern."
So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
Anil bursts of laughter shook the flood.
A Swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd.
"Conceited thing, elate with pride!
Thy affectation all deride;
These airs thy aukwardness impart,
And show thee plainly, as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock,
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose."
Learn hence, to study wisdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools;
And striving Nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

FABLE VIII.

THE LAWYER AND JUSTICE.

Love! thou divinest good below,
Thy pure delights few mortals know!
Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant Lust usurps thy throne.
The bounteous God of Nature made
The sexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ,
To lessen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he assign'd
That soft'ning gentleness of mind,
That can, by sympathy, impart
Its likeness to the roughest heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.
His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish every blooming grace,
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay.
Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a different mould,
With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;

He gave him knowledge, taste and sense,
And courage, for the fair's defence.
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong;
To man she flies, when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.
By Nature's author thus declar'd
The woman's sov'reign, and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles, invade
The weakness he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love, and soft desire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart,
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence?
The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep;
Nor was the tiger, or the pard
Meant the benighted trav'ller's guard;
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance, to betray;
His strength against the weak employs,
And where he should protect, destroys.

"Past twelve o'clock," the watchman cry'd,
His brief the studious lawyer ply'd;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earnest of to morrow's lie.
Sudden the furious winds arise,
The jarring casement shatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow sound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When Justice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.
The wretch with thrilling horrour shook,
Loose every joint, and pale his look;
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in Reports,
He ask'd, with falt'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence she came?
Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,
(A crimson glow her visage dy'd)
"Canst thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Justice grown so strange a name?
Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee did I elect,
My sacred temple to protect,
That thou, and all thy venal tribe
Should spurn the goddess for the bribe?
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
'Justice has neither ears, nor eyes;'
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainst me the judge denounces war,
And rarely issues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me."
She paus'd. Her breast with fury burn'd.
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd.
"I own the charge is justly laid,
And weak th' excuse that can be made;
Yet search the spacious globe, and see
If all mankind are not like me.
"The gown-man, skill'd in Romish lies,
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes;
O'er conscience rides without control,
And robs the man to save his soul.
"The doctor, with important face,
By sly design, mistakes the case;
Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
To trick the patient of his fees.
"The soldier, rough with many a scar,
And red with slaughter, leads the war;
If he a nation's trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.
"When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour Justice in my breast?
On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee?"
"Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,"
Th' exasperated Shade rejoin'd,
"If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others' frauds excuse thy own?
For sickly souls the priest was made;
Physicians, for the body's aid;
The soldier guarded liberty;
Man woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithless to their trust,
They leave not thee the less unjust.
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
And bar the sanction of my name;
Within your courts it shall be read,
That Justice from the law is fled."
She spoke; and hid in shades her face,
Till Hardwicke sooth'd her into grace.

FABLE IX.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said, that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I say she equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lours,
As if her merit lessen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All must be blind, because you see.
Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
That vies in sweetness with the rose?
Or where the lily's snowy white,
That throws such beauties on the sight?
Yet folly is it to declare,
That these are neither sweet, nor fair.
The crystal shines with fainter rays,
Before the di'mond's brighter blaze;
And fops will say, the di'mond dies,
Before the lustre of your eyes:
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither shine when you are by.
When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs, that deck the field;
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows;
And sweet, though sweeter you, the rose.
Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you;

And, praising most, I still declare
You fairest, where the rest are fair.

As at his board a Farmer sate,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd;
Till sated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.
The hungry Cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share;
Her modest worth the master knew,
And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw:
Enrag'd the snarling cur awoke,
And thus, with spiteful envy, spoke.
"They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat.
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game;
Or, plunging in the wintry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep,
From prowling wolves, his fleecy sheep;
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breast with kindness glows;
For this, his hand the food bestows;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you?"
"I own," with meekness Puss reply'd,
"Superior merit on your side;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompens'd so well;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secures the grain?
From hence, if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me?"
"Thy words are just," the Farmer cry'd,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

FABLE X.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

The nymph, who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare.
As on the margin of the flood,
With silken line, my Lydia stood,
I smil'd to see the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudful hook.
Along the forest as we stray'd,
You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
Lest, heedless, we approach'd too near?
For as behind the bush we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.
Needs there such caution to delude
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood?
And think you, with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?
The maid, who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpse, and Fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for Fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.
When Cælia struts in man's attire,
She shows too much to raise desire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.
The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop; for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook, and bait, alike;
While salmon play regardless by,
Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

Beneath a peasant's homely thatch,
A Spider long had held her watch;
From morn to night, with restless care,
She spun her web, and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign
Lay many a heedless captive slain,
Or, flutt'ring, struggled in the toils,
To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.
A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began. "Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more;
A thoughtless fly or two, at most,
Is all the conquest thou canst boast;
For bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid.
"The gaudy tulip, that displays
Her spreading foliage to the gaze;
That points her charms at all she sees,
And yields to every wanton breeze,
Attracts not me: where blushing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant bosom lie;
Reluctant, she my ardour meets,
And bashful, renders up her sweets."
To wiser heads attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend.
She, who with modesty retires,
Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
While such incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own schemes undo.

FABLE XI.

THE YOUNG LION AND THE APE.

'Tis true, I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice,
And peevish grow, and sick, to hear
His exclamations, "O how fair!"
I listen not to wild delights,
And transports of expected nights:
What is to me your hoard of charms?
The whiteness of your neck and arms?

Needs there no acquisition more,
To keep contention from the door?
Yes; pass a fortnight, and you 'll find
All beauty cloys, but of the mind.
Sense and good-humour ever prove
The surest cords to fasten love.
Yet, Phillis, simplest of your sex,
You never think but to perplex,
Coquetting it with every ape,
That struts abroad in human shape;
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
But that it stings your lover's breast:
To morrow you resign the sway,
Prepar'd to honour, and obey,
The tyrant-mistress change for life,
To the submission of a wife.
Your follies, if you can, suspend,
And learn instruction from a friend.
Reluctant, hear the first address,
Think often, ere you answer, yes;
But once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
And wear your wishes in your eyes.
With caution every look forbear,
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's ripening hopes confound,
Or give the generous breast a wound.
Contemn the girlish arts to teaze,
Nor use your pow'r, unless to please;
For fools alone with rigour sway,
When, soon or late, they must obey.

The king of brutes, in life's decline,
Resolv'd dominion to resign;
The beasts were summon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.
A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus address'd the train.
"Why cringe my friends with slavish awe,
Before this pageant king of straw?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And ere we feel it, own his power?
The counsels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wise;
Subjection let us cast away,
And live the monarchs of to day;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So shall he right from wrong discern,
And mercy from oppression learn;
At others' woes be taught to melt,
And loath the ills himself has felt."
He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride.
The youthful Lion thus reply'd.
"What madness prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compassion to the feeling heart?
Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
From women thou hast drawn thy rules:
To them return; in such a cause,
From only such expect applause;
The partial sex I not condemn,
For liking those, who copy them.
Wou'd'st thou the generous Lion bind,
By kindness bribe him to be kind;
Good offices their likeness get,
And payment lessens not the debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good, from others he receives:
Or for the bad makes fair return,
And pays, with interest, scorn for scorn.

FABLE XII.

THE COLT AND THE FARMER.

Tell me, Corinna, if you can,
Why so averse, so coy to man?
Did Nature, lavish of her care,
From her best pattern form you fair,
That you, ungrateful to her cause,
Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws?
And miser-like, withhold that store,
Which, by imparting, blesses more?
Beauty 's a gift, by Heav'n assign'd,
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And though by wasting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.
And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to rust, or time to steal?
The summer of your youth to rove,
A stranger to the joys of love?
Then, when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms;
No gratitude to warm his breast,
For blooming beauty, once possess'd;
How will you curse that stubborn pride,
Which drove your bark across the tide,
And sailing before folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind?
Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you, I write my tale.

A colt, for blood, and mettled speed,
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength, and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will:
In vain the master's forming care
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r;
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.
Where'er luxuriant Nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass,
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he cropp'd the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.
In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows invest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound;
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail,
His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.
As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise;

ıspect touch'd his heart with cheer,
omis'd kind deliv'rance near.
s, erst his scorn and hate,
w become his wish'd retreat;
sion cool, his pride forgot,
er's welcome yard he sought.
naster saw his woful plight,
os, that totter'd with his weight,
endly, to the stable led,
him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
ful ease all night he lay;
ants rose at break of day;
rket calls. Along the road
t must bear the pond'rous load;
he struggles, or complains,
it blows reward his pains.
ow varies but his toil;
to the plough, he breaks the soil;
eanty meals, at night, repay
iful labours of the day.
i'd by toil, with anguish rent,
upbraidings found a vent.
h that I am!" he sighing said,
ogance and folly led,
my restive youth been brought
the lesson Nature taught,
d I, like my sires of yore,
e from every courser bore;
ian bestow'd rewards, and praise,
ales crown'd my latter days.
ing servitude 's my lot,
i contemn'd, my speed forgot,
am I, for my pride, to bear
death, from year to year."

FABLE XIII.

THE

OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

the mistress' humour right,
r maids are clean and tight;
waits without her stays,
es but her lady's ways.
iss comes in with boist'rous shout,
s no curtsy going out,
ıpon 't, mamma is one,
ds, or drinks too much alone.
ed beer her thirst assuage,
enthusiastic rage,
s with ardour to inherit
, and workings of the spirit,
g crack her giddy brains,
ly, but death, remains.
he various ills of life,
re sweet, to such a wife.
superior wit she vaunts,
her husband with his wants;
ed offspring all around,
are wallowing on the ground:
ever of control,
s no order, but of soul;
s her litter'd floor is spread,
ss authors, never read;
, petticoats, and lace
e intermediate space.
t visitings, her tongue
till, and always wrong;
All meanings she defines away,
And stands, with truth and sense, at bay.
If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds Contentment's temple there,
She starts at such mistakes in Nature,
And cries, "Lord help us! what a creature!"
Melissa, if the moral strike,
You 'll find the fable not unlike.

An Owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
And rummag'd every grocer's shop;
At pastry-cooks was known to ply,
And strip, for science, every pie.
For modern poetry and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ;
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treasures were his own;
To all his authors had access,
And sometimes would correct the press.
In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
You 'd swear him fellow of a college;
Alike to every art and science,
His daring genius bid defiance,
And swallow'd wisdom, with that haste,
That cits do custards at a feast.
Within the shelter of a wood,
One ev'ning, as he musing stood,
Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
A Nightingale began his lay.
Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
And, screeching, interrupts the song.
"Pert, busy thing, thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplation soar.
What is the music of thy voice,
But jarring dissonance and noise?
Be wise. True harmony, thou 'lt find,
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.
Go read the authors Pope explodes,
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes,
With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning Henley writ;
And, if thou needs must sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men;
So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind."
"Thou wretch," the little warbler cry'd,
"Made up of ignorance and pride,
Ask all the birds, and they 'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan,
Science was only meant for man.
No useless authors me molest,
I mind the duties of my nest;
With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their ev'nings with a song.
"Thus, following Nature, and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applause;
While, nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
An Owl is scorn'd alike by both."

END OF FABLES FOR THE LADIES.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A HYMN TO POVERTY.

O Poverty! thou source of human art,
Thou great inspirer of the poet's song!
In vain Apollo dictates, and the Nine
Attend in vain, unless thy mighty hand
Direct the tuneful lyre. Without thy aid
The canvass breathes no longer. Music's charms,
Uninfluenc'd by thee, forget to please:
Thou giv'st the organ sound; by thee the flute
Breathes harmony; the tuneful viol owns
Thy pow'rful touch. The warbling voice is thine:
Thou gav'st to Nicolini every grace,
And every charm to Farinelli's song.
By thee the lawyer pleads. The soldier's arm
Is nerv'd by thee. Thy pow'r the gownman feels,
And, urg'd by thee, unfolds Heav'n's mystic truths.
The haughty fair, that swells with proud disdain,
And smiles at mischiefs, which her eyes have made,
Thou humblest to submit and bless mankind.
Hail, pow'r omnipotent! Me uninvok'd
Thou deign'st to visit, far, alas! unfit
To bear thy awful presence. O, retire!
At distance let me view thee; lest, too nigh,
I sink beneath the terrours of thy face!

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O thou, for whom my lyre I string,
Of whom I speak, and think, and sing!
Thou constant object of my joys,
Whose sweetness every wish employs!
Thou dearest of thy sex attend,
And hear the lover and the friend.

Fear not the poet's flatt'ring strain;
No idle praise my verse shall stain;
The lowly numbers shall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart,
Nor humble modesty offend,
And part the lover from the friend.

Not distant is the cruel day,
That tears me from my hopes away;
Then frown not, fairest, if I try
To steal the moisture from your eye,
Or force your heart a sigh to send,
To mourn the lover and the friend.

No perfect joy my life e'er knew,
But what arose from love and you;
Nor can I fear another pain
Than your unkindness or disdain:
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the lover and the friend.

Whole years I strove against the flame,
And suffer'd ills, that want a name;
Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept;
Till grown unable to contend,
I own'd the lover and the friend.

I saw you still. Your gen'rous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part;
Yet while your eyes with pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd,
But mildly bid me cease to blend
The name of lover with the friend.

Sick with desire, and mad with pain,
I seek for happiness in vain:
Thou lovely maid, to thee I cry,
Heal me with kindness, or I die!
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the lover and the friend.

Curs'd be all wealth that can destroy
My utmost hope of earthly joy!
Thy gifts, O Fortune! I resign,
Let her and poverty be mine!
And every year that life shall lend,
Shall bless the lover and the friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive
To keep a dying hope alive;
The last sad remedy remains,
'Tis absence that must heal my pains,
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the lover from the friend.

Vain thought! though seas between us roll,
Thy love is rooted in my soul;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart.
And Death's decisive stroke must end
At once the lover and the friend.

SONGS.

SONG I.

Thus I said to my heart, in a pet t' other day,
"I had rather be hang'd than go moping this way;
No throbbings, no wishes your moments employ,
But you sleep in my breast without motion or joy.

"When Chloe perplex'd me 'twas sweeter by half,
And at Thais's wiles I could often-times laugh;
Your burnings and achings I strove not to cure,
Though one was a jilt, and the other a whore.

"When I walk'd up the Mall, or stroll'd through the street,
Not a petticoat brush'd me, but then you could beat,
Or if bang went the hoop against corner or post,
In the magical round you were sure to be lost.

"But now if a nymph goes as naked as Eve,
Like Adam, unfallen, you never perceive;
Or the seat of delight if the tippet should hide,
You tempt not my fingers to draw it aside.

"Is it caution, or dread, or the frost of old age,
That inclines you with beauty no more to engage?
Tell me quickly the cause, for it makes me quite mad,
In the summer's gay season to see you so sad."

"Have a care," quoth my heart, "how you tempt me to stray;
He that hunts down a woman, must run a d——d way;
Like a hare she can wind, or hold out with the fox,
And, secure in the chase, her pursuers she mocks.

I burnt with an innocent flame,
the music that breath'd out her name;
ers flew over the castles I built,
me a fool, and my goddess a jilt.

s, the wanton, my wishes employ'd,
l one repair'd what the cruel destroy'd:
ch, I liv'd in a furnace of fire,
im, was scorch'd and compell'd to retire.

once more, I forgot all my pain,
ed, and burnt, and bedevil'd again;
oat fring'd, or the heel of a shoe,
you by day-light, but at it I flew.

d, and wounded, and burnt to a coal,
treated again to be whole;
es, ever open to lead me astray,
l a new face, and command me away.

nber, in whatever flames I may burn,
ly to ask for, or wish my return:
is, nor Chloe, again shall inflame,
ph more provoking than all you can
e."

ith a bound from my bosom he flew;
these eyes saw him posting to you;
your wit, he grows fond of his chain,
shall never possess him again.

SONG II.

COLLIN.

e winds, and attentive, ye swains,
nvites, and replies to my strains;
er rose on, search all the world through,
so blest, or a fair one so true.

PHEBE.

, ye streams, O ye nymphs, round me
ng,
ommands, and attends to my song;
e world over, you never can find
blest, or a shepherd so kind.

BOTH.

e the Sun, that gives light to the year,
t of blessings that life can endear;
es it brightens, drives sorrow away,
the night, and enlivens the day.

COLLIN.

beside me, the seasons how gay!
er's bleak months seem as pleasant as
;
r's gay verdure springs still as she treads,
nd nightingales sing through the meads.

PHEBE.

n is absent 'tis Winter all round,
the sunshine, how barren the ground!
e linnet and nightingale's song,
oarse raven croak all the day long.

BOTH.

e the Sun, &c.

COLLIN.

O'er hill, dale, and valley, my Phebe and I
Together will wander, and love shall be by:
Her Collin shall guard her safe all the long day,
And Phebe at night all his pains shall repay.

PHEBE.

By moonlight, when shadows glide over the plain,
His kisses shall cheer me, his arm shall sustain;
The dark haunted grove I can trace without fear,
Or sleep in a church-yard, if Collin is near.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the Sun, &c.

COLLIN.

Ye shepherds that wanton it over the plain,
How fleeting your transports, how lasting your pain!
Inconstancy shun, and reward the kind she,
And learn to be happy of Phebe and me.

PHEBE.

Ye nymphs, who the pleasures of love never try'd,
Attend to my strains, and take me for your guide;
Your hearts keep from pride and inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy of Collin and me.

BOTH.

'Tis love, like the Sun, that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life can endear;
Our pleasures it brightens, drives sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enlivens the day.

SONG III.

As Phillis the gay, at the break of the day,
  Went forth to the meadows a maying,
A clown lay asleep by a river so deep,
  That round in meanders was straying.

His bosom was bare, and for whiteness so rare,
  Her heart it was gone without warning,
With cheeks of such hue, that the rose wet with dew,
  Ne'er look'd half so fresh in a morning.

She cull'd the new hay, and down by him she lay,
  Her wishes too warm for disguising;
She play'd with his eyes, till he wak'd in surprise,
  And blush'd like the Sun at his rising.

She sung him a song, as he lean'd on his prong,
  And rested her arm on his shoulder;
She press'd his coy cheek to her bosom so sleek,
  And taught his two arms to infold her.

The rustic grown kind, by a kiss told his mind,
  And call'd her his dear and his blessing:
Together they stray'd, and sung, frolic'd, and play'd,
  And what they did more there 's no guessing.

SONG IV.

HE.

Let rakes for pleasure range the town,
  Or misers doat on golden guineas,
Let plenty smile, or fortune frown,
  The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

SHE.

Let wanton maids indulge desire,
How soon the fleeting pleasure gone is!
The joys of virtue never tire,
And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

BOTH.

Together let us sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to-day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE.

Let roving swains young hearts invade,
The pleasure ends in shame and folly;
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd
The poor, believing, simple Molly.

SHE.

So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
And laugh'd at harmless maids who marry;
But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,
And chides too late her faithless Harry.

BOTH.

But we 'll together sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is;
The priest shall tie the knot to day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

HE.

By cooling streams our flocks we 'll feed,
And leave deceit to knaves and ninnies;
Or fondly stray where love shall lead,
And every joy be mine and Jenny's.

SHE.

Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,
The constant heart is always bonny;
Content, and peace, and sweet delight,
And love shall live with me and Johnny.

BOTH.

Together still we 'll sport and play,
And live in pleasure where no sin is:
The priest shall tie the knot to day,
And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

SONG V.

STAND round, my brave boys, with heart and with voice,
And all in full chorus agree;
We 'll fight for our king, and as loyally sing,
And let the world know we 'll be free.

CHORUS.

The rebels shall fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,
And Echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms, we 'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it, long live the king!

Then commerce once more shall bring wealth to our shore,
And plenty and peace bless the isle;
The peasant shall quaff off his bowl with a laugh,
And reap the sweet fruits of his toil.

CHORUS. The rebels, &c.

Kind love shall repay the fatigues of the day,
And melt us to softer alarms;
Coy Phillis shall burn at her soldier's return,
And bless the brave youth in her arms.

CHORUS.

The rebels shall fly, as with shouts we draw nigh,
And Echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms, we 'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it, long live the king!

SONG VI.

To make the wife kind, and to keep the house still,
You must be of her mind, let her say what she will;
In all that she does you must give her her way,
For tell her she 's wrong, and you lead her astray.

CHORUS.

Then, husbands, take care, of suspicion beware,
Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With confidence trust them, and be not such elves,
As to make by your jealousy horns for yourselves.

Abroad all the day if she chooses to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll sigh to come home;
The man she likes best, and longs most to get at,
Be sure to commend, and she 'll hate him for that.

CHORUS. Then, husbands, &c.

What virtues she has, you may safely oppose,
Whatever her follies are, praise her for those;
Applaud all her schemes that she lays for a man,
For accuse her of vice, and she 'll sin if she can.

CHORUS.

Then, husbands, take care, of suspicion beware,
Your wives may be true, if you fancy they are;
With confidence trust them, and be not such elves,
As to make by your jealousy horns for yourselves.

SONG VII.

DAMON.

HARK, hark, o'er the plains how the merry bells ring,
Asleep while my charmer is laid!
The village is up, and the day on the wing,
And Phillis may yet die a maid.

PHILLIS.

'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot away,
O, Damon, I 'm young and afraid;
To morrow, my dear, I 'll to church without fear,
But let me to night lie a maid.

DAMON.

The bridemaids are met, and mamma 's on the fret,
All, all my coy Phillis upbraid;
Come open the door, and deny me no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

PHILLIS.

Dear shepherd, forbear, and to morrow I swear,
To morrow I 'll not be afraid;
I 'll open the door, and deny you no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid.

DAMON.

hillis, no, on that bosom of snow
ht shall your shepherd be laid;
ing my dear shall be eas'd of her fear,
ieve she 's no longer a maid.

PHILLIS.

n the door, 'twas unbolted before,
ss silly Damon delay'd;
h let us go, and if there I say no,
ı let me die an old maid.

SONG VIII.

my's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
have boasted, and seek not to hide;
n her praises wherever I go,
· I'm in love, but I answer no, no.

g oft-times with what pleasure I see
om her hand, "I'll be with you at tea!"
t how it bounds, when I hear her below!
not 'tis love, for I answer no, no.

: me a song, and I echo each strain,
ry, Jenny! sweet Jenny, again!
· soft lips, as if there I could grow,
I'm in love, though I answer no, no.

me her faults, as she sits on my knee,
er, and swear she's an angel to me:
lder she taps, and still bids me think so;
ws but she loves, though she tells me, no
o?

is my temper, so dull am I grown,
her heart, but would conquer my own:
m's soft peace shall I seek to o'erthrow,
to persuade, while I answer no, no?

uty, and wit, and good-humour, ah! why
rudence advise, and compel me to fly?
ities, O Fortune! make haste to bestow,
ne deserve her, or still I say no.

SONG IX.

me I'm handsome, I know not how true,
, and chatty, and good-humour'd too;
lips are as red as the rose-bud in June,
voice, like the nightingale's, sweetly in
me:
as been told me by twenty before,
at would win me, must flatter me more.

from virtue receive no supply,
e from prudence, how wanting am I!
nd good-humour short raptures will bring,
voice, like the nightingale's, know but a
ring.
as such as these then, your praises give o'er,
ne for life, you must love me for more.

to me not of a shape or an air,
, the wanton, can rival me there:
e alone that makes beauty look gay,
tens good-humour, as sunshine the day;
f you love me, your flame shall be true,
my turn, may be taught to love too.

SONG X.

How blest has my time been, what days have I
known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jesse my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Through walks, grown with woodbines, as often we
stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play;
How pleasing their sport is the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jesse and me.

To try her sweet temper sometimes am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
Though painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and smiles.

What though on her cheek the rose loses its hue,
Her ease and good-humour bloom all the year
through;
Time still as he flies brings increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat with false vows the too credulous fair,
In search of true pleasure how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

SONG XI.

HARK! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb!
"Come, Lucy," it cries, "come away!
The grave of thy Collin has room,
To rest thee beside his cold clay."
"I come, my dear shepherd, I come;
Ye friends and companions, adieu;
I haste to my Collin's dark home,
To die on his bosom so true."

All mournful the midnight bell rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy arose;
And forth to the green-turf she sprung,
Where Collin's pale ashes repose.
All wet with the night's chilling dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all around.

"How long, my lov'd Collin," she cry'd,
"How long must thy Lucy complain?
How long shall the grave my love hide?
How long ere it join us again?
For thee thy fond shepherdess liv'd,
With thee o'er the world would she fly,
For thee has she sorrow'd and griev'd,
For thee would she lie down and die.

"Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain!
Her face like the lily so fair,
And eyes that gave light to the plain!
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,
That face and those eyes charm no more,
And Lucy forgot and alone,
To death shall her Collin deplore."

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to the Echoes around;
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadful the ground:
"I hear the kind call, and obey,
Oh, Collin, receive me," she cry'd!
Then breathing a groan o'er his clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone and dy'd.

SONG XII.

INTRODUCED IN THE AUTHOR'S FOUNDLING.

For a shape and a bloom, and an air and a mien,
Myrtilla was brightest of all the gay green;
But artfully wild, and affectedly coy,
Those her beauties invited, her pride would destroy.

By the flocks as she stray'd with the nymphs of the vale,
Not a shepherd but woo'd her to hear her soft tale;
Though fatal the passion, she laugh'd at the swain,
And return'd with neglect, what she heard with disdain.

But beauty has wings and too hastily flies,
And love unrewarded, soon sickens and dies.
The nymph cur'd by time of her folly and pride,
Now sighs in her turn for the bliss she denied.

No longer she frolics it wide o'er the plain,
To kill with her coyness the languishing swain;
So humbled her pride is, so softened her mind,
That, though courted by none, she to all would be kind.

SONG XIII.

INTRODUCED IN THE AUTHOR'S GAMESTER.

When Damon languish'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The moments of delight how sweet!
But ah! how swift they flew!
The sunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden and the grove,
Have echo'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endless love.

The conquest gain'd, he left his prize,
He left her to complain;
To talk of joy with weeping eyes,
And measure time by pain.
But Heaven will take the mourner's part,
In pity to despair;
And the last sigh that rends the heart,
Shall waft the spirit there.

THE NUN;

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

Of Constance holy legends tell,
The softest sister of the cell;
None sent to Heav'n so sweet a cry,
Or roll'd at mass so bright an eye.
No wanton taint her bosom knew,
Her hours in heav'nly vision flew,
Her knees were worn with midnight pray'rs,
And thus she breath'd divinest airs.

AIR.

In hallow'd walks, and awful cells,
Secluded from the light and vain,
The chaste-ey'd maid with virtue dwells,
And solitude, and silence reign.
The wanton's voice is heard not here,
To Heav'n the sacred pile belongs;
Each wall returns the whisper'd pray'r,
And echoes but to holy songs.

RECITATIVE.

Alas, that pamper'd monks should dare
Intrude where sainted vestals are!
Ah, Francis! Francis! well I weet
Those holy looks are all deceit.
With shame the Muse prolongs her tale,
The priest was young, the nun was frail,
Devotion faulter'd on her tongue,
Love tun'd her voice, and thus she sung.

AIR.

"Alas, how deluded was I,
To fancy delights as I did!
With maidens at midnight to sigh,
And love, the sweet passion, forbid!
O, father! my follies forgive,
And still to absolve me be nigh;
Your lessons have taught me to live,
Come teach me, O! teach me to die!"

To her arms in a rapture he sprung,
Her bosom, half-naked, met his;
Transported in silence she hung,
And melted away at each kiss.
"Ah, father!" expiring she cry'd,
"With rapture I yield up my breath!"
"Ah, daughter!" he fondly reply'd,
"The righteous find comfort in death."

SOLOMON, A SERENATA:

SET TO MUSIC BY DR. BOYCE.

PART I.

CHORUS.

Behold, Jerusalem, thy king,
Whose praises all the nations sing!
To Solomon the Lord has giv'n
All arts and wisdom under Heav'n:
For him the tuneful virgin throng
Of Zion's daughters swell the song:
While young and old their voices raise,
And wake the Echoes with his praise.

RECITATIVE.

She. From the mountains, lo! he comes,
Breathing from his lips perfumes;
While zephyrs on his garments play,
And sweets through all the air convey.

AIR.

lovely shepherd, where
l'st at noon thy fleecy care?
e to the sweet retreat,
rds thee from the mid-day heat:
he flocks I lonely stray,
a guide, and lose my way:
st at noon, thy bleating care,
epherd, tell me where?

AIR.

irest of the virgin throng,
ou seek thy swain's abode?
ertile vale along
w-worn path the flocks have trod:
e prints their feet have made,
shall guide thee to the shade.

RECITATIVE.

s the rich apple, on whose boughs
t with streaky beauty glows,
e trees that shade the grove,
, among his sex, my love.

AIR.

his ample shade I lay,
from the sultry day;
g fruit my thirst assuag'd,
ch'd the fires that in me rag'd;
with the luscious taste,
l blest the sweet repast.

RECITATIVE.

ho quits the lily's fleecy white,
meaner flow'rs the sight?
the rose's stem untorn,
he blossom from the thorn?
thus thy beauties are;
my love among the fair.

AIR.

reetness, ever flowing,
er dropping lips distils;
n her cheeks are blowing,
r voice with music thrills.
o'er the spices flying,
g sweets from every tree,
sense with odours cloying,
e not half so sweet as she.

RECITATIVE.

et not my prince his slave despise,
ne with unheeding eyes.
the Sun's discolouring rays
s'd the lily from my face,
us sisters saw my bloom,
e me from my mother's home;
'd all the scorching day
de me in their vineyard stay.

AIR.

e me! my own, more dear,
alas! was not my care:
Love the fences broke,
the clusters from the stock,
er grasp the fruit destroy'd,
d, till the ravage cloy'd.

AIR.

He. Fair and comely is my love,
And softer than the blue-ey'd dove;
Down her neck the wanton locks
Bound like the kids on Gilead's rocks;
Her teeth like flocks in beauty seem,
New shorn, and dropping from the stream;
Her glowing lips by far outvie
The plaited threads of scarlet dye;
Whene'er she speaks the accents wound,
And music floats upon the sound.

RECITATIVE.

She. Forbear, O charming swain, forbear!
Thy voice enchants my list'ning ear;
And while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My flutt'ring heart with love o'erflows,
The shades of night hang o'er my eyes,
And every sense within me dies.

AIR.

O fill with cooling juice the bowl!
Assuage the fever in my soul!
With copious draughts my thirst remove,
And sooth the heart that's sick of love.

PART II.

RECITATIVE.

He. The cheerful Spring begins to day;
Arise, my fair-one, come away!

RECITATIVE.

She. Sweet music steals along the air——
Hark!——my beloved's voice I hear!

AIR.

He. Arise, my fair, and come away,
The cheerful Spring begins to day:
Bleak Winter's gone with all his train
Of chilling frosts, and dropping rain.
Amidst the verdure of the mead
The primrose lifts her velvet head:
The warbling birds, the woods among,
Salute the season with a song:
The cooing turtle in the grove
Renews his tender tale of love:
The vines their infant tendrils shoot:
The fig-tree bends with early fruit:
All welcome in the genial ray:
Arise, my fair, and come away!

CHORUS.

All welcome in the genial ray,
Arise, O fair one, come away!

DUET.

Together let us range the fields,
Impearled with the morning dew;
Or view the fruits the vineyard yields,
Or the apple's clust'ring bough:
There in close-embower'd shades.
Impervious to the noon-tide ray,
By tinkling rills, on rosy beds,
We'll love the sultry hours away.

RECITATIVE.

HE. How lovely art thou to the sight,
For pleasure form'd, and sweet delight!
Tall as the palm-tree is thy shape,
Thy breasts are like the clust'ring grape.

AIR.

Let me, love, thy bole ascending,
On the swelling clusters feed:
With my grasp the vine-tree bending,
In my close embrace shall bleed.
Stay me with delicious kisses,
From thy honey-dropping mouth;
Sweeter than the Summer breezes
Blowing from the genial South.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. O that a sister's specious name
Conceal'd from prying eyes my flame!
Uncensur'd then I'd own my love,
And chastest virgins should approve:
Then fearless to my mother's bed
My seeming brother would I lead:
Soft transports should the hours employ,
And the deceit should crown the joy.

AIR.

Soft! I adjure you, by the fawns
That bound across the flow'ry lawns,
Ye virgins, that ye lightly move,
Nor with your whispers wake my love!

RECITATIVE.

HE. My fair's a garden of delight,
Enclos'd and hid from vulgar sight;
Where streams from bubbling fountains stray,
And roses deck the verdant way.

AIR.

Softly arise, O southern breeze!
And kindly fan the blooming trees;
Upon my spicy garden blow,
That sweets from every part may flow.

CHORUS.

Ye southern breezes, gently blow,
That sweets from every part may flow.

PART III.

AIR.

HE. Arise, my fair, the doors unfold,
Receive me, shivering with the cold.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. My heart amidst my slumbers wakes,
And tells me my beloved speaks.

AIR.

HE. Arise, my fair, the doors unfold,
Receive me, shivering with the cold:
The chill-drops hang upon my head,
And night's cold dews my cheeks o'erspread:
Receive me, dropping, to thy breast,
And lull me in thy arms to rest.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. Obedient to thy voice I hie;
The willing doors wide open fly.

AIR.

Ah! whither, whither art thou gone?
Where is my lovely wand'rer flown?
Ye blooming virgins, as you rove,
If chance you meet my straying love,
I charge you tell him how I mourn,
And pant, and die for his return.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Who is thy love, O charming maid!
That from thy arms so late has stray'd?
Say what distinguish'd charms adorn,
And finish out his radiant form?

AIR.

SHE. On his face the vernal rose,
Blended with the lily, glows;
His locks are as the raven black,
In ringlets waving down his back;
His eyes with milder beauties beam,
Than billing doves beside the stream;
His youthful cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs;
His lips are of the rose's hue,
Dropping with a fragrant dew;
Tall as the cedar he appears,
And as erect his form he bears.
This, O ye virgins, is the swain,
Whose absence causes all my pain.

RECITATIVE.

HE. Sweet nymph, whom ruddier charms ad
Than open with the rosy morn;
Fair as the Moon's unclouded light,
And as the Sun in splendour bright;
Thy beauties dazzle from a-far,
Like glitt'ring arms that gild the war.

RECITATIVE.

SHE. O take me! stamp me on thy breast!
Deep let the image be imprest!
For Love, like armed Death, is strong,
Rudely he drags his slaves along:
If once to jealousy he turns,
With never-dying rage he burns.

DUET.

Thou soft invader of the soul!
O Love, who shall thy pow'r control!
To quench thy fires whole rivers drain,
Thy burning heat shall still remain.
In vain we trace the globe to try,
If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
The treasures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchase love.

CHORUS.

In vain we trace the globe to try,
If pow'rful gold thy joys can buy:
The treasures of the world will prove
Too poor a bribe to purchase love.

PROLOGUE TO GIL BLAS,

BY MR. WOODWARD, IN THE CHARACTER OF A CRITIC, WITH A CATCALL IN HIS HAND.

ou all ready? Here's your music! here[1]!
, sneak off, we'll tickle you, my dear.
llow stopp'd me in a hellish fright——
sir," says he, "must I be damn'd to-night?"
d! surely, friend—Don't hope for our compliance,
s, sir!—a second play's downright defiance.
ı once, poor rogue, we pitied your condition,
the true recipe—for repetition.
, sir," says he, "e'en as you please, so then
er trouble you with plays again."
rkee, poet!—won't you though? says I.
honour."—Then we'll damn you, let me die.

[1] Blowing his catcall.

Sha'n't we, my bucks? Let's take him at his word—
Damn him—or by my soul, he'll write a third.
The man wants money, I suppose—but mind ye——
Tell him you've left your charity behind ye.
A pretty plea, his wants, to our regard!
As if we bloods had bowels for a bard!
Besides, what men of spirit, now-a-days,
Come to give sober judgments of new plays?
"It argues some good-nature to be quiet—"
Good-nature! Ay—but then we lose a riot.
The scribbling fool may beg and make a fuss,
'Tis death to him—What then?—'Tis sport to us.
Don't mind me though—for all my fun and jokes,
The bard may find us bloods good-natur'd folks;
Not crabbed critics—foes to rising merit——
Write but with fire—and we'll applaud with spirit—
Our author aims at no dishonest ends,
He knows no enemies, and boasts some friends;
He takes no methods down your throats to cram it;
So if you like it, save it; if not——damn it.

THE

POEMS

OF

JAMES CAWTHORN.

THE

LIFE OF CAWTHORN.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

A FEW scanty memoirs of Mr. Cawthorn were inserted in the last edition of Dr Johnson's English Poets, 1790. To these I am now enabled to make some addition from a letter written by Mr. Goodwin of Sheffield, and printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1791, but the account is still meagre and unsatisfactory.

James Cawthorn, the son of Thomas Cawthorn, upholsterer and cabinet-maker in Sheffield, by Mary, daughter of Mr. Edward Langhton, of Gainsborough, was born at Sheffield, Nov. 4, 1719. His early inclination to letters, joined to a sprightly turn and quick apprehension, induced his parents to send him to the grammar-school of Sheffield then superintended by the rev. Mr. Robinson. Here he made a considerable proficiency in classical learning, and became so soon ambitious of literary fame as to attempt a periodical paper, entitled The Tea Table, but was discouraged by his father, who probably thought that he was too young for an observer of men and manners, and too ignorant of the world to become its adviser. The name of his paper he might have borrowed from Mrs. Haywood, who was the ostensible author of The Tea Table, about the years 1724 and 1725, in which she was supported by some of the political writers of that day.

In 1735, Mr. Cawthorn was removed to the grammar-school at Kirkby Lonsdale in Westmoreland, where he made his first poetical attempts, several of which are said to be still extant in his hand-writing; three of these were admitted into the edition of his works published in 1771, but one of them proved to be a production of Mr. Christopher Pitt. In 1736, however, he published at Sheffield a poem entitled The Perjured Lover, formed on a lesser poem, which he wrote about that time, on the popular story of Inkle and Yarico. This has been consigned to oblivion. In the same year he appears to have been employed as an assistant under the rev. Mr. Christian, of Rotheram. In 1758, he was matriculated of Clare-Hall Cambridge, but his name is not to be found among the graduates, nor can we learn how long he pursued his academical studies. When promoted to the school of Tunbridge, he had obtained the degree of M. A. probably from some northern university.

After he left Cambridge, he came to the metropolis, and was for some time assistant to Mr. Clare, master of an academy in Soho Square, whose daughter, Mary, he married.

By her he had several children who all died in their infancy. He appears about this period to have taken orders, and in 1743 was elected master of Tunbridge school. In this situation he wrote the poetical exercises which were spoken by the young gentlemen on the annual visitations of the company of Skinners, who are the patrons of the school. These exercises form a considerable, and perhaps the best part of his printed works. On April 15th, 1761, he was killed by a fall from his horse, and was buried in Tunbridge church. Over his remains is the following inscription:

Hic situs est
JACOBUS CAWTHORN, A. M.
Scholæ Tunbrigiensis magister,
Qui juventuti tum moribus tum literis instituenda
Operam magno non sine honore dedit.
Opibus, quas largâ manu distribuit,
Fruitur, et in æternum fruetur.
Obiit, heu citius! Aprilis 15, 1761,
Ætatis 40.
Soror mœsta ex grato animo hoc posuit.

It is recorded as something very remarkable, that he had appointed Virgil's fifth eclogue to be recited at the approaching visitation of the Skinners' Company.

His acquired knowledge must have been very considerable, as his allusions to various branches of the sciences and of polite literature are frequent, and bespeak a familiarity with the subject: yet his literary talents, it is said, bore a small proportion to his moral excellence. In all the relative duties his conduct was virtuous, humane, and affectionate. We are more in the dark as to his behaviour as a schoolmaster. Mr. Goodwin intimates that he supported his character by that happy mixture of dignity and kindness which is supposed to render severity unnecessary; but in the short sketch of his life, in the last edition of the English poets, we are told, that, although generous and friendly in the common intercourse of life, he was singularly harsh and severe in the conduct of his school. From the same authority we learn, that he had some extraordinary foibles. With little skill in horsemanship, he was fond of riding, and with no acquaintance with music, he was an admirer of concerts and operas. He has been known to ride to London from Tunbridge, in order to be present at a musical performance, though he was under the necessity of being back by seven o'clock the next morning. His horsemanship may be given up: but his knowledge of the fine arts was so general that it is difficult to believe that he was ignorant of the principles of music. To the school, he was in one respect an useful benefactor. In conjunction with his patrons, he founded a library now annexed to it.

In 1746 he published his Abelard to Eloisa, and two occasional sermons, one in 1745 preached at St. Margaret's church, Westminster, at the election of two burgesses; the other in 1748, preached at St. Antholin's, before the Skinners' Company, whose hall is situated in that parish. These, with The Perjured Lover, were the only pieces published in his lifetime. In 1771, his poems were collected in an octavo volume, and printed by subscription, but without any account of the author, or much attention to his memory. Several trifling pieces were included, which he would probably have rejected.

As a poet, he displays considerable variety of power, yet perhaps he is rather to be placed among the ethical versifiers, than ranked with those who have attempted with success the higher flights of genius. As an imitator of Pope, he is superior to most of

those who have formed themselves in that school, yet his imitations are often so close as to appear the effect rather of memory than of judgment. His Abelard to Eloisa was a bold, and, if I mistake not, a confident attempt; yet we miss the impassioned bursts and glowing scenes, true to nature and feeling, which have placed the Eloisa of Pope beyond all reach of competition. There is a dignity and consistency in Eloisa's sentiments and feelings which is never interrupted by familiarity of phrase. Cawthorn's Abelard vibrates so often between passion and penitence, that he seems to be quibbling with his conscience, or stating with mechanical repetition, the pro and con of sensuality and religion; and where Pope has failed in delicacy of allusion to Abelard's misfortune, Cawthorn has yet more frequently failed, by more frequently recurring to a subject which no language can render decent. It must be allowed, however, that there are in this composition many passages of energetic pathos, and some individual lines of striking beauty. His Epistle from Lady Jane Grey to Lord Dudley is another attempt in the heroic manner, in which he has been more successful: the subject was his own, and there is less of ambitious effort in treating it. His principal excellence, however, lies in solid reflection on men and manners, and in satirical pictures and allusions: here he has all the gaiety of the most favoured disciples of the Horatian school, and far more ease than in his other compositions. The Birth and Education of Genius, and Wit and Learning, are among the happiest allegories in our language: and The Regulation of the Passions, and Life unhappy, &c. are not less admirable for justness of sentiment and elegance of versification. It would be unjust not to point out A Father's Extempore Consolation, an exquisite little piece, written on the death of his twin-children.

POEMS

OF

JAMES CAWTHORN.

TO MISS ——,

OF HORSEMANDEN, IN KENT.

ıd Science trimm'd their wither'd bays,
ı voice, and beam'd with half their

-born genius, panting to explore
ɔlivion wish'd to live no more,
'd in grief's sad pomp array'd,
e melting mourner from the shade.
is woes, and kindling at his rage,
:ions glow'd from age to age;
age the soft infection ran,
ment the hermit in the man;
ıer crest, Ambition learn'd to sigh,
e Pity stream'd in every eye.
world's applause, yet fond to warm
ıat knows with Eloise to charm,
ırse to aid his native fire,
wildly lives along the lyre;
arious passions throb anew,
ıy fair, to steal a tear from you.
h temper, blest with skill to pour
:omfort on each social hour;
ɣ blushes, gentle as thy mien,
r folly, and too gay for spleen;
vin, to soften, to inspire,
music, and with wit to fire;
judgment tells thee how to please,
ı smiles, and majesty with ease;
ue as the Graces known,
ı love all merit but thy own!
thy honours, these will charms sup-

lear suns shall set in either eye;
ho, fond of dress, of paint, and place,
ɔe a goddess in the face;
sex illumines to despise,
thought, too pretty to be wise,
year fantastically vain,
r Fribbles dying in her train;
s beauty fades and passion cools,
coxcombs, and the jest of fools.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

FIRST PUBLISHED 1747.

THE ARGUMENT.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century: they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa: this occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion. Mr. Pope.

Ah! why this boding start? this sudden pain,
That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to vein!
What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell,
These earthborn visions saddening o'er my cell!
What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to glow,
These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow?
'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form restor'd,
Once a pure saint, and more than saints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing charms confess'd,
Glares through the gloom, and pours upon my breast,
Bids Heaven's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to misery and love.
Enjoy thy triumphs, dear illusion! see
This sad apostate from his God to thee;
See, at thy call, my guilty warmths return,
Flame through my blood, and steal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die;

The deadly charming sorceress control,
And, spite of Nature, tear her from thy soul.
Long has that soul, in these unsocial woods,
Where Anguish muses, and where Sorrow broods,
From Love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade.
Faith dropp'd a smile, Devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctified desire;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But, O! how weak fair faith and virtue prove
When Eloisa melts away in love!
When her fond soul, impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows through her pen as infant-softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstasies to me!
Ye Heavens! as walking in yon sacred fane,
With every seraph warm in every vein,
Just as remorse had rous'd an aching sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name;
The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
Prophetic tremours shook the hallow'd shrine;
Priests, censers, altars, from thy genius fled,
And Heav'n itself shut on me while I read.
Dear smiling Mischief! art thou still the same,
The still pale victim of too soft a flame?
Warm as when first, with more than mortal shine,
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy soul with mine?
Have not thy tears, for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hovering o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast,
Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?
And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
To Love's dread shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms.
No—fly me, fly me, spread th' impatient sail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
Skim the vast ocean, freeze beneath the pole,
Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy soul;
Fly, fly, for Justice bares the arm of God,
And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.
Are these thy wishes? can they thus aspire?
Does phrenzy form them, or does grace inspire?
Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel?
Teach thy enamour'd spirit to disown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone?
Ah! rather let my tenderest accents move
The last wild accents of unholy love;
On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouse all my passions, act my joys anew.
Farewell, ye cells! ye martyr'd saints! adieu!
Sleep, conscience! sleep, each awful thought be drown'd,
And seven-fold darkness veil the scene around.
What means this pause, this agonizing start,
This glimpse of Heav'n quick rushing through my heart?
Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd——
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade:
Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky.
O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
And Hell's black caverns swallow up my soul.

Return, ye hours! when, guiltless of a stain,
My strong-plum'd genius throbb'd in every vein;
When, warm'd with all th' Egyptian fanes inspir'd,
All Athens boasted, and all Rome admir'd;
My merit in its full meridian shone,
Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye scenes!—Ah, no, from fancy fly,
On Time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die.
Eternal fly; since all that learning gave,
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save:
To Love's soft empire every wish betray'd,
And left my laurels withering in the shade.
Let me forget that, while deceitful Fame
Grasp'd her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy stronger charms, impower'd by Heav'n to move
Each saint, each blest insensible to love,
At once my soul from bright Ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone:
No more pale Science durst my thoughts engage,
Insipid dulness hung on every page;
The midnight-lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my spirit flew from maze to maze:
Thy glances bade Philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.
But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
Misshapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below;
Ungenial deserts, where no vernal show'r
Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flow'r;
Th' embrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
The night-born horrours brooding o'er my bed,
The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours;
Lean Abstinence, wan Grief, low-thoughted Care,
Distracting Guilt, and, Hell's worst fiend, Despair,
Conspire in vain, with all the aids of Art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.
Delusive, sightless god of warm desire!
Why would'st thou wish to set a wretch on fire?
Why lives thy soft divinity where Woe
Heaves the pale sigh, and Anguish loves to glow?
Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,
Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale;
Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,
Where ev'ry moment steals the wing of joy:
There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
Devoted slaves, and victims all thy own;
Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.
O Memory! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live,
Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore!
What griefs I suffer'd! and what pangs I bore!
How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
An heart that panted to be still a slave!
When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love and flame,
Seiz'd every sense, and burnt through all my frame;
From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed.
There, while these venerable cloisters rise
O'er the bleak surge, and gain upon the skies,
My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all her sad vicissitudes of woe;
Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horrour in my eye,
With ceaseless pray'rs, the whole artill'ry given
To win the mercies of offended Heav'n,

ll, made vocal, echoed all around,
ıy torn breast knock'd bleeding on the ground.
t, alas! though all my moments fly,
by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh,
meagre fasts have on my cheeks display'd
ık of Death, and sunk me to a shade,
myself the still-empoisoning dart
through my blood, and drinks up all my
rs and wishes wildly disagree, [heart:
ıce itself mistakes my God for thee.
art the glooms that wrap the midnight-sky,
iisa steals upon my eye;
r rises in the solar ray,
tom brighter than the blaze of day.
er I go, the visionary guest
n my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
round my heart in luxury of joy;
oud Hosannas shake the shrines around,
her softer accents in the sound;
l-beauties on each altar glare,
av'n much-injur'd has but half my pray'r:
s can drive her hence, no pangs control,
ry object brings her to my soul.
night, reclining on yon airy steep,
y eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
athless whirlwinds slept in ev'ry cave,
soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
rmer bliss in this bright mirror seen,
ll my glories, dawn'd upon the scene,
d the dear auspicious hour anew,
my fond soul to Eloisa flew;
with keen speechless agonies oppress,
ntic lover snatch'd thee to his breast,
n thy blushes, arm'd with every grace,
r the goddess beaming in thy face;
y wild, trembling, ardent wishes move
ulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
! the winds descend, the billows roar,
o the clouds, and burst upon the shore,
als of thunder o'er the ocean roll, [pole.
me-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to
the pleasing images withdrew,
ore than horrours crowded on my view:
cle's form, in all his ire array'd,
y dreadful, stalk'd along the shade:
by his sword I sunk upon the ground,
ctre ghastly smil'd upon the wound:
p of black infernals round me hung,
s'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.
sted wretch! how impotent thy age!
ak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
f thyself, inhuman as thou art,
ırdering hand has left me all my heart;
each tender, fond affection warm,
to tremble, and an eye to charm.
el, cruel, exquisite in ill!
ought'st it dull barbarity to kill;
ıth had robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
arcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile:
er furies taught thy soul to glow
ll their savage mysteries of woe;
thy unfeeling poniard to destroy
wers of Nature, and the source of joy;
tch me on the racks of vain desire,
assion throbbing, and each wish on fire;
enjoy, unable to be blest,
in my veins, and Hell within my breast.
ne, fair Faith! assist me, Grace divine!
tyrs! bless me; and, ye saints! refine:

Ye sacred groves! ye heav'n-devoted walls!
Where Folly sickens, and where Virtue calls;
Ye vows! ye altars! from this bosom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguish there:
Oblivion! be thy blackest plume display'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade;
And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend
While awful Reason whispers in the friend.
Friend, did I say? Immortals! what a name!
Can dull, cold Friendship own so wild a flame?
No; let thy lover, whose enkindling eye
Shot all his soul between thee and the sky,
Whose warmth bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd [song
Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now strongly rouse, while Heav'n his zeal inspires,
Diviner transports, and more holy fires;
Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.
Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By angels guarded, and by vows secur'd,
To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
And Hope, pale Sorrow's last sad refuge, fled;
Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er false joys, and hug th' ideal chain?
Say, canst thou wish that madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew?
Ye Heavens! if, to this tender bosom woo'd,
Thy mere idea harrows up my blood;
If one faint glimpse of Eloise can move
The fiercest, wildest agonies of love;
What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight?
Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
And learn to be an abbess in thy heart.
See, while Devotion's ever melting strain
Pours the loud organ through the trembling fane,
Yon pious maids each earthly wish disown,
Kiss the dread cross, and crowd upon the throne:
O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
Their warmths inspirit, and their virtues mend:
Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
The cherub's meekness, and the seraph's zeal;
To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
In dreams of Heav'n, and lead thyself the way;
Till all the glories of the blest abode
Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God.
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
Th' Eternal Spirit o'er thy cell shall move
In the soft image of the mystic dove:
The longest gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing;
At once remove affliction from thy breast,
Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.
O that my soul, from Love's curst bondage free,
Could catch the transports that I urge to thee!
O that some angel's more than magic art
Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart!
Extinguish every guilty sense, and leave
No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave.
Vain, fruitless wish! still, still the vig'rous flame
Bursts, like an earthquake, through my shatter'd [frame;
Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiv'n,
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heav'n.
Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from Earth and give me to the sky;

Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
And when, low-bending at the hallow'd shrine,
Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resign;
When pitying Heav'n, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light, and bids thee live;
Seize on th' auspicious moment ere it flee,
And ask the same immortal boon for me.
Then when these black terrific scenes are o'er,
And rebel Nature chills the soul no more;
When on thy cheek th' expiring roses fade,
And thy last lustres darken in the shade;
When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully slow from vein to vein,
Pale Death shall set my kindred spirit free,
And these dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
Some pious friend, whose wild affections glow
Like ours in sad similitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender, sympathizing tear,
Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;
Our lifeless relics in one tomb enshrine,
And teach thy genial dust to mix with mine.
Meanwhile, divinely purg'd from every stain,
Our active souls shall climb th' ethereal plain,
To each bright cherub's purity aspire,
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire;
There, where no face the glooms of anguish wears,
No uncle murders, and no passion tears,
Enjoy with Heav'n eternity of rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

AN ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF CAPTAIN HUGHES,

A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

VAIN were the task to give the soul to glow,
The nerve to kindle, and the verse to flow;
When the fond mourner, hid from every eye,
Bleeds in the anguish of too keen a sigh;
And, lost to glory, lost to all his fire,
Forgets the poet ere he grasps the lyre.
Nature! 'tis thine with manly warmth to mourn
Expiring Virtue, and the closing urn;
To teach, dear seraph! o'er the good and wise
The dirge to murmur, and the bust to rise.
Come then, O guiltless of the tear of art!
Sprung from the sky, and thron'd within the heart!
O come, in all the pomp of grief array'd,
And weep the warrior, whilst I grace the shade.
'Tis o'er—the bright delusive scene is o'er,
And War's proud visions mock the soul no more;
The laurel fades, th' imperial car retires,
All youth ennobles, and all worth admires.
Alas! my Hughes! and must this mourning verse
Resign thy triumph to attend thy hearse!
Was it for this that Friendship's genial flame
Woke all my wishes from the trance of Fame?
Was it for this I left the hallow'd page,
Where every science beams of every age;
On thought's strong pinion rang'd the martial scene,
From Rome's first Caesar to the great Eugene;
Explor'd th' embattled van, the deep'ning line,
Th' enambush'd phalanx, and the springing mine;
Then, pale with horrour, bent the suppliant knee,
And heav'd the sigh, and dropp'd the tear for thee!
What boots it now, that when, with hideous roar,
The gath'ring tempest howl'd from ev'ry shore,
Some pitying angel, vigilant to save,
Spread all his plumes, and snatch'd thee from the wave?
Preserv'd thee sacred from the fell disease,
When the blue plague had fir'd th' autumnal breeze?
Ah! when my hero panted to engage
Where all the battle burst in all its rage;
Where dreadful flew the missive deaths around,
And the mad falchion blush'd from wound to wound;
Was he deny'd the privilege to bleed,
Sav'd on the main to fall upon the Tweed?
Ye Graces! tell with what address he stole
The listening ear, and open'd all the soul.
What though rough Winter bade his whirlwinds rise,
Hid his pale suns, and frown'd along his skies,
Pour'd the big deluge on the face of day,
My HUGHES was here to smile the gloom away,
With all the luxuries of sound to move
The pulse of glory, or the sigh of love;
And, spite of winter, lassitude, or pain,
Taught life and joy to throb in ev'ry vein.
Fancy! dear artist of the mental pow'r!
Fly,—fetch my genius to the social hour;
Give me again his glowing sense to warm,
His song to warble, and his wit to charm.
Alas! alas! how impotently true
Th' aërial pencil forms the scene anew!
E'en now, when all the vision beams around,
And my ear kindles with th' ideal sound——
Just as the smiles, the graces live imprest,
And all his image takes up all my breast——
Some gloomy phantom brings the awful bier,
And the short rapture melts into a tear.
Thus in the lake's clear crystal we descry
The bright diffusion of a radiant sky——
Reflected Nature sheds a milder green;
While half her forests float into the scene.
Ah! as we gaze the luckless zephyr flies,
The surface trembles, and the picture dies.
O blest with all that youth can give to please,
The form majestic, and the mien of ease,
Alike empower'd by Nature, and by Art,
To storm the rampart, and to win the heart;
Correct of manners, delicate of mind,
With spirit humble, and with truth refin'd;
For public life's meridian sunshine made,
Yet known to ev'ry virtue of the shade;
In war, while all the trumps of Fame inspire,
Each passion raving, and each wish on fire;
At home, without or vanity, or rage;
As soft as pity, and as cool as age.
These were thy virtues—these will still be just,
Light all their beams, and blaze upon thy dust;
While Pride in vain solemnity bequeaths
To Pow'r her statues, and to Guilt her wreaths:
Or, warm'd by faction, impudently flings
The price of nations on the urns of kings.

THE

EQUALITY OF HUMAN CONDITIONS:

A POETICAL DIALOGUE:

SPOKEN AT THE ANNUAL VISITATION OF TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL, 1746,

BY MESSRS. M— AND A—.

M——.

WHILE airy Belville, guiltless of a school,
Shines out a French edition of a fool,

his learned tailor once a week,
ses ev'ry syllable of Greek;
d think o'er all that Sparta fir'd,
hens boasted, and that Rome admir'd.
r'd Fancy, busied with the theme,
v'ry bright idea to a dream,
ll the charming pageantry anew,
ıgs at once each classic to my view.
ndly wild, I thunder in the war,
he keen spear, and mount th' imperial car;
ıring Regulus to Carthage run,
y bleed with Brutus in a son;
'asca-like, on Cæsar's gorgeous vest,
dly plant a dagger in his breast.
ftly-breathing all the Muse's fire,
he falchion, and I grasp the lyre;
ndar's pinion skim the blest abode,
e to charm Augustus with an ode.
: then, my Lelius! come, my joy and pride!
friendship soothes me, while thy precepts
guide;
hose quick eye has glanc'd through every age,
ev'ry scene, and studied ev'ry page;
ne, like thee, with ev'ry virtue blest,
h each eye, and steal to ev'ry breast;
to all that in each patriot shone,
ıke each hero's happiness my own.
shall I, with a triumph in my view,
air-dress'd goddess through each scene pur-
sue,
ous court her in the pomp of war,
mber every trophy by a scar?
with Solon, form the moral plan,
n to mould a savage to a man?
as'd to rival every Grecian sage,
Plato's sense, and copy Homer's rage.

A——.

ask me, sir! what few would care to give,
rave instructions how you ought to live.
ıh that envied blissful scene to find,
ıarms the taste, and dignifies the mind;
ɔbly mingles every art to please,
ns the majesty of life to ease.
: then, my friend! the doctrine I disclose,
as if display'd in pompous prose;
ocke's sacred hand the page had wrote,
ery doctor stamp'd it with a vote.
ɔts are equal, and all states the same,
ı merit, though unlike in name.
son's eye no difference lies between
oon-day lustres or her milder scene.
: the plate that dignifies the board,
the titles blazing round a lord;
t the splendid plume, th' embroider'd vest,
rgeous sword-knot, or the martial crest,
nds to life the smile, the jest, the glee,
ces his honour happier than me.
Florio's acres stretch'd o'er half the land,
d chariot roll'd him through the Strand:
d at last with humbler scenes to mix,
ɔk'd a speculative pipe at Dick's.
me great genius, in or out of pow'r—
nooth'd his brow, and soften'd ev'ry hour;
. him to live as happy in a shed,
n a duchess grac'd his nuptial bed.
ent's the port all mortals wish to hail:
nts the compass, and she guides the sail,
alone our leaky vessels roll
h all the seas that rage from pole to pole.

What boots it then, when gath'ring storms behind
Rise black in air, and howl in every wind,
That thy rich ship a pomp of pride display'd,
Her masts all cedar, and her sails brocade!
Say, canst thou think the tempest will discern
A silken cable, or a painted stern;
Hush the wild tumult that tornados bring,
And kindly spare a yacht that holds a king?
No, no, my friend! if skilful pilots guide,
And Heav'n auspicious calms the whirling tide,
No winds distress you, and no storm destroys,
Whether you sail in gondolas or boys.

M——.

What, has just Heav'n no slight distinction made
Betwixt a life of sunshine and of shade?
Must I, in silence, this wild system own,
And think a cottage equal to a throne?
Sure if I did, my friends would soon bestow
A few stout cords, and send me to Monro.
Your tailor, skill'd in fashion's every grace,
Decks you in all the pageantry of lace,
Lives in a cell, and eats, from week to week,
An homely meal of cabbage and ox-cheek.
You walk majestic in a nobler scene,
Guiltless of ev'ry anguish, but the spleen;
With all the luxury of statesmen dine
On daily feasts of ortolans and wine.
Then tell me, sir! if this description 's true,
Is not your tailor less at ease than you?
Hardwicke, great patriot! envy'd, lov'd, carest,
Mark'd by each eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breast;
Whose bright example learns us to admire
All Cowper's graces, and all Talbot's fire—
Firm to his trust, whatever bribes assail,
Truth guides his sword, and Justice holds his scale.
Say, is not he more happy than the throng
Of beardless templars melting o'er a song?
Than him, who, buried in a country town,
Engrosses half a folio for a crown.
Heroic Glory in the martial scene
Spread ev'ry plume to dignify Eugene—
On Marlbro's helmet sat, in all her pride,
And proudly frown'd at all the world beside.
And sure, you 'd think it a most sad disgrace,
If ensigns liv'd as easy as his grace.

A——.

Dear sir! restrain the prejudice of youth,
And calmly listen to the voice of Truth.
When first th' almighty Sire his work began,
And spoke the mingling atoms into man,
To all the race with gracious hand was giv'n
One common forest, and one equal Heav'n;
They shar'd alike this universal ball,
The sons of freedom, and the lords of all.
The poets too this sacred truth display'd,
From cloud-topt Pindus to the Latian shade.
They sung that ere Pandora, fond of strife,
Let loose each embryo-misery of life,
All Nature brighten'd in one golden age,
Each sire a monarch, and each son a sage;
Eternal blessings flow'd to all the race,
Alike in riches, as alike in place.
Suppose then, sir! that new distinctions since
Have plac'd a slave some leagues below a prince;
Yet Ease and Joy, dispassion'd Reason owns,
As often visit cottages as thrones.
See! in yon valley, while the mellowing grain
Embrowns the slope, and nods along the plain,

A crowd of rustics doom'd to daily toil,
Disarm the forest, or enrich the soil:
Not in that elegance of dress array'd
That charm'd Arcadia's hills, and Tempe's shade;
Where Thyrsis, shelter'd in some happier grove,
The lonely scene of solitude and love,
His breast all rapture, and his soul on fire,
Now wove the garland, and now swept the lyre:
No,—'tis plain Colin, Hobbinol, and Ned,
Unskill'd in numbers as in books unread,
Who scorn the winter's deadly blast to shun,
But face the storm, and drudge through ev'ry sun;
Then seek the cottage, where the homely bowl
Smooths ev'ry brow, and opens every soul;
Speeds the same social warmth from breast to breast,
And bids them laugh at Verres, and his crest.
When honest Colin sees the shining ball
That gilds the 'Change, and dignifies Whitehall;
Lost in the scenes of turbulence and strife,
The farce of grandeur and the pomp of life;
He steals impatient to his native shade,
And longs to grasp his waggon and his spade;
Heedless of ev'ry charm, of ev'ry grace,
That forms the goddess in Fitzwalter's face,
That lends to Finch her majesty of mien—
He would not change his Susan for a queen.
Believe me, sir! distinction, pomp, and noise,
Corrupt our tempers, as they cloud our joys:
And surely, when the social spirit 's broke,
A star 's a gewgaw, and a lord 's a joke.
Without those robes, those gorgeous bagatelles,
That deck our nobles, and that charm our belles;
Without a crane-neck'd chariot's smooth career,
Without the wealth of Indus in your ear;
Without a group of pictures dearly bought,
Where Titian's colours vie with Guido's thought;
Without the fruits of Spain, the wines of France,
Without an opera, and without a dance,
You may live happy, as grave doctors tell,
At Rome, at Tunbridge, in a grot, or cell.
From sky to sky th' imperial bird of Jove [love;
Spreads his broad wing, and thund'ring grasps his
The mighty bull, by genial Zephyr sway'd,
Enraptur'd courts his heifer to the shade;
The feather'd warblers pair on every spray,
The grove re-echoing with the sprightly lay;
While the gay tribe of insects blissful share
The joys of love, and people all the air.
All, all that in the depths of ocean lie,
Graze on the plain, or skim along the sky,
Fondly pursue the end by Nature giv'n,
Life all their aim, and quiet all their heav'n.
If then no songsters grudge the bear his thigh,
The hound his nostril, or the lynx his eye;
Nor feel a pang though Afric's shaggy brood
Majestic stalk the monarchs of the wood;
Why should you think your solitude a tomb,
If Pulteney has a title and a plumb?

M——.

But soft—restrain this turbulence of war,
This mimic image of the wordy bar;
Lest you should seem to copy Henly's lore,
Who gravely kills objections by the score.
Behold that wretch, by ev'ry woe distress'd,
Want in his eye, and horrour in his breast;
A thousand nameless agonies of pain
Rack ev'ry nerve, and burn through ev'ry vein;
He lives to suffer, and but speaks to moan,
And numbers every minute by a groan.
Is he then happy? blest with every joy
That glows on Cecil's cheek or Dorset's eye?
Shall we proclaim him blest, without rebuke,
And rank a martyr'd beggar with a duke?

A——.

Believe me, sir! each mortal has his fear,
Each soul an anguish, and each eye a tear;
Aches, pains, and fevers every breast assail,
And haunt alike the city and the vale.
What though in pomp your painted vessels roll,
Fraught with the gems that glare from pole to pole,—
Though health auspicious gilds your every grace,
Nerves the strong limb, and blushes o'er the face;
Though grac'd with all that dignity of wit
That charm'd in Villars, and now charms in Pitt;
Possess'd of all the eloquence that hung
On Tully's lip, and drops from Murray's tongue;
Though all the titles, coronets, and stars,
That statesmen aim at, and that Malton bears,
Enrich your 'scutcheon, dignify your crest,
Beam on your coach, and blaze upon your breast;
Can they forbid the secret ill to glow,
The pang to torture, or the tear to flow?
Confess we then that all the ills of life,
Diseases, grief, vexations, follies, strife,
Without distinction every soul perplex,
Haunt ev'ry scene, and prey on all the sex.
Yet let us own that every pleasure too
That glads the active, and that wings the slow,
Alike indulgent to the rich and poor,
Glides through the land, and knocks at ev'ry door.
Hear then, without the specious pride of art,
A truth that strikes the moral to the heart;
A truth that liv'd in Cato's patriot breast,
And bade a dying Socrates be blest:
All, all, but Virtue, is a school-boy's theme,
The air-dress'd phantom of a virgin's dream;
A gilded toy, that homebred fools desire,
That coxcombs boast of, and that mobs admire:
Her radiant graces every bliss unfold,
And turn whate'er she touches into gold.

THE

BIRTH AND EDUCATION OF GENIUS.

A TALE.

Yes, Harriet! say whate'er you can,
'Tis education makes the man:
Whate'er of Genius we inherit,
Exalted sense, and lively spirit,
Must all be disciplin'd by rules,
And take their colour from the schools.
'Twas Nature gave that cheek to glow,
That breast to rise in hills of snow,
Those sweetly-temper'd eyes to shine
Above the sapphires of the mine.
But all your more majestic charms,
Where grace presides, where spirit warms;
That shape which falls by just degrees,
And flows into the pomp of ease;
That step, whose motion seems to swim,
That melting harmony of limb,
Were form'd by Glover's skilful glance,
At Chelsea, when you learnt to dance.
'Tis so with man.—His talents rest
Misshapen embrios in his breast;

ucation's eye explores
ping intellectual pow'rs,
the dawn of wit and sense,
hts them into excellence.
depends the patriot-flame,
e ingenuous feel of fame,
nly spirit, brave and bold,
r to the taint of gold,
ad of infamy, the zeal
our, and the public weal,
those virtues which presage
ories of a rising age.
leaving all these graver things
esmen, moralists, and kings,
business 'tis such points to settle—
and bid Robin bring the kettle.
hile the Muse, whose sportive strain
ike her voluntary vein,
pudently dares aspire
e the wreath with Swift and Prior,
ell an allegoric tale,
truth lies hid beneath the veil.
e April morn as Phœbus play'd
ols in the Delphic shade,
ph, call'd Fancy, blithe and free,
r'rite child of Liberty,
as she rov'd about the plain,
ld enthusiastic strain;
ard, and led by warm desire,
w the artist of the lyre,
softly to a sweet alcove,
the umbrage of the grove,
eeping through the myrtle, saw
lsome, young, celestial beau,
ture's sopha stretch'd along,
g harmony, and song.
ruck with his fine majestic mien,
tain to be lov'd as seen,
re the melting air was o'er,
y'd, in ecstasy, 'Encore;'
hat a prude will think but odd,
l out, and curtsey'd to the god.
s, gallant, polite, and keen as
earth-born votary of Venus,
p, and with a graceful air,
s'd the visionary fair;
'd his morning dishabille,
lain'd of late he had been ill.
rt, he gaz'd, he bow'd, he sigh'd,
ng, he flatter'd, press'd, and ly'd,
such a witchery of art,
Fancy gave him all her heart,
atechism quite forgot,
aited on him to his grot.
n length of time she bore a son,
lliant as his sire the Sun.
ether was the vital ray
lighted up his finer clay;
Nymphs, the rosy-finger'd Hours,
Dryads of the woods and bow'rs,
Graces with their loosen'd zones,
Muses with their harps and crowns,
g Zephyrs of the softest wing,
Loves that wait upon the spring,
vith his gay associate Mirth,
ded at the infant's birth,
aid, 'Let Genius be his name,
his the fairest wreath of fame.'
he gossips gone, the christ'ning o'er,
Genius now 'twixt three and four,
Phœbus, according to the rule,
Resolv'd to send his son to school:
And, knowing well the tricks of youth,
Resign'd him to the matron Truth,
Whose hut, unknown to Pride and Pelf, was
Near his own oracle at Delphos.
The rev'rend dame, who found the child
A little mischievous, and wild,
Taught him at first to spell and read,
To say his prayers, and get his creed—
Wou'd often tell him of the sky,
And what a crime it is to lie.
She chid him when he did amiss,
When well, she bless'd him with a kiss.
Her sister Temp'rance, sage, and quiet,
Presided at his meals and diet:
She watch'd him with religious care,
And fed him with the simplest fare;
Wou'd never let the urchin eat
Of pickled pork, or butcher's meat.
But what of aliment earth yields
In gardens, orchards, woods, and fields;
Whate'er of vegetable wealth
Was cultur'd by the hand of Health,
She cropp'd and dress'd it, as she knew well,
In many a mess of soup and gruel;
And now and then, to cheer his heart,
Indulg'd him with a Sunday's tart.

"A lusty peasant chanc'd to dwell
Hard by the solitary cell:
His name was Labour.—Ere the dawn
Had broke upon the upland-lawn,
He hied him to his daily toil,
To turn the glebe, or mend the soil.
With him young Genius oft would go
O'er dreary wastes of ice and snow,
With rapture climb the cloud-topt hill,
Or wade across the shallow rill;
Or through th' entangled wood pursue
The footsteps of a straggling ewe.
By these fatigues he got at length
Robustness, and athletic strength,
Spirits as light as flies the gale
Along the lily-silver'd vale.
The cherub Health, of dimple sleek,
Sat radiant on his rosy cheek,
And gave each nerve's elastic spring
The vigour of an eaglet's wing.

"Time now had roll'd, with smooth career,
Our hero through his seventh year.
Though in a rustic cottage bred,
The busy imp had thought and read:
He knew th' adventures, one by one,
Of Robin Hood and Little John;
Cou'd sing with spirit, warmth, and grace,
The woful hunt of Chevy Chace;
And how St. George, his fiery nag on,
Destroy'd the vast Egyptian dragon.
Chief he admir'd that learned piece
Wrote by the fabulist of Greece,
Where Wisdom speaks in crows and cocks,
And Cunning sneaks into a fox.
In short, as now his op'ning parts,
Ripe for the culture of the arts,
Became in ev'ry hour acuter,
Apollo look'd out for a tutor;
But had a world of pains to find
This artist of the human mind.
For, in good truth, full many an ass was
Among the doctors of Parnassus,

Take not an academic saplin,
But, for your life, make S——n chaplain.
He's tall and solemn, soft and sleek,
Well read in Latin, and in Greek;
A proper man to tell the clerum
About Eusebius and St. Jerom;
And wou'd as soon a fiend embrace as
Give up a jot of Athanasius.
Then, as to what a bishop fleeces,
In procurations, fines, and leases,
And hoarding up a world of pelf,
You'll want no steward but yourself:
For, faith! your lordship has great skill in
The virtues of a splendid shilling;
And know, as well as Child and Hoare [2],
That two and two will make up four.

THE REGULATION OF THE PASSIONS

THE SOURCE OF

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A MORAL ESSAY.

SPOKEN AT THE ANNIVERSARY VISITATION OF THE TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL, 1755.

Dunque ne l' Uso per cui fur concesse
L' impieghi il soggio Duce, e le governi:
Et a suo Senno or tepide, or ardenti,
Le faccia: et or le affretti, et or le allenti.
Tasso.

Yes, yes, dear stoic! hide it as you can,
The sphere of pleasure is the sphere of man:
This warms our wishes, animates our toil,
And forms alike a Newton, or an Hoyle;
Gives all the soul to all the soul regards,
Whether she deal in planets, or in cards.
In every human breast there lives enshrin'd
Some atom pregnant with th' ethereal mind;
Some plastic pow'r, some intellectual ray,
Some genial sunbeam from the source of day;
Something that, warm and restless to aspire,
Works the young heart, and sets the soul on fire,
And bids us all our inborn pow'rs employ
To catch the phantom of ideal joy.
Were it not so, the soul, all dead and lost,
Like the tall cliff beneath th' impassive frost,
Form'd for no end, and impotent to please,
Wou'd lie inactive on the couch of Ease;
And, heedless of proud Fame's immortal lay,
Sleep all her dull divinity away.
And yet, let but a zephyr's breath begin
To stir the latent excellence within—
Wak'd in that moment's elemental strife,
Impassion'd genius feels the breath of life;
Th' expanding heart delights to leap and glow,
The pulse to kindle, and the tear to flow:
Strong and more strong the light celestial shines,
Each thought ennobles, and each sense refines,
Till all the soul, full op'ning to the flame,
Exalts to virtue what she felt for fame.
Hence, just as Nature points the kindred fire,
One plies the pencil, one awakes the lyre;
This, with an Halley's luxury of soul,
Calls the wild needle back upon the pole,
Maps half the winds, and gives the sail to fly
In ev'ry ocean of the arctic sky;
While he whose vast capacious mind explores
All Nature's scenes, and Nature's God adores,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides;
Expels, like Heberden, the young disease,
And softens anguish to the smile of ease.
The passions then all human virtue give,
Fill up the soul, and lend her strength to live.
To them we owe fair Truth's unspotted page,
The gen'rous patriot, and the moral sage;
The hand that forms the geometric line,
The eye that pierces through th' unbowell'd mine,
The tongue that thunders eloquence along,
And the fine ear that melts it into song.
And yet these passions which, on Nature's plan,
Call out the hero while they form the man,
Warp'd from the sacred line that Nature gave,
As meanly ruin as they nobly save.
Th' ethereal soul that Heav'n itself inspires
With all its virtues, and with all its fires,
Led by these syrens to some wild extreme,
Sets in a vapour when it ought to beam;
Like a Dutch Sun that in the autumnal sky
Looks through a fog, and rises but to die.
But he whose active, unencumber'd mind
Leaves this low Earth, and all its mists behind,
Fond in a pure unclouded sky to glow,
Like the bright orb that rises on the Po,
O'er half the globe with steady splendour shines,
And ripens virtues as it ripens mines.
Whoever thinks, must see that man was made
To face the storm, not languish in the shade:
Action's his sphere, and, for that sphere design'd,
Eternal pleasures open on his mind.
For this, fair Hope leads on th' impassion'd soul
Through life's wild labyrinths to her distant goal;
Paints in each dream, to fan the genial flame,
The pomp of riches, and the pride of fame;
Or fondly gives reflection's cooler eye
A glance, an image of a future sky.
Yet, though kind Heav'n points out th' unerring [road,
That leads through Nature up to bliss and God;
Spite of that God, and all his voice divine,
Speaks in the heart, or teaches from the shrine,
Man, feebly vain, and impotently wise,
Disdains the manna sent him from the skies;
Tasteless of all that virtue gives to please,
For thought too active, and too mad for ease,
From wish to wish in life's mad vortex tost,
For ever struggling, and for ever lost;
He scorns Religion, though her seraphs call,
And lives in rapture, or not lives at all.
And now, let loose to all our hopes and fears,
As Pride inspirits, or Ambition tears,
From ev'ry tie, from ev'ry duty freed,
Without a balance, and without a creed,
Dead ev'ry sense, each particle divine,
And all the man embruted in the swine;
These drench in Luxury's ambrosial bowl
Reason's last spark, and drain off all the soul.
Those for vain wealth fly on from pole to pole,
Where winds can waft them, and where seas can roll.
While others, wearied with the farce of pow'r,
Or mad with riot in the midnight hour,
With Spain's proud monarch to a cell retire,
Or, Nero like, set half the globe on fire.
Stretch'd on high-tow'ring Dover's sandy bed,
Without a coffin, and without a head;

[2] Two Bankers.

sail-cloth o'er his body thrown,
ks of misery almost unknown,
t a friend to pity, or to save,
t a dirge to consecrate the grave,
uffolk lies——he who for years had shone,
l's sixth Henry! nearest to thy throne.
oots it now, that list'ning senates hung
all rapture on his angel-tongue?
at avails th' enormous blaze between
n of glory, and his closing scene!
aughty France his heav'n-born pow'rs ador'd,
ou's princess sheath'd Britannia's sword!
what bold conspiracy oppress'd
so honour'd, and a chief so blest?
st of power, that wreck'd his rising fame
ts' vain shallows, and the gulf of shame:
er's murder, and a nation's wrongs,
ud for vengeance with ten thousand tongues;
ten'd death, on Albion's chalky strand,
the exile by a pirate's hand.
are, my friend! on this side folly lies;
be vig'rous, but it must be wise:
n our organs once that end attain,
p beyond it is a step to pain.
the man whose appetites pursue
se Roxana of the stew;
not eat till Luxury refine
, and teach him how to dine;
not drink till Spain's rich vintage flow,
ith the coolness of December's snow:
, if all those ecstasies that move
se of rapture, and the rage of love,
ine, wit, woman, all their pow'rs employ,
y sense is lost in ev'ry joy,
d his heart, and beam'd upon his breast
full sunshine, with the calm of rest?
Virtue only gives fair Peace to shine,
lth, O sacred Temperance! is thine.
e poor peasant, whose laborious spade
rough crag of half its heath and shade,
the quiet of his genial nights
ore genuine than the club at White's:
in full exchange for fame and wealth,
n vigour, and eternal health.
oming genius, judgment, wit, possess'd,
envied, and by peers caress'd;
mercy sav'd from legal doom,
al favour crown'd for years to come,
thou, Savage! known thy lot to prize,
d held fair Friendship's gen'rous ties;
u, sincere to Wisdom, Virtue, Truth,
e wild sallies of impetuous youth;
thy life been equal to thy lays,
d Envy strove to blast thy bays;
hy mother's unrelenting pride
ve to push thee helpless from her side;
petence had lent her genial dow'r,
ng Peace adorn'd thy evening-hour;
asure would have led thee to her shrine,
y friend to merit had been thine.
th the choicest boon that Heav'n can give,
n hadst learnt with dignity to live;
n of wealth, the threats of want to brave,
ht from prison a refuge in the grave.
mortal Rembrant all his pictures made
eir union into light and shade:
r his colours wore too bright an air,
l shadow took off all the glare;
r that shadow, carelessly embrown'd,
the tints, and breath'd a gloom around,
Th' attentive artist threw a warmer dye,
Or call'd a glory from a pictur'd sky;
Till both th' opposing powers mix'd in one,
Cool as the night, and brilliant as the Sun.
Passions, like colours, have their strength and ease,
Those too insipid, and too gaudy these:
Some on the heart, like Spagnoletti's, throw
Fictitious horrours, and a weight of woe;
Some, like Albano's, catch from ev'ry ray
Too strong a sunshine, and too rich a day;
Others, with Carlo's Magdalens, require
A quicker spirit, and a touch of fire;
Or want, perhaps, though of celestial race,
Corregio's softness, and a Guido's grace. [knew,
Wou'dst thou then reach what Rembrant's genius
And live the model that his pencil drew,
Form all thy life with all his warmth divine,
Great as his plan, and fault'ess as his line;
Let all thy passions, like his colours, play,
Strong without harshness, without glaring gay:
Contrast them, curb them, spread them, or confine,
Ennoble these, and those forbid to shine;
With cooler shades Ambition's fire allay,
And mildly melt the pomp of Pride away;
Her rainbow-robe from Vanity remove,
And soften malice with the smile of love;
Bid o'er revenge the charities prevail,
Nor let a grace be seen without a vail:
So shalt thou live as Heav'n itself design'd,
Each pulse congenial with th' informing mind,
Each action station'd in its proper place,
Each virtue blooming with its native grace,
Each passion vig'rous to its just degree,
And the fair whole a perfect symmetry.

THE LOTTERY.

INSCRIBED TO MISS H——.

Cawthorn had once a mind to fix
His carcass in a coach and six,
And live, if his estate would bear it,
On turtle, ortolans, and claret:
For this he went, at Fortune's call,
To wait upon her at Guildhall;
That is, like many other thick wits,
He bought a score of lottery tickets,
And saw them rise in dreadful ranks
Converted to a score of blanks.
Amaz'd, and vex'd to find his scheme
Delusive as a midnight dream,
He curs'd the goddess o'er and o'er,
Call'd her a mercenary whore;
Swore that her dull capricious sense
Was always dup'd by impudence,
That men of wit were but her tools,
And all her favours were for fools.
He said, and with an angry gripe
Snatch'd up his speculative pipe;
And, that he might his grief allay,
Read half a page in Seneca.
When, lo! a phantom, tall and thin,
Knock'd at the door, and enter'd in:
She wore a party-colour'd robe,
And seem'd to tread upon a globe—
Whisk'd round the room with haughty air,
And toss'd into an elbow chair.
Then with a bold terrific look,
Which made the doctor drop his book,

Address'd him thus: "Thou wicket varlet!
Art not asham'd to call me harlot?
Why, what's thy consequence and parts,
Thy skill in letters, or in arts,
That I, poor Fortune! must be lectur'd,
Kick'd, bully'd, curs'd, abus'd, and hector'd,
Because, forsooth—a fever roast thee,—
Thou'rt not so wealthy as Da Costa?
"However, as thou hast some virtues,
And know'st my fav'rite Tom Curteis,
I'll point thee out a way to be
Almost as rich a man as he.
"Send to the bank this day, and buy
Ten tickets in the lottery;
And bid your honest friend, the broker,
Endorse the name of M— H——;
The sacred numbers then consign
Devoutly to the fair-one's shrine.
That is, in humbler rhetoric,
Present them by your footman Dick,
And tell her, in a billet-doux,
'My dear, these tickets are for you,
An offering from an heart that's split
Asunder by your sense and wit,
Yet has the grace, to tell you true,
To keep its own dear ends in view,
And therefore hopes you'll not forget
To give me half of what you get.'
"My life on't, Jemmy, thou'lt be great—
Five thousand pounds!—a good estate:
For be assur'd that, though the poets,
The small philosophers, and no-wits,
Pretend that I'm to worth unkind,
And impudently paint me blind,
I yet can see thy charmer's merit,
Her taste, her dignity, and spirit;
Have often listen'd to her song,
And stole persuasion from her tongue;
And am resolv'd, though all the shrews,
Stock-jobbers, brokers, pimps, and Jews,
Frown, curse, expostulate, and rally,
With all the tongues of all the Alley,
To give her, out of love and zeal,
The richest number in the wheel."

LADY JANE GREY

TO

LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

AN EPISTLE. IN THE MANNER OF OVID.

SPOKEN AT THE ANNIVERSARY VISITATION OF TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL, 1753.

From these dark cells, in sable pomp array'd,
Where Night's black horrours breathe a deeper shade,
Where ev'ry hour some awful vision brings
Of pale assassins, and the shrouds of kings,
What comforts can a wretched wife afford
The last sad moments of her dying lord?
With what fond tear, what love-impassion'd sigh,
Soothe the dear mourner ere he reach the sky?
Ye pow'rs of song that ev'ry chord inspire
When Rome's soft Ovid weeps along his lyre;
Ye angel-sounds that Troy's great Hector mourn,
When his lost consort bleeds upon his urn!
Teach me, ye warblers! teach this strain of woe
Like you to kindle, and like you to flow.
Alas! in vain ye bid your warmths divine
Wake all the string, and live through all the line.
Spite of those warmths, th' immortal numbers roll
Cool from my hand, and faithless to my soul;
Too faint a wish, too calm a sigh impart,
Hide half my grief, and tell but half my heart;
Lose the fond anguish of this flowing tear,
And the keen pang that tears and tortures there.
'Tis said that souls, to love's soft union wrought,
Converse by silent sympathy of thought:
O! then with that mysterious art divine
The fierce impatience of my breast be thine:
And when some tender, recollecting sigh
Pours the big passion from each weeping eye,
When wrapt, and wild, thy fond ideas roll,
And all my image takes up all thy soul;
Think that my breast the same dear tumults move,
As keen an anguish, and as soft a love;
Think that I hear thy pray'rs, explore thy fears,
Sigh to thy sighs, and weep with all thy tears;
Form all thy wishes, all thy phrenzies see,
And feel for Guilford all he feels for me.
Ah! where are now the joys my fancy drew
For ever blooming, and for ever new!
Where the dear scenes that meditation aid,
The rill's soft murmur, and th' embow'ring shade;
Where all the heartfelt charities that move
The warmths of rapture in the pulse of love?
Lost, lost for ever, like th' ethereal fire
Shot through the sky to glitter and expire.
Hide it, ye pow'rs! the sad, the solemn day
That gave a Dudley to the house of Grey:
For, O! when to the altar's foot we came,
And each fond eye confess'd the kindling flame;
Just as the priest had join'd my hand to thine
An awful tremor shook the hallow'd shrine,
A sudden gloom the sacred walls array'd,
And round the tapers threw an azure shade;
The winds blew hollow with the voice of pain,
Aerial echoes sigh'd through all the fane:
'Twas God himself that, from th' empyreal sky,
Look'd inauspicious on the nuptial tie,
And pitying taught, as prophecies of woe,
The shrines to tremble, and the wind to blow.
O! had thy blood drunk in some fell disease,
From each chill pinion of th' autumnal breeze,
Had yon keen Sun, with all the rage of pain,
Wing'd every pulse, and scorch'd up every vein,
Extinguish'd Guilford ere he liv'd his span,
It had been nature, and the fate of man.
Heav'ns! had my cares but eas'd thy parting breath,
In life's last moment, and the gasp of death,
Explor'd the dear imperfect sounds that hung
Loose on each fibre of the fault'ring tongue,
Cool'd the fond phrenzies of thy parting sigh,
Wip'd the warm drop from each expiring eye;
I had but known what many a virtuous pair
Are doom'd to suffer, and are doom'd to bear:
But, O! in thought's wild images to see
My glories fall, proud Infamy! like thee;
See, midst the murmur of a million sighs,
The sabre glitter, and the scaffold rise;
To see my Guilford moving sadly slow
Through ranks of warriors, and the pomps of woe!
See him, while bending o'er his awful bier,
Shed the keen anguish of too warm a tear,
A tear that from the warmths of love proceeds,
And melts the husband, while the hero bleeds—

d, did I say?—Tear, tear, ye pow'rs of art!
nature, memory, from my tortur'd heart:
ou—beneath the pole's black umbrage laid,
n! daughter of the midnight shade!
ll thy glooms, and all thy mists, remove
weet idea of connubial love:
e dear man whose virtues first imprest
d an image on my virgin breast;
ll the softness of my soul efface
ry beauty, and his every grace;
ve that soul with patience to resign
dear ties that bound her fast to thine.
! vain effort of misguided zeal!
ow'r can force affliction not to feel?
aint forbid this throbbing breast to glow,
h to murmur, and this tear to flow?
nest Nature lives her anguish o'er,
e fond woman bleeds at every pore.
hen my soul, all panting to aspire,
ense enraptur'd, and each wish on fire,
the wings of heav'n-born Virtue flies
bright sunshine, yon unclouded skies;
f the joys that Heav'n and bliss impart,
r image heaves within my heart;
ions Nature in the springs of life,
lls the seraph back into the wife.
say, my Guilford! say, why wilt thou move
dle visions of despairing love?
ilt thou still, with every grace and art,
through my veins, and kindle in my heart?
ny soul far other transports feel,
with thy hopes, and warm'd with all thy zeal.
ou, in yon imperial Heav'n enshrin'd,
effluence of th' eternal mind!
e divine! on this frail bosom ray
am of comfort from the source of day.—
nes, and all my opening breast inspires
oly ardours, and seraphic fires:
nd sublime, my kindling wishes roll,
ter sunshine breaks upon my soul;
and more strong the light celestial shines,
ought ennobles, and each sense refines:
uman pang, each human bliss retires,
h-born wishes, and all low desires,
nps of empire, grandeur, wealth decay,
the world's vain phantoms fade away.
ye sad scenes! ye black ideas rise,
d dispute the empire of the skies:
ours! come, and o'er my senses throw
visions, and a pomp of woe;
the scaffold in its dread parade,
knell echo through the midnight shade;
my sight the robe funereal wave,
e loud dirge, and open all my grave:
ll my soul, all-conscious of her God,
d, and sainted for the blest abode,
t sad horrours of her exit eye,
t a tremour, and without a sigh.
o—while Heav'n shall leave one pulse of life
m woman, and am still a wife;
ring soul, though rais'd to Heav'n by pray'r,
ds to Earth, and finds one sorrow there:
there, alas! the voice of Nature calls,
n trembles, and a husband falls.
ou'd to Heav'n I could like Zeno boast
t of marble, and a soul of frost,
s old Chaos, ere his waves begun
a zephyr, or to feel a sun.

Romantic wish! for O, ye pow'rs divine!
Was ever misery, ever grief, like mine?
For ever round me glares a tragic scene,
And now the woman bleeds, and now the queen:
Now back to Edward's recent grave convey'd,
Talk with fond phrenzy to his spotless shade;
Now wildly image all his sister's rage,
The baleful fury of the rising age;
Behold her sanguinary banners fly
Loose to the breezes of a British sky;
See England's genius quit th' imperial dome
To Spain's proud tyrant, and the slaves of Rome;
See all the land the last sad horrours feel
Of cruel creeds, and visionary zeal.
Mad Bigotry her every son inspires,
Breathes all her plagues, and blows up all her fires,
Points the keen falchion, waves th' avenging rod,
And murders Virtue in the name of God.
May He, who first the light of Heav'n display'd,
The dear Redeemer of a world in shade,
He who to man the bliss of angels gave,
Who bled to triumph, and who died to save,
Beam all his gospel, sacred and divine,
On ev'ry bosom, and on ev'ry shrine;
Relieve th' expiring eye, and gasping breath,
And rescue Nature from the arm of Death.
And now resign'd, my bosom lighter grows,
And hope soft-beaming brightens all my woes.
Hark! or delusion charms, a seraph sings,
And choirs to waft us spread their silver wings;
Th' immortals call, Heav'n opens at the sound,
And glories blaze, and mercy streams around.
Away—ere Nature wake her pangs anew,
Friend, father, lover, husband, saint, adieu!
Yet when thy spirit, taught from Earth to fly,
Spreads her full plume, and gains upon the sky,
One moment pause till these dead orbs resign
Their last faint beam, and speed my soul to thine:
Then, while the priest, in hallow'd robes array'd,
Pays the last honours to each parting shade;
While o'er our ashes weeps th' attending train,
And the sad requiem flows along the fane;
Our kindred souls shall wing th' ethereal way,
From Earth and anguish to the source of day—
To all the bliss of all the skies aspire,
And add new raptures to th' angelic choir.
And, O! if aught we know, or left behind,
Can wake one image of the sainted mind;
If yet a friend, a parent, child, can move
Departed spirits to a sense of love;
Still shall our souls a kind connection feel
With England's senate, and with England's weal;
And drive from all its shores, with watchful care,
The flame of discord, and the rage of war.
Perhaps, when these sad scenes of blood are o'er,
And Rome's proud tyrant awes the soul no more;
When Anguish throws off all the veils of art,
Bares all her wounds, and opens all her heart;
Our hapless loves shall grace th' historic page,
And charm the nations of a future age:
Perhaps some bard, whose tears have learnt to flow
For injur'd Nature, and to feel for woe,
Shall tell the tender melancholy tale
To the soft zephyrs of the western vale;
Fair Truth shall bless him, Virtue guard his cause,
And every widow'd matron weep applause.

OF TASTE.

AN ESSAY.

SPOKEN AT THE ANNIVERSARY VISITATION OF TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL, 1756.

WELL—though our passions riot, fret, and rave,
Wild and capricious as the wind and wave,
One common folly, say whate'er we can,
Has fix'd at last the mercury of man;
And rules, as sacred as his father's creed,
O'er every native of the Thames and Tweed.
Ask ye what power it is that dares to claim
So vast an empire, and so wide a fame?
What god unshrin'd in all the ages past?
I 'll tell you, friend! in one short word—'tis Taste;
Taste that, without or head, or ear, or heart,
One gift of Nature, or one grace of art,
Ennobles riches, sanctifies expense,
And takes the place of spirit, worth, and sense.
In elder time, ere yet our fathers knew
Rome's idle arts, or panted for Virtù,
Or sat whole nights Italian songs to hear,
Without a genius, and without an ear;
Exalted Sense, to warmer climes unknown,
And manly Wit was Nature's, and our own.
But when our virtues, warp'd by wealth and peace,
Began to slumber in the lap of Ease—
When Charles return'd to his paternal reign,
With more than fifty tailors in his train,
We felt for Taste—for then obliging France
Taught the rough Briton how to dress and dance,
Politely told him all were brutes and fools,
But the gay coxcombs of her happier schools;
That all perfection in her language lay,
And the best author was her own Rabelais.
Hence, by some strange malignity of Fate,
We take our fashions from the land we hate:
Still slaves to her, howe'er her taste inclines,
We wear her ribbands, and we drink her wines;
Eat as she eats, no matter which or what,
A roasted lobster, or a roasted cat;
And fill our houses with an hungry train
Of more than half the scoundrels of the Seine.
Time was, a wealthy Englishman would join
A rich plumb-pudding to a fat sirloin;
Or bake a pasty, whose enormous wall
Took up almost the area of his hall:
But now, as art improves, and life refines,
The demon Taste attends him when he dines;
Serves on his board an elegant regale,
Where three stew'd mushrooms flank a larded quail;
Where infant turkeys, half a month resign'd
To the soft breathings of a southern wind,
And smother'd in a rich ragout of snails,
Outstink a lenten supper at Versailles.
Is there a saint that would not laugh to see
The good man piddling with his fricassee;
Forc'd by the luxury of taste to drain
A flask of poison, which he calls champagne!
While he, poor ideot! though he dare not speak,
Pines all the while for porter and ox-cheek.
Sure 'tis enough to starve for pomp and show,
To drink, and curse the clarets of Bourdeaux:
Yet such our humour, such our skill to hit
Excess of folly through excess of wit,
We plant the garden, and we build the seat,
Just as absurdly as we drink and eat,
For is there aught that Nature's hand has sown
To bloom and ripen in her hottest zone?
Is there a shrub which, ere its verdures blow,
Asks all the suns that beam upon the Po?
Is there a flowret whose vermilion hue
Can only catch its beauty in Peru?
Is there a portal, colonnade, or dome,
The pride of Naples, or the boast of Rome?
We raise it here, in storms of wind and hail,
On the bleak bosom of a sunless vale;
Careless alike of climate, soil, and place,
The cast of Nature, and the smiles of Grace.
Hence all our stucco'd walls, Mosaic floors,
Palladian windows, and Venetian doors;
Our Gothic fronts, whose Attic wings unfold
Fluted pilasters tipp'd with leaves of gold;
Our massy ceilings, grac'd with gay festoons,
The weeping marbles of our damp saloons,
Lawns fring'd with citrons, amaranthine bow'rs,
Expiring myrtles, and unop'ning flow'rs.
Hence the good Scotsman bids th' anana blow
In rocks of crystal, or in Alps of snow;
On Orcus' steep extends his wide arcade,
And kills his scanty sunshine in a shade.
One might expect a sanctity of style
August and manly in an holy pile,
And think an architect extremely odd
To build a playhouse for the church of God;
Yet half our churches, such the mode that reigns,
Are Roman theatres, or Grecian fanes;
Where broad-arch'd windows to the eye convey
The keen diffusion of too strong a day;
Where, in the luxury of wanton pride,
Corinthian columns languish side by side,
Clos'd by an altar exquisitely fine,
Loose and lascivious as a Cyprian shrine.
Of late, 'tis true, quite sick of Rome and Greece,
We fetch our models from the wise Chinese:
European artists are too cool and chaste,
For Mand'rin only is the man of taste;
Whose bolder genius, fondly wild to see
His grove a forest, and his pond a sea,
Breaks out——and, whimsically great, designs
Without the shackles or of rules or lines.
Form'd on his plans, our farms and seats begin
To match the boasted villas of Pekin.
On every hill a spire-crown'd temple swells,
Hung round with serpents, and a fringe of bells:
Junks and balons along our waters sail,
With each a gilded cock-boat at his tail;
Our choice exotics to the breeze exhale
Within th' enclosure of a zig-zag rail;
In Tartar huts our cows and horses lie,
Our hogs are fatted in an Indian stye;
On ev'ry shelf a Joss divinely stares,
Nymphs laid on chintzes sprawl upon our chairs;
While o'er our cabinets Confucius nods,
Midst porcelain elephants, and China gods.
Peace to all such—but you whose chaster fires
True greatness kindles, and true sense inspires,
Or ere you lay a stone, or plant a shade,
Bend the proud arch, or roll the broad cascade,
Ere all your wealth in mean profusion waste,
Examine Nature with the eye of Taste;
Mark where she spreads the lawn, or pours the rill,
Falls in the vale, or breaks upon the hill;
Plan as she plans, and where her genius calls,
There sink your grottos, and there raise your walls.
Without this Taste, beneath whose magic wand
Truth and correctness guide the artist's hand,

Woods, lakes, and palaces are idle things,
The shame of nations, and the blush of kings.
Expense and Vanbrugh, vanity and show,
May build a Blenheim, but not make a Stowe.
But what is Taste, you ask, this heav'n-born fire
We all pretend to, and we all admire?
Is it a casual grace? or lucky hit?
Or the cool effort of reflecting wit?
Has it no law but mere misguided will?
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill?
It has——True Taste, when delicately fine,
Is the pure sunshine of a soul divine,
The full perfection of each mental pow'r—
'Tis sense, 'tis Nature, and 'tis something more.
Twin-born with Genius of one common bed,
One parent bore them, and one master bred.
It gives the lyre with happier sounds to flow,
With purer blushes bids fair Beauty glow;
From Raphael's pencil calls a nobler line,
And warms, Corregio! every touch of thine.
And yet, though spring from one paternal flame,
Genius and Taste are different as their name:
Genius, all sunbeam, where he throws a smile
Impregnates Nature faster than the Nile;
Wild and impetuous, high as Heav'n aspires,
All science animates, all virtue fires;
Creates ideal worlds, and there convenes
Aërial forms, and visionary scenes.
But Taste corrects, by one ethereal touch,
What seems too little, and what seems too much;
Marks the fine point where each consenting part
Slides into beauty with the ease of art;
This bids to rise, and that with grace to fall,
And bounds, unites, refines, and heightens all.

LIFE UNHAPPY,

BECAUSE WE USE IT IMPROPERLY.

A MORAL ESSAY.

SPOKEN AT THE TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY, 1760.

I own it, Belmour! say whate'er we can,
The lot of sorrow seems the lot of man;
Affliction feeds with all her keenest rage
On youth's fair blossoms, and the fruits of age;
And wraps alike beneath her harpy wings
The cells of peasants, and the courts of kings.
Yet sure unjustly we ascribe to Fate
Those ills, those mischiefs, we ourselves create;
Vainly lament that all the joys we know,
Are more than number'd by the pangs of woe;
And yet those joys in mean profusion waste,
Without reflection, and without a taste:
Careless of all that virtue gives to please,
For thought too active, and too mad for ease,
We give each appetite too loose a rein,
Push ev'ry pleasure to the verge of pain;
Impetuous follow where the passions call,
And live in rapture, or not live at all.
Hence half the plagues that fill with pain and strife
Each softer moment of domestic life;
The palsied hand, the visionary brain,
Th' infected fluid, and the torpid vein;
The ruin'd appetite that loathing slights
The richest olio of the cook at White's;
The aching impotence of loose Desire,
A nerveless body with a soul on fire:
Th' eternal blush that lights the cheek of Shame
For wasted riches, and unheeded fame;
Unhallow'd reveries, low-thoughted cares,
The wish that riots, and the pang that tears;
Each awful tear that weeps the night away,
Each heartfelt sigh of each reflecting day;
All that around the low'ring eye of Spleen
Throws the pale phantom, and terrific scene;
Or, direr still, calls from th' abyss below
Despair's dread genius to the couch of woe,
Where, lost to health, and hope's all-cheering ray,
As the dead eye-ball to the orb of day,
Pale Riot bleeds for all his mad expense
In each rack'd organ, or acuter sense;
Where sad Remorse beholds in every shade
The murder'd friend, or violated maid;
And stung to madness in his inmost soul,
Grasps the keen dagger, or empoison'd bowl.
Impious it were to think th' Eternal Mind
Is but the scourge and tyrant of mankind.
Sure he who gives us sunshine, dew, and show'r,
The vine ambrosial, and the blooming flow'r,
Whose own bright image lives on man imprest,
Meant that that being shou'd be wise and blest,
And taught each instinct in his heart enshrin'd
To feel for bliss, to search it, and to find.
But where 's this bliss, you ask, this heav'n-born fire
We all pretend to and we all admire?
Breathes it in Ceylon's aromatic isle?
Flows it along the waters of the Nile?
Lives it in India's animated mould,
In rocks of crystal, or in veins of gold?
Not there alone, but, boundless, unconfin'd,
Spreads through all life, and flows to all mankind;
Waits on the winds that blow, the waves that roll,
And warms alike the Equator and the Pole.
For as kind Nature through the globe inspires
Her parent warmths, and elemental fires,
Forms the bright gem in Earth's unfathom'd caves,
Bids the rich coral blush beneath the waves,
And with the same prolific virtue glows
In the rough bramble, as the damask rose;
So, in the union of her moral plan,
The ray of bliss shines on from man to man,
Whether in purples or in skins array'd,
He wields the sceptre, or he plies the spade,
Slaves on the Ganges, triumphs on the Rhone,
Hides in a cell, or beams upon a throne.
In vain the man whose soul ambition fires,
Whom birth ennobles, and whom wealth inspires,
Insists that happiness for court's was made,
And laughs at every genius of the shade.
As much mistakes the sage, who fain would prove
Fair Pleasure lives but in his grot and grove.
Each scene of life, or open or confin'd,
Alike congenial to its kindred mind,
Alike ordain'd by Heav'n to charm or please
The man of spirit and the man of ease;
Just as our taste is better or is worse,
Becomes a blessing, or becomes a curse.
When Lust and Envy share the soul by turns,
When Fear unnerves her, or mad Vengeance burns;
When Luxury brutes her in the wanton bow'r,
And Guilt's black phantoms haunt her midnight hour;
Not all the wealth each warmer sun provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides,
Not all the pomps that round proud Greatness shine,
When suppliant nations bow before her shrine,
Can ease the heart, or ray upon the breast
Content's full sunshine, and the calm of rest.

No—all the bliss that Nature feels, or knows,
Of heartfelt rapture, or of cool repose,
Howe'er improv'd by wisdom, and by art,
Lives in ourselves, and beams but from the heart.
Quite independent of those alien things,
Applauding senates, and the smiles of kings,
Of empty purses, or of wealthy bags,
A robe of ermines, or a coat in rags.
Conclude we then that Heav'n's supreme decree
Gives ease and joy to monarchs and to me:
Yet, such the fate of all that man obtains,
Our pleasures must be purchas'd by our pains,
And cost us every hour some small expense,
A little labour, and a little sense.
That heav'n-born bliss, that soul-illumin'd joy,
Which madmen squander, and which fools destroy,
To half the nations of the globe unknown,
Reflecting Wisdom makes it all her own;
Coolly explores, in every scene and sphere,
What Nature wants, what life inherits there;
What lenient arts can teach the soul to know
A purer rapture, and a softer woe;
What melt her idle vanities away,
And make to morrow happier than to day.
Without this cheap, this economic art,
This cool philosophy of head and heart,
A peer's proud bosom, rack'd by pangs and cares,
Feels not the splendour of the star he wears:
With it the wretch whom Want has forc'd to dwell
In the last corner of her cheerless cell,
In spite of hunger, labour, cold, disease,
Lies, laughs, and slumbers on the couch of ease.
A coxcomb once in Handel's parlour found
A Grecian lyre, and try'd to make it sound;
O'er the fine stops his awkward fist he flings,
And rudely presses on th' elastic strings:
Awaken'd Discord shrieks, and scolds, and raves,
Wild as the dissonance of winds and waves,
Loud as a Wapping mob at midnight bawls,
Harsh as ten chariots rolling round St. Paul's,
And hoarser far than all th' ecstatic race
Whose drunken orgies stunn'd the wilds of Thrace.
"Friend!" quoth the sage, "that fine machine [contains
Exacter numbers, and diviner strains;
Strains such as once could build the Theban wall,
And stop the mountain torrent in its fall:
But yet to wake them, rouse them, and inspire,
Asks a fine finger, and a touch of fire,
A feeling soul, whose all expressive pow'rs
Can copy Nature as she sinks or soars;
And, just alike to passion, time, and place,
Refine correctness into ease and grace."
He said—and, flying o'er each quiv'ring wire,
Spread his light hand, and swept it on the lyre.
Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
The sound to kindle, and the air to flow,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling floods,
Sweet as the warbles of the vocal woods:
The list'ning passions hear, and sink, and rise,
As the rich harmony or swells or dies;
The pulse of Avarice forgets to move,
A purer rapture fills the breast of Love;
Devotion lifts to Heav'n a holier eye,
And bleeding Pity heaves a softer sigh.
Life has its ease, amusement, joy, and fire,
Hid in itself, as music in the lyre;
And, like the lyre, with all its pow'rs impart,
When touch'd and manag'd by the hand of Art.
But half mankind, like Handel's fool, destroy,
Through rage and ignorance, the strain of joy;
Irregularly will their passions roll
Through Nature's finest instrument, the soul:
While men of sense, with Handel's happier skill,
Correct the taste, and harmonize the will;
Teach their affections like his notes to flow,
Not rais'd too high, nor ever sunk too low;
Till every virtue, measur'd and refin'd,
As fits the concert of the master-mind,
Melts in its kindred sounds, and pours along
Th' according music of the moral song.

PRUSSIA.

A POEM.

Awake, Voltaire! with warmth, with rapture raise
Th' applauding pæan, and the song of praise:
Again thy Fred'ric mounts the victor's car,
Again he thunders in the front of war;
Back to the desert flies the routed Gaul,
And proud Vienna shakes from wall to wall.
He hears me not—thy genius, France! prevails,
The poet feels but for his own Versailles;
With secret curses eyes the hero's sword,
And hates that virtue which he once ador'd.
And shall a king whose triumphs far exceed
The boasted glories of the Greek and Swede;
Who more than Cæsar, with a brighter ray
Ascends, and shines imperial Rome away—
Shall he through ages spread his mighty name
Without a verse to wait upon his fame?
Has Britain lost her spirit, soul, and fire?
Has she no patriot who dare touch the lyre?
Yes———while I live, thy virtues, prince! shall be
For ever sacred to the Muse, and me.
What though I herd but with the vulgar throng,
The last, the lowest of the sons of song,
Thy bold exploits shall give my soul to glow,
My pulse to kindle, and my vein to flow;
Exalt my spirit, animate my line,
And lend my numbers all the strength of thine.
Now had pale Fury drove her iron car
From fields of slaughter, and from wastes of war;
Returning Peace led on the vernal year,
Sheath'd the keen sword, and broke the lifted spear,
Wide o'er the world her olive branch display'd,
And call'd the nations to its hallow'd shade.
And now the arts, inflam'd with gen'rous strife,
Rose in the softness of domestic life;
Exulting Labour tam'd the stubborn plain,
The sail of Commerce took up all the main,
With bolder wings th' immortal Muses flew,
And Science trimm'd her faded wreath anew.
Ambition sigh'd—for now she heard no more
The war's loud thunder break from shore to shore:
No more beheld proud monarchs, meanly vain,
Rank'd in her files, or number'd in her train;
Lost to the glare of life, she lay unblest
In the lone cell of solitary Rest, [throw
Where Spleen's pale visions round her slumbers
Eternal sadness, and a pomp of woe.
In vain kind Nature pours upon her eye
A softer sunshine, and a richer sky,
Spreads the wild forest, heaves the cloud-topt hill,
Waves in the wood, and flows along the rill:
Woods, wilds, and waters, to her sense decay,
The warblers languish on the vocal spray;
Unclouded suns in Heav'n's clear azure fade,
And Night's black horrours wear a deeper shade.

th arous'd she feels her wonted flame,
ınd opens to the voice of Fame;
ıew triumphs rising to her view,
'd by rapture, to Vienna flew.
ht, lull'd softly by the western breeze,
ria slumber'd on the couch of Ease:
of old the first infernal pow'r
he sweets of Eden's nuptial bow'r,
d alike to flatter and deceive,
ı reptile to the ear of Eve;
mbition, with a nobler mien,
'd, and whisper'd thus the sleeping queen.
thou, O princess! thou, whose glory springs
v'n-born heroes, and a race of kings,
and cool, to yonder Prussian yield
ceptre and her fruitful field?
ıy wrongs, assert thy injur'd reign,
he sword of vengeance rage again;
ı his hand the empire he has won,
ıent crush him, or thou art undone.
d strong, beneath his native fires,
hty genius of his soul aspires;
ıs enlarge, his sails begin to fly
r ocean of the polar sky.
rests rise upon his barren waste,
led cities are the seats of taste;
rear's autumnal suns shall see
l dominions stretch from sea to sea:
shall see him on th' imperial throne,
nslav'd, and half the world his own."
poke the fiend, and, with delusive art,
her black spirit through Teresa's heart:
future scenes she minds no more
she plighted, and the oath she swore;
nd more strong, the vision lives imprest,
's dread genius takes up all her breast;
her soul, in luxury of thought,
glories of a war unfought,
l-wreath, the military show,
f triumph, and the captive foe.
the queen, unfeeling, false, and vain,
wide ruin of a bold campaign;
all the north with all her spirit raves,
s the nations in their huts and caves;
l barbarians crowds her wanton war,
ge Croat, and the fierce hussar;
proud Saxon's sanguinary vein,
es all the demon of the Seine;
ings with kings, fills Europe with alarms,
ear'n and Earth, and sets the world in
t Ambition! to each vice allied, [arms.
Mischief in the womb of Pride,
, dread fury! from thy genius flow!
ful scenes of unimagin'd woe!
y footsteps, wrapp'd in flames of fire,
tall column, and majestic spire.
hy side her sword fell Slaughter waves,
ding piles, and ever-op'ning graves;
ue behind thee, with her tainted breath,
rough the nations on the wing of Death;
l Genius in his cell expires,
worlds fair Liberty retires;
ot Muse forgets her voice divine,
leaves her violated shrine;
meek-ey'd virtue pines and mourns,
ling temples and sepulchral urns.
ussian saw at one keen glance from far
'ring tempest and impending war:
ınd instant bids his armies form,
bold march, and bears upon the storm.

In vain the forest big with death extends,
The rampart thunders, and the flood descends;
In vain the foe each open field declines,
Hides in the trench, or lurks within his lines,
He storms the rampart, fords the rapid flood,
Leaps the broad trench, and clears th' enambush'd
Now presses on, now reigns his dread career, [wood;
Pours on the van, or steals upon the rear;
Marks ev'ry crisis, shines in ev'ry scene,
And is at once a Marlbro' and Eugene.
At length, in all the pomp of war, advance
Th' imperial eagles with the arms of France;
A mighty host, whose awful files contain
The vet'ran warriors of the Marne and Maine.
And will he yet, when nations round him close,
And his thin ranks scarce number half his foes;
Will he, ye Heav'ns! th' unequal conflict try,
And brave his fate when Glory bids him fly?
Ah! aught avails it that immortal Fame
Fill'd her fond clarion with her Fred'ric's name?
Avails it aught that Justice learnt to awe
Misguided Nature from his code of law?
That warm'd and foster'd by his genial eye,
Transplanted Science own'd the polar sky?
That Greece and Taste upon the Baltic smil'd,
And new Lyceums open'd in the wild?
Alas! one moment——the bright scene is o'er—
He falls——he dies——and Prussia is no more.
Yet shall not France, in this her blissful hour,
Her dream of empire, and her pride of pow'r,
An easy, cheap, unbleeding conquest know,
Or rear her trophies o'er a flying foe:
For now the monarch, ere he gives the sign,
Serenely dreadful moves along the line:
The legions, far as each keen glance can fly,
Mark his firm step, and hang upon his eye;
That eye whose lightning terrour round him flings;
That step which seems to tread on thrones and kings.
At every look through all th' embattled van
The pulse of glory beats from man to man:
The soldier kindling at his prince aspires,
Swells with his hopes, and burns with all his fires;
Yet, midst his ardours, owns a softer flame,
And feels for Fred'ric while he feels for fame.
And now the Sun, whose orb shall set in blood,
Faints on the umbrage of the western wood;
The distant hills in each horizon fade,
And Night comes on in all her gloom and shade:
And now the trumpet's animating sound
Peals on the ear, and shakes the field around,
When, as the whirlwind tears its rapid way,
Roots up the rock, and sweeps the plain away;
Fierce on his foe th' intrepid Prussian springs,
Drives through his van, and breaks into his wings;
Wraps his whole war in one tremendous fire,
And sees the prowess of his host expire.
Th' imperial chiefs no more the shock sustain,
Their fainting battle bleeds in ev'ry vein;
France flies impetuous on the wings of Fear,
And hungry Slaughter feeds upon his rear.
Yet, stay thee, prince! all-conqueror as thou art,
Indulge the milder virtues of thy heart;
Restrain fierce Vengeance in her rage of ire,
And let us love the monarch we admire.
All that on Earth proud Conquest gives to shine,
All the dread glories of the sword are thine:
The victor-wreath applauding states decree,
The sacred pæan only swells for thee.
Another toil remains ere yet thy name
Bears the full splendour of unclouded fame.

Enjoy that nobler fame—bid discord cease,
And lay pale Europe in the lap of Peace:
Then shall the Muse, who now thy triumph sings
O'er routed nations, and repenting kings,
With rapture wait thee to thy sylvan bow'r,
And watch the glories of thy softer hour,
When Rome's fine arts beneath thy shield shall win
A fairer laurel in thy own Berlin;
There fix the school of Beauty, and adorn
Worlds unexplor'd, and empires yet unborn.

NOBILITY.

A MORAL ESSAY.

SPOKEN AT THE VISITATION OF TUNBRIDGE SCHOOL, 1752.

'Tis said that ere fair Virtue learnt to sigh,
The crest to libel, and the star to lie,
The poet glow'd with all his sacred fire,
And bade each virtue live along the lyre;
Led humble Science to the blest abode,
And rais'd the hero till he shone a god.
Our modern bards, by some unhappy fate,
Condemn'd to flatter ev'ry fool of state,
Have oft, regardless of their heav'n-born flame,
Enthron'd proud Greatness in the shrine of Fame;
Bestow'd on Vice the wreaths that Virtue wove,
And paid to Nero what was due to Jove.
Yet hear, ye great! whom birth and titles crown
With alien worth, and glories not your own;
Hear me affirm, that all the vain can show,
All Austis boasts of, and all kings bestow,
All Envy wishes, all Ambition hails,
All that supports St. James's and Versailles,
Can never give distinction to a knave,
Or make a lord whom Vice has made a slave.
In elder times, ere heralds yet unroll'd
The bleeding ruby in a field of gold,
Or infant language pain'd the tender ear
With fess, bend, argent, chev'ron, and saltier;
'Twas he alone the bay's bright verdure wore,
Whose strength subdu'd the lion or the boar;
Whose art from rocks could call the mellowing grain,
And give the vine to laugh along the plain;
Or, tracing Nature in her moral plan,
Explor'd the savage till he found the man.
For him the rustic hind, and village maid,
Stripp'd the gay spring of half its bloom and shade;
With annual dances grac'd the daisy-mead,
And sung his tr'umphs on the oaten reed;
Or, fond to think him sprung from yonder sky,
Rear'd the turf fane, and bade the victim die.
In Turkey, sacred as the Koran's page,
These simple manners live through ev'ry age:
The humblest swain, if virtue warms the man,
May rise the genius of the grave Divan;
And all but Othman's race, the only proud,
Fall with their sires, and mingle with the crowd.
For three campaigns Caprouli's hand display'd
The Turkish crescent on thy walls, Belgrade!
Imperial Egypt own'd him for her lord,
And Austria trembled if he touch'd the sword:
Yet all his glories set within his grave,
One son a janizary, one a slave.
Politer courts, ingenious to extend
The father's glories, bid his pomps descend;
With strange good-nature give his worthless son
The very laurels that his virtue won;
And with the same appellatives adorn
A living hero, and a sot unborn.
Hence, without blushing (say whate'er we can)
We more regard th' escutcheon than the man;
Yet, true to Nature and her instincts, prize
The hound or spaniel as his talent lies:
Careless from what paternal blood he rose,
We value Bowman only for his nose.
Say, should you see a generous steed outfly
The swiftest zephyr of th' autumnal sky,
Wou'd you at once his ardent wishes kill,
Give him the dogs, or chain him to a mill,
Because his humbler fathers, grave and slow,
Clean'd half the jakes of Houndslitch or Soho?
In spite of all that in his grandsire shone,
An horse's worth is, like a king's, his own.
If in the race, when length'ning shouts inspire
His bold compeers, and set their hearts on fire,
He seems regardless of th' exulting sound,
And scarcely drags his legs along the ground;
What will 't avail that, sprung from heav'nly seed,
His great forefathers swept th' Arabian mead;
Or, dress'd in half an empire's purple, bore
The weight of Xerxes on the Caspian shore?
I grant, my lord! your ancestors outshone
All that e'er grac'd the Ganges or the Rhone;
Born to protect, to rouse those godlike fires
That Genius kindles, or fair Fame inspires;
O'er humble life to spread indulgent ease,
To give the veins to flow without disease;
From proud Oppression injur'd Worth to screen,
And shake alike the senate and the scene.
And see, to save them from the wrecks of age,
Exulting Science fills her every page,
Fame grasps her trump, the Epic Muse attends,
The lyre re-echoes, and the song ascends,
The sculptor's chissel with the pencil vies,
Rocks leap, and animated marbles rise:
All arts, all pow'rs, the virtuous chiefs adorn,
And spread their pomps to ages yet unborn.
All this we own—but if, amidst the shine,
Th' enormous blaze that beams along the line,
Some scoundrel peer, regardless of his sires,
Pursues each folly, and each vice admires;
Shall we enrol his prostituted name
In Honour's zenith, and the lists of Fame?
Exalted titles, like a beacon, rise
To tell the wretched where protection lies.
He then who hears unmov'd Affliction's cry,
His birth 's a phantom, and his name 's a lie.
The Egyptians thus on Cairo's sacred plain,
Saw half their marbles move into a fane;
The glorious work unnumber'd artists ply,
Now turn the dome, now lift it to the sky:
But when they enter'd the sublime abode,
They found a serpent where they hop'd a god.
Austis observes, that when a thousand years
Roll through a race of princes, or of peers,
Obliging Virtue sheds her every beam
From son to son, and waits upon the stream.
Yet say, ye great! who boast another's scars,
And think your lineage ends but in the stars,
What is this boon of Heav'n? Dependent still
On woman's weakness, and on woman's will;
Dare ye affirm that no exotic blood
Has stain'd your glories ever since the flood?
Might not some brawny slave, from Afric fled,
Stamp his base image in the nuptial bed?
Might not, in pagan days, your mothers prove
The fire of Phœbus, and the strength of Jove?

politely to their vows untrue,
elope, as modern ladies do?
ınt that all your gentle grandames shone
l unsullied as the noon-day Sun;
ature form'd them of her chastest mould,
their birth illustrious as their gold?
r a lord, we know, has chose to range
e wealthy beauties of the 'Change;
still humbler, to the midnight gale
fair peasant of th' Arcadian vale.
ne us not, if backward to adore
olluted by a slave or whore;
e of patents, and of king's decrees,
ing coronets on parchment-trees,
n stain may darken all the line,
olk's blood descend as mean as mine.
ast, my lord! a race with laurels crown'd,
s honour'd, and in war renown'd;
the martial soul to danger bred,
itiers thunder'd, and when Cressy bled;
nose deeds, those heav'n-directed fires,
past saw beaming on your sires;
orn Pride no tyrant durst enslave,
ike Zeal that only liv'd to save.
ou, though Faction bawl through all her
be,
onarchs threaten, and though statesmen
be,
ankind, and gallantly approve
teaches, and all angels love?
the tear that flows o'er worth distrest,
at rises when a people's blest?
ou please, immortalize your line,
hat's great, heroic, and divine;
ith curious eye th' historic page,
f fame, the monuments of age;
h chief immortal Homer sings,
's heroes, and all Asia's kings:
too scanty, search the blest abode,
your first progenitor a god:
your claim, whate'er you wish to prove,
Priam, or the son of Jove.
en and patriots thus to glory rise,
orn Sun that gilds them never dies:
ennobled by those gewgaw things,
of patents, and the breath of kings,
pale meteor of a little hour,
art sunshine, and poetic show'r;
at once, unpitied, and unblest,
scandal, and a nation's jest.
had something in her blood,
e great was only to be good:
e sat in Virtue's sacred fane,
e sister graces in her train.
ists, 'tis true, in Grosvenor Square,
a life, a kind of—as it were——
self-shelter'd from the world's alarms,
goddess sleeps in Fortune's arms;
ry attends her soft retreats,
t Frazi warbles while she eats;
veets distil at ev'ry pore,
ers soothe her, and her slaves adore;
y all our senates to forget,
t of plagues, a promise and a debt.
there are, amidst the titled crew,
o all but Collins and the stew,
mprove their heav'n-descended fires,
e'r blood, and beam upon their sires;
like diamonds from Golconda's mine,
hemselves the ray that makes them shine.

Pleas'd let me view a Cecil's soul array'd
With all that Plato gather'd in the shade;
Reflect how nobly Radnor can descend
To lose his title in the name of friend;
At Dorset look, and bid Hibernia own
Her viceroy form'd to sit upon a throne;
Admire how innocence can lend to truth
Each grace of virtue, and each charm of youth,
And then enraptur'd bend the suppliant knee
To Heav'n's high throne, O Rockingham! for thee.
Let then vain fools their proud escutcheons view,
Allied to half the Yneas of Peru;
With every vice those lineal glories stain
That rose in Pharamond, or Charlemagne:
But ye, dear youths! whom chance or genius calls
To court pale Wisdom in these hallow'd walls,
Scorn ye to hang upon a blasted name
Another's virtue, and another's fame:
In two short precepts all your business lies—
Wou'd you be great?—Be virtuous, and be wise.

THE

TEMPLE OF HYMEN.

A TALE.

SPOKEN AT THE ANNIVERSARY, 1760.

In elder time when men were chaste,
And women had not got a taste,
It was ordain'd, to ease their cares,
The sexes should be link'd in pairs,
And pass the various scenes of life
Known by the names of man and wife.
To aid this scheme, so just and wise,
The male had vigour, strength, and size:
Undaunted, active, bold, and brave,
And fearless or of wind or wave,
He scal'd the cliff's enormous steep,
He plung'd into the pathless deep,
And dar'd in open war engage
The lion's sanguinary rage.
Woman, as form'd to charm and please,
Had more of elegance and ease;
A finer shape, a softer mien,
A heart more gentle and serene.
Her smile was sunshine—in her face
Sat Sweetness on the throne of Grace:
The accents melted from her tongue
In all the harmony of song;
And every glance that left her eye
Was milder than a vernal sky.
As Nature now had done her best,
She left to accident the rest.
"To accident!"—you cry—Why, yes.
Yet think not that she acts by guess.
Events may baffle man's endeavour,
But Nature is extremely clever,
And works with so exact a care,
She ne'er miscarries in a hair.
For now, when on a festal day
The sexes met, alert and gay,
And, in their pastimes, sports, and dances,
Had interchang'd some tender glances,
Th' impassion'd heart began to own
A set of instincts yet unknown;
To throb with momentary fires,
And melt away in young desires.

In short, the men began to bow,
To soothe, to ogle, whine, and vow;
To haunt the solitary shade,
And whisper to the village maid.
The village maid, who knew not yet
The breeding of a sly coquette;
And could not, with an artful sigh,
Like modern ladies, smile and lie;
Indulgent heard her lover's flame,
Frankly confest she felt the same,
And ere the rosy-finger'd Morn
Dried up the pearls upon the thorn,
Went with him, midst her virgin train,
In flow'rets drest, to Hymen's fane.
This mild divinity, so sung
By half the poets old and young,
The patron of connubial truth,
Was now in all the bloom of youth.
Roses fresh gather'd from the bush,
Sweet emblems of the female blush,
Wove in a wreath supremely fair,
Sat graceful on his auburn hair:
One hand sustain'd a torch on fire,
Significant of soft desire;
The other held in mystic shew
A broider'd veil of saffron hue:
Majestic flow'd his azure vest,
And rubies bled upon his breast.
The meek-ey'd god an age or so
Succeeded, and had much to do;
In crowds his eager vot'ries came,
His altars never ceas'd to flame:
Besides an off'ring, frank and free,
First paid him as the marriage fee,
Some pretty toys of shells and corals,
With sprigs of ever-blooming laurels,
And bowls of consecrated wine,
Were yearly plac'd upon his shrine,
The gifts of many a grateful pair
Made happy by his guardian care.
It chanc'd three demons, fiends, or witches,
Ambition, Vanity, and Riches,
Walk'd out one evening bright and fair,
To breathe a little country air;
And, as old Nick would have it, found
This soul-enchanting spot of ground,
Where happy husbands, happy wives,
Enjoy'd the most delicious lives;
And resolv'd to buy, or hire,
A vacant cottage of the 'squire.
They came, they settled; sooth'd, carest,
Politely treated every guest,
And, with a world of pains and labours,
Lectur'd their simple-minded neighbours.
"My worthy friends!" says Wealth, "behold
The splendour of almighty gold!
These guineas here, these brilliant things,
Which bear the images of kings,
Within their little orbs contain
Fair Pleasure's ever-smiling train,
And can to ev'ry swain dispense
Wit, spirit, virtue, taste, and sense.
Who but a fool wou'd wed a Phillis,
Whose only portion is her lilies?
For ever doom'd, in life's low shade,
To ply the mercenary spade,
Till some disease, whose nature such is
To set us on a pair of crutches,
Force you to plunder, beg, or steal
From Charity an humble meal;
And send your age, for want of vittle,
To a poor alms-house, or the spittle.
Be wise, and, when you mean to wed,
Scorn the fair forms of white and red;
And court the nymph whose genial charms,
Rich as the fruits upon her farms,
Will pour upon your daily toil
Abundant floods of wine and oil."
He said—Ambition then began
About the dignity of man;
He rallied all their groves and springs,
And finely talk'd of queens and kings:
It was, he thought, a want of grace
To mingle with the vulgar race;
For souls made up of heav'nly fire
Are form'd by Nature to aspire.
He told them that a well-born wife
Ennobled every joy of life,
Without a patent gave her dear
Th' importance of a British peer;
Perhaps might to a prince ally him,
And make him cousin to old Priam.
While thus the fiends, with wily art,
Adroitly stole upon the heart,
And with their complaisance, and tales,
Had ruin'd more than half the males,
Gay Vanity, with smiles and kisses,
Was busy mongst the maids and misses.
"My dears!" says she, "those pretty faces
Speak you the sisters of the Graces:
Immortal Venus wou'd be vain
To have you in her court and train.
But sure, methinks, it something odd is,
That beauties who can match a goddess
Shou'd give their more than mortal charms
To a dull rustic's joyless arms,
A mere unanimated clod,
As much a lover as a god.
O let those eyes, which far outshine
The brightest sapphires of the mine,
Their precious orbs no longer roll
On fellows without wealth or soul:
But fly, my charmers! fly the wretches,
Dame Nature's first mis-shapen sketches,
Fly to the world where lords and 'squires
Are warm'd with more ethereal fires;
Where pleasure each gay moment wings,
Where the divine Mingotti sings:
So shall each all-commanding fair
Have her two pages, and a chair,
Fine Indian tissues, Mechlin laces,
Rich essences in China vases,
And rise on life's exalted scene
With all the splendour of a queen."
She spoke, and in a trice possest
The empire of the female breast:
And now the visionary maids
Disdain'd their shepherds and their shades;
In every dream with rapture saw
Three footmen, and a gilt landau;
Assum'd a fine majestic air,
And learnt to ogle, swim, and stare.
No longer beam'd the modest eye,
No longer heav'd the melting sigh.
Neglected Love, whose blunted dart
Scarce once a year could wound a heart,
Hung up his quiver on a yew,
And, sighing, from the world withdrew.
However, as the wheel of life
Subsisted still in man and wife,

resaid fiends, for reasons good,
d the sexes as they cou'd.
tance—Women made for thrones
natch'd with ideots, sots, and drones;
ts were every day disgrac'd
ieys without sense or taste:
bertines of sixty-five,
carce a single limb alive,
oung coquettes just in their teens,
iton as Circassia's queens;
ouths, whose years were scarce a score,
pair'd with nymphs of sixty-four.
s, in short, were so contriv'd,
en were most divinely wiv'd;
omen too, to grace their houses,
olest with most accomplish'd spouses.
wo short months, perhaps in one,
exes found themselves undone,
ime in crowds, with each an halter,
ig poor Hymen on his altar.
d, though arm'd but with his torch,
id met them in the porch;
hile they hector, brawl, and bully,
gu'd them with the ease of Tully.
ood folks!" says he, "it gives me pain
ir you murmur and complain,
every barber in the town
that the fault is all your own.
d by show, misled by wealth,
lless of your peace and health,
g for feather, whims, and fashions,
ft plain Nature's genuine passions,
ave up all your real joys,
ians sell their gold for toys.
nadam! who was pleas'd to fix
wishes on a coach and six,
i'd your end, and now you find
husband ought to ride behind;
ight have had, without offence,
of spirit, soul, and sense,
you have stoop'd to take the air
lain chariot and pair.
oo, my venerable sage!
ou reflected on your age,
l scarce have took, to be undone,
ghtly girl of twenty-one.
ladyship disdain'd to hear
y husband but a peer;
leas'd your angel-form to barter
blue ribbon and a garter:
ow, magnificently great,
el the wretchedness of state;
ted, injur'd, spurn'd, and poor,
ctim of an opera whore.
eighbour there, the wealthy cit,
ou is miserably bit:
oud to drag the nuptial chain
the grave nymphs of Foster-lane,
arried, such his fatal aim was,
y Charlotte, from St. James's;
ow supports, by scores, and dozens,
ry honourable cousins,
ntertains, with wine and cards,
he gay colonels of the guards.
, ye triflers! bear, endure
ions which ye cannot cure;
st with decency conceal
angs your follies make you feel,
es that some obliging fever
ase you of your dears for ever."

The crowd dismiss'd—the god began
To muse upon a better plan:
He saw that things grew worse and worse,
That marriage was become a curse;
And therefore thought it just and wise was
To rectify this fatal bias,
And in a tasteless world excite
Due rev'rence for his holy rite.
Full of his scheme he went one day
To a lone cottage in a shaw,
Where dwelt a nymph of strong and shrewd sense,
Known by the name of Gammer Prudence,
Whom Hymen, with a bow and buss,
Address'd most eloquently thus.
"Goody! I've order'd Love to go
This evening to the world below;
He travels in a coach and sparrows,
With a new set of bows and arrows:
But yet the rogue's so much a child,
So very whimsical, and wild,
His head has such strange fancies in it,
I cannot trust him half a minute.
Were I to let the little wanton
Rove as he lists through every canton,
Without a check, without a rein,
The world would be undone again—
We soon shou'd see the lawns and groves
Quite fill'd with zephyrs, sighs, and doves,
With am'rous ditties, fairy dances,
Such as we read of in romances;
Where princes haunt the lonely rocks,
And dutchesses are feeding flocks.
Go then, my venerable dame!
And qualify his idle flame;
Instruct those hearts his arrows hit,
To pause, and have a little wit:
Bid them reflect, amidst their heat,
'Tis necessary Love should eat;
That in his most ecstatic billing
He possibly may want a shilling.
Persuade them, ere they first engage,
To study temper, rank, and age,
To march beneath my holy banners,
Congenial in their tastes and manners,
Completing just as Heav'n design'd,
An union both of sex and mind."
He said—he press'd—the matron maid,
Benevolent of heart, obey'd;
Forsook her solitary grove,
And, waiting in the train of Love,
Watch'd with the sober eye of Truth
The workings of misguided youth:
And when the heart began to sigh,
To melt, to heave, to bleed, to die,
She whisper'd many a wise remark
With all the dignity of Clark—
She hop'd the ladies, in their choice,
Would listen to her awful voice:
She begg'd the men, while yet their lives
Were free from fevers, plagues, and wives,
Ere yet the chariot was bespoke,
To pause before they took the yoke.—
In short, when Cupid's lucky darts
Had pierc'd a pair of kindred hearts,
And Goody Prudence lik'd the houses,
Estates, and minds, of both the spouses,
And found, exact to form and law,
The settlement without a flaw,
She frankly gave them leave to wed,
And sanctified the nuptial bed.

Th' event was such, the god became
Successful in his trade and fame;
For both the parties, on their marriage,
Improv'd in temper, sense, and carriage;
Fair friendship ray'd on either breast
The sunshine of content and rest.
Studious each other's will to please,
And bless'd with affluence and ease,
Without vexation, words, or strife,
They calmly walk'd the road of life;
And, happy in their fondest joys,
Left a fine group of girls and boys,
Reflecting, lively, cool, and sage,
To shine upon a future age.

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN ENJOYMENTS:

AN ETHIC EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE LYTTELTON, ESQ. AFTERWARDS LORD LYTTELTON, ONE OF THE LORDS OF HIS MAJESTY'S TREASURY, 1749.

I GRANT it, Lyttelton! that ease, or joy,
Forms ev'ry wish that glows beneath the sky;
That when, mid Nature's elemental strife,
Th' Almighty spoke the Chaos into life,
He meant that man, of ev'ry good possest,
Shou'd, like his seraphs, live but to be blest.
Yet, spite of Heav'n, and Heav'n's supreme decree,
We fondly wander, Truth! from bliss and thee;
Tasteless of all that virtue gives to please,
For thought too active, and too mad for ease;
Of feeling exquisite, alive all o'er,
With ev'ry passion wing'd at ev'ry pore;
To each soft breeze or vig'rous blast resign'd,
That sweeps the ocean of the human mind,
We slip our anchors, spread the impatient sail,
Ply all our oars, and drive before the gale.
Hence, as opinion wakes our hopes or fears,
As pride inspirits, or as anger tears,
These on the wings of moonstruck madness fly
To catch the meteors of ambition's sky;
Those, in pale Wisdom's humbler garb array'd,
Court the soft genius of the myrtle shade;
While others, as the plastic atoms pour
More brilliant visions on each killing hour,
From sceptr'd life and all its pomps retire,
Or set, like Phaeton, the world on fire.
Oft the same man, in one revolving Sun,
Is all he aims at, all he longs to shun;
Each gay delusion shares his breast by turns,
With av'rice chills him, or with grandeur burns:
To day the gilded shrines of honour move,
To morrow yields his ev'ry pulse to love;
Now mad for wisdom, now for wit and sport,
This hour at Oxford, and the next at court:
Then, all for purity, he bids adieu
To each loose goddess of the midnight stew,
Enraptur'd hangs o'er Sherlock's labour'd page,
Drinks all his sense, and glows with all his rage,
Till some enormous crimes, unknown before,
From Rome imported, or the Caspian shore,
Nurs'd by thy hand, great Heidegger! attend,
And sink him to a Mohock, or a fiend.
In one short space thus wanton, sober, grave,
A friend to virtue, yet to vice a slave,
From wish to wish in life's mad vortex tost,
For ever struggling, yet for ever lost,
The fickle wand'rer lives in ev'ry scene,
A Clark, a Chartres, or an Aretine.
There are, 'tis true, plebeian souls array'd
In one thick crust of apathy and shade,
Whose dull sensoriums feel not once an age
A spirit brighten, or a passion rage.
As the swift arrow skims the viewless wind,
No path indented, and no mark behind,
So these, without or infamy or praise,
Tread the dull circle of a length of days,
To some poor sepulchre in silence glide,
And scarcely tell us that they liv'd or died.
Peace to all such—but he whose warm desires
Or genius kindles, or ambition fires;
Who, like a comet, sweeps th' aerial void
Of wit and fame, too fine to be enjoy'd;
For him the Muse shall wake her ev'ry art,
Exhibit truth, and open all the heart,
Display th' unnumber'd ills that hourly wait
The cells of wisdom, or the rooms of state:
Then, as o'er life's unfolding scenes we fly,
Bid all his wishes pant but for the sky.
Heroic Glory in the martial scene,
From Rome's first Cæsar to the great Eugene,
Has long engross'd the poet's heav'n-born flame,
And pour'd her triumphs through the trump of Fame:
She mounts the neighing steed, th' imperial car,
Grasps the pale spear, and rushes to the war;
Beneath her steps Earth's trembling orb recedes,
A Poitiers thunders, and a Cressy bleeds:
The battle raves——around her sabre flow
Terrific pleasures, and a pomp of woe;
Pomps ever lost in peace, and but ador'd
When half a nation smokes upon her sword.
Fly then, ye genii! from the tumult fly,
To all that opens in a rural sky:
There, as the vale, the grove, the zephyrs pour
Each purer rapture on the guiltless hour,
From ev'ry shrub content's soft foliage glean,
And rise the Platos of the vernal scene.
And is it so? Does Science then possess
Alone the godlike privilege to bless?
Will Fame her wreaths to moral wisdom yield,
And give the pen to blaze above the shield?
Say, does fair Bliss delight in Maudlin's grove,
In Stanhope's villa, or in Young's alcove?
Deigns she on Secker's modest page to shine?
Or beams the goddess, Lyttelton! on thine?
Ask at yon tomb, where Cudworth's mighty name
Weeps o'er the ruins of his wit and fame;
Cudworth, whose spirit flew, with sails unfurl'd,
Through each vast empire of th' ideal world,
Pierc'd through the mystic shades o'er Nature thrown,
And made the soul's immensity his own.
Yet though his system Wit and Science fir'd,
Though Wilmot trembled, and though Hobbes ex-
Mistaken Zeal, mad Bigotry conspire, [pir'd,
All Turner's dullness, and all Oxford's fire,
All Envy's poisons, all a nation's rage,
And all Hell's imps to blast th' unfinish'd page.
Much-injur'd shade, to Truth, to Virtue dear,—
Be calm, ye witlings! and, ye zealots! hear:
And, while this bright intelligence pervades
Th' ideal world, and rises o'er the shades,
His mines of wisdom, if you can, explore,
Then shut the volume, and be vain no more.
Genius and Taste, alas! too often prove
The worst of mischiefs to the wretch they love;

t, to torture, to destroy,
e, too exquisite for joy;
rious curse ordain'd to know
al, and each fool a foe.
e too great to be forgiv'n,
t bars the gate of Heav'n.
an suns but dare to shine
o with Cibber's Muse and mine.
Envy, Science might be great,
but allow her sons to eat:
e name along the stream of time
, and lives in ev'ry clime,
s with some nobler fare
breezes of St. James's air.
alley! thy unwearied soul
inion flew from pole to pole,
compass to its task restor'd,
hom'd, and each wind explor'd,
ade with ev'ry breeze to fly,
itain half the Zemblian sky.
comes, distinguish'd, lov'd, carest,
h eye, and hugg'd to ev'ry breast;
ours wit and science fire,
irt him, and all sects admire:
with a gratitude unknown
ut Nero's and our own,
it will for ever shame
ory, and th' Athenian name—
ls! that all the world may hear—
e with—ninety pounds a year.
riumphs? these the sums we give
s, and to bid it live?
her fits of madness pour
ndies on a Roman whore,
t the weeping Muse to tell
ected Desaguliers fell?
aught two gracious kings to view
bled, and all Bacon knew,
without a friend to save,
ea, and without a grave?
erhaps, may pay the debt
ancel, and that courts forget:
boots it when our bards expire
st ages hang upon the lyre?
the dust of Tully raise?
listen in his urn to praise?
ip's son enjoy to day
g pæan, or the loud huzza,
e Asia through her ev'ry shore
ll, and Freedom was no more?
ntent's fantastic image flies
it mirrors of the learn'd and wise,
ir, too partial to the great,
st the luxuries of state:
t Ambition how to please,
omps of majesty with ease,
ottage to adorn the court,
, Vienna, or the Porte.
isier! if th' imperial robe
ave to nod o'er half the globe,
scent, by each Turk ador'd,
roud sables, and the hallow'd sword,
art, the gleams of bliss refine,
virtues of the bosom thine?
tch! to ev'ry storm a slave
rings, or madness bids to rave;
is of a woman's pow'r,
ling at the midnight hour,
wild eddies toss'd by hope and fear,
ile, and murder'd by a tear!

At length, each wish destroy'd, each vision fled,
The black seraglio steals upon his bed:
And he, whose glories mingled with the skies,
Adores the bowstring, licks the dust, and dies.
O! could a king in Heav'n's bright pomps ap-
And make an angel as he makes a peer; [pear,
Could he command the heart to beam as far
As the soft radiance of the ducal star;
Forbid one sad anxiety to glow,
One pang to torture, and one tear to flow:
Fly then on all the whirlwind's rapid wing,
To steal a title, or to bribe a string;
In the full blaze of glory be display'd,
And leave Affliction to the vale and shade.
Yet, ere you go, ere proud Ambition call
Each yielding wish to Marli, or Whitehall,
O pause—lest virtue ev'ry guard resign,
And the sad fate of Ripperda be thine.
This glorious wretch, indulg'd at once to move
A nation's wonder, and a monarch's love,
Blest with each charm politer courts admire,
The grace to soften, and the soul to fire,
Forsook his native bogs with proud disdain,
And, though a Dutchman, rose the pride of Spain.
This hour the pageant waves th' imperial rod,
All Philip's empire trembling at his nod;
The next disgrac'd he flies to Britain's isle,
And courts the sunshine of a Walpole's smile:
Unheard, despis'd, to southern climes he steers,
And shines again at Sallé and Algiers,
Bids pale Morocco all his schemes adore,
And pours her thunder on th' Hesperian shore:
All Nature's ties, all Virtue's creeds belied,
Each church abandon'd, and each God denied,
Without a friend, a sepulchre to shield
His carcass from the vultures of the field,
He dies, of all Ambition's sons the worst,
By Afric hated, and by Europe curst.
"He earns his fate who will for phantoms toil,"
Exclaims the goddess of the mirthful smile.
"From wild ambition, with her every care,
The scenes of grandeur, and the pomps of war,
From all a court's proud pageantry admires,
All science wishes, and all glory fires,
Fly to my arms, from fame, from anguish free,
And taste a luxury of bliss with me.
For me the genial spring, the vernal show'r,
Wake the bright verdure, and th' unfolding flow'r;
Arabia's sweets in all my moments fly,
The zephyr's plumage, and the wing of joy,
Each richer viand that the air provides,
That earth unbosoms, or that ocean hides,
All that can Nature's finer organs move,
The pow'rs of music, and the folds of love,
To my keen senses are indulgent giv'n,
In one wild ecstasy of life and Heav'n.
"Yet, yet, dear youth! the fair enchantress shun,
To yield a moment is to be undone:
All Etna's poisons mingle with her breath,
The seeds of sickness, and the gales of death,
She aims to ruin, lives but to beguile,
And all Hell's horrors brood beneath her smile."
'Tis thus, my Lyttelton! that men pursue
Each varied mode of pleasure but the true;
To ev'ry vice, each luxury a prey,
That murders bliss, and hurries life away,
Their headstrong passions after phantoms run,
And still mistake a meteor for a sun.
Yet hear, ye wand'rers! hear, while we impart
A light that sheds fair peace on ev'ry heart;

Which, Aristides! beam'd on thy exile,
And made a Regulus mid tortures smile.
Virtue, immortal Virtue! born to please,
The child of Heaven, and the source of ease,
Bids ev'ry bliss on human life attend,
To ev'ry rank a kind, a faithful friend;
Inspirits Nature midst the scenes of toil,
Smoothes Languor's check, and bids fell Want recoil;
Shines from the mitre with unsullied rays,
Glares on the crest, and gives the star its blaze;
Supports Distinction, spreads Ambition's wings,
Forms saints of queens, and demigods of kings;
O'er grief, oppression, envy, scorn prevails,
And makes a cottage greater than Versailles.

WIT AND LEARNING:

AN ALLEGORY.

SPOKEN AT THE ANNIVERSARY, 1757.

Whoever looks on life will see
How strangely mortals disagree:
This reprobates what that approves,
And Tom dislikes what Harry loves;
The soldier 's witty on the sailor,
The barber drolls upon the tailor;
And he who makes the nation's wills,
Laughs at the doctor and his pills.
Yet this antipathy we find
Not to the sons of Earth confin'd;
Each schoolboy sees, with half an eye,
The quarrels of the Pagan sky:
For all the poets fairly tell us,
That gods themselves are proud and jealous;
And will, like mortals, swear and hector,
When mellow'd with a cup of nectar.
But waving these, and such like fancies,
We meet with in the Greek romances,
Say, shall th' historic Muse retail
A little allegoric tale?
Nor stole from Plato's mystic tome, nor
Translated from the verse of Homer,
But copied, in a modern age,
From Nature, and her fairest page.
Olympian Jove, whose idle trade is
Employ'd too much among the ladies,
Though not of manners mighty chaste,
Was certainly a god of taste;
Would often to his feasts admit
A deity, whose name was Wit;
And, to amuse the more discerning,
Would ask the company of Learning.
Learning was born, as all agree,
Of Truth's half sister, Memory;
A nymph who rounded in her shape was
By that great artist Esculapius.
Euphrosine, the younger grace,
Matchless in feature, mien, and face,
Who, like the beauties of these late days,
Was fond of operas and cantatas,
Would often to a grot retire
To listen to Apollo's lyre;
And thence became, so Ovid writ,
A mother to the god of wit.
Wit was a strange unlucky child,
Exceeding sly, and very wild;
Too volatile for truth or law,
He minded but his top or taw;
And, ere he reach'd the age of six,
Had play'd a thousand waggish tricks.—
He drill'd a hole in Vulcan's kettles,
He strew'd Minerva's bed with nettles,
Climb'd up the solar car to ride in 't,
Broke off a prong from Neptune's trident,
Stole Amphitrite's fav'rite sea-knot,
And urin'd in Astrea's tea-pot.
Learning, a lad of sober mien,
And half a pedant at fifteen,
Had early thrown away his corals,
To study Nature, and her morals;
Was always, let who would oppose it,
Fast by Minerva in her closet;
And while gay Wit, as black as soot all,
Was kicking up and down a foot-ball,
Learning, with philosophic eye,
Rang'd ev'ry corner of the sky;
Spent many a play-day to unriddle
The music of Apollo's fiddle;
And, if he ever chanc'd to meet
His uncle Merc'ry in the street,
Or on his flight, th' audacious brat
Stopp'd him to ask of this or that:
As how the Moon was evanescent,
Was now an orb, and now a crescent?
Why of the Graces each undrest was?
Why Pallas never wore a cestus?
Why Ceres reign'd o'er corn and sallads?
And why the Muses dealt in ballads?
With these discordant tastes and manners,
And listed under diff'rent banners,
Learning and Wit, as says the fable,
Appear'd at Jove's imperial table,
And threw out all their force and fire,
Obedient to th' ethereal sire.
Wit, with his sly satiric vein,
Was always sure to entertain:
He rallied with a tongue as keen
As Rab'lais, or the Irish dean;
And told his tale with such a grace,
With such an eye, and such a face,
As made the nectar flow each cup o'er,
And set the synod in an uproar.
Learning had not the skill to hit
The comic cast, and life of Wit:
With look morose, and awkward air,
He sat ungraceful in his chair;
With diffidence and blushes spoke,
And had no relish for a joke;
So that the little urchin Cupid
Thought him insensible and stupid;
And Hebe, though a well-bred lass,
Would scarcely offer him his glass.
However, when the sprightly bowl
Had thaw'd the ice about his soul,
He then, with majesty, began
To talk of letters, and of man;
Correct, sententious, cool, severe,
He gain'd upon the attentive ear,
Charm'd all the gods, but Wit and Comus,
And that abusive cynic, Momus.
In length of time, as oft the case is
In many sublunary places,
These demigods with jealous eye
Began to look a little shy;
And oft, to wound each other's breast,
Let off a keen sarcastic jest.

with many a stroke, would hit
vivacity of Wit;
threw all his keenest satire
ing's slow, pedantic nature.
ien'd once when Jove had made
Ida's holy shade,
ie gods, whose heads could bear it,
tied each a flask of claret;
from his celestial liquor
is free tongue a little quicker,
th many a bitter scoff,
is brother Learning off;
i if yet his pains and care
it to make the circle square?
visionary ravings
ive brocade from walnut shavings?
hanic skill cou'd catch
motion in a watch?
a pendulum endued
er to tell the longitude?
ig had much ado to sit,
the petulance of Wit:
paleness spread his look,
s with quick convulsions shook:
in accents loud and high,
flaming in his eye,
——"And dar'st thou, wayward chit!
t god of ideot Wit!
as yet to know thy letters,
hou insolent! thy betters?
py! with this penny get
ok, or an alphabet;
f that licentious eye
i great A from an I?
t another jest on me,
iee, miscreant! on my knee,
such welks thy naked seat on,
truant felt at Eton."
th resentment raving wild,
'd an ideot and a child,
preambles or excuses,
on Mercury's caduceus,
such force the weapon throws,
half his rival's nose:
Minerva's boast and care,
large bodkin from her hair,
l the steely pointed dart
i dexterity of art,
l not beauty's lovely queen,
is, spread her fan between,
it the flying death to fix
amoog the iv'ry sticks,
ire triumphs had been o'er,
pe heard his name no more.
ho had no supreme delight in
brawls, or civil fighting,
he heard the nuptial tune flow
from the tongue of Juno,
it these two illiberal guests
ire to violate his feasts,
endous fit of choler,
h their worships by the collar,
ling not their meek submitting,
em from Ida down to Britain.
earning had the luck to fall
the area of Clare-hall,
d Wilcox, from a slope,
ng through his telescope,
comet whose bright tail is
from the time of Thales.

Pleas'd with his scientific look,
He sent him first to Sam the cook;
And having fill'd his empty belly
With mutton broth and meagre jelly,
Gave him a robe of sleek prunella,
And very wisely made him fellow.
Wit, as his destiny decrees,
Dropp'd in the court of Common-Pleas,
Upon a truss of briefs and bills,
And took the shape of justice Willes:
But soon observing round the columns
Reports in half a thousand volumes;
And, finding all those earth-worm souls
Who hold th' Exchequer, or the Rolls,
He left the law, and all its drudges,
With curses, to my lords the judges,
Call'd for a coach, and went to dwell
At Robin Dodsley's in Pall-Mall.
'Twas right—for now where'er he came
He busied all the tongues of Fame;
Was welcome to the festal board,
And had his footman, and his lord;
Would often visit in a chair
The noble Stanhope in May-fair;
Or dine, when business would permit,
With that great statesman William Pitt.
'Tis said too he was sometimes seen
On Garrick's visionary scene;
But Garrick, who prefers a guinea
To all the eloquence of Pliny,
Observing this unlucky railer
Was neither mechanist nor tailor;
That half the audience of the day
Came not to hear, but see, a play;
That many a 'squire, and many a cit,
Were pleas'd with any thing but Wit;
Shut out, with much indecent rage,
The genius of the comic stage,
And open'd his theatric inn
To Scaramouch and Harlequin.
Learning would sometimes drop his gown,
And take a winter-jaunt to town;
Often call'd in at Hitch's shop,
And din'd at Dolly's on a chop;
On Thursday met the grave resort
Of spider merchants in Crane-court,
To rack a cockle, or to see
The nice dissection of a flea:
But having never chanc'd to wear
A bag-wig or a solitaire,
And dressing in a kersey, thicker
Than that which clothes a Cornish vicar,
He seldom had the luck to eat
In Berkeley Square, or Grosvenor Street.
'Twas written in the book of Fate,
These rivals should each other hate;
No wonder then that each proud imp was
As wayward here as on Olympus.
Wit look'd on Learning, as he grew great,
Just as a felon looks on Newgate:
While Learning, who could never hide
His haughty academic pride,
Had such a keen contempt for Wit,
He call'd him nothing but the chit;
And, if he met him at noon-day,
Would turn his face another way.
However, on some festal nights
By chance they both dropp'd in at White's
With learned lords, and noble bards,
Who had no appetite for cards,

And could decide whene'er they met
Momentous truths without a bet.
Wit with vivacity of tongue
First led th' admiring ear along;
His fancy active, wild, and free as
Conception when she breeds ideas,
Flew o'er each undiscover'd part
Of Nature, and the worlds of art,
And brought with such a nice decorum
A group of images before him,
So genuine, yet so uncommon,
With such a glow of tints upon 'em,
That all was spirit, force, and sense,
Loose as the zone of negligence,
Simple as Truth's fair handmaid, Nature,
And deadly as the sting of satire.
Dejected Learning sat oppress'd;
Around him flew the taunt and jest:
Whatever just remarks he made,
Or to demonstrate, or persuade,
Wit, by some sly malicious comment,
Took off, or routed in a moment.
However, when a pause appear'd,
And sober reason could be heard,
He then in all his thunder rises,
Strips off his rival's thin disguises;
Shows where his misconceiving sense
Led to a groundless consequence,
Mistook an errour for a wonder,
A demonstration for a blunder,
Or, having a delusive scent got,
Affirm'd the very thing he meant not.
Yet, after all, since mirth and drinking
Are priz'd above sedater thinking,
Though Learning got a world of praise,
And added splendour to his bays,
Their lordships, frighten'd at th' expense
Of list'ning to exalted sense,
And deeming that the taint of knowledge
Would make the coffee-house a college,
Determin'd, in a full committee,
That man's great end was to be witty:
And therefore order'd, every soul,
Wit should be enter'd on the roll,
And be allow'd, to raise his vein,
A weekly present of champaigne;
That, if proud Learning should presume
To set his foot within the room,
Arthur should show him to the door,
And bid the pedant come no more.
Learning, thus kick'd from ev'ry palace,
And left a victim to the gallows,
Began to see that skill in letters
Would ne'er advance him with his betters;
That though he led them through the dark
With all the lights of Locke and Clarke,
And made his heart, and head, and eyes ach
With reading Nature, and sir Isaac,
Yet all that wisdom could not be
Priz'd like a lively repartee;
He therefore, in a gloomy fit,
Resolv'd to set up for a wit;
But found, alas! howe'er he drest her,
That Science was a wretched jester;
That though he jok'd from moon to moon,
He made a very dull buffoon;
For all his jocular narrations
Smelt of his algebra equations,
And came upon the tortur'd ear
Stiff as the periods of Dacier.
Wit, too, whose excellence and merit
Was mere vivacity of spirit,
Observing that your graver folk
Had little value for a joke,
Would needs, in Nature's bold defiance,
Mount the tremendous chair of Science;
And dar'd to argue pro and con
As gravely as the grave Sorbonne:
But wanting all that fine discerning
Which marks the character of Learning,
And all the elemental rules
Of erudition, and the schools,
The gay professor oft mistook
Alike his question and his book;
Dropp'd a conundrum out of season,
And jested when he ought to reason.
Thus on the world's wild billows tost,
And half their moments idly lost,
Tir'd of applause, and sick of strife,
They each resolv'd to take a wife.
Learning, who often went to see
Lady Anne Bentinck at her tea,
Met there a maid as fair as chaste,
In life's full bloom, whose name was Taste.
'Twas then his heart began to move
With the first tender throb of love,
And often heav'd, he knew not why,
With something softer than a sigh.
He gaz'd, he blush'd, he courted, prest,
And was at length completely blest:
For she, who had not learnt to doat
On Folly in a scarlet coat,
To Learning's blissful arms resign'd
Her graceful form and lovely mind.
Wit too, when past the fire of youth,
Was married to the vestal, Truth:
A nymph whose awful air and mien
Display'd the beauty, and the queen.
Tradition tells us, Hymen swore
That, till this bright auspicious hour,
There never in his holy house was
So fine a group of noble spouses;
For both the bridegrooms, on their marriage,
Improv'd in temper, sense, and carriage.
Learning, his charming wife to please,
Assum'd her elegance and ease;
And Wit, to humour Truth, agreed
To pause, to doubt, reflect, and read.
In short, they led delicious lives,
Belov'd, and honour'd by their wives;
And, happy in their nuptial duties,
Each had a progeny of beauties,
Matchless in feature, form, and parts,
Distinguish'd by the name of Arts.

A

FATHER'S EXTEMPORE CONSOLATION

ON THE DEATH OF TWO DAUGHTERS[1],

WHO LIVED ONLY TWO DAYS.

Let vulgar souls endure the body's chain,
Till life's dull current ebbs in every vein.
Dream out a tedious age, ere, wide display'd,
Death's blackest pinion wraps them in the shade.

[1] The author's twin-daughters, Anne and Mary.

ıappy infants, early taught to shun
ıe world admires beneath the Sun,
ıe weak bands mortality could tie,
mpatient to their native sky.
ecious babes!—Alas! when, fondly wild,
's heart hung melting o'er her child,
charm'd eye a flood of joy express'd,
ıe father kindled in my breast,
paleness seiz'd each guiltless face,
h, though smiling, crept o'er ev'ry grace.
! be calm—heave not th' impassion'd sigh,
one tear to tremble in my eye.
potted moments pass'd between
n of being, and their closing scene:
no nobler blessing can be giv'n,
short anguish is the price of Heav'n.

THE ANTIQUARIANS.

A TALE.

quarians, grave, and loyal,
te by charter royal,
er, on a Thursday night, were
ll senate at the Mitre.
ent, like Mr. Mayor,
ook the elbow chair,
ly sat in due decorum
ıe gilded mace before him.
table were display'd
knife without a blade,
f Anglo-Saxon seal,
with king Alfred's seal,
d mutilated prongs,
to be St. Dunstan's tongs,
h he, as the story goes,
the Devil by the nose.
they talk'd of ancient modes,
cripts, and Gothic codes,
ı altars, camps, and urns,
nian shields and churns:
the Druid slipt or broke
etoe upon the oak?
s spear was made of ash?
emnon wore a sash?
tra dress'd in blue,
her tresses in a queue?
th a dean, who understood
ad pass'd before the flood,
l in half a minute show ye
e as high as Noah,
nd with a solemn air,
nbly bowing to the chair)
," says he, "deserves a name
as the roll of Fame,
rable group of sages
rish in the latest ages,
an amaranthine crown
gs and empires are unknown.
'en I, whose humbler knowledge
the lowest of your college,
h from your meridian day
transitory ray:
you, through ev'ry clime,
'd the step of hoary Time,
r'd up his sacred spoils
e than half a cent'ry's toils.
virtue, deed, or name,
has left to fame,
In every age, and every zone,
In copper, marble, wood, or stone,
In vases, flow'r-pots, lamps, and sconces,
Intaglios, cameos, gems, and bronzes,
These eyes have read through many a crust
Of lacker, varnish, grease, and dust;
And now, as glory fondly draws
My soul to win your just applause,
I here exhibit to your view
A medal fairly worth Peru,
Found, as tradition says, at Rome,
Near the Quirinal Catacomb."
He said, and from a purse of sattin,
Wrapp'd in a leaf of monkish Latin,
And taught by many a clasp to join,
Drew out a dirty copper coin.
Still as pale Midnight when she throws
On Heav'n and Earth a deep repose,
Lost in a trance too big to speak,
The synod ey'd the fine antique;
Examin'd ev'ry point and part,
With all the critic skill of art;
Rung it alternate on the ground
In hopes to know it by the sound;
Applied the tongue's acuter sense
To taste its genuine excellence,
And with an animated gust
Lick'd up the consecrated rust:
Nor yet content with what the eye
By its own sun-beams could descry,
To ev'ry corner of the brass
They clapp'd a microscopic glass;
And view'd in raptures o'er and o'er
The ruins of the learned ore.
Pythagoras, the learned sage,
As you may read in Pliny's page,
With much of thought, and pains, and care,
Found the proportions of a square,
Which threw him in such frantic fits
As almost robb'd him of his wits,
And made him, awful as his name was,
Run naked through the streets of Samos.
With the same spirits doctor Romans,
A keen civilian of the Commons,
Fond as Pythagoras to claim
The wreath of literary fame,
Sprung in a frenzy from his place
Across the table and the mace,
And swore by Varro's shade that he
Conceiv'd the medal to a T.
"It rings," says he, "so pure and chaste,
And has so classical a taste,
That we may fix its native home
Securely in imperial Rome.
That rascal, Time, whose hand purloins
From Science half her kings and coins,
Has eat, you see, one half the tail,
And hid the other in a veil:
But if, through cankers, rust, and fetters,
Misshapen forms, and broken letters,
The critic's eye may dare to trace
An evanescent name and face,
This injur'd medal will appear,
As mid-day sunshine, bright and clear.
The female figure on a throne
Of rustic work in Tibur' stone,
Without a sandal, zone, or boddice,
Is Liberty's immortal goddess;
Whose sacred fingers seem to hold
A taper wand, perhaps of gold:

Which has, if I mistake not, on it
The Pileus, or Roman bonnet:
By this the medallist would mean
To paint that fine domestic scene,
When the first Brutus nobly gave
His freedom to the worthy slave."
When a spectator 'as got the jaundice,
Each object, or by sea or land, is
Discolour'd by a yellow hue,
Though naturally red or blue.
This was the case with 'squire Thynne,
A barrister of Lincoln's Inn,
Who never lov'd to think or speak
Of any thing but ancient Greek.
In all disputes his sacred guide was
The very venerable Suidas;
And though he never deign'd to look
In Salkeld, Littelton, or Coke,
And liv'd a stranger to the fees
And practice of the Common-Pleas;
He studied with such warmth and awe,
The volumes of Athenian law,
That Solon's self not better knew
The legislative plan he drew;
Nor cou'd Demosthenes withstand
The rhet'ric of his wig and band:
When, full of zeal and Aristotle,
And fluster'd by a second bottle,
He taught the orator to speak
His periods in correcter Greek.
"Methinks," quoth he, "this little piece
Is certainly a child of Greece:
Th' ærugo has a tinge of blue
Exactly of the Attic hue;
And, if the taste's acuter feel
May judge of medals as of veal,
I 'll take my oath the mould and rust
Are made of Attic dew and dust.
Critics may talk, and rave, and foam,
Of Brutus and imperial Rome;
But Rome, in all her pomp and bliss,
Ne'er struck so fine a coin as this.
Besides, though Time, as is his way,
Has eat th' inscription quite away,
My eye can trace, divinely true,
In this dark curve a little Mu:
And here, you see, there seems to lie
The ruins of a Doric Xi.
Perhaps, as Athens thought, and writ
With all the pow'rs of style and wit,
The nymph upon a couch of mallows
Was meant to represent a Pallas;
And the baton upon the ore
Is but the olive-branch she bore."
He said—but Swinton, full of fire,
Asserted that it came from Tyre:
A most divine antique he thought it,
And with an empire would have bought it.
He swore the head in full profile was
Undoubtedly the head of Belus;
And the reverse, though hid in shade,
Appear'd a young Sidonian maid,
Whose tresses, buskins, shape, and mien,
Mark'd her for Dido at sixteen;
Perhaps the very year when she was
First married to the rich Sichæus.
The rod, as he could make it clear,
Was nothing but a hunting-spear,
Which all the Tyrian ladies bore,
To guard them when they chas'd the boar.
A learned friend, he could confide on,
Who liv'd full thirty years at Sidon,
Once show'd him, midst the seals and rings
Of more than thirty Syrian kings,
A copper piece, in shape and size
Exactly that before their eyes,
On which, in high relief, was seen
The image of a Tyrian queen;
Which made him think this other dame
A true Phœnician, and the same.
The next, a critic, grave and big,
Hid in a most enormous wig,
Who in his manner, mien, and shape was
A genuine son of Esculapius,
Wonder'd that men of such discerning
In all th' abstruser parts of learning,
Cou'd err, through want of wit or grace,
So strangely in so plain a case.
"It came," says he, "or I will be whipt,
From Memphis in the Lower Egypt.
Soon as the Nile's prolific flood
Has fill'd the plains with slime and mud,
All Egypt in a moment swarms
With myriads of abortive worms,
Whose appetites would soon devour
Each cabbage, artichoke, and flow'r,
Did not some birds, with active zeal,
Eat up whole millions at a meal,
And check the pest while yet the year
Is ripening into stalk and ear.
This blessing, visibly divine,
Is finely portray'd on the coin;
For here this line, so faint and weak,
Is certainly a bill or beak;
Which bill, or beak, upon my word,
In hieroglyphics means a bird,
The very bird whose num'rous tribe is
Distinguish'd by the name of ibis.
Besides the figure with the wand,
Mark'd by a sistrum in her hand,
Appears, the moment she is seen,
An Isis, Egypt's boasted queen.
Sir, I 'm as sure, as if my eye
Had seen the artist cut the die,
That these two curves, which wave and float thu
Are but the tendrils of the lotus,
Which, as Herodotus has said,
Th' Egyptians always eat for bread."
He spoke, and heard, without a pause,
The rising murmur of applause;
The voice of admiration rung
On ev'ry ear from ev'ry tongue:
Astonish'd at the lucky hit,
They star'd, they deify'd his wit.
But ah! what arts by Fate are tried
To vex and humble human pride!
To pull down poets from Parnassus,
And turn grave doctors into asses!
For whilst the band their voices raise
To celebrate the sage's praise,
And Echo through the house convey'd
Their pæans loud to man and maid;
Tom, a pert waiter, smart and clever,
A droit pretence who wanted never,
Curious to see what caus'd this rout,
And what the doctors were about,
Slyly stepp'd in to snuff the candles,
And ask whate'er they pleas'd to want else.
Soon as the synod he came near,
Loud dissonance assail'd his ear;

Strange mingled sounds, in pompous style,
Of Isis, Ibis, Lotus, Nile;
And soon in Romans' hand he spies
The coin, the cause of all their noise.
Quick to his side he flies amain,
And peeps, and snuffs, and peeps again.
And though antiques he had no skill in,
He knew a sixpence from a shilling;
And, spite of rust or rub, cou'd trace
On humble brass Britannia's face.
Soon her fair image he descries,
And, big with laughter and surprise,
He burst—" And is this group of learning
So short of sense and plain discerning,
That a mere halfpenny can be
To them a curiosity?
If this is your best proof of science,
With wisdom Tom claims no alliance;
Content with Nature's artless knowledge,
He scorns alike both school and college."
More had he said—but, lo! around
A storm in ev'ry face he found:
On Romans' brow black thunders hung,
And whirlwinds rush'd from Swinton's tongue;
Thynne lightning flash'd from ev'ry pore,
And Reason's voice was heard no more.
The tempest ey'd, Tom speeds his flight,
And, sneering, bids 'em all good night;
Convinc'd that Pedantry's allies
May be too learned to be wise.

THE

POEMS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THE

LIFE OF CHURCHILL,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

CHARLES CHURCHILL was born in Vine Street, in the parish of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster, some time in February 1731. His father was for many years curate and lecturer of that parish, and rector of Rainham, near Grays in Essex[1]. He placed his son, when about eight years of age, at Westminster school, which was then superintended by Dr. Nichols and Dr. Pierson Lloyd. His proficiency at school, although not inconsiderable, was less remarkable than his irregularities. On entering his nineteenth year, he applied for matriculation at the university of Oxford, where, it is reported by some, he was rejected on account of his deficiency in the learned languages, and by others, that he was hurt at the trifling and childish questions put to him, and answered the examiner with a contempt which was mistaken for ignorance. It is not easy to reconcile these accounts, and perhaps not of great importance. The examinations at that time were not very strict, for Gibbon was admitted of Magdalen College with probably less classical knowledge than Churchill, and would not have thought his examination trifling, if he had been unable to answer it. Churchill, however, was afterwards admitted of Trinity College, Cambridge, but immediately returned to London, and never visited the university any more.

The reason of his abandoning the university, may have been an attachment which he formed while at Westminster school, and which ended in a clandestine marriage at the Fleet. This was a severe disappointment to his father's hopes; but he wisely became reconciled to what was unavoidable, and entertained the young couple in his house about a year, during which his son's conduct was irreproachable. In 1751, he retired to Sunderland in the north of England, where he applied himself to such studies as might qualify him for the church. Why he could not have done this under the eye of his father, we know not; but at the customary age, he received deacon's orders at the hands of Dr. Willes, bishop of Bath and Wells, and in 1756 was ordained priest by Dr. Sherlock, bishop of London.

He exercised his clerical functions at Cadbury in Somersetshire, and at Rainham, his father's living, but in what manner, or with what display of abilities, is not remembered.

[1] His mother was a Scotch woman. Cole's MSS. in Brit. Mus.

A story was current some time after his death that he received a curacy of 30*l.* a year in Wales, and kept a public house, to supply his deficiences, but for this there appears to have been no other foundation than what the irregularities of his more advanced life supplied. So regardless was he of character, that his enemies found ready credit for any fiction at his expense.

While at Rainham, he endeavoured to provide for his family, by teaching the youth of the neighbourhood, an occupation which necessity rendered eligible, and habit might have made pleasing, but in 1758 his father's death opened a more flattering prospect to him in the metropolis, where he was chosen his successor in the curacy and lectureship of St. John's. For some time he performed the duties of these offices with external decency at least, and employed his leisure hours in the instruction of some pupils in the learned languages, and was also engaged as a teacher at a ladies' boarding school.

He was in his twenty-seventh year, when he began to relax from the obligations of virtue, and more openly to enter into those dissipations which, while they ruined his character and impaired his health, were, not indirectly, the precursors to his celebrity in public life. He was immoderately fond of pleasure, a constant attender at the theatres, and the associate of men who united wit and profligacy, and qualified themselves for moral teachers by practising the vices they censured in others. Lloyd, the poet, had been one of his school-fellows at Westminster, and their intimacy, renewed afresh, became now a close partnership in debt and dissipation. In one respect this proved beneficial to Churchill. Dr. Lloyd, his companion's father, persuaded Churchill's creditors to accept of five shillings in the pound, and to grant releases; nor ought it to be concealed, that there is some reason for believing that Churchill, as soon as he had acquired money by his publications, voluntarily paid the full amount of the original debts.

At what period he made the first experiment of his poetical talents is not known. He had, in conjunction with Lloyd, the care of the poetical department in The Library, a kind of magazine of which Dr. Kippis was editor, and he probably wrote, as Lloyd certainly did, some small pieces in that work, but they cannot now be distinguished. About the year 1759 or 1760, he wrote a poem of some length, entitled The Bard, which was rejected by an eminent bookseller, and perhaps justly, as the author did not publish it afterwards, when it might have had the protection of his name. He wrote also The Conclave, a satire levelled at the dean and chapter of Westminster, which his friends prevailed upon him to suppress. Thus disappointed in his first two productions, his constant attendance at the theatres suggested a third, levelled at a class of men who seldom have the means of public resentment. This was his celebrated Rosciad, in which the professional characters of the performers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden theatres were examined with a severity, yet with an acuteness of criticism, and easy flow of humour and sarcasm, which rendered what he probably considered as a temporary trifle, a publication of uncommon popularity. He had, however, so little encouragement in bringing this poem forward, that five guineas were refused as the price he valued it at; and he printed it at his own risk when he had scarcely ready money enough to pay for the necessary advertisements. It was published in March 1761, and its sale exceeded all expectation.

His name did not appear to the first edition, and Lloyd having not long before published The Actor, a poem on the same subject, if not with the same intentions, the Rosciad was generally supposed to be the production of the same writer, while, by others, it was attributed to those confederate wits, Colman and Thornton. Churchill,

however, soon avowed a poem which promised so much fame and profit, and as it had been not only severely handled in the Critical Review, but positively attributed to another pen, he published The Apology, addressed to the Critical Reviewers, 1761. In this he retaliated with that bitterness of personal satire which he displayed with additional malignity in his subsequent productions.

The success of The Rosciad and of The Apology, opened new prospects to their author. He saw, in his genius, a source of plentiful emolument, but unfortunately also he contemplated it as an object of terrour, which might be employed against the friends of virtue with whom he no longer thought it necessary to keep any terms. While insulting public decency by the grossest immorality, he aimed his vengeance on those who censured him, with a sprightliness of malignity and force of ridicule which he deemed irresistible. His conduct, as a clergyman, had long shocked his parishioners, and incurred at length the displeasure of Dr. Pearce, the dean of Westminster, who remonstrated as became his station. But Churchill was now too far gone in profligacy, and being, as his friends have been pleased to say, too honest to dissemble, he resigned his curacy and lectureship[2], and with this acknowledged sacrifice to depravity, threw off all the external restraints which his former character might be thought to impose. That his contempt for the clerical dress might be more notorious, he was seen at all public places, habited in a blue coat with metal buttons, a gold laced waistcoat, a gold laced hat, and ruffles. It is singular that one who knew satire so well, should have thus inconsciously stript himself of a dress he was no longer worthy to wear, and put on one which made himself ridiculous.

In February 1761, a separation took place between him and his wife, whose imprudence is said to have kept pace with his own[3]. But from a licentious passage in one of his letters to Wilkes, it appears that he was tired of her person, and probably neglected her in pursuit of vagrant amours. As his conduct in this and other matters was too notorious to pass without animadversion, he endeavoured to vindicate it in a poem, entitled Night, addressed to his wretched partner Lloyd. The poetical beauties of this poem, which are very striking, can never atone for the absurdity as well as immorality of his main argument, that avowed vice is more harmless than concealed, and did not prevent his readers from perceiving, that he who maintains it, must have lost shame as well as virtue.

His next publication was The Ghost, 1762, extended, at irregular intervals, to four books. This was founded on the well-known imposture of a ghost having disturbed a family in Cock Lane; but our poet contrived to render it the vehicle of many characteristic sketches, and desultory thoughts on various subjects unconnected with its title. About this time he appears to have formed a connection with the celebrated John Wilkes, an impostor of more ingenuity, who encouraged him to add faction to profligacy, and increase the number of his enemies by reviling every person of rank or distinction with whom Wilkes chose to be at variance. His pen is said to have been also employed in Wilkes's North Briton, and The Prophecy of Famine. Churchill's next production was originally sketched in prose for that paper. What other contributions he made cannot now be ascertained, but it may be suspected that his satirical

[2] See a letter from him on this subject, in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xlviii. p. 471. *C.*

[3] This has been denied. She survived him, however, and he bequeathed to her an annuity of 60*l.* a year. *C.*

talent would ill submit to the tameness of prose, nor indeed was such an employment worthy of the author of The Rosciad and The Apology. Wilkes suggested The Prophecy of Famine, as a more suitable vehicle for the bitterness of national scurrility, and he was not mistaken.

The Epistle to Hogarth, which followed, was occasioned by that artist's having taken some liberties, in his political engravings, with the characters of the earls Temple and Chatham. The only revenge he took was a paltry print representing Churchill as a Russian bear, but whether this preceded or followed the Epistle is not quite clear. The parties had been once intimate, and Churchill paid due reverence to the talents of Hogarth, but in his present humour he stuck at nothing which could vex and irritate. Hogarth died soon after, and some of Churchill's friends asserted, with malicious satisfaction, that the poem had accelerated that event. Mr. Nichols, in his copious life of Hogarth, starts some reasonable doubts on this subject.

In 1763, Churchill formed an intimacy with the daughter of a tradesman[4] in Westminster, and prevailed with her to live with him, but within a fortnight his passion was satiated, and she had leisure to repent. Her father received her back, and she might probably have been reformed, had she not been insulted by a sister, and her situation rendered so disagreeable that she preferred the company of her seducer. Churchill thought himself bound in honour and gratitude to receive her, and perpetuate her wretchedness by a more lengthened connection. While this affair was the general subject of public indignation, he wrote The Conference, in which he assumes the language of repentance and atonement with such pathetic effect, that every reader must hope he was sincere.

The duel which took place between Wilkes and Martin gave rise to The Duellist, 1763, which he extended to three books, and diversified, as usual, by much personal satire. In The Author, published about the end of the same year, he gave more general satisfaction, as the topics were of a more general nature. His first publication in 1764 was Gotham, which, without a definite object, or much connection of parts, contains many passages of sterling merit. The Candidate was written soon after, to expose lord Sandwich, who was a candidate for the office of high steward of the university of Cambridge. His lordship's deficiencies in moral conduct were perhaps no unfair objects for satire, but this from the pen of a man now debilitated by habitual excess, served only to prove that Churchill was a profligate in contempt of knowledge and reason.

The Farewell, The Times, and Independence were hasty compositions that added little to his fame, and, except perhaps The Times, announced the decline of his powers. Independence appeared in September, 1764, and was the last of his productions published in his lifetime. The Journey and The Fragment of a Dedication to Dr. Warburton were brought to light by his friends soon after his death.

Towards the end of October, 1764, he accompanied Humphrey Cotes, one of Wilkes's dupes, to visit this patriot in his voluntary exile in France. The party met at Boulogne, where Churchill, immediately on his arrival, was attacked by a miliary fever, which terminated his life, Nov. 4, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. It was reported, that his last words were, "What a fool have I been!" but Wilkes, who was present, thought it

[4] Of a celebrated statuary, says Mr. Cole, who was knighted by his majesty some years before. Mr. Cole adds the name, but it is not the name of a "spinster" mentioned in Churchill's will, and who was, if I am not mistaken, the lady he seduced. C.

ty on all occasions to contradict this. He considered it as a calumny on a man " firmness of philosophy," he gravely informs us, " shone in full lustre during ole time of his very severe illness."

body was brought from Boulogne for interment at Dover, where it was deposited old church-yard, formerly belonging to the collegiate church of St. Martin. A as afterwards placed on his grave, on which are inscribed his age, the time of th, and this line from his works:

Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies.

he nature of his life and its enjoyments, enough has been said. He left two Charles and John, the charge of whose education was generously undertaken by hard Jebb, but they soon died, like their father, victims to imprudence and inance.

year after his death, a volume of sermons was published, which he is said to repared for the press, but this seems wholly improbable. They bear no marks composition; and it has been conjectured by the editor of the Biographia, that ere some of his father's, which he had copied for his own use. Churchill was not crite, and would not have published sermons for a serious purpose, nor could he pted by necessity to avail himself of public curiosity. His poetry supplied all his and, if we may credit his will, he left behind him a considerable sum of money.

merit of Churchill, as a poet, has but lately been appreciated with impartiality. his life, his works were popular beyond all competition. While he continued to that species of entertainment which is more generally gratifying than a good an conceive, or a bad one will acknowledge, he was more eagerly and more fre- read than any of his contemporaries. Dr. Warton seems to complain that there ime when Churchill was more in vogue than Gray. This is not wonderful; a l satirist is sure to engross public attention, and as a supporter of factious defa- , Churchill was admirably suited to the time in which he lived. But if his poems opular with those who love to see worth depreciated and distinctions levelled, e vulgar, the envious, and the malignant; they were no less held in abhorrence e who were as much hurt at the prostitution as charmed by the excellence of his and who were afraid to praise his genius, lest they should propagate his writings, en, therefore, made so much noise during their lives, or so little after their deaths. tners in vice and faction shrunk from the task of perpetuating his memory, either e fear of an alliance with a character so obnoxious as to injure their party, or e neglect with which bad men usually treat their associates when they can be no useful. Lloyd, to whom he had been more kind than Colman or Thornton, did vive him above a month. Colman and Thornton preserved a cautious silence man whom to praise was to engage with the many enemies he had created; and to whom he bequeathed the editorship and illustration of his poems by notes, glected the task, until he had succeeded in his ambitious manœuvres, became d of the agents who had supported him, and left his poorer partizans to shift for ves. Even when Dr. Kippis applied to him for such information as might supply f Churchill for the Biographia, he seemed unwilling or unable to contribute and a comparison of that life with the scattered accounts previously published, ivince the reader that Dr. Kippis, who was a good natured and a grateful man, him for more assistance than he received.

While the friends of Churchill were thus negligent of his fame, it was not to be expected that his enemies would be very eager to perpetuate the memory of a man by whom they had suffered so severely. Perhaps no writer ever made so many enemies, or carried his hostilities into so many quarters, without provocation. If we except the case of Hogarth, I do not recollect that he has attacked the character of one individual who ever did him an injury, or stood in his way. Such wantonness of detraction must have naturally led to a general wish that his name and works might be speedily consigned to oblivion.

The time, however, is now come, when, although his character cannot be rescued from the contempt into which it fell, his writings may be read with more calmness, and his rank as a poet assigned with the regards due to real genius, however misapplied. If those passages in which his genius shines most conspicuously were to be selected from the mass of defamation by which they are surrounded, he might, I think, be allowed to approach to Pope in every thing but correctness, and even of his failure in this respect, it may be justly said that he evinces carelessness rather than want of taste. But he despised regularity in every thing; and whatever was within rules, bore an air of restraint to which his proud spirit could not submit. From the evidence of his writings, as well as of his friends, it appears that he thought so meanly of Pope as to suppose it no difficult matter to excel him. Dryden was his acknowledged model, and he left inequalities in his writings that he might resemble Dryden, and shun Pope's "unvaried excellence."

Such caprice is unaccountable, but it is certain that Churchill persisted in despising that correctness which he might have attained with very little care. The opinion of Cowper upon this subject is too valuable to be omitted. Churchill "is a careless writer for the most part, but where shall we find in any of those authors, who finish their works with the exactness of a Flemish pencil, those bold and daring strokes of fancy, those numbers so hazardously ventured upon, and so happily finished, the matter so compressed, and yet so clear, and the colouring so sparingly laid on, and yet with such a beautiful effect? In short it is not his least praise, that he is never guilty of those faults as a writer which he lays to the charge of others. A proof that he did not judge by a borrowed standard, or from rules laid down by critics, but that he was qualified to do it by his own native powers, and his great superiority of genius[5]."

The superiority of his genius, indeed, is so obvious from even a slight perusal of his works, that it must ever be regretted that his subjects were temporary, and his manner irritating, and that he should have given to party and to passion what might have so boldly chastised vice, promoted the dignity of virtue, and advanced the honours of poetry. His fertility was astonishing, for the whole of his poems were designed and finished within the short space of three years and a half. Whatever he undertook he accomplished with rapidity, although such was the redundancy of his imagination, and such the facility with which he committed his thoughts to paper, that he has not always executed what he began, and perhaps delights too much in excursions from his principal

[5] Hayley's Life of Cowper, vol. iii. p. 27, 8vo. edit. Cowper had been the associate of Colman and Thornton, and wrote a few papers in the Connoisseur. Whether he was equally intimate with Churchill does not appear, but he was among the first to revive the memory of his talents, by some beautiful lines in his Table Talk, which are prefixed to this edition of Churchill's poems. Between Cowper and Churchill, in point of moral character, the distance is so great, that it is impossible to suppose there could ever have been any cordiality. *C.*

ct. Of this, The Prophecy of Famine, which for original, creative power, I should clined to prefer to all his other writings, appears to be a striking example. It con- of a long introduction which might suit any other subject, and detached parts have no natural connection, and of which the order might be changed without y.

it it is unnecessary to make a parade of criticism by pointing out the individual ties that present themselves in all his writings, with the exception of the Rosciad, h seems to have owed its popularity more to its subject, and the clamour of the rs and their friends, than to its poetry. In his other works, there are few of the tial qualities of a poet which he has not so frequently exemplified, as to induce reader to believe that with care, leisure, and a happier disposition of mind, he t have executed works that would have entitled him to unmixed and uninterrupted . He has fully proved that he was not incapable of the higher species of poetry: s given specimens of the sublime and the pathetic, "the two chief nerves of all ine poesy." In personification he is peculiarly happy, and sometimes displays the fancy of Spenser, united with great strength of colouring and force of expression. ursts of indignation are wonderfully eloquent, and with a love of virtue, he might been her irresistible advocate, and the first of ethic writers. Where he does put e character of a moral satirist, he is perhaps inferior to none of the moderns, and moderns certainly excel the ancients in this species of poetry. But unfortunately enius was biassed by personal animosity, and where he surpasses all other writers, in the keenness, not of legitimate satire, but of defamation. His object is not to m, but to revenge, and that the greatness of his revenge may be justified, he gerates the offences of his objects beyond all bounds of truth and decency.

> From Hell itself his characters he drew,
> And christen'd them by every name he knew[6].

some cases, the poet may be considered separate from the man, and indeed of y eminent poets we know too little to be able to determine what influence their acter had on their writings. But Churchill's productions are so connected with his ulent and irregular life, that they must necessarily be brought in contact. He ently alludes to his character and situation, and takes every opportunity to vindicate seem to redound most to his discredit, his vices and his associates: and as his s will probably long be read, with admiration as works of genius, or from curiosity ecimens of obloquy, it is necessary to be told that he had very little veneration ruth, that he drew his characters in extravagant disproportion, and that he was rdless of any means by which he could bring temporary or lasting disgrace on the ons, whom either faction or revenge made him consider as enemies[7].

ragment, by W. Whitehead, in Mason's Life of that poet. A few lines from the same pen are ed to the present edition. C.

Ir. Tooke, of Gray's Inn, lately published an edition of Churchill's works, illustrated by much mporary history. I owe some particulars of Churchill's life to the well-written memoirs prefixed s work. C.

ON CHURCHILL.

BY WM. COWPER, ESQ.

Contemporaries all surpass'd, see one:
Short his career, indeed, but ably run:
Churchill: himself unconscious of his powers,
In penury consum'd his idle hours:
And like a scatter'd seed at random sown
Was left to spring by vigour of his own.
Lifted, at length, by dignity of thought
And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,
He laid his head in Luxury's soft lap,
And took, too often, there his easy nap.
If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,
'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.
Surly and slovenly, and bold and coarse,
Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,
Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
He struck his lyre in such a careless mood,
And so disdain'd the rules he understood.
The laurel seem'd to wait on his command,
He snatch'd it rudely from the Muse's hand.

BY WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

That I 'm his foe, ev'n Churchill can't pretend,
But—thank my stars—he proves I am no friend:
Yet, Churchill, could an honest wish succeed,
I 'd prove myself to thee a friend indeed:
For had I power like that which bends the spheres
To music never heard by mortal ears,
Where, in his system, sits the central Sun,
And drags reluctant planets into tune,
So would I bridle thy eccentric soul,
In Reason's sober orbit bid it roll:
Spite of thyself, would make thy rancour cease,
Preserve thy present fame and future peace,
And teach thy Muse no vulgar place to find
In the full moral chorus of mankind.

POEMS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

THE ROSCIAD.

JS deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r
'd all his int'rest for the vacant chair.
a'd heroes of the mimic stage
whine in love, and rant in rage;
rch quits his throne, and condescends
o court the favour of his friends;
sake tells undeserv'd mishaps,
applause to gain, recounts his claps.
rictorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
mob, a suppliant's form assume,
is strain fight o'er th' extinguish'd war,
where honour bled in ev'ry scar.
ugh bare merit might in Rome appear
gest plea for favour, 'tis not here;
our judgment in another way;
will best succeed, who best can pay:
o would gain the votes of British tribes,
to force of merit, force of bribes.
in an actor give? In ev'ry age
been rudely banish'd from the stage;
themselves, to grief of ev'ry play'r,
often as their image there:
, like candidate for other seat,
of wine, and mountains raise of meat.
y could bribe you with the world as soon,
st beef, they only know the tune:
hey have they give; could Clive do more,
each million he had brought home four?
eeps open house at Southwark fair,
the friends of humour will be there;
eld, Yates prepares the rival treat
who laughter love, instead of meat;
Old House, for even Foote will be,
ceit, an actor, bribes with tea;
lkinson at second-hand receives,
New, pours water on the leaves.
n divided, each runs sev'ral ways,
, humour, int'rest, party sways.
JV.

Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.
From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises—he's so *droll.*
Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,
Palmer! Oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf, with aching eyes,
Looks up, and vows that Barry's out of size;
Whilst to six feet the vig'rous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan [1].
When place of judgment is by whim supply'd,
And our opinions have their rise in pride;
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self;
All must meet friends, and Ackman bids as fair
In such a court, as Garrick, for the chair.
At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be try'd;
But this their squabbles *did* afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial:—Who?
For Johnson some, but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave; and Sterne too gay appear'd:
Others for Francklin voted; but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
For Colman many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was young:
For Murphy some few *pilf'ring* wits declar'd,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom star'd.
To mischief train'd, e'en from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud;
A pert, prim, prater of the *northern* race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth;—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice strok'd his band—

[1] John Coan, a dwarf, who died in 1764. *C.*

"At Friendship's call," (thus oft with trait'rous aim
Men, void of faith, usurp Faith's sacred name)
"At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,
Who thus by me *develops* his intent.
But lest, *transfus'd*, the spirit should be lost,
That spirit which in storms of *rhet'ric* tost,
Bounces about, and flies like boiled beer,
In his own words his own intentions hear.
"Thanks to my friends.—But to vile fortunes born,
No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.
Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw;
Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law?
Twice (curs'd remembrance!) twice I strove to gain
Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn, prepare
For clients' wretched feet the legal snare;
Dead to those arts, which polish and refine,
Deaf to all worth, because that worth was *mine*,
Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
And foul rejection gave me up to shame.
To laws and lawyers then I bad adieu,
And plans of far more lib'ral note pursue.
Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast
Burns for that chair which Roscius once possess'd.
Here give your votes, your int'rest *here* exert,
And let success for *once* attend desert."
With sleek appearance, and with ambling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The Proteus Hill put in his *modest* plea,—
"Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me."—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, inspector, doctor, botanist?
Knows any one so well—sure no one knows.—
At once to *play, prescribe, compound, compose?*
Who can—But Woodward came,—Hill slipp'd away,
Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.
[1] With that *low* cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave; [charms,
With that *smooth* falsehood, whose appearance
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that *malignant* envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the *cold* caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a skreen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's *basely* done, should be done *safely* too;
With that *dull, rooted, callous* impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue *unawares*;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by Nature on *one* happy mind,
A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came *simp'ring* on; to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage, *impannell'd* matrons would perplex.
Nor *male*, nor *female*; *neither*, and yet both;
Of *neuter* gender, though of *Irish* growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in *its* gait;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful *it* seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest *brutal breezes* should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and *savage* motion spread,
O'er *its* pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.
Much did *it* talk, in *its* own *pretty* phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of play'rs and plays;
Much too of writings, which *itself* had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what *it* wrote, none but *itself* should read;
Much too it chatter'd of *dramatic* laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause,
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair;
And, with an awkward briskness not *its* own,
Looking around, and *perking* on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common-Sense appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To *its* first state of nothing melted down.
Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
Of this *vain nothing* shall be mortified)
Nor shall the Muse (should Fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the *thing* forgot;
Let *it*, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!
Cold-blooded critics, by enervate sires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half froze,
Creeps lab'ring through the veins; whose heart never glows
With fancy-kindled heat;—a servile race,
Who in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules;
With solemn consequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone.
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.
When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood forth,
Unknown his person, not unknown his worth;
His look bespoke applause; alone he stood,
Alone he stemm'd the mighty critic flood.
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who prized our own, but envied not their fame;
With noble reverence spoke of Greece and Rome,
And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.
"But more than just to other countries grown,
Must we turn base apostates to our own?
Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
That England may not please the ear as well?
What mighty magic's in the place or air,
That all perfection needs must centre there?
In states, let strangers blindly be preferr'd;
In state of letters, merit should be heard.
Genius is of no country, her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as general as the day;
Too to restraint, from place to place she flies,
And may hereafter e'en in Holland rise.

[1] This severe character was intended for Mr. Fitzpatrick, a person who had rendered himself remarkable by his activity in the playhouse riots of 1763, relative to the taking half prices. He was the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad. *E.*

(to give a pleasing fancy scope,
:r a patriot heart with patriot hope)
some great extensive genius raise
e of Britain 'bove Athenian praise;
lst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
ıgland great in letters as in arms?
ay—there hath—and Shakspeare's Muse
ıpires
he reach of Greece: with native fires
; aloft, he wings his daring flight,
ophocles below stands trembling at his
ight.
should we then abroad for judges roam,
ler judges we may find at home?
ı tragic and in comic pow'rs,
not Shakspeare?—Is not Jonson ours?
, your nat'ral judges, Britons, vote;
ıdge like Britons, who like Britons wrote."
l, and conquer'd—Sense resum'd her sway,
ppointed pedants stalk'd away.
.re and Jonson, with deserv'd applause,
ges were ordain'd to try the cause.
e the stranger ev'ry voice employ'd,
tell his name—Who is it?—*Lloyd.*
when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
ıely prudent, gave up the dispute,
th the decent warmth of youth,
ood forth the advocate of Truth;
Falsehood, and disabled Pride,
ıffled Age stood snarling at his side.
ıy of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
of trial should be put off here.
ıt seldom for delay can call
where forms are few, fees none at all.
orning came, nor find I that the Sun,
other great events hath done,
brighter robe than what he wore
journey in the day before.
the centre of a spacious plain,
entirely new, where nothing vain,
magnificent appear'd, but Art
ent modesty perform'd her part,
ibunal: from no other court
'd ornament, or sought support:
here were pack'd to kill or clear,
were taken, nor oaths broken here;
smen, partial to a client's cause,
own purpose tun'd the pliant laws,
ge was true and steady to his trust,
ield wise, and as old Foster* just.
first seat, in robe of various dyes,
vildness flashing from his eyes,
speare.—In one hand a wand he bore,
ıty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
r held a globe, which to his will
turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
the noblest kind his genius drew,
'd through Nature at a single view:
e gave to his unbounded soul,
ht new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
o being scenes unknown before,
ing Nature's bounds, was something more.
'onson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
judgment Fancy's flights restrain'd,
prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
ut her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault.

*Michael Foster, one of the judges of the
en:h.

The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to its proper source;
Then strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view.
The coxcomb felt a lash in ev'ry word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And Laughter frighten'd Folly more than Law.
But, hark!—The trumpet sounds, the crowd gives
And the procession comes in just array. [way,
Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine;
Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,
And waken mem'ry with a sleeping ode.
For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
But give, kind Dullness, memory and rhyme,
We'll put off Genius till another time.
First, Order came,—with solemn step, and slow,
In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Lest this should quit his place, that step awry.
Appearances to save his only care;
So things seem right, no matter what they are.
In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by *sir* Critic on *saint* Prude.
Then came *drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute;*
Next *snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute:*
Legions of angels all in *white* advance;
Furies, all *fire*, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools, hand in hand with foo's, go two by two.
Next came the treasurer of either house;
One with full purse, t'other with not a sous.
Behind, a group of figures awe create,
Set off with all th' impertinence of state;
By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.
Here Havard, all serene, in the same strains,
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
H's easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies. On my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—
Statesman all over!—In plots famous grown!—
He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.
Next Holland came.—With truly tragic stalk,
He creeps, he flies.—A hero should not walk.
As if with Heav'n he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries against the skies;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other stage,
He might, *perhaps*, have pleas'd an easy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must Imitation's servile arts disclaim;
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand;
I hate e'en Garrick thus at second-hand.
Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore,
Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's shore;
Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove ev'ry other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face.
From her his features caught the gen'rous [illegible]
And bid defiance to all sense of shame.
Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines [illegible]

Lo Yates!—Without the least finesse of art
He gets applause—I wish he'd get his part.
When hot Impatience is in full career,
How vilely "Hark'e! Hark'e!" grates the ear?
When active Fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event,
I hate those careless blunders which recall
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.
In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of ev'ry decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face,
There Yates with justice strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause.
But when to please himself or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage, by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's clothes.
Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.
Woodward, endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, fav'rite of the town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures ev'ry limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh indeed, but on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence hath the town so often seen display'd
Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.
But when bold wits, not such as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in these insipid days,
Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge
To probability's extremest verge,
Where modest Judgment her decree suspends,
And for a time, nor censures, nor commends,
Where critics can't determine on the spot,
Whether it is in Nature found or not,
There Woodward safely shall his pow'rs exert,
Nor fail of favour where he shows desert,
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kitely scarce had more.
By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote laughs, cries, struts, and scrapes:
Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, *bawd, person, auctioneer.*
His strokes of humour, and his bursts of sport,
Are all contain'd in this one word, *Distort.*
Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
E'en I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's errours are my own.
Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
Wilkinson this, Obrien was that name.
Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic pow'r endu'd,
The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;
The last by Nature form'd to please, who shows,
In Jonson's Stephen, which way Genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd before.
When a dull copier simple grace neglects,
And rests his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.
By Nature form'd in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of art endu'd,
Next Jackson came.—Observe that settled glare,
Which better speaks a puppet than a player:
List to that voice—did ever Discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When, to enforce some very tender part,
The right-hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He sobs and pants to soothe his weeping spouse,
To soothe his weeping mother, turns and bows.
Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t' other.
Some errours, handed down from age to age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
That's vile—Should we a parent's faults adore,
And err because our fathers err'd before?
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jest they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
Not see their faults, or seeing not avoid?
When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
Why, without meaning, rolls Love's glassy eye?
Why?—There's no cause—at least no cause we know—
It was the fashion twenty years ago.
Fashion, a word which knaves and fools may use
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.
Yet (though in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)
If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal, as to laugh,
Rude Mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
An act of toleration for the stage,
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features,
Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once more,
And humour set the audience in a roar.
Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dang'rous aid;
Like Goths of old, how e'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne, you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by Humour cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—Himself, the first and last,—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like *Scotsmen*, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Though the Knight wears the weeds of Dominic,

And Boniface, disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In Anno Domini, of Falstaff's sack. [ing slow,
Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet march-
A band of malecontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in Conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which Pride, like Phœbus, draws from ev'ry bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town,
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.
But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these *gnatlings* in their nest;
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buzz about the stage.
"'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
To arm satiric truth against a player?
Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind."
What! shall Opinion then, of nature free
And lib'ral as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line;
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek;
What the Muse freely thinks, she 'll freely speak.
With just disdain of ev'ry paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.
Austin would always glisten in French silks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks.
For who, like Ackman, can with humour please?
Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly ease?
Higher than all the rest, see Bransby strut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous Nature! which at once could show
A man so very high, so very low.
If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.
Let critics, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare
Frenchman is still at top;—but scorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age.
French follies, universally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.
Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their sport, with partial view
Form'd gen'ral notions from the rascal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our own.
At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And Sense awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody, we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles; from their virtues, praise.
Next came the legion, which our *Summer* Bayes,
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise,
Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed
With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
Vet'rans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause;
Each on himself determines to rely,
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly,
Never did play'rs so well an author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to Wit.
So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, so very little said,
So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,
At once so willing, and unfit to reign,
That Reason swore, nor would the oath recall,
Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom Dullness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits, the rage of fame.
What though the sons of Nonsense hail him SIRE,
AUDITOR, AUTHOR, MANAGER, and SQUIRE,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there,
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him PLAYER.
In person tall, a figure form'd to please;
If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease;
When motionless he stands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the *thing* was made to move.
His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground.
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.
Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attemp's, in some one fav'rite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.
Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene.
In cold-wrought scenes the lifeless actor flags,
In passion, tears the passion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,
Whilst Common-Sense stood trembling at the door.
How few are found with real talents bless'd,
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame; but most mistake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,
With various readings stor'd his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell that two and two make four,
His name had stood in CITY ANNALS fair,
And *prudent* Dullness mark'd him for a mayor.
What then could tempt thee, in a critic age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not Reason e'en to thee have shown
Thy greatest praise had been to live *unknown*?
Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.
A vacant throne high plac'd in Smithfield view,
To sacred Dullness and her *first-born* due,
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birthright claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himself shall own thy jester claim,
And venal Ladlers puff their Murphy's name,
Whilst Vaughan[4] or Dupper, call him which you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.
There rule secure from critics and from sense,
Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.
From Covent Garden crowds promiscuous go,
Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know.
Vet'rans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:

[4] A gentleman still living, who published, at this juncture, a poem entitled The Resort.

Like Westminster militia train'd to fight,
They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Asham'd among such troops to show the head,
Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.
Sparks at his glass sat comfortably down
To sep'rate frown from smile, and smile from frown;
Smith, the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part;
Ross (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet;
Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he;
Macklin, who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,
Whose acting 's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
At variance set, inflexible and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor show the mingled pow'rs of light and shade,
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To wor hier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangu'd, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a spaker as himself;
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel;
Dull cifs and grave divines his praise proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's their Macklin's name;
Shuter, who never caf'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, though, levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where city swains in lap of Dullness dream,
Where, quiet as her strains their strains *do* flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,
Secret as night, with Bolt's experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,
And spin out happy folly through the year.
But think not, though these dastard-chiefs are fled,
That Covent Garden troops shall want a head:
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar,
The hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to *Novelty*, his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms;
On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,
And on the other, his arch-patron, Lun.
Behind, for liberty athirst in vain,
Sense, helpless captive, drags the galling chain.
Six rude misshapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom Reason loathes, and Nature never saw;
Monsters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.
Each was bestride by full as monstrous wight,
Giant, Dwarf, Genius, Elf, Hermaphrodite.
The town, as usual, met him in full cry;
The town, as usual, knew no reason why.
But Fashion so directs, and moderns raise
On Fashion's mouldering base their transient praise.
Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force; for Britain owns no Salique law:
Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.
First, giggling, plotting chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by gen'ral Clive.
In spite of outward blemishes, she shone
For humour fam'd, and humour all her own.
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod.
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd by hiding all attempts to please.
No comic actress ever yet could raise,
On Humour's base, more merit or more praise.
With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope advance in *jig* and *trip*,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip.
Not without art, but yet to Nature true,
She charms the town with humour just, yet new.
Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more.
Lo! Vincent comes—with simple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade.
Nature through her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.
Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it here.
Defects like these which *modest* terrours cause,
From impudence itself extort applause.
Candour and Reason still take Virtue's part;
We love e'en foibles in so good a heart.
Let Tommy Arne, with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit 's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chant the praise of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach e'en Brent a method not to please;
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage.
The boasted work 's call'd national in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour th' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes whilst Beard and Vincent sing.
Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates dispute her claim?
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show:
For, through the regions of that beauteous face,
We no variety of passions trace;
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart;
The brow, still fix'd in Sorrow's sullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.
What 's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires;
They seem like puppets led about by wires.
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wond'ring, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.
Weak of themselves are what we beauties call,
It is the manner which gives strength to all.
This teaches every beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest light.
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart sweeps along.
If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, Expression's lively force
With Beauty's softest magic holds discourse,

the eye; if feelings, void of art,
ie quick passions, and inflame the heart;
, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
: the ear, Bride must not pass unsung.
fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
idgment, tutor'd by experience sage,
ot abroad, and gather strength from age;
.eav'n in mercy shall the stage release
e dull slumbers of a still-life piece;
me stale flow'r, disgraceful to the walk,
ng hath hung, though wither'd on the stalk,
idly drop, then Bride shall make her way,
rit find a passage to the day;
into action, she at once shall raise
renown, and justify our praise.
d for the tragic scene, to grace the stage,
al excellence of love and rage,
of each soft art, with matchless skill
and wind the passions as she will;
the heart with sympathetic woe,
ie sigh, and teach the tear to flow;
n Frenzy's wild distracted glare,
ze the soul with horrour and despair;
t desert enroll'd in endless fame,
s of worth superior, Cibber came.
poor Alicia's madd'ning brains are rack'd,
ngly imag'd griefs her mind distract:
ith her grief, I catch the madness too!
i turns round, the headless trunk I view!
cracks, shakes, and falls!—New horrours [rise,
son buried in the ruin lies.
disdainful of each slavish art,
es her first attack upon the heart:
rith the summons, it receives her laws,
s silence, sympathy, applause.
ien, by fond ambition drawn aside,
th praise, and puff'd with female pride,
: the tragic scene, and, in pretence
' merit, breaks down Nature's fence;
v can believe my ears or eyes,
ut Cibber through the dark disguise.
ard, by Nature for the stage design'd,
: graceful, and in sense refin'd;
is much as Nature's friend became,
: as free from blemish as her fame.
ws so well in majesty to please,
'd with the graceful charms of ease?
Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
:s a captive queen of Moorish race;
ve, Hate, Jealousy, Despair, and Rage,
lest tumults in her breast engage;
il to herself is Zara seen;
ons are the passions of a queen.
she to murder whets the timorous Thane,
bition rush through ev'ry vein;
n hangs upon her daring tongue,
' grows flint, and ev'ry nerve 's new strung.
iedy—"Nay there," cries critic, "hold,
l's for comedy too fat and old.
, with patience, bear the grey coquette,
a laugh with over-grown Juliet?
ch, look, action, humour, all are just;
, her age and figure give disgust."
bles then, and graces of the mind,
fe, to size or age confin'd?
, flow, and is good-breeding plac'd
t circumference of waist?
ow old, doth affectation cease,
not age new vigour to caprice?

If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage,
Slaves to propriety of ev'ry kind,
Some standard-measure for each part should find,
Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.
All actors too upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place, where.
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too, deceiv'd, may find too late
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.
Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense:
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
Springs into sense, and ev'ry action's thought;
Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.—
Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wondrous skill,
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still.
That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife! on that thy trophies raise,
Inferior only to the author's praise.
From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And like a flood rush o'er the land of Love,
Mossop and Barry came—names ne'er design'd
By Fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of Fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
Spurr'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus sportive boys, around some bason's brim,
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim:
But if from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.
Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man.
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies still;
For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left-hand shall not know.
With studied impropriety of speech,
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;
To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, unpraised, like lacquies wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the soul.
In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry draws admiring eyes!
When lab'ring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent;
Spectators, with imagin'd terrours warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm:
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voice comes forth, like Echo from her cell;
To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all a-down the stage in feeble murmur dies.

What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with ev'ry line?
Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare.
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim.—
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.
When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon, and hurts the mind.
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own.
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught;
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught;
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And conn'd his passions, as he conn'd his part.
Quin, from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage Leviathan, put in his claim,
Pupil of Betterton and Booth. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own.
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Grey-bearded vet'rans, who, with partial tongue,
Extol the times when they themselves were young,
Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and liu'd his fav'rite cause.
Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns;
Ancients in vain endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of ev'ry growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, forget thee there.
His words bore sterling weight, nervous and strong,
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along.
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense.
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.
Speech! Is that all?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?
Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety the r care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind.
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But, spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.
His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul.
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependant virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen,
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when, on some surly plan,
He was, at once, the actor and the man.
In Brute he shone unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you 'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small diff'rence 'twixt the stoic and the brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.
Next follows Sheridan—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of Fame.
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit: that allows him none.
Between them both we 'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob Judgment of her force.
Just his conceptions, natural and great:
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek:
But step-dame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Deny'd the social pow'rs of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:
In vain the wonders of his skill are try'd
To form distinctions Nature hath deny'd.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep and shrill by fits:
The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
His action 's always strong, but sometimes such,
That candour must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three return to the attack?
Why is the right leg too forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame,
To fright a king so harmless and so tame?
But, spite of all defects, his glories rise;
And Art, by Judgment form'd, with Nature vies:
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst in his own contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit 's all his own.
Last Garrick came.—Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critics, ignorant as vain.
One finds out,—"He 's of stature somewhat low—
Your hero always should be tall, you know.—
True nat'ral greatness all consists in height."
Produce your voucher, Critic.—"Sergeant Kite."
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause—
"Avaunt, unnat'ral start, affected pause."
For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The best things carried to excess are wrong:
The start may be too frequent, pause too long;

'd in proper time and place,
gment must allow them grace.
s, form'd on Imitation's plan,
way that monkies mimic man,
l scene with mangled arts disgrace,
nd start with the same vacant face;
critic laugh; those tricks we scorn,
the scenes they mean them to adorn.
om Nature's pure and genuine source,
s of acting flow with gen'rous force,
e features all the soul 's portray'd,
s, such as Garrick's, are display'd,
seem from quickest feelings caught:
s Nature; and each pause is Thought.
ason yields to Passion's wild alarms,
ole state of man is up in arms;
critic could condemn the play'r,
here, when Cool-Sense pauses there?
king from the heart, the fire I trace,
t strongly flaming to the face;
ach sound, I hear the very man;
h words, and pity those who can.
like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
he critic-web with curious pain;
a kindness I with thanks must pay,—
d me of a coarser kind of clay;
ith envy, nor with pain diseas'd,
creature, still with Nature pleas'd;
y praises, Garrick, I agree,
l with Nature, must be pleas'd with thee.
ht I tell, how silence reign'd throughout,
ttention hush'd the rabble rout:
claimant, tortur'd with desire,
s ashes, or as red as fire:
o fame, the Muse more simply acts,
flourish, and relates mere facts.
es, as the several parties came,
er heard, with judgment weigh'd each
r sentence happily agreed, [claim,
both, great Shakspeare thus decreed.
ly sense; if Nature link'd with Art;
knowledge of the human heart;
acting vast and unconfin'd;
ults with greatest beauties join'd;
pression, and strange pow'rs which lie
magic circle of the eye;
which few hearts, like his, can know,
no face so well as his can show;
pref'rence;—Garrick, take the chair;
—till thou place an equal there."

THE APOLOGY.

ADDRESSED TO THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS.

the heart, when giants, big with pride,
pompous port, the martial stride;
Herculean heave th' enormous shield,
reaver's beam the javelin wield;
oud voice of thund'ring Jove defy,
o single combat—What?—A fly.
h we less, when giant names, which shine
, as it were, by *right divine;*
om ev'ry captive art adores,
lad Science pours forth all her stores;
in letter'd reputation sit,
Astræa-like, the scales of wit;
al rage rush forth,—Oh! shame to tell!
bard just bursting from the shell?

Great are his perils in this stormy time
Who rashly ventures on a sea of rhyme.
Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below:
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
He hurts me most who lavishly commends.
Look through the world—in ev'ry other trade
The same employment 's cause of kindness made,
At least appearance of good-will creates,
And ev'ry fool puffs off the fool he hates.
Coblers with coblers smoke away the night,
And in the common cause e'en play'rs unite.
Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnat'ral war with brother-authors wage.
The pride of Nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit:
Onward they rush at Fame's imperious call,
And, less than greatest, would not be at all.
Smit with the love of honour—or the pence,
O'er-run with wit, and destitute of sense,
Should any novice in the rhyming trade
With lawless pen the realms of verse invade;
Forth from the court, where sceptred sages sit,
Abus'd with praise, and flatter'd into wit;
Where in lethargic majesty they reign,
And what they won by dullness, still maintain;
Legions of factious authors throng at once;
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To Hamilton's[1] the ready lies repair;—
Ne'er was lie made which was not welcome there—
Thence, on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The polish'd falsehood 's into public brought.
Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford,
And reputation bleeds in ev'ry word.
A critic was of old a glorious name,
Whose sanction handed Merit up to Fame;
Beauties as well as faults he brought to view:
His judgment great, and great his candour too.
No servile rules drew sickly Taste aside;
Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
But now, oh strange reverse! our critics bawl
In praise of candour with a heart of gall.
Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enshrouded in the vale of night;
Safe from detection, seize th' unwary prey,
And stab, like bravoes, all who come that way.
When first my Muse, perhaps more bold than wise,
Bad the rude trifle into light arise,
Little she thought such tempests would ensue;
Less, that those tempests would be rais'd by you.
The thunder's fury rends the tow'ring oak;
Rosciads, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal stroke.
Vain thought! a critic's fury knows no bound;
Drawcansir-like, he deals destruction round;
Nor can we hope he will a stranger spare,
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.
Unhappy genius! plac'd by partial Fate
With a free spirit in a slavish state;
Where the reluctant Muse, oppress'd by kings,
Or droops in silence, or in fetters sings;
In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's scorn.
Why didst thou safe from home-bred dangers steer,
Reserv'd to perish more ignobly here?
Thus, when the Julian tyrant's pride to swell
Rome with her Pompey at Pharsalia fell,
The vanquish'd chief escap'd from Cæsar's hand
To die by ruffians in a foreign land.

[1] Printer of the Critical Review.

How could these self-elected monarchs raise
So large an empire on so small a base?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius sleep, when Dullness seiz'd the throne?
Whence, absolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the subject world dispenses law.
Without her licence not a letter stirs,
And all the captive criss-cross-row is her's.
The Stagyrite, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too.
Our great dictators take a shorter way—
Who shall dispute what the reviewers say?
Their word's sufficient; and to ask a reason,
In such a state as theirs, is downright treason.
True judgment now with them alone can dwell;
Like church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull superstitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their easy faith on critic's sleeve,
And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe!
But why repine we, that these puny elves
Shoot into giants?—We may thank ourselves;
Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,
The calf ourselves have fashion'd we adore.
But let true Reason once resume her reign,
This god shall dwindle to a calf again.
Founded on arts which shun the face of day,
By the same arts they still maintain their sway.
Wrapp'd in mysterious secresy they rise,
And, as they are unknown, are safe and wise.
At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe
Th' envenom'd slander flies, no names appear,
Prudence forbids that step.—Then all might know
And on more equal terms engage the foe.
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?
By int'rest join'd, th' expert confederates stand,
And play the game into each other's hand.
The vile abuse, in turn by all deny'd,
Is bandy'd up and down from side to side:
It flies—hey!—presto!—like a juggler's ball,
Till it belongs to nobody at all.
All men and things they know, themselves unknown,
And publish ev'ry name—except their own.
Nor think this strange—secure from vulgar eyes
The nameless author passes in disguise.
But vet'ran critics are not so deceiv'd,
If vet'ran critics are to be believ'd.
Once seen, they know an author evermore,
Nay swear to hands they never saw before.
Thus in the Rosciad, beyond chance or doubt,
They, by the writing, found the writers out.
"That's Lloyd's—his manner there you plainly trace,
And all the actor stares you in the face.
By Colman that was written.—On my life,
The strongest symptoms of the Jealous Wife.
That little disingenuous piece of spite,
Churchill, a wretch unknown, perhaps might write."
How doth it make judicious readers smile,
When authors are detected by their style:
Though ev'ry one who knows this author, knows
He shifts his style much oft'ner than his clothes?
Whence could arise this mighty critic spleen,
The Muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry Heav'n should send
The bit'rest foe where most I wish'd a friend?
Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound.
From Livy's temples tear th' historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of Tommy Thumb.
Who ever read the Regicide, but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all.
Who can so often in his cause engage
The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,
Whilst horrours rise, and tears spontaneous flow,
At tragic Ha! and no less tragic Oh!
To praise his nervous weakness all agree;
And then for sweetness, who so sweet as he!
Too big for utterance when sorrows swell,
The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell:
But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow,
Why—then the voice must speak again, you know.
Rude and unskilful in the poet's trade,
I kept no Naiads by me *ready-made;*
Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France;
No flimsy linsey-woolsey scenes I wrote,
With patches here and there like Joseph's coat.
Me humbler themes befit: secure, for me,
Let playwrights smuggle nonsense, duty free:
Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkins bound,
And frisk, and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn,
Lick Sylvia's hand, and crop the flow'ry lawn:
Uncensur'd let the gentle breezes rove
Through the green umbrage of th' enchanted grove:
Secure, for me, let foppish Nature smile,
And play the coxcomb in the Desert Isle.
The stage I chose—a subject fair and free—
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property.
All common exhibitions open lie
For praise or censure to the common eye.
Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed;
Hence monthly critics earn their daily bread.
This is a gen'ral tax which all must pay,
From those who scribble, down to those who play.
Actors, a venal crew, receive support
From public bounty, for the public sport.
To clap or hiss, all have an equal claim,
The cobler's and his lordship's right the same.
All join for their subsistence; all expect
Free leave to praise their worth, their faults correct.
When active Pickle Smithfield stage ascends,
The three days' wonder of his laughing friends;
Each, or as judgment, or as fancy guides,
The lively witling praises or derides.
And where's the mighty difference, tell me where,
Betwixt a merry-andrew and a player?
The strolling tribe, a despicable race,
Like wand'ring Arabs, shift from place to place.
Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
And fawning cringe, for wretched means of life,
To Madam Mayoress, or his Worship's wife.
The mighty monarch, in the atric sack,
Carries his whole regalia at his back;
His royal consort leads the female band,
And leads the heir-apparent in her hand;
The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride,
Bearing a future prince on either side.
No choice musicians in this troop are found
To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound;
No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl;
No lightning flashes here, no thunders roll;

› swell the monarch's train are shown;
› here must be a host *alone*.
omp, no slow processions here;
s entry, and no Juliet's bier.
ompell'd to prostitute his art,
ctor flies from part to part;
disgrace to all theatric pride!
r is shifted with his side.
l Answer he by turns must be,
all wit[1] in Modern Tragedy;
h up his fame,—or fill his purse,—
rretched plans, and makes them worse;
lest the stolen brat be known,
t; then claiming for his own.
ate they strut, and tatter'd robe;
blanket, and a barn the globe.
ceits their mod'rate wishes raise,
humble profit, humble praise.
simper, and let bumpkins stare,
pageant hero treads in air:
is hour, he to mankind gives law,
he next out on a truss of straw.
d Fortune, who we sometimes know
ero from a puppet-show,
pitious should her fav'rite call
ge in royal pomp to bawl,
himself he rears the head,
he dunghill where he first was bred.
ow with well-dress'd kings and queens,
d goddesses behind the scenes,
neath the terrour-nodding plume,
ock honours real pride t' assume.
t stage the world, no monarch c'er
haughty as a monarch play'r.
ore move our anger or our mirth,
things, the lowest sons of Earth,
h self-sufficient knowledge grac'd,
tters, and preside in taste?
ecisions they no more admit,
alone the arbiters of wit;
e jurisdiction of that court,
y owe their being and support.
monks of old, now sacred grown,
ck'd by no fools but their own.
in tyrant sit amidst his guards,
en-room wits and venal bards,
tremble at the puppet's frown,
ayhouse freedom lose their own;
w-made laws, and new-made kings,
n Muse with lib'ral spirit sings.
e slaves; before these idols fall;
toop to them who've none at all;
flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
, slaves to all, are slaves to me.
actors, are a lawful game;
ght, and who shall bar his claim?
weening of their little skill,
ave left the stage, they're actors still;
ject world they still give laws,
crowns, and sceptres made of straws;
llar or in garret roar,
e night, are kings for evermore;
d Truth, e'en there, pursue her theme,
e coxcomb from his golden dream?
orthy of a better fate,
perior to their present state;
social virtue grac'd, they blend
mpanion and the faithful friend;

[1] Mr. Foote.

If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife;
Shall not our verse their praise with pleasure speak,
Though mimics bark, and Envy splits her cheek?
No honest worth's beneath the Muse's praise;
No greatness can above her censure raise;
Station and wealth to her are trifling things;
She stoops to actors, and she soars to kings.
Is there a man, in vice and folly bred,
To sense of honour as to virtue dead;
Whom ties nor human, nor divine, can bind;
Alien to God, and foe to all mankind;
Who spares no character; whose ev'ry word,
Bitter as gall, and sharper than the sword,
Cuts to the quick; whose thoughts with rancour swell;
Whose tongue, on Earth, performs the work of Hell;
If there be such a monster, the Reviews
Shall find him holding forth against abuse.
"Attack profession!—'tis a deadly breach!—
The Christian laws another lesson teach:—
Unto the end shall charity endure,
And Candour hide those faults it cannot cure."
Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,
As devils, to serve their purpose, scripture quote.
The Muse's office was by Heav'n design'd
To please, improve, instruct, reform mankind;
To make dejected Virtue nobly rise
Above the tow'ring pitch of splendid Vice;
To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
And trembling crouch at Virtue's awful frown.
Now arm'd with wrath, she bids eternal shame,
With strictest justice, brand the villain's name:
Now in the milder garb of ridicule
She sports, and pleases while she wounds the fool.
Her shape is often varied; but her aim,
To prop the cause of Virtue, still the same.
In praise of mercy let the guilty bawl,
When Vice and Folly for correction call,
Silence the mark of weakness justly bears,
And is partaker of the crimes it spares.
But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth;
If wantonly she deviates from her plan,
And quits the actor to expose the man;
Ashamed, she marks that passage with a blot,
And hates the line where Candour was forgot.
But what is Candour, what is Humour's vein,
Though Judgment join to consecrate the strain,
If curious numbers will not aid afford,
Nor choicest music play in ev'ry word?
Verses must run, to charm a modern ear,
From all harsh, rugged interruptions clear.
Soft let them breathe, as Zephyr's balmy breeze;
Smooth let their current flow, as summer seas;
Perfect then only deem'd when they dispense
A happy tuneful vacancy of sense.
Italian fathers thus, with barb'rous rage,
Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage;
Deaf to the calls of Pity, Nature wound,
And mangle vigour for the sake of sound.
Henceforth farewell then fev'rish thirst of fame;
Farewell the longings for a poet's name;
Perish my Muse;—a wish 'bove all severe
To him who ever held the Muses dear—
If e'er her labours weaken to refine
The gen'rous roughness of a nervous line.
Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase;
Their Muse must walk in stilts, and strut in stays.

The sense they murder, and the words transpose,
Lest poetry approach too near to prose.
See tortur'd Reason how they pare and trim,
And, like Procrustes, stretch or lop the limb.
Waller, whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,
Parent of harmony in English verse,
Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,
In couplets first taught straggling sense to close.
In polish'd numbers, and majestic sound,
Where shall thy rival, Pope, be ever found?
But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,
E'en excellence, unvaried, tedious grows.
Nature, through all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a blessing from Variety.
Music itself her needful aid requires
To rouze the soul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key, the nightingale would teize:
Still in one key, not Brent would always please.
Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful Nine.
What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep,
Still, when his subject rises proud to view,
With equal strength the poet rises too.
With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their course;
In varied sweetness flow, in varied force;
The pow'rs of Genius and of Judgment join,
And the whole art of poetry is thine.
But what are numbers, what are bards to me,
Forbid to tread the paths of poesy?
"A sacred Muse should consecrate her pen;
Priests must not hear nor see like other men;
Far higher themes should her ambition claim;
Behold where Sternhold points the way to fame."
Whilst with mistaken zeal dull bigots burn,
Let Reason for a moment take her turn.
When coffee-sages hold discourse with kings,
And blindly walk in paper leading-strings,
What if a man delight to pass his time
In spinning reason into harmless rhyme;
Or sometimes boldly venture to the play!
Say, Where's the crime?—great man of prudence, say?
No two on Earth in all things can agree;
All have some darling singularity;
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In gew-gaws take delight, and sigh for toys.
Your sceptres, and your crowns, and such like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indiff'rent Reason bids us choose,
Whether the whim's a monkey, or a Muse.
What the grave triflers on this busy scene,
When they make use of this word reason, mean,
I know not; but, according to my plan,
'Tis lord chief-justice in the court of man,
Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
The friend of Virtue, and the guide to Truth.
To her I bow, whose sacred pow'r I feel;
To her decision make my last appeal;
Condemn'd by her, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
By her absolv'd, my course I'll still pursue:
If Reason's for me, God is for me too.

NIGHT.

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD.

When foes insult, and *prudent* friends dispense,
In Pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief.
The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.
Let slaves to business, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare,
We Night prefer, which heals or hides our care.
Rogues justified, and by success made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctified by gold,
Freely may bask in Fortune's partial ray,
And spread their feathers op'ning to the day;
But *thread-bare* Merit dares not show the head
Till vain Prosperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The sons of Care are always sons of Night.
The wretch bred up in Method's drowsy school,
Whose only merit is to err by rule,
Who ne'er through heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought,
Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
Unless to move the body's dull machine,
Which, clock-work like, with the same equal pace
Still travels on through life's insipid space;
Turns up his eyes to think that there should be
Among God's creatures two such things as *we:*
Then for his nightcap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours.*
Good hours—Fine words!—But was it ever seen
That all men could agree in what they mean?
Florio, who many years a course hath run
In downright opposition to the Sun,
Expatiates on *good hours*, their cause defends
With as much vigour as our *prudent* friends.
Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,
But still in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things.
Each takes the phrase in his own private view,
With Prudence it is ten, with Florio two.
Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking sake,
Without distinguishing distinctions make,
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourselves rules to all the world beside;
Reason, collected in herself, disdains
The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;
Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.
Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
And Reason to herself alone is law.
That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which she as freely grants to all mankind.
No idol titled name her rev'rence stirs,
No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good, if *virtuously* enjoy'd.
Let the sage doctor (think him one we know)
With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of *wig* declare
The fatal consequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
Undermine life, and sap the walls of health.
For me let Galen moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be physician to myself.

'is join'd to body, whether Fate
ger or a shorter date;
hem live, as brother should with brother.
them in good-humour with each other.
est road to health, say what they will,
suppose we shall be ill.
ose evils we poor mortals know,
ors and imagination flow.
ld women with your boasted rules,
s, and only sacred now to fools;
ay sons of physic hope to find
ine, as one hour, for all mankind.
rt after ten is out of bed,
ext morning can't hold up his head.
on this which *me* to bed must call,
ad (thank Heaven) never aches at all?
t courses diff'rent tempers run,
he Moon, I sicken at the Sun.
at twelve at noon, *his* clock goes right,
er goes, wound up at twelve at night.
Oblivion's grateful cup I drown
g sneer, the supercilious frown,
ge reserve, the proud affected state
knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
hat abject wretch disturbs my rest,
nly overlooks a friend distrest.
o poverty the worldling goes,
e sees rags an inch beyond his nose;
a crowd can single out his grace,
e and creep to fools who strut in lace.
r those classic regions are survey'd
in earliest youth together stray'd,
nd in hand we trod the flow'ry shore,
ow thy happier genius runs before,
conspir'd a thankless wretch to raise,
t a *stump* to shoot with pilfer'd praise,
for *rev'rend* merit famous grown,
strove to kick his Maker down;
e gen'ral arguments engage,
or camp, the pulpit, bar or stage;
d surgeons, whom men doctors call,
rs, who were never bred at all,
hty letter'd monsters of the Earth,
move, or exercise our mirth;
ttle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
dmgt thoughts with easy freedom stray;
still thy friend himself must find,
suspended, and improv'd his mind.
peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed,
rtue, self-approv'd, reclines her head;
ce beneath imagin'd horrours mourns,
ience plants the villain's couch with thorns;
of restraint, the active Mind,
by servile Prejudice confin'd,
n her seat, as waken'd from a trance,
through Nature at a single glance.
ur friends, our foes, ourselves, survey,
y night what fools we are by day.
f her gaudy plumes and vain disguise,
Ambition mean and loathsome lies;
with relentless hand pulls down
t's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown.
tells of batt'es bravely won,
conquer'd, and of worlds undone:
like these but ill with manhood suit,
he conqueror beneath the brute.
searching round the world, we find
'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
ger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
s only at the guilty head,
Whose mercies, like Heaven's dew, refreshing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all,
Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.
Through a false medium things are shown by day,
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead astray.
How many from appearance borrow state,
Whom Night disdains to number with the great!
Must not we laugh to see yon *lordling* proud
Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd?
Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play,
Like insects in the Sun's enliv'ning ray,
Whilst, Jehu-like, he drives at furious rate,
And seems the only charioteer of state,
Talking himself into a little god,
And ruling empires with a single nod;
Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,
That he had int'rest, and that they had sense?
Injurious thought! Beneath Night's honest shade,
When pomp is buried and false colours fade,
Plainly we see at that impartial hour
Them dupes to pride, and *him* the tool of pow'r.
God help the man, condemn'd by cruel Fate
To court the seeming, or the real great.
Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more
Than any slave who labours at the oar.
By slavish methods must he learn to please,
By smooth-tongu'd Flatt'ry, that curst *court-disease*,
Supple to ev'ry wayward mood strike sail,
And shift with shifting Humour's peevish gale.
To Nature dead he must adopt vile Art,
And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart.
A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
And Conscience ne'er must speak unless in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne for many years
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers;
When he at last expects, good easy man,
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing lacquey, or rapacious whore,
To favours of the great the surest door,
Some catamite, or pimp, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,
Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for some minion's minion claims the prize.
Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too resolute, from Nature's active heat,
To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by;
Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie,
Too plain to please, too honest to be great;
Give me, kind Heav'n, an humbler, happier state:
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where rascals promise, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice, and strife,
Calm, independent, let me steal through life,
Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile
To fear his lordship's frown, or court his smile.
Unfit for Greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.
Spectators only on this bustling stage,
We see what vain designs mankind engage;
Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
Perplex'd with trifles through the vale of life,
Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife;
Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed
For some vile spot, where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight.

What odds?—To us 'tis all the self-same thing,
A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.
Britons, like Roman spirits fam'd of old,
Are cast by Nature in a patriot mould;
No private joy, no private grief they know,
Their soul's engross'd by public weal or woe.
Inglorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn:
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,
Give them but credit for a statesman's brains.
All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bless us!) statesmen all at once.
His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
The court-bred lord his promises and debts,
Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
The rake his mistress, and the fop himself;
Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
And their wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear.
Females themselves the glorious ardour feel,
And boast an equal, or a greater zeal;
From nymph to nymph the state-infection flies,
Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beside.
No more their little flutt'ring hearts confess
A passion for applause, or rage for dress;
No more they pant for public raree-shows,
Or lose one thought on monkeys or on beaux.
Coquettes no more pursue the jilting plan,
And lustful prudes forget to rail at man.
The darling theme Cæcilia's self will choose,
Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of news.
The Cit, a common-council-man by place,
Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,
By situation as by nature great,
With nice precision parcels out the state;
Proves and disproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himself, and to himself replies;
Wielding aloft the politician rod,
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
The same thing right and wrong in half an hour.
Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
And plainly proves, WHATEVER IS, IS NOT.
Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
His useless scales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.
Peace to such triflers; be our happier plan
To pass through life as easy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity, nor spleen.
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show;
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which *guides* the master-wire.
What is't to us, if taxes rise or fall,
Thanks to our fortune we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow,
Free as the light and air some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.
Burthens like these vile earthly buildings lean,
No tribute's laid on *castles* in the *air*.

Let then the flames of war destructive reign,
And England's terrours awe *imperious* Spain;
Let ev'ry *venal clan* and *neutral* tribe
Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;
Let each new year call loud for new supplies,
And tax on tax with double burthen rise;
Exempt we sit, by no rude cares oppress,
And, having little, are with little blest.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply.
Night's laughing hours unheed'd slip away,
Nor one dull thought foretells th' approach of day.
Thus have we liv'd, and whilst the Fates afford
Plain plenty to supply the frugal board,
Whilst Mirth, with Decency his lovely bride,
And wine's gay god, with Temp'rance by his side,
Their welcome visit pay; whilst Health attends
The narrow circle of our chosen friends,
Whilst frank Good-Humour consecrates the treat,
And woman makes society complete,
Thus will we live, though in our teeth are hurl'd
Those *hackney strumpets*, Prudence and the World.
Prudence, of old a sacred term, imply'd
Virtue, with godlike Wisdom for her guide,
But now in general use is known to mean
The stalking-horse of Vice, and Folly's screen.
The sense perverted we retain the name,
Hypocrisy and Prudence are the same.
A tutor once, more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
Demurely sly, with high preferment blest,
His fav'rite pupil in these words address'd:
"Would'st thou, my son, be wise and virtuous
By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd? [deem'd,
Be this thy rule; be what men *prudent* call;
Prudence, almighty Prudence, gives thee all.
Keep up appearances, there lies the test,
The world will give thee credit for the rest.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.
This maxim's into common favour grown,
Vice is no longer vice, unless 't's known.
Virtue indeed may barefaced take the field;
But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
Should raging passions drive thee to a whore,
Let Prudence lead thee to a *private* door;
Stay out all night, but take especial care
That Prudence bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with study faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint."
With joy the youth this useful lesson heard,
And in his memory stor'd each precious word,
Successfully pursu'd the plan, and rose,
"Room for my lord,—Virtue stand by and bow."
And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
To mask, but not amend a vicious heart?
Shall lukewarm caution and demeanour grave
For wise and good stamp ev'ry supple knave?
Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and states with empty forms,
Whilst Virtue sues in vain the wish'd-for prize,
Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise;
Because she freely pours forth all her store,
Seems what she *is*, and scorns to pass for more?
Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boast their dear-bought gold,
Me neither pow'r shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,
To flatter others or deny myself;
Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,
I would not be *that* Thing, *that* Prudent Man.

cries sir Pliant, "would you then oppose
one, against an host of foes?
ceit, and peevish lust to rail,
ense of interest prevail.
or shame this petulance of wit,
modest, and for *once* submit:
ne task 'gainst multitudes to fight,
e wrong, the World is in the right."
his World? A term which men have got
not one in ten knows what;
ich with no more precision passes
t herds of *men* than herds of *asses;*
use no more it means, we find,
fools in same opinions join'd.
bers then change Nature's stated laws?
rs make the worse the better cause?
be vice, virtue be virtue still,
usands rail at good, and practise ill.
ou defend the Gaul's destructive rage
st nations on his part engage?
support the rebel Cæsar's cause
s legions arm against the laws,
ndal would *our patriot's* name impeach,
t virtues which she cannot reach,
st man but would with joy submit
ith Cato, and retire with Pitt?
and true to Virtue's sacred laws,
y vulgar censure or applause,
rld talk, my friend; that World we know
s us guilty, cannot make us so.
numbers, follow Nature's plan,
rights, or quit the name of man.
ell, weigh strictly right and wrong;
quick, but once resolv'd, be strong.
dullness, and in spite of wit,
f thou canst thyself acquit,
nd up assur'd with conscious pride
err with millions on thy side.

E PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

NSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

id first instructs his darts to fly
y corner of some cook-maid's eye,
g raw, just enter'd in his teens,
e wound, and wonders what it means;
ike dripping, melts, and new desire
stirs, each time she stirs the fire;
nd blushing he the fair-one views,
uld speak, but can't—without a Muse.
sacred mount he takes his way,
young wings, and tunes his infant lay,
ced to rural ditties frames,
d rocks, to hills and rills proclaims,
notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
f nymphs, and *ele* the loves of swains.
your nymphs were always clad of yore,
eds—a cook-maid now no more—
aged oak Lardelia lies,
her couch; her canopy the skies.
atic shrubs the *roguish* gale [vale.
perfumes, and wafts them through the
turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
side his am'rous descant plays.
flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens scream,
l chorus dies a-down the stream.
The streams, with music freighted, as they pass,
Present the fair Lardella with a glass,
And Zephyr, to complete the love-sick plan,
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.
But, when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed;
Form'd after some *great man*, whose name breeds awe,
Whose ev'ry sentence Fashion makes a law,
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our servile fears;
Then we discard the workings of the heart,
And Nature's banish'd by *mechanic* Art;
Then, deeply read, our reading must be shown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown.
Then Ostentation marches to our aid,
And *letter'd* Pride stalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each sentence, polish'd every line:
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of ancients with a modern air,
Nonsense with *classic* ornaments is grac'd,
And passes current with the stamp of Taste.
Then the rude Theocrite is ransack'd o'er,
And *courtly* Maro call'd from Mincio's shore;
Sicilian Muses on our mountains roam,
Easy and free as if they were at home:
Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns;
Flow'rs, which once flourish'd fair in Greece and Rome,
More fair revive in England's meads to bloom;
Skies without cloud exotic suns adorn;
And roses blush, but blush without a thorn;
Landscapes unknown to *dowdy* Nature, rise,
And new creations strike our wond'ring eyes.
For bards like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whose numbers in one even tenour flow,
Attun'd to pleasure, and *attun'd* to woe,
Who, if plain Common-Sense her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there;
For bards like these a wreath shall Mason bring,
Lin'd with the softest down of Folly's wing;
In Love's pagoda shall they ever doze,
And Gisbal kindly rock them to repose;
My lord—to letters as to *faith* most true—
At once their patron and example too—
Shall *quaintly* fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping streams,
Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
Is curious to dress up the tale of woe)
From the green umbrage of some Druid's seat,
Shall his own works in his own way repeat.
Me, whom no Muse of heav'nly birth inspires,
No judgment tempers when rash genius fires;
Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time,
Who cannot follow where *trim* Fancy leads
By *prattling* streams o'er *flow'r-empurpled* meads;
Who, often, but without success, have pray'd
For *apt* Alliteration's *artful aid;*
Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets, *which mean no ill;*
Me, thus uncouth, thus ev'ry way unfit
For *pacing* poesy, and *ambling* wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.

Thou, Nature, art *my* goddess—to thy law
Myself I dedicate.—*Hence* slavish awe
Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules,
Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools.
Hence those vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,
And bring the sober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare,
Which Virtue scorns, and none but strumpets wear.
Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste
Of toil, which critics now mistake for *taste*,
Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,
Which Art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please,
By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) subdu'd,
However plain her dress, and 'haviour rude,
To *northern* climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the year,
Where, undisturb'd by Art's *rebellious* plan,
She rules the *loyal laird*, and *faithful clan*.
To that rare soil, where virtues clust'ring grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe?
What *waggon-loads* of courage, wealth, and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us she gives, disinterested friend,
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
When we Prosperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her gen'rous sons and take a share?
And if, by some disastrous turn of Fate,
Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state,
Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the Holy Martyr found?
Nor less our debt in Science, though deny'd
By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the Ramsays, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t' other wrote;
Thence, Home, disbanded from the sons of pray'r
For loving plays, though no *dull* dean was there;
Thence issued forth, at great Macpherson's call,
That *old, new, epic pastoral*, Fingal;
Thence Malloch, friend alike of *church* and *state*,
Of Christ and Liberty, by grateful Fate
Rais'd to rewards which, in a *pious* reign,
All *darling infidels* should seek in vain;
Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
To this *wise* town by simple patrons brought,
In simple manner utter simple lays,
And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.
Waft me some Muse to Tweed's inspiring stream,
Where all the little Loves and Graces dream,
Where slowly winding the dull waters creep,
And seem themselves to own the power of sleep.
Where on the surface lead, like feathers, swims,
There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
As once a Syrian bath'd in Jordan's flood,
Wash off my native stains, correct that blood
Which mutinies at call of *English* pride,
And, deaf to prudence, rolls a *patriot* tide.
From solemn thought which overhangs the brow
Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how;
From nice trim points, where Honour, slave to rule,
In compliment to Folly, plays the fool;
From those gay scenes where Mirth exalts his pow'r,
And easy Humour wings the laughing hour;
From those soft better moments, when desire
Beats high, and all the world of man 's on fire,
When mutual ardours of the melting fair
More than repay us for whole years of care,
At *Friendship's* summons will my Wilkes retreat,
And see, *once seen before*, that *ancient* seat,
That *ancient* seat, where majesty display'd
Her ensigns, *long before the world was made!*

Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind.
Not dup'd by party, nor Opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous Nature gave,
Thy honest spirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of kings.
Let *rude licentious* Englishmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curse they know not why;
Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile Faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee Good-Humour tempers lively Wit,
Enthron'd with Judgment, Candour loves to sit.
And Nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.
Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted *Scot*,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises through fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.
When *scribblers*, to the charge by int'rest led,
The fierce *North Briton* foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to Candour's call,
And injur'd by one alien, rail at all;
On *Northern Pisgah* when they take their stand,
To mark the weakness of that *holy land*,
With needless truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public scorn,
Thy gen'rous soul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful but ill-natur'd page.
"The *Scots* are poor," cries surly English pride
True is the charge, nor by themselves deny'd.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?
If by low supple arts successful grown,
They sapp'd our vigour to increase their own,
If, mean in want, and insolent in pow'r,
They only fawn'd more surely to devour,
Rous'd by such wrongs should Reason take alarm,
And e'en the Muse for public safety arm;
But if they own ingenuous Virtue's sway,
And follow where true Honour points the way,
If they revere the hand by which they 're fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread,
Or by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found,
If they, directed by Paul's holy pen,
Become discreetly all things to all men,
That all men may become all things to them,
Envy may hate, but Justice can't condemn.
"Into our places, states, and beds they creep;"
They 've sense to get, what we want sense to keep.
Once, be the hour accurs'd, accurs'd the place,
I ventur'd to blaspheme the chosen race.
Into those traps, which men *call'd* patriots laid,
By specious arts unwarily betray'd,
Madly I leagu'd against that sacred earth,
Vile parricide! which gave a parent birth.
But shall I meanly Errour's path pursue,
When heavenly Truth presents her friendly clue,
Once plung'd in ill, shall I go further in?
To make the oath was rash; to keep it, sin.
Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
And calm reflection hates what passion swore.
Converted, (blessed are the souls which know
Those pleasures which from true conversion flow,
Whether to Reason, who now rules my breast,
Or to pure Faith, like Lyttelton and West)

rimes to exp'ate, be my present aim
e new trophies to the Scottish name,
ke (what can the proudest Muse do more?)
action's sons her brighter worth adore,
ke her glories, stamp'd with honest rhymes,
est tide roll down to latest times. [thine,
esumptuous wretch! and shall a *Muse* like
glish Muse, the meanest of the nine,
ot a theme like this? Can her weak strain
: indulgence from the mighty Thane?
he from toils of government retire,
r a moment fan the poet's fire,
he, of sciences the moral friend,
urious, each *important* search suspend,
unassisted Hill of herbs to tell,
f the wonders of a cockle-shell,
; the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
not *the* Home step forth, and gain the prize?
ois wreath of honour might adorn
imble brows of one in *England* born,
iptuous still thy daring must appear;
ll thy tow'ring hopes, whilst I am here."
; spake a *form*, by silken smile, and tone
od unvaried, for the laureat known,
chief friend, Decorum's eldest son,
y party found, and yet of none.
ry substance, this *substantial shade*,
d I heard, and with respect obey'd.
n themes too lofty for a bard so mean,
ion beckons to an humbler scene.
stless fever of ambition laid,
retire, and seek the silvan shade.
e the *Muse* disrob'd of all her pride,
the glare of verse by *Truth* supplied,
plain Nature pours a simple strain,
Bute may praise, and Ossian not disdain,
, *sublimest*, *simplest* bard of all,
English infidels Macpherson *call*,
ound my head shall Honour's ensigns wave,
nsions mark me for a willing slave.

boys, whose birth beyond all question springs
reat and glorious, though forgotten, kings,
rds of *Scottish* lineage, born and bred
same bleak and barren mountain's head,
gard Nature doom'd on the same rocks
out life, and starve themselves and flocks,
s the morning, which, enrob'd in mist,
ountain's top with usual dullness kiss'd,
and Sawney to their labours rose;
ad I ween, where Nature needs no clothes,
, from their youth enur'd to winter-skies,
nd her vain refinements they despise.
ey, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown
eckles spotted flam'd the golden down,
nikle art could on the bagpipes play,
om the rising to the setting day:
r as long without remorse could bawl
; madrigals, and ditties from Fingal.
his strains, all natural though rude,
ghland lass forgot her want of food,
hilst she *scratch'd* her lover into rest,
pleas'd, though hungry, on her Sawney's
breast.
as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green.
ague of locusts they secure defy,
three hours a grasshopper must die.
ng thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
e cameleon, who can feast on air.

No birds, except as birds of passage, flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo.
No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white rose,
Which on the tenth of June by instinct blows,
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizzly eve prevail, by instinct fades.
One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favours, Nature gave;
That one alone (hard tax on *Scottish* pride!)
Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.
Their snares *without* entangling briers spread,
And thistles, arm'd against th' invader's head,
Stood in close ranks all entrance to oppose,
Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
All creatures which, on Nature's earliest plan,
Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man,
Which ow'd their birth to nastiness and spite,
Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight,
Creatures, which when admitted in the ark,
Their saviour shunn'd, and rankled in the dark,
Found place *within*: marking her noi ome road,
With poison's trail, *here* crawl'd the bloated toad;
There webs were spread of more than common size,
And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies;
In quest of food, efts strove in vain to crawl;
Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall;
The cave around with hissing serpents rung;
On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung;
And FAMINE, *by her children always known*,
As proud as poor, *here* fix'd her *native* throne.
Here, for the sullen sky was overcast,
And summer shrunk beneath a wint'ry blast,
A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
The boys for shelter made; behind, the sheep,
Of which those shepherds every day *take keep*,
Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
On Nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY.

Sith to this cave, by tempest, we 're confin'd,
And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
Are laid *emong* yon thistles, dry and warm,
What, Sawney, if by shepherd's art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry *roundelay*?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.

SAWNEY.

Ah, Jockey, ill advisest thou, *I wis*,
To think of songs at such a time as this.
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the South,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.

JOCKEY.

Still have I known thee for a silly swain;
Of things past help, what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer Fortune's spite;
No sky is heavy, if the heart be light:
Patience is Sorrow's salve; what can't be cur'd,
So Donald right *areeds*, must be endur'd.

SAWNEY.

Full silly swain, *I wot*, is Jockey now;
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Did'st thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?

JOCKEY.

O she was *bonny!* All the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found!
More precious (though that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we brimstone call,
Or that cho'ce plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me; dear do I rue,
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.

SAWNEY.

Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
Through all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd be that year by every honest Scot,
And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapless swain,
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,
Was seiz'd and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

JOCKEY.

Full sorely may we all lament that day;
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died;
Ah! silly swains, to follow war's alarms!
Ah! what hath shepherd's life to do with arms!

SAWNEY.

Mention it not—There saw I strangers clad
In all the honours of our ravish'd *plaid*,
Saw the Ferrara too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side,
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bless'd those which fell! curs'd those which still survive,
To mourn *fifteen* renew'd in *forty-five*.

Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne of turf,
With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale FAMINE rear'd the head: her eager eyes,
Where hunger e'en to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horrour lov'd to dwell;
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and, cursing, swallow'd nought but wind;
All shrivell'd was her skin, and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw.

"Cease," cried the goddess, "cease, despairing swains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!
"Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial Fortune never deign'd to smile;
Like Nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongst the nations of the Earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought;
Whom still with unslack'd hate we view, and still,
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life, or throw away?
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their king they sold;
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still.
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the *Sons of Israel*, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With some few natives join'd, some *pliant* few,
Who worship int'rest, and our track pursue,
There shall we, though the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owner's leave.
For us, the Earth shall bring forth her increase;
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And *Scotsmen* reap what they disdain'd to sow;
For us, the Sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil;
When to our wishes Nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies.
His brawny arm shall drudging Labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit, our's;
For us, the oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless travel through the deep;
The sail of Commerce for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world;
For us, sublimer heights shall Science reach,
For us, their statesmen plot, their churchmen preach;
Their noblest limbs of counsel we 'll disjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring War, imprison'd in the North,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Desolation stalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.
"Think not, my sons, that this so bless'd estate
Stands at a distance on the roll of Fate;
Already big with hopes of future sway,
E'en from this cave I scent my destin'd prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
Whose former deeds shall Time's last annals grace,

rough face of peril must be sought,
ith the lives of thousands dearly bought;
ol'd by cunning, by that happy art
laughs to scorn the blundering hero's heart,
e snare shall our kind neighbours fall
pen eyes, and fondly give us all.
hen Rome, to prop her sinking empire, bore
choicest levies to a foreign shore,
if we seiz'd, like a destroying flood,
widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with
blood,
n unbounded loose to manly rage,
orning mercy, spar'd nor sex nor age;
for our int'rest too mighty grown,
chs of warlike bent possess'd the throne,
if we strove divisions to foment,
read the flames of civil discontent,
d those who 'gainst their king made head,
ave the traitors refuge when they fled;
restless Glory bad her sons advance,
tch'd her standard in the fields of France;
if, disdaining oaths, and empty sound,
ich our nation never shall be bound,
y we taught unmuzzled War to roam
gh the weak land, and brought cheap laurels
home;
the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
, Religion, Liberty, and Sense,
they against their lawful monarch rose,
r'd the Lord's anointed to oppose,
if we still rever'd the banish'd race,
rove the royal vagrants to replace,
ierce rebellions shook th' unsettled state,
eatly dar'd, though cross'd by partial Fate;
facts, which might, where Wisdom held the
sway,
the very stones to bar our way,
hall be nothing, nor one trace remain
dull region of an English brain,
with that *faith*, which mountains can remove,
ey shall *dupes*, next *saints*, last *martyrs* prove.
ready is this game of Fate begun
the sanction of my darling son:
on, of nature royal as his name,
in'd to redeem our race from shame;
undless pow'r, beyond example great,
nake the rough way smooth, the crooked
straight,
or our ease the raging floods restrain,
nk the mountain level to the plain.
l, whom in a cavern under ground
nassy fetters their late patriot bound,
her own flesh the furious hag might tear,
nt her curses to the vacant air,
, that she never might be heard of more,
nted Loyalty to guard the door,
ter purpose shall our chief release,
e her for a time, and call her Peace.
r'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
e weak English help themselves to cheat;
our love, with honours shall they grace
l adherents of the Stuart race,
ointed out, no matter by what name,
or Jacobites, are still the same,
h our rage, the temporising brood
reak the ties of truth and gratitude,
their saviour venom'd falsehoods frame,
nd with calumny their William's name;
our grace, (rare argument of wit)
untainted faith shall they commit
(Our faith which, in extremest perils tried,
Disdain'd, and still disdains, to change her side)
That sacred majesty they all approve,
Who most enjoys, and best deserves their love."

AN

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Amongst the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is jealousy, a rival there.
Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that 's base,
Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race;
Let vice and folly thy black soul divide,
Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride;
Deaf to the voice of faith and honour, fall
From side to side, yet be of none at all;
Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
Which Nature in her bounty, good as wise,
To work our safety, and ensure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man;
Lift against Virtue Power's oppressive rod,
Betray thy country, and deny thy God;
And, in one gen'ral comprehensive line,
To group, which volumes scarcely could define,
Whate'er of sin and dullness can be said,
Join to a F——'s heart a D——'s head;
Yet may'st thou pass unnotic'd in the throng,
And, free from envy, safely sneak along.
The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shown
To saints whose lives are better than his own,
Shall spare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, shall forgive a dunce.
But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
Vile int'rest scorn, nor madly grasp at pow'r;
Should love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind
A brave disease, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried
In Reason's court, is amply justified;
Or fond of knowledge, and averse to strife,
Should'st thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
Should'st thou, by pale and sickly Study led,
Pursue coy Science to the fountain-head;
Virtue thy guide, and public good thy end,
Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the sick weal, and humanize mankind:
Rage in her eye, and Malice in her breast,
Redoubled Horrour grinning on her crest,
Fiercer each snake, and sharper ev'ry dart,
Quick from her cell shall madd'ning Envy start.
Then shalt thou find, but find alas! too late,
How vain is worth, how short is glory's date!
Then shalt thou find, whilst friends with foes conspire
To give more proof than Virtue would desire,
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime 's so great as daring to excel.
Whilst Satire thus, disdaining mean control,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul,
Candour, who, with the charity of *Paul*,
Still thinks the best, whene'er she thinks at all,
With the sweet milk of human kindness bless'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd,
Can'st thou, with more than usual warmth, she cry'd,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,

Can'st thou, severe by Nature as thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture Truth ten thousand ways,
To spin detraction forth from themes of praise,
To make Vice fit for purposes of strife,
And draw the bag much larger than the life,
To make the good seem bad, the bad seem worse,
And represent our nature as our curse?
Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?
Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,
And danger grinning stare thee in the face;
Loud as the drum, which spreading terrour round
From emptiness acquires the pow'r of sound?
Doth not the voice of Norton strike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy soul with fear?
Do'st thou, fond man, believe thyself secure,
Because thou'rt honest, and because thou'rt poor?
Do'st thou on law and liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of pow'r?
When Wilkes, *prejudg'd*, is sentenc'd to the tow'r?
Do'st thou by privilège exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?
Or to prerogative (that glorious ground
On which state-scoundrels oft have safety found)
Do'st thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
Unpunish'd, thus to libel human kind?
When poverty, the poet's constant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhyme,
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Had'st thou not valu'd honour more than bread,
Had Int'rest, pliant Int'rest, been thy guide,
And had not Prudence been debauch'd by Pride,
In Flatt'ry's stream thou would'st have dipp'd thy pen,
Applied to great, and not to honest men,
Nor should conviction have seduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker though the better part.
What but rank folly, for thy curse decreed,
Could into Satire's barren path mislead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-soothing Panegyric's flow'ry way?
There might the Muse have saunter'd at her ease,
And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please;
Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,
And *ladies*, simp'ring, own'd it vastly sweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue grac'd,
Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste,
Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such wit, such truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy sacred brethren too (for they no less
Than laymen, bring their off'rings to success)
Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst thou
In *lawn* hadst whisper'd to a sleeping crowd,
As dull as R——, and half as proud.
Peace, Candour!—Wisely had'st thou said, and well,
Could Int'rest in this breast one moment dwell,
Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
The firm resolves which from conviction rose.
I cannot truckle to a fool of state,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate.
Free leave have others by such means to shine;
I scorn their practice, they may laugh at mine.
But in this charge, forgetful of thyself,
Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that elf,
Whom God in wrath for man's dishonour fram'd,
Cunning in Heav'n, amongst us Prudence nam'd,
That *servile* Prudence which I leave to those
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.
Had I with cruel and oppressive rhymes
Pursu'd, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made Modesty in blushes speak,
And drawn the tear down Beauty's sacred cheek;
Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
To wound that sex which honour bids me praise;
Had I, from vengeance by base views betray'd,
In endless night sunk injur'd Ayliff's shade;
Had I (which satirists of mighty name,
Renown'd in rhyme, rever'd for *moral* fame,
Have done before, whom Justice shall pursue
In future verse) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Because his worth was greater than my own;
Had I spar'd those (so *Prudence* had decreed)
Whom, God so help me at my greatest need,
I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their king,
Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they sting,
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast
Of those, who flatter least, but love him most;
Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; myself should be the first
To hate myself, and stamp my Muse accurs'd.
But shall my arm—forbid it manly Pride,
Forbid it Reason, warring on my side—
For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,
And hang suspended in the desert air,
Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sink down,
Palsied, forsooth, by Candour's half-made frown?
When Justice bids me on, shall I delay
Because insipid Candour bars my way?
When she, of all alike the puling friend,
Would disappoint my Satire's noblest end,
When she to villains would a sanction give,
And shelter those who are not fit to live,
When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush,
All leagues with Candour proudly I resign;
She cannot be for Honour's turn, nor mine.
Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't commend,
Come Candour, by thy dull indiff'rence known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou lukewarm drone,
Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect,
We call that virtue which we know defect;
Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
The gross and rank complexion of the times,
Observe it well, and then review my plan;
Praise if you will, or censure if you can.
Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
And Piety is only known at court;
Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of excise;
Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
What men of humble rank would blush to name;
Whilst Honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
Worshipp'd by those, who justice never knew;
Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play
The hours of rest, and blunder through the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep;
Whilst fathers, by relentless passion led,
Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
Merely with ill-got, ill-sav'd wealth to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race;
Whilst Martin flatters only to betray,
And Webb gives up his dirty soul for pay;

Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
Whilst peers are agents made, and agents peers;
Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilst C——, false to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,
To shame his master, friend, and father gives;
Whilst Bute remains in pow'r, whilst Holland lives;
Can Satire want a subject, where Disdain,
By Virtue fir'd, may point her sharpest strain;
Where cloth'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
And Candour justify the rage of song?
Such things! such men before thee! such an age!
Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And sicken e'en to surfeit, where the pride
Of Satire, pouring down in fullest tide,
May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
Justice behold the ruin with a smile;
Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,
Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem,
Wilt thou, degen'rate and corrupted, choose
To soil the credit of thy haughty Muse?
With fallacy, most infamous, to stain
Her truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld thee incorrect, but bold,
A various comment on the stage unfold;
When play'rs on play'rs before thy satire fell,
And poor reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell;
When states and statesmen next became thy care,
And only kings were safe if thou wast there;
Thy ev'ry word I weigh'd in Judgment's scale,
And in thy ev'ry word found truth prevail.
Why dost thou now to falshood meanly fly?
Not even Candour can forgive a lie.
Bad as men are, why should thy frantic rhymes
Traffic in slander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes, which existing only in thy mind,
Weak Spleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
To practise virtue, and improve in art;
To thwart these ends, (which proud of honest fame,
A noble Muse would cherish and inflame)
Thy *drudge* contrives, and in our full career
Sicklies our hopes with the pale hue of fear;
Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
That what we seek, we never can obtain;
That dead to Virtue, lost to Nature's plan,
Envy possesses the whole race of man;
That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wise.
'Tis a rank falshood; search the world around,
There cannot be so vile a monster found,
Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
Of that gross guilt, which you impute to all.
Approv'd by those who disobey her laws,
Virtue from Vice itself extorts applause,
Her very foes bear witness to her state;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate,
Hate Virtue for herself, with spite pursue
Merit for merit's sake! Might this be true,
I would renounce my Nature with disdain,
And with the beasts that perish graze the plain:
Might this be true, had we so far fill'd up
The measure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find,
Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg behind,
Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in justice crush us all.
None but the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
Those who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,
Can be so lost; nor can the worst of all
At once into such deep damnation fall;
By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
Which e'en in Hell must be a work of time.
Cease then thy guilty rage, thou wayward son,
With the foul gall of discontent o'er-run,
List to my voice—be honest, if you can,
Nor slander Nature in her fav'rite man.
But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
Once having err'd, persists in errour still,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent those blasphemies in air,
Which I would stamp as false, though on the tongue
Of angels the injurious slander hung.
Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
Who snares the coxcomb to deceive himself)
Or blinded by that rage, did'st thou believe
That we too, coolly, would ourselves deceive?
That we as sterling falshood would admit,
Because 'twas season'd with some little wit?
When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
Hast thou, maintaining that which must disgrace
And bring into contempt the human race,
Hast thou, or can'st thou, in Truth's sacred court,
To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground
On which so great, so gross a charge to found?
Nay, do'st thou know one man (let that appear,
From wilful falshood I'll proclaim thee clear)
One man so lost, to Nature so untrue,
From whom this gen'ral charge thy rashness drew?
On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall—
Prove that in one, which you have charg'd on all.
Reason determines, and it must be done;
'Mongst men, or past, or present, name me one.
Hogarth—I take thee, Candour, at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard;
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name;
By thee have I been charg'd in angry strains
With that mean falshood which my soul disdains—
Hogarth stand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
Now, Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
Hogarth stand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great court, where Conscience must preside;
At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account you stand—
Speak, but consider well—from first to last
Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action past—
Nay, you shall have no reason to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Can'st thou remember from thy earliest youth,
And as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,
A single instance where, *self* laid aside,
And justice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye did'st Genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due?
Genius and merit are a sure offence,
And thy soul sickens at the name of sense.
Is any one so foolish to succeed,
On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed?
Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
The place of executioner supplies.
See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
And proves himself by cruelty a priest.

Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
Would bury all those pow'rs which Nature gave,
Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
Those rays, thy jealousy could not endure;
To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
And to secure thy credit blast his own,
In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend.
But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
Shook off that lethargy, and soar'd to fame,
When, with the pride of man, resolv'd and strong,
He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong,
And, on himself determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No fr'end in thee, could such a rebel know;
He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.
Souls of a tim'rous cast, of petty name
In Envy's court, not yet quite dead to shame,
May some remorse, some qualms of conscience feel,
And suffer honour to abate their zeal;
But the man truly and completely great,
Allows no rule of action but his hate;
Through ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
Passion his principle, and parts his prey.
Mediums in vice and virtue speak a mind
Within the pale of temperance confin'd;
The daring spirit scorns her narrow schemes,
And, good or bad, is always in extremes.
Man's practice duly weigh'd, through ev'ry age
On the same plan hath Envy form'd her rage:
'Gainst those whom fortune hath our rivals made
In way of science, and in way of trade,
Stung with mean jealousy she arms her spite,
First works, then views their ruin with delight.
Our Hogarth here a grand improver shines,
And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines;
He like himself o'erleaps the servile bound;
Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found.
Should painters only his vast wrath suffice?
Genius in ev'ry walk is lawful prize.
'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.
When Wilkes, our countryman, our common friend,
Arose, his king, his country to defend,
When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew,
When Rancour found it far beyond her reach
To soil his honour, and his truth impeach,
What could induce thee, at a time and place,
Where manly foes had blush'd to show their face,
To make that effort, which must damn thy name,
And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame?
Did virtue move thee? No, 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou hadst not done it, thou hadst dy'd.
Malice (who, disappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herself, and driven to the stake,
Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmost verge,
Had Wilkes and Liberty escap'd thy scourge.
When that great charter, which our fathers bought
With their best blood, was into question brought;
When, big with ruin, o'er each English head
Vile slav'ry hung suspended by a thread;
When Liberty, all trembling and aghast,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past;
When ev'ry breast was chill'd with deep despair,
Till Reason pointed out that Pratt was there;
Lurking, most ruffian-like, behind a screen,
So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen,
Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palsied hand.
What was the cause of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour? Let them sink or swim,
So he may gratify without control,
The mean resentments of his selfish soul.
Let Freedom perish, if, to Freedom true,
In the same ruin Wilkes may perish too.
With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
With age and sickness pinch'd, and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring tongue,
The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
Thy body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk
The body's weight unable to sustain,
The stream of life scarce trembling through the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honest truths, which fell,
Through thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee well,
Can'st thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things else, to malice live?
Hence, dotard, to thy closet, shut thee in,
By deep repentance wash away thy sin,
From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.
Vain exhortation! Wash the Ethiop white,
Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
Control the course of Nature, bid the deep
Hush at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep,
Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in such a heart.
That Envy which was woven in the frame
At first, will to the last remain the same.
Reason may droop, may die, but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers strength from age.
Some, and not few, vain trifflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that Envy, who with giant stride
Stalks through the vale of life by Virtue's side,
Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,
And calmly hears her praises after death.
To such observers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die;
Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
A mansion suited well to such a guest,
Immortal, unimpair'd she rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.
Oft have I known thee, Hogarth weak and vain,
Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain,
Through the dull measure of a summer's day,
In phrase most vile, prate long long hours away,
Whilst friends with friends all gaping sit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise.
But if athwart thee interruption came,
And mention'd with respect some ancient's name,
Some ancient's name, who in the days of yore
The crown of Art with greatest honour wore,
How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale!
How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,
And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own!
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And arts and artists all became thy prey;
Then did'st thou trample on establish'd rules,
And proudly level'd all the ancient schools,
Condemn'd those works, with praise through ages grac'd,
Which you had never seen, or could not taste.

vould mankind have true perfection shown,
: be found in labours of my own.
to challenge in one single piece,
ted force of Italy and Greece."
ger hand the curtain then undrew,
ought the boasted master-piece to view.
hy remarks—say not a single word—
ture seen, why is the painter heard?
t up shame and anger in our cheeks;
t a comment Sigismunda speaks.
Sigismunda! what a fate is thine!
, the great high-priest of all the Nine,
thy name, gave what a Muse could give,
his numbers bade thy mem'ry live;
ee those soft sensations, which might move
rm the coldest anchorite to love;
ee that virtue which could curb desire,
and consecrate love's headstrong fire;
ee those griefs which made the Stoic feel,
l'd compassion forth from hearts of steel;
ee that firmness which our sex may shame,
ke man bow to woman's juster claim,
our tears, which from compassion flow,
debase thy dignity of woe.
how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!
uch from Nature and herself estrang'd!
tally deprived of all the pow'rs
her feelings, and awaken ours,
gismunda now devoted stand,
pless victim of a dauber's hand!
why, *my* Hogarth, such a progress made,
a pattern for the sign-post trade,
ull force and whirlwind of thy pride,
s *heroic* painting laid aside?
it not resum'd? Thy friends at court,
in place and pow'r, crave thy support;
eful then for once, and, through the field
ics, thy *epic* pencil wield,
n the cause, which they, good lack! avow,
uld maintain too, but they know not how.
igh ev'ry *pannel* let thy virtue tell
ite prevail'd, how Pitt and Temple fell!
igland's sons (whom they conspir'd to bless
our will, with insolent success)
their fall, and with addresses run,
t, God knows, to hail the Scottish Sun!
it our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
e strong arm of Justice, shook the world;
nd thy country's honour to increase,
it the honours of succeeding peace;
leration, christian-like, display,
at we got, and what we gave away.
rs, dull and heavy as the tale,
ate chaos through the whole prevail.
of events regardless, whilst the Muse,
with too much heat, her theme pursues;
er quick spirits rouse at Freedom's call,
y drop of blood is turn'd to gall;
dear country, and an injur'd friend,
y strong anger to the bitt'rest end;
onest trophies to revenge are rais'd,
one real virtue pass unprais'd:
with equal course bids Satire flow,
s the virtue of her greatest foe.
at I here could that rare Virtue mean,
corns the rule of Envy, Pride, and Spleen,
springs not from the labour'd works of Art,
its rise from Nature in the heart,
n itself with happiness is crown'd,
eals with joy the blessing all around!

But Truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
Contented with a diff'rent kind of praise,
Must Hogarth stand: that praise which Genius gives,
In which to latest time the *artist* lives,
But not the *man*; which, rightly understood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good;
That praise be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
The wreath which Genius wove, and planted there,
Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,
Myself would labour to replace the crown.
In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.
How could'st thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee shun?
Why did Ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent men excel,
But where is he who can do all things well?
Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the phrenzy of *sublime*.
But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor see those faults which ev'ry blockhead saw?
Blush, thou vain man, and if desire of fame,
Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,
To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.
But should fond Candour, for her mercy sake,
With pity view, and pardon this mistake;
Or should Oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind;
Of arts *despis'd*, of artists by thy frown
Aw'd from just hopes, of *rising worth kept down*,
Of all thy meanness through this mortal race,
Can'st thou the living memory erase?
Or shall not vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which you gave?
With so much merit, and so much success,
With so much pow'r to curse, so much to bless,
Would he have been man's friend instead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little God below.
Why then, like savage giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in scripture story we are told,
Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ,
Which Nature meant to save, not to destroy?
Why dost thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou hast made?
Most rank Ill-nature must applaud thy art;
But even candour must condemn thy heart.
For me, who warm and zealous for my friend,
In spite of railing thousands, will commend,
And, no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,
Spite of commending thousands, will oppose,
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age;
Thy feeble age, in which, as in a glass,
We see how men to dissolution pass.
Thou *wretched being*, whom, on Reason's plan,
So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a man,

What could persuade thee, at this time of life,
To launch afresh into the sea of strife?
Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
Almost as much a child as at thy birth,
To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.
Why would thy grey, grey hairs resentment brave,
Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave?
Now, by my soul, it makes me blush to know
My spirits could descend to such a foe.
Whatever cause, the vengeance might provoke,
It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke.
Sure 'tis a curse which angry Fates impose,
To mortify man's arrogance, that those
Who 're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs must humble Genius feel,
In their last hours, to view a Swift and Steele?
How must ill-boding horrours fill her breast,
When she beholds men, mark'd above the rest
For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's night?
Are men, indeed, such things, and are the best
More subject to this evil, than the rest,
To drivel out whole years of ideot breath,
And sit the monuments of living death?
O, galling circumstance to human pride!
Abasing thought, but not to be denied!
With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought.
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs and leaves a blank behind.
But let not youth, to insolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Possess'd of genius, with unhallow'd rage,
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
The greatest genius to this fate may bow;
Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now.

THE GHOST.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

With eager search to dart the soul,
Curiously vain, from pole to pole,
And from the planets' wand'ring spheres
T' extort the number of our years,
And whether all those years shall flow
Serenely smooth, and free from woe,
Or rude misfortune shall deform
Our life, with one continual storm;
Or if the scene shall motley be,
Alternate joy and misery;
Is a desire, which, more or less,
All men must feel, though few confess.
Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords subsistence to the sage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the stars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come some ages hence,
Which unto friends, at easy rates,
He readily communicates.
At its first rise, which all agree on,
This noble science was Chaldean,
That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
Gaz'd on the stars, observ'd their motions,
And suck'd in astrologic notions,
Which they so eagerly pursue,
As folks are apt whate'er is new,
That things below at random rove,
Whilst they 're consulting things above;
And when they now so poor were grown,
That they 'd no houses of their own,
They made bold with their friends the stars,
And prudently made use of their's.
To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd,
And Fate at Memphis was unravell'd:
Th' exotic science soon struck root,
And flourish'd into high repute.
Each learned priest, O strange to tell!
Could circles make, and cast a spell;
Could read and write, and taught the nation
The holy art of divination.
Nobles themselves, for at that time
Knowledge in nobles was no crime,
Could talk as learned as the priest,
And prophesy as much at least.
Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
Whose crafty skill mars Nature's hue,
Who, in vile tatters, with smirch'd face,
Run up and down from place to place,
To gratify their friends' desires,
From Bampfield Carew to Moll Squires,
Are rightly term'd Egyptians all;
Whom we, mistaking, Gipsies call.
The Grecian sages borrow'd this,
As they did other sciences,
From fertile Egypt, though the loan
They had not honesty to own.
Dodona's oaks, inspir'd by Jove,
A learned and prophetic grove,
Turn'd vegetable necromancers,
And to all comers gave their answers:
At Delphos, to Apollo dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each subtle priest on three-legg'd stool,
To take in wise men, play'd the fool.
A mystery, so made for gain,
E'en now in fashion must remain.
Enthusiasts never will let drop
What brings such business to their shop,
And that great saint we Whitefield call,
Keeps up the humbug spiritual.
Among the Romans, not a bird,
Without a prophecy was heard;
Fortunes of empires often hung
On the magician magpie's tongue,
And ev'ry crow was to the state
A sure interpreter of Fate.
Prophets, embodied in a college,
(Time out of mind your seat of knowledge,
For genius never fruit can bear
Unless it first is planted there,
And solid learning never falls
Without the verge of college walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was best to watch or sleep,
To eat or drink, to go or stay,
And when to fight or run away;
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a *double tripe*;
When emperors would live or die,
They in an *ass's skull* could spy;

ils would their station keep,
ir backs, *in hearts of sheep.*
whether small or great,
amilies or state,
us, the holy seer
would interfere,
arts and rev'rend skill
l lay bigots to his will,
, or injure foes or friends,
rv'd his private ends.
honest way of trade,
irginity were laid,
ake their party great,
re form'd against the state,
of the common weal,
led, which they call zeal,
ile was always thrown
Heav'n to back *their own.*
, a happy land we know,
es naturally grow;
bout culture they arise,
above the common size;
fortune-telling host,
s as the stars, could boast;
ho toss the cup, and see
ls of Fate in grounds of tea;
l in ev'ry modest lore,
maidenhead restore,
pupils rather choose it,
he readiest way to lose it;
o ev'ry ill can cure,
ill of being poor;
s 'gainst love and agues sell,
henroost set a spell,
y arts, to them best known,
ll feet except their own;
fortune can unlock it,
s pick a pocket;
who, in their country's right,
gift of *second-sight,*
their barren heaths they quit,
nent of *prudent* wit,
utation to maintain,
venture back again)
phetic heap up riches,
the luxury of breeches.
the rest, in former years,
illustrious name, appears,
of futurity,
, could ev'ry thing *foresee,*
, could ev'ry thing *foretel,*
with equity to sell,
alt out the will of Heaven
to what price was given.
ish race, in Highlands born,
ith native pride and scorn,
came, by custom led,
e hands which gave him bread.
of truth, and want of sense,
de up by impudence,
eum, which we find
use with all mankind)
d favour'd too by those,
rt with patriot feelings glows;
hly, where'er dispers'd,
their native country first;
shmen alone have sense
trunger preference,
dest merit of their own
overty to groan)

Campbell foretold just what he wou'd,
And left the stars to make it good;
On whom he had impress'd such awe,
His dictates current pass'd for law;
Submissive all his empire own'd:
No star durst smile, when Campbell frown'd.
This sage deceas'd, for all must die,
And Campbell's no more safe than I,
No more than I can guard the heart,
When Death shall hurl the fatal dart,
Succeeded ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the spheres;
Another and *another* came,
Of equal skill, and equal fame;
As white each wand, as black each gown,
As long each beard, as wise each frown;
In ev'ry thing so like, you 'd swear,
Campbell himself was sitting there.
To *all* the happy art was known,
To tell *our* fortunes, make *their own.*
Seated in garret, for you know,
The nearer to the stars we go,
The greater we esteem his art,
Fools curious flock'd from every part.
The rich, the poor, the maid, the married,
And those who could not walk, were carried.
The butler, hanging down his head,
By *chamber-maid,* or *cook-maid* led,
Inquires, if from his friend the Moon,
He has advice of pilfer'd spoon.
The court-bred woman of condition,
(Who, to approve her disposition
As much superior as her birth
To those compos'd of common earth,
With double spirit must engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)
The *honourable* arts would buy,
To pack the cards, and cog a die.
The hero (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongst the chiefs of *Butcher Row,*
Who might some thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to guess
At his employment by his dress,
Put med'cines off from cart or stage,
The grand Toscano of the age,
Or might about the countries go,
High steward of a puppet-show,
Steward and stewardship most meet,
For all know puppets never eat;
Who would be thought (though, save the mark,
That point is something in the dark)
The man of honour, one like those
Renown'd in story, who lov'd blows
Better than victuals, and would fight,
Merely for sport, from morn to night;
Who treads, like Mavors firm, whose tongue
Is with the triple thunder hung;
Who cries to Fear—" Stand off—aloof"—
And talks as he were cannon-proof;
Would be deem'd ready, when you list,
With sword and pistol, stick and fist,
Careless of points, balls, bruises, knocks,
At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
But at the same time bears about,
Within himself, some touch of doubt,
Of *prudent* doubt, which hints—that fame
Is nothing but an empty name;
That life is rightly understood
By all to be a real good;

That, even in a *hero's* heart,
Discretion is the better part;
That this same honour may be won,
And yet no kind of danger run,
Like Drugger comes, that magic pow'rs
May ascertain his *lucky* hours.
For at some hours the fickle dame
Whom Fortune properly we name,
Who ne'er considers wrong or right,
When wanted most plays least in sight,
And, like a modern *court-bred* jilt,
Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into some other part,
No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
And fear usurps the vacant seat;
Whence *planet-struck* we often find
Stuarts and Sackvilles of mankind.
Further he 'd know (and by his art
A conjuror can that impart)
Whether politer it is reckon'd
To have or not to have a second,
To drag the friends in, or alone
To make the danger all their own;
Whether repletion is not bad,
And fighters with full stomachs mad;
Whether before he seeks the plain,
It were not well to breathe a vein;
Whether a gentle salivation,
Consistently with reputation,
Might not of precious use be found,
Not to prevent indeed a wound,
But to prevent the consequence
Which oftentimes arises thence,
Those fevers, which the patient urge on
To gates of death, by help of surgeon;
Whether a wind at east or west
Is for green wounds accounted best;
Whether (was he to choose) his mouth
Should point towards the north or south;
Whether more safely he might use,
On these occasions, pumps or shoes;
Whether it better is to fight
By *sun-shine*, or by *candle-light;*
Or (lest a *candle* should appear
Too mean to shine in such a sphere,
For who would of a candle tell
To light a hero into Hell,
And lest the *Sun* should partial rise
To dazzle one or t' other's eyes,
Or one or t' other's brains to scorch)
Might not *dame* Luna hold a torch?
These points with dignity discuss'd
And gravely fix'd, a task which must
Require no little time and pains,
To make our hearts friends with our brains,
The *man of war* would next engage
The kind assistance of the sage,
Some previous method to direct,
Which should make these of none effect.
Could he not, from the mystic school
Of Art, produce some sacred rule,
By which a knowledge might be got,
Whether men valiant were, or not,
So he that challenges might write
Only to those who would not fight?
Or could he not some way dispense,
By help of which (without offence
To *Honour*, whose nice nature 's such,
She scarce endures the slightest touch)
When he for want of t' other rule
Mistakes his man, and, like a fool,
With some vain fighting blade gets in,
He fairly may get out again?
Or, should some demon lay a scheme
To drive him to the last extreme,
So that he must confess his fears,
In mercy to his nose and ears,
And like a prudent recreant knight,
Rather do any thing than fight,
Could he not some expedient buy
To keep his shame from public eye?
For well he held, and men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
That Honour's like a *maidenhead*,
Which if in private brought to bed,
Is none the worse, but walks the town,
Ne'er lost, until the loss be known.
The parson too (for now and then
Parsons are just like other men,
And here and there a *grave* divine
Has passions such as your's or mine)
Burning with *holy* lust to know
When Fate preferment will bestow,
'Fraid of detection, not of sin,
With circumspection sneaking in
To *conj'ror*, as he does to *whore*,
Through some by-alley, or back-door,
With the same caution *orthodox*
Consults the *stars*, and gets a *pox*.
The citizen, in fraud grown old,
Who knows no deity but gold,
Worn out, and gasping now for breath,
A med'cine wants to keep off death;
Would know, if that he cannot have,
What coins are current in the grave;
If, when the stocks (which by *his* pow'r
Would rise or fall in half an hour,
For, though unthought of and unseen,
He work'd the springs behind the skreen)
By *his* directions came about,
And rose to *par*, he should sell out;
Whether he safely might, or no,
Replace it in the funds *below*.
By all address'd, believ'd, and paid,
Many pursu'd the thriving trade,
And, great in reputation grown,
Successive held the magic throne.
Favour'd by ev'ry darling passion,
The love of novelty and fashion,
Ambition, av'rice, lust, and pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry side.
But when the *prudent* laws thought fit
To curb this insolence of wit;
When senates wisely had provided,
Decreed, enacted, and decided,
That no such vile and upstart elves
Should have more knowledge than themselves;
When fines and penalties were laid
To stop the progress of the trade,
And stars no longer could dispense,
With *honour*, further influence,
And wizards (which must be confest
Was of more force than all the rest)
No certain way to tell had got,
Which were informers, and which not;
Affrighted sages were, perforce,
Oblig'd to steer some other course.
By various ways, these *sons of chance*
Their fortunes labour'd to advance,

ng, by unerring rules,
rve not in the *land of fools.*
th high titles and degrees,
men borrow when they please,
trouble or expense,
instantly commence,
y boast an equal skill
who claim the *right to kill.*
bout the countries roam,
e thought of going *home)*
and adopted leg
: once to rob or beg.
e more subtle of their race,
ome touch of *coward* grace,
m to avoid had wit,
fear'd deserving it)
eir *brother* Smollet's aid,
l on the critic trade.
to letters and the Muse,
; wrote, and *some* wrote news;
revolving month are seen,
of a *Magazine;*
y morning, great appear
or in Gazetteer;
he falsehoods of the day
r Faden and for Say:
their force is always laid
le where they best are paid.
hty prodigies arise,
nonsters strike our eyes;
) propagate the trade,
ge than ever Baker made,
l about from street to street,
elieve, whilst liars eat.
ies in the air engage,
superstitious age;
s through the ether range,
nents portending change,
to the ocean fly
ney leave their channels dry;
rous whales on Lambeth shore
Thames dry, and thirst for more;
now and then appears
wage numb'ring years
those happy sages cou'd,
their breath before the Flood.
e wonder of all people,
; left without a *steeples;*
ow is left in lurch,
ns departure of the *church,*
rne on wings of mighty wind,
furlong off we find.
h on cattle to discharge,
as deadly fall, and large
hich were on Egypt sent,
eir crime and punishment;
hich, as the prophet writes,
necks of Amorites,
uck with wonder and amaze,
uspended, stay'd to gaze,
her duty longer kept,
his *sister* slept.
uch things no more engage
of a politer age,
em out in time of need
ofts must *rabbits* breed.
nant female trembling hears,
some with spleen and fears,
er faithful glass no more,
bounding o'er the floor,
Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By Fancy turn'd into a *doe.*
Now to promote their private ends,
Nature her usual course suspends,
And varies from the stated plan,
Observ'd o'er since the world began.
Bodies (which foolishly we thought,
By Custom's servile maxims taught,
Needed a regular supply,
And without nourishment must die)
With craving appetites and sense
Of hunger easily dispense,
And, pliant to *their* wondrous skill,
Are taught, like *watches*, to stand still
Uninjur'd, for a month or more;
Then go on as they did before.
The novel takes, the tale succeeds,
Amply supplies its author's needs,
And Betty Canning is at least,
With Gascoyne's help, a six months' feast.
Whilst in contempt of all our pains,
The tyrant Superstition reigns
Imperious in the heart of man,
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan:
Whilst fond Credulity who n'er
The weight of wholesome doubts could bear,
To Reason and herself unjust,
Takes all things blindly upon trust;
Whilst Curiosity, whose rage
No mercy shows to sex or age,
Must be indulg'd at the expense
Of *judgment, truth,* and *common-sense;*
Impostures cannot but prevail,
And when *old miracles* grow stale,
Jugglers will still the art pursue,
And entertain the world with *new.*
For them, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty skill,
Sad spirits, summon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghastly through the gloom,
In all the usual pomp of storms,
In horrid customary forms,
A wolf, a bear, a horse, an ape,
As Fear and Fancy give them shape,
Tormented with despair and pain,
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
Folly and Guilt (for Guilt, howe'er
The face of Courage it may wear,
Is still a coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms start.
The priest, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wise,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unless escorted by his clerk.
But let not ev'ry bungler deem
Too lightly of so deep a scheme:
For reputation of the *art,*
Each ghost must act a proper part,
Observe *decorum's* needful grace,
And keep the laws of *time* and *place,*
Must change, with happy variation,
His manners with his situation;
What in the country might pass down,
Would be impertinent in town.
No spirit of *discretion* here
Can think of breeding awe and fear.
'Twill serve the purpose more by half
To make the congregation laugh.
We want no ensigns of surprise,
Locks stiff with gore, and saucer eyes;

SAWNEY.

Full silly swain, *I wot*, is Jockey now;
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how,
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Did'st thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?

JOCKEY.

O she was *bonny!* All the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found!
More precious (though that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we brimstone call,
Or that cho'ce plant, so grateful to the nose,
Which in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me; dear do I rue,
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.

SAWNEY.

Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
Through all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd be that year by every honest Scot,
And in the shepherd's calendar forgot,
That fatal year, when Jamie, hapless swain,
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain.
Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,
Was seiz'd and hang'd till he was dead, dead, dead.

JOCKEY.

Full sorely may we all lament that day;
For all were losers in the deadly fray.
Five brothers had I, on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died;
Ah! silly swains, to follow war's alarms!
Ah! what hath shepherd's life to do with arms!

SAWNEY.

Mention it not—There saw I strangers clad
In all the honours of our ravish'd *plaid*,
Saw the Ferrara too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side,
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay;
Bless'd those which fell! curs'd those which still survive,
To mourn *fifteen* renew'd in *forty-five*.

Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne of turf,
With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well,
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale FAMINE rear'd the head: her eager eyes,
Where hunger e'en to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start;
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horrour lov'd to dwell;
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear, extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and, cursing, swallow'd nought but wind;
All shrivell'd was her skin, and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare:
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw.
"Cease," cried the goddess, "cease, despairing swains,
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains!
"Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial Fortune never deign'd to smile;
Like Nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongst the nations of the Earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought;
Whom still with unslack'd hate we view, and still,
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life, or throw away?
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their king they sold;
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still.
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the *Sons of Israel*, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert, we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns.
With some few natives join'd, some *pliant* few,
Who worship int'rest, and our track pursue,
There shall we, though the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owner's leave.
For us, the Earth shall bring forth her increase;
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece;
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown;
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And *Scotsmen* reap what they disdain'd to sow;
For us, the Sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil;
When to our wishes Nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies.
His brawny arm shall drudging Labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain;
Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit, our's;
For us, the oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless travel through the deep;
The sail of Commerce for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world;
For us, sublimer heights shall Science reach,
For us, their statesmen plot, their churchmen preach;
Their noblest limbs of counsel we 'll disjoint,
And, mocking, new ones of our own appoint;
Devouring War, imprison'd in the North,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Desolation stalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, gen'rous Peace give way.
"Think not, my sons, that this so bless'd estate
Stands at a distance on the roll of Fate;
Already big with hopes of future sway,
E'en from this cave I scent my destin'd prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race,
Whose former deeds shall Time's last annals grace,

In the rough face of peril must be sought,
And with the lives of thousands dearly bought;
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laughs to scorn the blundering hero's heart,
Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.
" When Rome, to prop her sinking empire, bore
Their choicest levies to a foreign shore,
What if we seiz'd, like a destroying flood,
Their widow'd plains, and fill'd the realm with blood,
Gave an unbounded loose to manly rage,
And scorning mercy, spar'd nor sex nor age;
When, for our int'rest too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent po sess'd the throne,
What if we strove divisions to foment,
And spread the flames of civil discontent,
Assisted those who 'gainst their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled;
When restless Glory bad her sons advance,
And pitch'd her standard in the fields of France;
What if, disdaining oaths, and empty sound,
By which our nation never shall be bound,
Bravely we taught unmuzzled War to roam
Through the weak land, and brought cheap laurels home;
When the bold traitors leagu'd for the defence
Of Law, Religion, Liberty, and Sense,
When they against their lawful monarch rose,
And dar'd the Lord's anointed to oppose,
What if we still rever'd the banish'd race,
And strove the royal vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions shook th' unsettled state,
And greatly dar'd, though cross'd by partial Fate;
These facts, which might, where Wisdom held the sway,
Awake the very stones to bar our way,
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an English brain,
Bless'd with that *faith*, which mountains can remove,
First they shall *dupes*, next *saints*, last *martyrs* prove.
" Already is this game of Fate begun
Under the sanction of my darling son:
That son, of nature royal as his name,
Is destin'd to redeem our race from shame;
His boundless pow'r, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked straight,
Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
And sink the mountain level to the plain.
Discord, whom in a cavern under ground
With massy fetters their late patriot bound,
Where her own flesh the furious hag might tear,
And vent her curses to the vacant air,
Where, that she never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door,
For better purpose shall our chief release,
Disguise her for a time, and call her Peace.
" Lur'd by that name, fine engine of deceit,
Shall the weak English help themselves to cheat;
To gain our love, with honours shall they grace
The old adherents of the Stuart race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites, are still the same,
To sooth our rage, the temporising brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Against their saviour venom'd falsehoods frame,
And brand with calumny their William's name;
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit)
To our untainted faith shall they commit
(Our faith which, in extremest perils tried,
Disdain'd, and still disdains, to change her side)
That sacred majesty they all approve,
Who most enjoys, and best deserves their love."

AN

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM HOGARTH.

Amongst the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is jealousy, a rival there.
Be wicked as thou wilt, do all that 's base,
Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race;
Let vice and folly thy black soul divide,
Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride;
Deaf to the voice of faith and honour, fall
From side to side, yet be of none at all;
Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
Which Nature in her bounty, good as wise,
To work our safety, and ensure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man;
Lift against Virtue Power's oppressive rod,
Betray thy country, and deny thy God;
And, in one gen'ral comprehensive line,
To group, which volumes scarcely could define,
Whate'er of sin and dullness can be said,
Join to a F——'s heart a D——'s head;
Yet may'st thou pass unnotic'd in the throng,
And, free from envy, safely sneak along.
The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shown
To saints whose lives are better than his own,
Shall spare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, shall forgive a dunce.
But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour
Vile int'rest scorn, nor madly grasp at pow'r;
Should love of fame, in ev'ry noble mind
A brave disease, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried
In Reason's court, is amply justified;
Or fond of knowledge, and averse to strife,
Should'st thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
Should'st thou, by pale and sickly Study led,
Pursue coy Science to the fountain-head;
Virtue thy guide, and public good thy end,
Should ev'ry thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the sick weal, and humanize mankind:
Rage in her eye, and Malice in her breast,
Redoubled Horrour grinning on her crest,
Fiercer each snake, and sharper ev'ry dart,
Quick from her cell shall madd'ning Envy start.
Then shalt thou find, but find alas! too late,
How vain is worth, how short is glory's date!
Then shalt thou find, whilst friends with foes conspire
To give more proof than Virtue would desire,
Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime 's so great as daring to excel.
Whilst Satire thus, disdaining mean control,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul,
Candour, who, with the charity of *Paul*,
Still thinks the best, whene'er she thinks at all,
With the sweet milk of human kindness bless'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd.
Can'st thou, with more than usual warmth, she cry'd,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride,

Can'st thou, severe by Nature as thou art,
With all that wond'rous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture Truth ten thousand ways,
To spin detraction forth from themes of praise,
To make Vice fit for purposes of strife,
And draw the bag much larger than the life,
To make the good seem bad, the bad seem worse,
And represent our nature as our curse?
Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?
Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,
And danger grinning stare thee in the face;
Loud as the drum, which spreading terrour round
From emptiness acquires the pow'r of sound?
Doth not the voice of Norton strike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy soul with fear?
Do'st thou, fond man, believe thyself secure,
Because thou'rt honest, and because thou'rt poor?
Do'st thou on law and liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.
Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of pow'r?
When Wilkes, *prejudg'd*, is sentenc'd to the tow'r?
Do'st thou by privilège exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?
Or to prerogative (that glorious ground
On which state-scoundrels oft have safety found)
Do'st thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
Unpunish'd, thus to libel human kind?
When poverty, the poet's constant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhyme,
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Had'st thou not valu'd honour more than bread,
Had Int'rest, pliant Int'rest, been thy guide,
And had not Prudence been debauch'd by Pride,
In flatt'ry's stream thou would'st have dipp'd thy pen,
Applied to great, and not to honest men,
Nor should conviction have seduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker though the better part.
What but rank folly, for thy curse decreed,
Could into Satire's barren path mislead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-soothing Panegyric's flow'ry way?
There might the Muse have saunter'd at her ease,
And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please;
Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,
And *ladies*, simp'ring, own'd it vastly sweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue grac'd,
Fools, mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste,
Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such wit, such truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy sacred brethren too (for they no less
Than laymen, bring their off'rings to success)
Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst thou
In *lawn* hadst whisper'd to a sleeping crowd,
As dull as R——, and half as proud. [well,
Peace, Candour!—Wisely had'st thou said, and
Could Int'rest in this breast one moment dwell,
Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
The firm resolves which from conviction rose.
I cannot truckle to a fool of state,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate.
Free leave have others by such means to shine;
I scorn their practice, they may laugh at mine.
But in this charge, forgetful of thyself,
Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that elf,
Whom God in wrath for man's dishonour fram'd,
Cunning in Heav'n, amongst us Prudence nam'd,
That *servile* Prudence which I leave to those
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.

Had I with cruel and oppressive rhymes
Pursu'd, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made Modesty in blushes speak,
And drawn the tear down Beauty's sacred cheek;
Had I (damp'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
To wound that sex which honour bids me praise;
Had I, from vengeance by base views betray'd,
In endless night sunk injur'd Ayliff's shade;
Had I (which satirists of mighty name,
Renown'd in rhyme, rever'd for *moral* fame,
Have done before, whom Justice shall pursue
In future verse) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Because his worth was greater than my own;
Had I spar'd those (so *Prudence* had decreed)
Whom, God so help me at my greatest need,
I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their king,
Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they sting,
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast
Of those, who flatter least, but love him most;
Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; myself should be the first
To hate myself, and stamp my Muse accurs'd.
But shall my arm—forbid it manly Pride,
Forbid it Reason, warring on my side—
For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,
And hang suspended in the desert air,
Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sink down,
Palsied, forsooth, by Candour's half-made frown?
When Justice bids me on, shall I delay
Because insipid Candour bars my way?
When she, of all alike the puling friend,
Would disappoint my Satire's noblest end,
When she to villains would a sanction give,
And shelter those who are not fit to live,
When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush,
All leagues with Candour proudly I resign;
She cannot be for Honour's turn, nor mine.
Yet come, cold monitor, half foe, half friend,
Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't commend,
Come Candour, by thy dull indiff'rence known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou lukewarm drone,
Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect,
We call that virtue which we know defect;
Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
The gross and rank complexion of the times,
Observe it well, and then review my plan;
Praise if you will, or censure if you can.
Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
And Piety is only known at court;
Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burthen of excise;
Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
What men of humble rank would blush to name;
Whilst Honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
Worshipp'd by those, who justice never knew;
Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play
The hours of rest, and blunder through the day,
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep;
Whilst fathers, by relentless passion led,
Doom worthy injur'd sons to beg their bread,
Merely with ill-got, ill-sav'd wealth to grace
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race;
Whilst Martin flatters only to betray,
And Webb gives up his dirty soul for pay;

: titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
: peers are agents made, and agents peers;
: base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
akers ruin'd by the thing they made;
: C——, false to God and man, for gold,
e old traitor who a Saviour sold,
me his master, friend, and father gives;
'Bute remains in pow'r, whilst Holland lives;
tire want a subject, where Disdain,
tue fir'd, may point her sharpest strain;
cloth'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
andour justify the rage of song?
things! such men before thee! such an age!
Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
cken e'en to surfeit, where the pride
ire, pouring down in fullest tide,
read wide vengeance round, yet all the while
behold the ruin with a smile;
I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,
sapprove that rage I wish to stem,
ou, degen'rate and corrupted, choose
the credit of thy haughty Muse?
allacy, most infamous, to stain
ith, and render all her anger vain?
I beheld thee incorrect, but bold,
us comment on the stage unfold;
play'rs on play'rs before thy satire fell,
or reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell;
states and statesmen next became thy care,
ly kings were safe if thou wast there;
'ry word I weigh'd in Judgment's scale,
thy ev'ry word found truth prevail.
ost thou now to falshood meanly fly?
en Candour can forgive a lie.
as men are, why should thy frantic rhymes
in slander, and invent new crimes?
, which existing only in thy mind,
Spleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
asing hopes we lure the human heart
ctise virtue, and improve in art;
art these ends, (which proud of honest fame,
Muse would cherish and inflame)
udge contrives, and in our full career
our hopes with the pale hue of fear;
that all our labours are in vain;
hat we seek, we never can obtain;
ead to Virtue, lost to Nature's plan,
ossesses the whole race of man;
orth is criminal, and danger lies,
extreme, in being good and wise.
a rank falshood; search the world around,
cannot be so vile a monster found,
so vile, on whom suspicions fall
gross guilt, which you impute to all.
'd by those who disobey her laws,
from Vice itself extorts applause,
ry foes bear witness to her state;
ill not love her, but they cannot hate,
irtue for herself, with spite pursue
or merit's sake! Might this be true,
renounce my Nature with disdain,
h the beasts that perish graze the plain:
this be true, had we so far fill'd up
easure of our crimes, and from the cup
so deeply drank, as not to find,
g for sin, one drop, one dreg behind,
uin must involve this flaming ball,
ovidence in justice crush us all.
at the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
who for double guilt are doubly curs'd,
Can be so lost; nor can the worst of all
At once into such deep damnation fall;
By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
Which e'en in Hell must be a work of time.
Cease then thy guilty rage, thou wayward son,
With the foul gall of discontent o'er-run,
List to my voice—be honest, if you can,
Nor slander Nature in her fav'rite man.
But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
Once having err'd, persists in errour still,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent those blasphemies in air,
Which I would stamp as false, though on the tongue
Of angels the injurious slander hung.
Dup'd by thy vanity (that cunning elf
Who snares the coxcomb to deceive himself)
Or blinded by that rage, did'st thou believe
That we too, coolly, would ourselves deceive?
That we as sterling falshood would admit,
Because 'twas season'd with some little wit?
When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
Hast thou, maintaining that which must disgrace
And bring into contempt the human race,
Hast thou, or can'st thou, in Truth's sacred court,
To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground
On which so great, so gross a charge to found!
Nay, do'st thou know one man (let that appear,
From wilful falshood I'll proclaim thee clear)
One man so lost, to Nature so untrue,
From whom this gen'ral charge thy rashness drew?
On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall—
Prove that in one, which you have charg'd on all.
Reason determines, and it must be done;
'Mongst men, or past, or present, name me one.
Hogarth—I take thee, Candour, at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard;
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name;
By thee have I been charg'd in angry strains
With that mean falshood which my soul disdains—
Hogarth stand forth—Nay hang not thus aloof—
Now, Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
Hogarth stand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great court, where Conscience must preside;
At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account you stand—
Speak, but consider well—from first to last
Review thy life, weigh ev'ry action past—
Nay, you shall have no reason to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Can'st thou remember from thy earliest youth,
And as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,
A single instance where, *self* laid aside,
And justice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye did'st Genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due?
Genius and merit are a sure offence,
And thy soul sickens at the name of sense.
Is any one so foolish to succeed,
On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed?
Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
The place of executioner supplies.
See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
And proves himself by cruelty a priest.

Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
Would bury all those pow'rs which Nature gave,
Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
Those rays, thy jealousy could not endure;
To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
And to secure thy credit blast his own,
In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend.
But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
Shook off that lethargy, and soar'd to fame,
When, with the pride of man, resolv'd and strong,
He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong,
And, on himself determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee, could such a rebel know;
He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.
Souls of a tim'rous cast, of petty name
In Envy's court, not yet quite dead to shame,
May some remorse, some qualms of conscience feel,
And suffer honour to abate their zeal;
But the man truly and completely great,
Allows no rule of action but his hate;
Through ev'ry bar he bravely breaks his way,
Passion his principle, and parts his prey.
Mediums in vice and virtue speak a mind
Within the pale of temperance confin'd;
The daring spirit scorns her narrow schemes,
And, good or bad, is always in extremes.
Man's practice duly weigh'd, through ev'ry age
On the same plan hath Envy form'd her rage:
'Gainst those whom fortune hath our rivals made
In way of science, and in way of trade,
Stung with mean jealousy she arms her spite,
First works, then views their ruin with delight.
Our Hogarth here a grand improver shines,
And nobly on the gen'ral plan refines;
He like himself o'erleaps the servile bound;
Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found.
Should painters only his vast wrath suffice?
Genius in ev'ry walk is lawful prize.
'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.
When Wilkes, our countryman, our common [friend,
Arose, his king, his country to defend,
When tools of pow'r he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew,
When Rancour found it far beyond her reach
To soil his honour, and his truth impeach,
What could induce thee, at a time and place,
Where manly foes had blush'd to show their face,
To make that effort, which must damn thy name,
And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame?
Did virtue move thee? No, 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou hadst not done it, thou hadst dy'd.
Malice (who, disappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herself, and driven to the stake,
Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tott'ring on life's utmost verge,
Had Wilkes and Liberty escap'd thy scourge.
When that great charter, which our fathers bought
With their best blood, was into question brought;
When, big with ruin, o'er each English head
Vile slav'ry hung suspended by a thread;
When Liberty, all trembling and aghast,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past;
When ev'ry breast was chill'd with deep despair,
Till Reason pointed out that Pratt was there;
Lurking, most ruffian-like, behind a screen,
So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen,
Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,
The murd'rous pencil in his palsied hand.
What was the cause of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour? Let them sink or swim,
So he may gratify without control,
The mean resentments of his selfish soul.
Let Freedom perish, if, to Freedom true,
In the same ruin Wilkes may perish too.
With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
With age and sickness pinch'd, and worn away,
Pale quiv'ring lips, lank cheeks, and fault'ring tongue,
The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
Thy body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk
The body's weight unable to sustain,
The stream of life scarce trembling through the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honest truths, which fell,
Through thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee well,
Can'st thou, e'en thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things else, to malice live?
Hence, dotard, to thy closet, shut thee in,
By deep repentance wash away thy sin,
From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.
Vain exhortation! Wash the Ethiop white,
Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
Control the course of Nature, bid the deep
Hush at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep,
Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in such a heart.
That Envy which was woven in the frame
At first, will to the last remain the same.
Reason may droop, may die, but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers strength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that Envy, who with giant stride
Stalks through the vale of life by Virtue's side,
Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,
And calmly hears her praises after death.
To such observers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die;
Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
A mansion suited well to such a guest,
Immortal, unimpair'd she rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.
Oft have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and vain,
Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain,
Through the dull measure of a summer's day,
In phrase most vile, prate long long hours away,
Whilst friends with friends all gaping sit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise.
But if athwart thee interruption came,
And mention'd with respect some ancient's name,
Some ancient's name, who in the days of yore
The crown of Art with greatest honour wore,
How have I seen thy coward check turn pale,
And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale!
How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,
And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own!
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And arts and artists all became thy prey;
Then did'st thou trample on establish'd rules,
And proudly level'd all the ancient schools,
Condemn'd those works, with praise through ages grac'd,
Which you had never seen, or could not taste.

would mankind have true perfection shown,
st be found in labours of my own.
to challenge in one single piece,
ited force of Italy and Greece."
ager hand the curtain then undrew,
rought the boasted master-piece to view.
thy remarks—say not a single word—
cture seen, why is the painter heard?
ot up shame and anger in our cheeks;
nt a comment Sigismunda speaks.
r Sigismunda! what a fate is thine!
n, the great high-priest of all the Nine,
d thy name, gave what a Muse could give,
his numbers bade thy mem'ry live;
hee those soft sensations, which might move
arm the coldest anchorite to love;
hee that virtue which could curb desire,
and consecrate love's headstrong fire;
hee those griefs which made the Stoic feel,
ll'd compassion forth from hearts of steel;
hee that firmness which our sex may shame,
ake man bow to woman's juster claim,
t our tears, which from compassion flow,
to debase thy dignity of woe.
, how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!
uch from Nature and herself estrang'd!
otally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
w her feelings, and awaken ours,
Sigismunda now devoted stand,
elpless victim of a dauber's hand!
why, *my* Hogarth, such a progress made,
a pattern for the sign-post trade,
full force and whirlwind of thy pride,
ras *heroic* painting laid aside?
s it not resum'd? Thy friends at court,
ll in place and pow'r, crave thy support;
teful then for once, and, through the field
tics, thy *epic* pencil wield,
ain the cause, which they, good lack! avow,
ould maintain too, but they know not how.
ough ev'ry *pannel* let thy virtue tell
ute prevail'd, how Pitt and Temple fell!
ngland's sons (whom they conspir'd to bless
t our will, with insolent success)
e their fall, and with addresses run,
ot, God knows, to hail the Scottish Sun!
ut our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
he strong arm of Justice, shook the world;
and thy country's honour to increase,
ut the honours of succeeding peace;
deration, christian-like, display,
hat we got, and what we gave away.
urs, dull and heavy as the tale,
tate chaos through the whole prevail.
of events regardless, whilst the Muse,
s with too much heat, her theme pursues;
her quick spirits rouse at Freedom's call,
'ry drop of blood is turn'd to gall;
a dear country, and an injur'd friend,
ay strong anger to the bitt'rest end;
honest trophies to revenge are rais'd,
one real virtue pass unprais'd:
with equal course bids Satire flow,
es the virtue of her greatest foe.
hat I here could that rare Virtue mean,
scorns the rule of Envy, Pride, and Spleen,
springs not from the labour'd works of Art,
th its rise from Nature in the heart,
in itself with happiness is crown'd,
reads with joy the blessing all around!

But Truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
Contented with a diff'rent kind of praise,
Must Hogarth stand: that praise which Genius gives,
In which to latest time the *artist* lives,
But not the *man*; which, rightly understood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good;
That praise be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
The wreath which Genius wove, and planted there,
Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,
Myself would labour to replace the crown.
In walks of humour, in that cast of style,
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his nat'ral road to fame,
Nor let me call it by a meaner name,
Where a beginning, middle, and an end
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole,
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.
How could'st thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee shun?
Why did Ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools?
By diff'rent methods diff'rent men excel,
But where is he who can do all things well?
Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the phrenzy of *sublime*.
But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor see those faults which ev'ry blockhead saw?
Blush, thou vain man, and if desire of fame,
Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,
To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
And let her mem'ry die, that thine may live.
But should fond Candour, for her mercy sake,
With pity view, and pardon this mistake;
Or should Oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind;
Of arts *despis'd*, of artists by thy frown
Aw'd from just hopes, of *rising worth kept down*,
Of all thy meanness through this mortal race,
Can'st thou the living memory erase?
Or shall not vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which you gave?
With so much merit, and so much success,
With so much pow'r to curse, so much to bless,
Would he have been man's friend instead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little God below.
Why then, like savage giants, fam'd of old,
Of whom in scripture story we are told,
Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ,
Which Nature meant to save, not to destroy?
Why dost thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou hast made?
Most rank Ill-nature must applaud thy art;
But even candour must condemn thy heart.
For me, who warm and zealous for my friend,
In spite of railing thousands, will commend,
And, no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,
Spite of commending thousands, will oppose,
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age;
Thy feeble age, in which, as in a glass,
We see how men to dissolution pass.
Thou *wretched being*, whom, on Reason's plan,
So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a man;

What could persuade thee, at this time of life,
To launch afresh into the sea of strife?
Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
Almost as much a child as at thy birth,
To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.
Why would thy grey, grey hairs resentment brave,
Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave?
Now, by my soul, it makes me blush to know
My spirits could descend to such a foe.
Whatever cause, the vengeance might provoke,
It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke.
Sure 'tis a curse which angry Fates impose,
To mortify man's arrogance, that those
Who 're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs must humble Genius feel,
In their last hours, to view a Swift and Steele?
How must ill-boding horrours fill her breast,
When she beholds men, mark'd above the rest
For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's night?
Are men, indeed, such things, and are the best
More subject to this evil, than the rest,
To drivel out whole years of ideot breath,
And sit the monuments of living death?
O, galling circumstance to human pride!
Abasing thought, but not to be denied!
With curious art the brain too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought.
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out her pow'rs and leaves a blank behind.
But let not youth, to insolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Possess'd of genius, with unhallow'd rage,
Mock the infirmities of rev'rend age.
The greatest genius to this fate may bow;
Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now.

THE GHOST.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

With eager search to dart the soul,
Curiously vain, from pole to pole,
And from the planets' wand'ring spheres
T' extort the number of our years,
And whether all those years shall flow
Serenely smooth, and free from woe,
Or rude misfortune shall deform
Our life, with one continual storm;
Or if the scene shall motley be,
Alternate joy and misery;
Is a desire, which, more or less,
All men must feel, though few confess,
Hence, ev'ry place and ev'ry age
Affords subsistence to the sage,
Who, free from this world and its cares,
Holds an acquaintance with the stars,
From whom he gains intelligence
Of things to come some ages hence,
Which unto friends, at easy rates,
He readily communicates.
At its first rise, which all agree on,
This noble science was Chaldean,
That ancient people, as they fed
Their flocks upon the mountain's head,
Gaz'd on the stars, observ'd their motions,
And suck'd in astrologic notions,
Which they so eagerly pursue,
As folks are apt whate'er is new,
That things below at random rove,
Whilst they 're consulting things above;
And when they now so poor were grown,
That they 'd no houses of their own,
They made bold with their friends the stars,
And prudently made use of their's.
To Egypt from Chaldee it travell'd,
And Fate at Memphis was unravell'd:
Th' exotic science soon struck root,
And flourish'd into high repute.
Each learned priest, O strange to tell!
Could circles make, and cast a spell;
Could read and write, and taught the nation
The holy art of divination.
Nobles themselves, for at that time
Knowledge in nobles was no crime,
Could talk as learned as the priest,
And prophesy as much at least.
Hence all the fortune-telling crew,
Whose crafty skill mars Nature's hue,
Who, in vile tatters, with smirch'd face,
Run up and down from place to place,
To gratify their friends' desires,
From Bampfield Carew to Moll Squires,
Are rightly term'd Egyptians all;
Whom we, mistaking, Gipsies call.
The Grecian sages borrow'd this,
As they did other sciences,
From fertile Egypt, though the loan
They had not honesty to own.
Dodona's oaks, inspir'd by Jove,
A learned and prophetic grove,
Turn'd vegetable necromancers,
And to all comers gave their answers:
At Delphos, to Apollo dear,
All men the voice of Fate might hear;
Each subtle priest on three-legg'd stool,
To take in wise men, play'd the fool.
A mystery, so made for gain,
E'en now in fashion must remain.
Enthusiasts never will let drop
What brings such business to their shop,
And that great saint we Whitefield call,
Keeps up the humbug spiritual.
Among the Romans, not a bird,
Without a prophecy was heard;
Fortunes of empires often hung
On the magician magpie's tongue,
And ev'ry crow was to the state
A sure interpreter of Fate.
Prophets, embodied in a college,
(Time out of mind your seat of knowledge,
For genius never fruit can bear
Unless it first is planted there,
And solid learning never falls
Without the verge of college walls)
Infallible accounts would keep
When it was best to watch or sleep,
To eat or drink, to go or stay,
And when to fight or run away;
When matters were for action ripe,
By looking at a *double tripe*;
When emperors would live or die,
They in an *ass's skull* could spy;

ıls would their station keep,
r backs, *in hearts of sheep.*
whether small or great,
ımilies or state,
us, the holy seer
would interfere,
arts and rev'rend skill
l lay bigots to his will,
or injure foes or friends,
rv'd his private ends.
honest way of trade,
ırginity were laid,
ıke their party great,
e form'd against the state,
of the common weal,
led, which they call zeal,
ıle was always thrown
Heav'n to back *their own.*
a happy land we know,
es naturally grow;
ıout culture they arise,
ıbove the common size;
fortune-telling host,
s as the stars, could boast;
ho toss the cup, and see
ıs of Fate in grounds of tea;
in ev'ry modest lore,
maidenhead restore,
pupils rather choose it,
he readiest way to lose it;
o ev'ry ill can cure,
ill of being poor;
ıs 'gainst love and agues sell,
ı henroost set a spell,
y arts, to them best known,
ll feet except their own;
fortune can unlock it,
s pick a pocket;
who, in their country's right,
gift of *second-sight,*
ı their barren heaths they quit,
nent of *prudent* wit,
ıcation to maintain,
venture back again)
phetic heap up riches,
the luxury of breeches.
the rest, in former years,
illustrious name, appears,
of futurity,
, could ev'ry thing *foresee,*
, could ev'ry thing *foretel,*
with equity to sell,
ılt out the will of Heaven
to what price was given.
sh race, in Highlands born,
ith native pride and scorn,
came, by custom led,
ıe hands which gave him bread.
of truth, and want of sense,
de up by impudence,
ıeum, which we find
ı use with all mankind)
ıd favour'd too by those,
rt with patriot feelings glows;
ıly, where'er dispers'd,
their native country first;
ıhmen alone have sense
trunger preference,
dest merit of their own
overty to groan)

Campbell foretold just what he wou'd,
And left the stars to make it good;
On whom he had impress'd such awe,
His dictates current pass'd for law;
Submissive all his empire own'd:
No star durst smile, when Campbell frown'd.
This sage deceas'd, for all must die,
And Campbell's no more safe than I,
No more than I can guard the heart,
When Death shall hurl the fatal dart,
Succeeded ripe in art and years,
Another fav'rite of the spheres;
Another and *another* came,
Of equal skill, and equal fame;
As white each wand, as black each gown,
As long each beard, as wise each frown;
In ev'ry thing so like, you 'd swear,
Campbell himself was sitting there.
To *all* the happy art was known,
To tell *our* fortunes, make *their own.*
Seated in garret, for you know,
The nearer to the stars we go,
The greater we esteem his art,
Fools curious flock'd from every part.
The rich, the poor, the maid, the married,
And those who could not walk, were carried.
The butler, hanging down his head,
By *chamber-maid,* or *cook-maid* led,
Inquires, if from his friend the Moon,
He has advice of pilfer'd spoon.
The court-bred woman of condition,
(Who, to approve her disposition
As much superior as her birth
To those compos'd of common earth,
With double spirit must engage
In ev'ry folly of the age)
The *honourable* arts would buy,
To pack the cards, and cog a die.
The hero (who for brawn and face
May claim right honourable place
Amongst the chiefs of *Butcher Row,*
Who might some thirty years ago,
If we may be allow'd to guess
At his employment by his dress,
Put med'cines off from cart or stage,
The grand Toscano of the age,
Or might about the countries go,
High steward of a puppet-show,
Steward and stewardship most meet,
For all know puppets never eat;
Who would be thought (though, save the mark,
That point is something in the dark)
The man of honour, one like those
Renown'd in story, who lov'd blows
Better than victuals, and would fight,
Merely for sport, from morn to night;
Who treads, like Mavors firm, whose tongue
Is with the triple thunder hung;
Who cries to Fear—"Stand off—aloof"—
And talks as he were cannon-proof;
Would be deem'd ready, when you list,
With sword and pistol, stick and fist,
Careless of points, balls, bruises, knocks,
At once to fence, fire, cudgel, box,
But at the same time bears about,
Within himself, some touch of doubt,
Of *prudent* doubt, which hints—that fame
Is nothing but an empty name;
That life is rightly understood
By all to be a real good;

That, even in a *hero's* heart,
Discretion is the better part;
That this same honour may be won,
And yet no kind of danger run,
Like Drugger comes, that magic pow'rs
May ascertain his *lucky* hours.
For at some hours the fickle dame
Whom Fortune properly we name,
Who ne'er considers wrong or right,
When wanted most plays least in sight,
And, like a modern *court-bred* jilt,
Leaves her chief fav'rites in a tilt.
Some hours there are, when from the heart
Courage into some other part,
No matter wherefore, makes retreat,
And fear usurps the vacant seat;
Whence *planet-struck* we often find
Stuarts and Sackvilles of mankind.
Further he 'd know (and by his art
A conjuror can that impart)
Whether politer it is reckon'd
To have or not to have a second,
To drag the friends in, or alone
To make the danger all their own;
Whether repletion is not bad,
And fighters with full stomachs mad;
Whether before he seeks the plain,
It were not well to breathe a vein;
Whether a gentle salivation,
Consistently with reputation,
Might not of precious use be found,
Not to prevent indeed a wound,
But to prevent the consequence
Which oftentimes arises thence,
Those fevers, which the patient urge on
To gates of death, by help of surgeon;
Whether a wind at east or west
Is for green wounds accounted best;
Whether (was he to choose) his mouth
Should point towards the north or south;
Whether more safely he might use,
On these occasions, pumps or shoes;
Whether it better is to fight
By *sun-shine*, or by *candle-light*;
Or (lest a *candle* should appear
Too mean to shine in such a sphere,
For who would of a candle tell
To light a hero into Hell,
And lest the *Sun* should partial rise
To dazzle one or t' other's eyes,
Or one or t' other's brains to scorch)
Might not *dame* Luna hold a torch?
These points with dignity discuss'd
And gravely fix'd, a task which must
Require no little time and pains,
To make our hearts friends with our brains,
The *man of war* would next engage
The kind assistance of the sage,
Some previous method to direct,
Which should make these of none effect.
Could he not, from the mystic school
Of Art, produce some sacred rule,
By which a knowledge might be got,
Whether men valiant were, or not,
So he that challenges might write
Only to those who would not fight?
Or could he not some way dispense,
By help of which (without offence
To *Honour*, whose nice nature 's such,
She scarce endures the slightest touch)
When he for want of t' other rule
Mistakes his man, and, like a fool,
With some vain fighting blade gets in,
He fairly may get out again?
Or, should some demon lay a scheme
To drive him to the last extreme,
So that he must confess his fears,
In mercy to his nose and ears,
And like a prudent recreant knight,
Rather do any thing than fight,
Could he not some expedient buy
To keep his shame from public eye?
For well he held, and men review,
Nine in ten hold the maxim too,
That Honour's like a *maidenhead*,
Which if in private brought to bed,
Is none the worse, but walks the town,
Ne'er lost, until the loss be known.
The parson too (for now and then
Parsons are just like other men,
And here and there a *grave* divine
Has passions such as your's or mine)
Burning with *holy* lust to know
When Fate preferment will bestow,
'Fraid of detection, not of sin,
With circumspection sneaking in
To *conj'ror*, as he does to *whore*,
Through some by-alley, or back-door,
With the same caution *orthodox*
Consults the *stars*, and gets a *pox*.
The citizen, in fraud grown old,
Who knows no deity but gold,
Worn out, and gasping now for breath,
A med'cine wants to keep off death;
Would know, if that he cannot have,
What coins are current in the grave;
If, when the stocks (which by *his* pow'r
Would rise or fall in half an hour,
For, though unthought of and unseen,
He work'd the springs behind the skreen)
By *his* directions came about,
And rose to *par*, he should sell out;
Whether he safely might, or no,
Replace it in the funds *below*.
By all address'd, believ'd, and paid,
Many pursu'd the thriving trade,
And, great in reputation grown,
Successive held the magic throne.
Favour'd by ev'ry darling passion,
The love of novelty and fashion,
Ambition, av'rice, lust, and pride,
Riches pour'd in on ev'ry side.
But when the *prudent* laws thought fit
To curb this insolence of wit;
When senates wisely had provided,
Decreed, enacted, and decided,
That no such vile and upstart elves
Should have more knowledge than themselves;
When fines and penalties were laid
To stop the progress of the trade,
And stars no longer could dispense,
With *honour*, further influence,
And wizards (which must be confest
Was of more force than all the rest)
No certain way to tell had got,
Which were informers, and which not;
Affrighted sages were, perforce,
Oblig'd to steer some other course.
By various ways, these *sons of chance*
Their fortunes labour'd to advance,

ɔy unerring rules,
ɔot in the *land of fools.*
ıgh titles and degrees,
ı borrow when they please,
ble or expense,
ıntly commence,
ast an equal skill
claim the *right to kill.*
the countries roam,
ɔught of going *home)*
adopted leg
e to rob or beg.
ɔre subtle of their race,
touch of *coward* grace,
avoid had wit,
d deserving it)
rother Smollet's aid,
the critic trade.
etters and the Muse,
te, and *some* wrote news;
ɔlving month are seen,
Magazine;
ɔrning, great appear
ı Gazetteer;
alsehoods of the day
den and for Say:
ir force is always laid
nere they best are paid.
prodigies arise,
sters strike our eyes;
ɔpagate the trade,
han ever Baker made,
ut from street to street,
ve, whilst liars eat.
in the air engage,
ɔerstitious age;
rough the ether range,
s'portending change,
he ocean fly
leave their channels dry;
ı whales on Lambeth shore
nes dry, and thirst for more;
and then appears
e numb'ring years
se happy sages con'd,
ir breath before the Flood.
ɔnder of all people,
t without a *steeples;*
is left in lurch,
eparture of the *church,*
ou wings of mighty wind,
long off we find.
ı cattle to discharge,
leadly fall, and large
ı were on Egypt sent,
crime and punishment;
ı, as the prophet writes,
cks of Amorites,
with wonder and amaze,
nded, stay'd to gaze,
duty longer kept,
ister slept.
things no more engage
politer age,
out in time of need
must *rabbits* breed.
t female trembling hears,
ɔ with spleen and fears,
aithful glass no more,
anding o'er the floor,
Feels hairs all o'er her body grow,
By Fancy turn'd into a *doe.*
Now to promote their private ends,
Nature her usual course suspends,
And varies from the stated plan,
Observ'd o'er since the world began.
Bodies (which foolishly we thought,
By Custom's servile maxims taught,
Needed a regular supply,
And without nourishment must die)
With craving appetites and sense
Of hunger easily dispense,
And, pliant to *their* wondrous skill,
Are taught, like *watches,* to stand still
Uninjur'd, for a month or more;
Then go on as they did before.
The novel takes, the tale succeeds,
Amply supplies its author's needs,
And Betty Canning is at least,
With Gascoyne's help, a six months' feast.
Whilst in contempt of all our pains,
The tyrant Superstition reigns
Imperious in the heart of man,
And warps his thoughts from Nature's plan:
Whilst fond Credulity who ne'er
The weight of wholesome doubts could bear,
To Reason and herself unjust,
Takes all things blindly upon trust;
Whilst Curiosity, whose rage
No mercy shows to sex or age,
Must be indulg'd at the expense
Of *judgment, truth,* and *common-sense:*
Impostures cannot but prevail,
And when *old miracles* grow stale,
Jugglers will still the art pursue,
And entertain the world with *new.*
For them, obedient to their will,
And trembling at their mighty skill,
Sad spirits, summon'd from the tomb,
Glide glaring ghastly through the gloom,
In all the usual pomp of storms,
In horrid customary forms,
A wolf, a bear, a horse, an ape,
As Fear and Fancy give them shape,
Tormented with despair and pain,
They roar, they yell, and clank the chain.
Folly and Guilt (for Guilt, howe'er
The face of Courage it may wear,
Is still a coward at the heart)
At fear-created phantoms start.
The priest, that very word implies
That he's both innocent and wise,
Yet fears to travel in the dark,
Unless escorted by his clerk.
But let not ev'ry bungler deem
Too lightly of so deep a scheme:
For reputation of the *art,*
Each ghost must act a proper part,
Observe *decorum's* needful grace,
And keep the laws of *time* and *place,*
Must change, with happy variation,
His manners with his situation;
What in the country might pass down,
Would be impertinent in town.
No spirit of *discretion* here
Can think of breeding awe and fear.
'Twill serve the purpose more by half
To make the congregation laugh.
We want no ensigns of surprise,
Locks stiff with gore, and saucer eyes;

Give *us* an entertaining *sprite*,
Gentle, familiar, and polite,
One who appears in such a form
As might an holy hermit warm,
Or who on former schemes refines,
And only talks by sounds and signs,
Who will not to the eye appear,
But pays her visits to the ear,
And knocks so gently, 'twould not fright
A lady in the darkest night.
Such is *our* Fanny, whose good-will,
Which cannot in the grave lie still,
Brings her on earth to entertain
Her friends and lovers in Cock Lane.

BOOK II.

A SACRED standard rule we find,
By poets held time out of mind,
To offer at Apollo's shrine,
And call on one, or all the Nine.
This custom, through a *bigot* zeal,
Which moderns of *fine taste* must feel
For those who wrote in days of yore,
Adopted stands like many more,
Though ev'ry cause, which then conspir'd
To make it practis'd and admir'd,
Yielding to Time's destructive course,
For ages past hath lost its force.
With *ancient* bards, an invocation
Was a true act of adoration,
Of worship an essential part,
And not a formal piece of art,
Of paltry reading a parade,
A dull solemnity in trade,
A pious fever, taught to burn
An hour or two, to serve a turn.
They talk'd not of Castalian springs,
By way of saying *pretty things*,
As *we* dress out our flimsy rhymes;
'Twas the religion of the *times*,
And they believ'd that *holy* stream
With greater force made Fancy teem,
Reckon'd by all a true specific
To make the barren brain prolific:
Thus Romish church (a scheme which bears
Not half so much excuse as theirs)
Since faith *implicitly* hath taught her,
Reveres the force of *holy water*.
The pagan system, whether true
Or false, its strength, like *buildings*, drew
From many parts dispos'd to bear,
In one great whole, their proper share.
Each god of *eminent* degree
To some vast *beam* compar'd might be;
Each godling was a *peg*, or rather
A *cramp*, to keep the *beams* together;
And man as safely might pretend
From Jove the *thunder-bolt* to rend,
As with an impious pride aspire
To rob Apollo of his *lyre*.
With settled faith and pious awe,
Establish'd by the voice of law,
Then poets to the Muses came,
And from their altars caught the flame,
Genius, with Phœbus for his guide,
The Muse ascending by his side,
With tow'ring pinions dar'd to soar,
Where eye could scarcely strain before.

But why should we, who cannot feel
These glowings of a *pagan zeal*,
That wild *enthusiastic* force,
By which, above her common course,
Nature, in *ecstasy* up-borne,
Look'd down on earthly things with scorn;
Who have no more regard, 'tis known,
For *their* religion than *our own*,
And feel not half so fierce a flame
At Clio's as at Fisher's name;
Who know these boasted *sacred streams*
Were mere romantic idle dreams,
That Thames has waters clear as those
Which on the top of Pindus rose,
And that the fancy to refine,
Water 's not half so good as wine;
Who know, if profit strikes our eye,
Should we drink Helicon quite dry,
Th' whole fountain would not thither lead
So soon as one poor jug from Tweed;
Who, if to raise poetic fire,
The pow'r of *beauty* we require,
In any public place can view
More than the Grecians ever knew;
If *wit* into the scale is thrown,
Can boast a Lennox of our own;
Why should *we* servile customs choose,
And court an *antiquated Muse*?
No matter why—to ask a *reason*,
In pedant bigotry is treason.
In the broad, beaten, turnpike-road
Of *hackney'd panegyric ode*,
No *modern poet* dares to ride
Without Apollo by his side,
Nor in a *sonnet* take the air,
Unless his *lady Muse* be there.
She, from some *amaranthine* grove,
Where little Loves and Graces rove,
The laurel to *my lord* must bear,
Or garlands make for *whores* to wear;
She, with soft *elegiac* verse,
Must grace some *mighty villain's* hearse;
Or for some *infant*, doom'd by Fate
To wallow in a large estate,
With rhymes the cradle must adorn,
To tell the world a *fool* is born.
Since then our critic lords expect
No hardy poet should reject
Establish'd maxims, or presume
To place much better in their room,
By nature fearful, I submit,
And in this dearth of sense and wit,
With *nothing done*, and *little said*,
(By wild excursive Fancy led,
Into a second book thus far,
Like some unwary *traveller*,
Whom varied scenes of wood and lawn,
With treacherous delight, have drawn;
Deluded from his purpos'd way,
Whom ev'ry step leads more astray;
Who gazing round can no where spy,
Or house, or friendly cottage nigh,
And resolution seems to lack
To venture forward or go back)
Invoke some goddess to descend,
And help me to my journey's end.
Though conscious Arrow all the while
Hears the petition with a smile,
Before the glass her charms unfolds,
And in *herself* my *Muse* beholds.

goddess of celestial birth,
lov'd, or known on Earth,
w'r but seldom rules the heart,
me, with hypocritic art,
stalking-horse is made,
etence to drive a trade,
nent convenient grown
more firmly, Falsehood's throne,
varnish o'er their cause
ious colouring of laws,
traitors draw the knife
g's *name* against his *life*;
(from *cities* far away,
nd and *falsehood* scorn thy sway)
ul nymph's and shepherd's pride,
e and Virtue by thy side,
s in harmless joys are spent
the children of Content;
f gaiety and sport,
l the round of England's court;
ny lord may frowning go,
the *stranger* as a *foe*,
e found a welcome guest
's and in Charlotte's breast;
giddy hours of youth,
ant soul adher'd to Truth;
he time I first wrote man,
su'd thy sacred plan,
by interest in vain
nean Falsehood's golden chain;
easqui drawn away,
rom Virtue's path astray,
sguise I scorn'd to try,
l to sin, but not to lie;
hither, condescend,
'ruth, thy steps to bend,
ar *him*, who ev'ry hour
and obeys thy pow'r!
me not with that easy mien,
you won the *lively* dean,
ssume that strumpet air,
abelais taught thee first to wear,
hat arch ambiguous face,
th Cervantes gave thee grace,
in sacred vesture clad,
dull, and truly sad!
m thy seemly matron train
Mirth, and Laughter vain!
nd Humour, which pretend
o please us and amend,
not for my present turn,
remain in *France* with Sterne.
lest *city parents* born,
ealth and dignities adorn,
one constant tenour keep,
awake, nor quite asleep,
e, let formal Dullness come,
Attention, ever dumb,
er lips her fingers lays,
ery circumstance she weighs,
wn-cast eye is often found
out motion to the ground,
me outward thing confin'd,
o image to the mind,
ant mark of meaning bears,
id without vision stares;
s let Gravity attend,
and *Truth's* unerring friend.
ay see with half an eye,
vity can never lie;
And his arch'd brow, pull'd o'er his eyes,
With solemn proof proclaims him *wise*.
Free from all waggeries and sports,
The produce of luxurious *courts*,
Where sloth and lust enervate youth,
Come *thou*, a downright *City*-Truth;
The city, which we ever find
A sober pattern for mankind;
Where *man*, in equilibrio hung,
Is seldom old, and never young,
And from the cradle to the grave,
Not Virtue's friend, nor Vice's slave;
As *dancers* on the *wire* we spy,
Hanging between the Earth and Sky.
She comes—I see her from afar
Bending her course to *Temple Bar*:
All sage and silent is her train,
Deportment grave, and garments plain,
Such as may suit a *parson's* wear,
And fit the head-piece of a *mayor*.
By Truth inspir'd, *our* Bacon's force
Open'd the way to Learning's source;
Boyle through the works of Nature ran:
And Newton, something more than man,
Div'd into Nature's hidden springs,
Laid bare the principles of things,
Above the Earth our spirits bore,
And gave us worlds unknown before.
By Truth inspir'd, when *Lauder's* spite
O'er Milton cast the veil of night,
Douglas arose, and through the maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Came where the subtle traitor lay,
And dragg'd him trembling to the day;
Whilst he, (O shame to noblest parts,
Dishonour to the lib'ral arts,
To traffic in so vile a scheme!)
Whilst he, *our letter'd* Polypheme,
Who had *confed'rate* forces join'd,
Like a base coward, skulk'd behind.
By Truth inspir'd, our *critics* go
To track Fingal in *Highland* snow,
To form their own and others' *creed*
From *manuscripts* they cannot read.
By Truth inspir'd, we numbers see
Of each profession and degree,
Gentle and simple, lord and cit,
Wit without wealth, wealth without wit,
When Punch and Sheridan have done,
To Fanny's *ghostly lectures* run.
By Truth and Fanny now inspir'd,
I feel my glowing bosom fir'd;
Desire beats high in ev'ry vein
To sing the spirit of Cock Lane;
To tell (just as the measure flows
In halting rhyme, half verse, half prose)
With more than mortal arts endu'd,
How *she* united force withstood,
And proudly gave a brave defiance
To *Wit* and *Dulness* in alliance.
This apparition (with relation
To ancient modes of *derivation*,
This we may properly so call,
Although it ne'er appears at all,
As by the way of *innuendo*,
Lucus is made *a non lucendo*)
Superior to the vulgar mode,
Nobly disdains that servile road,
Which coward ghosts, as it appears,
Have walk'd in full five thousand years,

And for restraint too mighty grown,
Strikes out a method of *her own.*
Others may meanly start away,
Aw'd by the herald of the day,
With faculties too weak to bear
The freshness of the morning air,
May vanish with the melting gloom,
And glide in silence to the tomb;
She dares the Sun's most piercing light,
And knocks by day as well as night.
Others, with mean and partial view,
Their visits pay to *one* or *two;*
She great in reputation grown,
Keeps the best company in town.
Our active enterprising ghost
As large and splendid routs can boast
As those which, rais'd by Pride's command,
Block up the passage through the *Strand.*
Great adepts in the fighting trade,
Who serve their time on the *parade:*
She-saints who, true to Pleasure's plan,
Talk about God, and lust for man;
Wits, who believe nor God, nor ghost,
And fools, who worship ev'ry post;
Cowards, whose lips with war are hung;
Men truly brave, who hold their tongue;
Courtiers, who laugh they know not why,
And cits, who for the same cause cry;
The canting tabernacle-brother,
(For one rogue still suspects another)
Ladies, who to a *spirit* fly,
Rather than with their *husbands* lie;
Lords, who as chastely pass their lives
With *other* women as their *wives;*
Proud of their intellects and clothes,
Physicians, lawyers, parsons, beaux,
And, truant from their desks and shops,
Spruce Temple clerks, and 'prentice fops,
To Fanny come, with the same view,
To find her false, or find her true.
Hark! something creeps about the house!
Is it a *spirit*, or a *mouse?*
Hark! something *scratches* round the room!
A *cat*, a *rat*, a *stubb'd birch-broom.*
Hark! on the wainscot now it *knocks!*
"If thou'rt a *ghost*," cried Orthodox,
With that affected *solemn* air
Which hypocrites delight to wear,
And all those *forms of consequence*
Which fools adopt instead of *sense;*
"If thou'rt a *ghost*, who from the tomb
Stalk'st sadly *silent* through this gloom,
In breach of Nature's stated laws,
For *good*, or *bad*, or for *no* cause,
Give *now* nine knocks; like priests of old,
Nine we a *sacred number* hold."
"'Psha," cried Profound, (a man of parts,
Deep read in all the *curious* arts,
Who to their hidden springs had trac'd
The force of numbers, *rightly plac'd)*
"As to the number, you are right,
As to the *form*, mistaken quite.
What's nine? Your adepts all agree,
The virtue lies in *three times three.*"
He said, no need to say it twice,
For thrice she *knock'd*, and thrice, and thrice.
The crowd, confounded and amaz'd,
In silence at each other gaz'd.
From Cælia's hand the snuff-box fell.
Tinsel, who ogled with the belle,
To pick it up attempts in vain,
He stoops, but cannot rise again.
Immane Pomposo was not heard
T' import one crabbed foreign word.
Fear seizes heroes, fools, and wits,
And Plausible his pray'rs forgets.
At length, as people just awake,
Into wild dissonance they break;
All talk'd at once, but not a word
Was understood, or plainly heard.
Such is the noise of chatt'ring geese,
Slow sailing on the summer breeze;
Such is the language Discord speaks
In *Welchwomen* o'er beds of *leeks;*
Such the confus'd and horrid sounds
Of *Irish* in potatoe-grounds.
But tir'd, for even C———'s tongue
Is not on iron hinges hung,
Fear and Confusion sound retreat,
Reason and Order take their seat.
The fact confirm'd beyond all doubt,
They now would find the causes out.
For this a sacred rule we find
Among the nicest of mankind,
Which never might exception brook,
From Hobbes e'en down to Bolingbroke,
To doubt of facts, however true,
Unless they know the causes too.
Trifle, of whom 'twas hard to tell
When he intended ill or well,
Who, to prevent all further pother,
Probably meant nor one nor t' other,
Who to be silent always loth,
Would speak on either side, or both,
Who, led away by love of fame,
If any new idea came,
Whate'er it made for, always said it,
Not with an eye to truth, but credit;
For orators *profest*, 'tis known,
Talk not for *our* sake, but their *own;*
Who always show'd his talents best
When serious things were turn'd to jest,
And, under much impertinence,
Possess'd no common share of sense;
Who could deceive the flying hours
With chat on butterflies and flow'rs;
Could talk of powder, patches, paint,
With the same zeal as of a saint;
Could prove a *Sibyl* brighter far
Than *Venus* or the *Morning Star;*
Whilst something still so gay, so new,
The smile of approbation drew,
And females ey'd the charming man,
Whilst their hearts flutter'd with their fan;
Trifle, who would by no means miss
An opportunity like this,
Proceeding on his usual plan,
Smil'd, strok'd his chin, and thus began:
"With *shears* or *scissars*, *sword* or *knife*,
When the Fates cut the thread of life,
(For if we to the grave are sent,
No matter with what *instrument)*
The *body* in some lonely spot,
On dunghill vile, is laid to rot,
Or sleeps among more *holy* dead,
With pray'rs *irreverently* read;
The soul is sent, where Fate ordains,
To reap rewards, to suffer pains.
"The virtuous to those mansions go,
Where pleasures unembitter'd flow;

ding up a jocund band,
l Youth *dance* hand in hand,
phyr, with *harmonious* gales,
st *music* through the vales,
; and Flora, gaily crown'd,
t carpets spread the ground;
er blush where roses bloom,
shrub *expires perfume*;
stal streams *meand'ring glide*,
bling flows the *amber tide*;
er *suns* dart brighter beams,
hrough *purer ether* streams.
her seats, far diff'rent state
f Wickedness await.
t that *old hag* I mean,
ıtly in the *Garden* seen,
o spark of *mercy* rise
, *by which men lose their eyes*;
ıo, with an equal hand,
ı and *sugar* in the Strand;
ıo, by the world deem'd *wise*,
: widow's piercing cries,
inst the starving orphan's tears,
her base *tribunal* rears;
ıo after death presides,
red Truth unerring guides;
from partial influence,
ıor raises *evidence*,
ım nothing's in the dark,
no *bribe*, and keeps no *clerk*)
h equal scale below
portion weighs out woe,
s with such lucky aim
ıishments so fit to frame,
ugments their grief and pain,
ı reason to complain.
ıaids and rakes are join'd together,
ınd *prudes*, like *April* weather.
d to *chum* with *Common-Sense*,
s yok'd to *Impotence*.
(*Justice* so decreed)
ıst constant *lectures* read;
it often doth befall,
id, and *never read at all*.
ıst practise what they teach,
ı are compell'd to preach.
ho on Earth was nice and prim,
y full, and whim,
der nature could not bear
ess of the churlish air,
to mortify her pride,
e of weather to abide,
whilst tears with liquor mix,
dy on the shore of Styx.
, by long use grown bold
which brings him gold,
edeemer would pull down,
ı God for half-a-crown;
ne blockhead should be willing
ın on his soul a shilling,
le bargain would esteem it,
nore sense than to redeem it;
ıll in those shades confine,
for Plutus in the mine,
y long to toil and roar,
ıg work the stubborn ore,
nbs *here*, who have no brains,
sixpence for his pains.
th each due return of night,
, the *tall*, *thin*, half-starv'd sprite
Shall Earth re-visit, and survey
The place where once his treasure lay;
Shall view the *stall*, where *holy* Pride
With *letter'd* Ignorance allied,
Once hail'd him mighty and ador'd,
Descended to another lord.
Then shall *he* screaming pierce the air,
Hang his lank jaws, and scowl despair;
Then shall *he* ban at Heaven's decrees,
And, howling, sink to Hell for ease.

"Those who on Earth through life have past
With equal pace, from first to last,
Nor vex'd with passions nor with spleen,
Insipid, easy, and serene;
Whose heads were made too weak to bear
The weight of business, or of care;
Who without *merit*, without *crime*,
Contrive to while away their time,
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wits,
Mild Justice with a smile permits
Still to pursue their darling plan,
And find amusement how they can.

"The beau, in gaudiest plumage drest
With lucky fancy, o'er the rest
Of *air* a curious mantle throws,
And chats among his brother beaux;
Or, if the weather's fine and clear,
No sign of rain or tempest near,
Encourag'd by the cloudless day,
Like *gilded butterflies* at play,
So lively all, so gay, so brisk,
In air they *flutter*, *float*, and *frisk*.

"The belle (what mortal doth not know,
Belles after death admire a beau?)
With happy grace renews her art,
To trap the coxcomb's wand'ring heart.
And after death, as whilst they live,
A heart is *all* which beaux can give.

"In some still, solemn, sacred shade,
Behold a group of authors laid,
Newspaper wits, and sonnetteers,
Gentlemen bards, and *rhyming* peers,
Biographers, whose wondrous worth
Is scarce remember'd now on Earth,
Whom Fielding's *humour* led astray,
And *plaintive* fops, debauch'd by Gray,
All sit together in a ring,
And laugh and prattle, write and sing.

"On his *own* works, with *laurel* crown'd,
Neatly and *elegantly bound*,
(For this is *one* of many rules
With *writing lords* and *laureat fools*,
And which for ever must succeed
With *other lords* who cannot *read*,
However destitute of wit,
To make their works for book-case fit)
Acknowledg'd master of those seats,
Cibber his *birth-day odes* repeats.

"With triumph *now* possess that seat,
With triumph *now* thy odes repeat,
Unrivall'd vigils proudly keep,
Whilst ev'ry hearer's lull'd to sleep;
But know, *illustrious* bard, when *Fate*,
Which still pursues thy name with hate,
The *regal laurel* blasts, which now
Blooms on the placid Whitehead's brow,
Low must descend thy pride and fame,
And Cibber's be the second name."

Here Trifle cough'd (for *coughing* still
Bears witness of the *speaker's* skill,

A necessary piece of art,
Of *rhet'ric* an essential part,
And *adepts* in the speaking trade
Keep a *cough* by them *ready made*,
Which they successfully dispense
When at a loss for *words* or *sense)*
Here Trifle cough'd, here paus'd—but while
He strove to recollect his *smile*,
That happy engine of his art,
Which triumph'd o'er the female heart,
Credulity, the child of Folly,
Begot on *cloister'd* Melancholy,
Who heard, with grief, the florid fool
Turn sacred things to ridicule,
And saw him, led by Whim away,
Still further from the subject stray,
Just in the happy nick, aloud,
In shape of M—e, address'd the crowd.
" Were we with patience here to sit,
Dupes to th' impertinence of wit,
Till Trifle his harangue should end,
A *Greenland* night we might attend,
Whilst he, with fluency of speech,
Would various *mighty nothings* teach—"
(Here Trifle, sternly looking down,
Gravely endeavour'd at a frown,
But Nature unawares stept in,
And, mocking, turn'd it to a grin)
" And when, in Fancy's chariot hurl'd,
We had been carried round the world,
Involv'd in errour still and doubt,
He'd leave us where we first set out.
Thus *soldi rs* (in whose exercise
Material use with grandeur vies)
Lift up their legs with mighty pain,
Only to set them down again.
" Believe ye not (yes, all I see
In sound belief concur with me)
That Providence, for worthy ends,
To us unknown, *this* spirit sends!
Though speechless lay the trembling tongue,
Your *faith* was on your features hung,
Your *faith* I in your eyes could see,
When *all* were pale and star'd like *me*.
But scruples to prevent, and root
Out ev'ry shadow of dispute,
Pomposo, Plausible, and I,
With Fanny have agreed to try
A deep concerted scheme—This night,
To fix or to destroy her quite.
If it be *true*, before we've done,
We'll make it glaring as the Sun;
If it be *false*, admit no doubt,
Ere morning's dawn we'll find it out.
Into the vaulted womb of Death,
Where Fanny now, depriv'd of breath,
Lies fest'ring, whilst her troubled *sprite*
Adds horrour to the gloom of night,
Will *we* descend, and bring from thence
Proofs of such force to Common-Sense,
Vain *triflers* shall no more deceive,
And atheists tremble and believe."
He said, and ceas'd; the chamber rung
With due applause from every tongue.
The mingled sound (now let me see,
Something by way of *simile)*
Was it more like *Strymonian cranes*,
Or *winds, low murmuring, when it rains*,
Or *drowsy hum of clust'ring bees*,
Or the *hoarse roar of angry seas?*
Or (still to heighten and explain,
For else our *simile* is vain)
Shall we declare it like *all four*,
A *scream*, a *murmur*, *hum*, and *roar?*
Let Fancy now in awful state
Present this *great* triumvirate,
(A method which receiv'd we find
In *other* cases by mankind)
Elected with a joint consent,
All *fools* in town to *represent*.
The clock strikes twelve, M—e starts and swe
In *oaths* we know, as well as *pray'rs*,
Religion lies, and a *church*-brother
May use at will or one or t' other.
Plausible from his cassoc drew
A holy manual, seeming new;
A book it was of *private pray'r*,
But not a pin the worse for wear;
For, as we by-the-by may say,
None but *small* saints in private pray.
Religion, fairest maid on Earth,
As meek as good, who drew her birth
From that blest union, when in Heaven
Pleasure was bride to Virtue given;
Religion, ever pleas'd to pray,
Possess'd the precious gift one day;
Hypocrisy, of Cunning born,
Crept in and stole it ere the morn.
Wh—te—d, that greatest of all saints,
Who always prays and never faints,
Whom she to her *own brothers* bore,
Rapine and Lust, on Severn's shore,
Receiv'd it from the *squinting* dame;
From *him* to Plausible it came,
Who, with unusual care oppress,
Now trembling, pull'd it from his breast.
Doubts in his boding heart arise,
And fancied spectres blast his eyes.
Devotion springs from abject *fear*,
And stamps his pray'rs for *once* sincere.
Pomposo (insolent and loud,
Vain idol of a *scribbling* crowd,
Whose very name inspires an awe,
Whose ev'ry word is sense and law,
For what his greatness hath decreed,
Like laws of Persia and of Mede,
Sacred through all the realm of *Wit*,
Must never of repeal admit;
Who, cursing flattery, is the tool
Of ev'ry fawning, flatt'ring fool;
Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
And sickens at another's praise;
Who, proudly seiz'd of *Learning's* throne,
Now damns all learning but his own;
Who scorns those common wares to trade in,
Reas'ning, *convincing*, and *persuading*,
But makes each sentence current pass
With *puppy*, *coxcomb*, *scoundrel*, *ass*;
For 'tis with him a certain rule,
The folly's prov'd when he calls fool;
Who, to increase his native strength,
Draws words six syllables in length,
With which, assisted with a frown
By way of club, he knocks us down;
Who 'bove the vulgar dares to rise,
And sense of *decency* defies;
For this same *decency* is made
Only for bunglers in the trade,
And, like the *cobweb* laws, is still
Broke through by *great ones* when they will)—

with *strong sense* supplied,
l and confirm'd by *pride*,
ıdes' terrours to beguile,
orr.bly a ghastly smile:
so horrid, were it light,
t the Devil himself to flight.
ere the *three* in name and worth,
al and Judgment singled forth
: *sprite* on Reason's plan,
it was of *God* or *man*.
as the night, it was that hour
rour reigns in fullest pow'r,
the learn'd of old have said,
ing Grave gives up her dead,
ırder, Rapine, by her side,
· the Earth with *g ant* stride;
ıtes (for that *knight* of old
n truth by half so *bold*,
eason at the same time cries,
ixotes are not half so *wise*,"
', with other follies, boast
tion 'gainst a *ghost*)
he dull deep surrounding gloom,
ray, tow'rds Fanny's tomb
l forth.—Caution before,
lful step, the *lantern* bore,
it graves; and in the rear,
, and *talking loud*, went Fear.
:h-yard teem'd—th' unsettled ground,
gue, shook around;
ome *dreary vault* confin'd,
on the *hollow wind*,
which turns the heart to stone,
l sounds was heard to groan.
', wild, and out of breath,
they reach the place of Death.
it was, long time apply'd
e last remains of *Pride:*
there, of humble race,
le fortunes, finds a place;
pomp as well as *ease*,
ray's to pay the *fees*,
ıes, and whores, if *rich* and *great*,
ı in death, here *rot* in *state*.
disrobe the *well-drest* dead,
ers steal the *sacred* lead;
safe the bodies lie,
ı *sell*, no surgeons *buy*.
ach the pond'rous key apply'd,
to turn it vainly try'd,
t by *prudence* to unite,
ing with collected might,
orn wards resist no more,
lies the *growling* door.
aces back they fell amaz'd,
ı stood, like *madmen* gaz'd;
ed blood forsakes the face,
the heart with quicker pace;
oing heart its fears declares,
ht stand the bristled hairs;
in wild distraction swims;
s bedew the trembling limbs;
hilst fears her bosom chill,
ıer pow'rs, and life stands still.
d they stood till *now*, but Shame
, though neglected dame,
ı design'd the friend of man,
e degrade her all we can,
, as our first proof of wit,
and nature to forget)

Came to their aid in happy hour,
And with a wand of mighty pow'r
Struck on their hearts; vain *fears* subside,
And, baffled, leave the field to Pride.
Shall they, (forbid it *Fame*) shall they
The dictates of vile Fear obey?
Shall they, the *idols* of the town,
To *bugbears Fancy form'd* bow down?
Shall they, who greatest zeal exprest,
And undertook for all the rest,
Whose matchless courage all admire,
Inglorious from the task retire?
How would the *wicked ones* rejoice,
And *infidels* exalt their voice,
If M—e and Plausible were found,
By *shadows* aw'd, to quit their ground?
How would *fools* laugh, should it appear
Pomposo was the slave of fear?
"Perish the thought! Though to our eyes
In all its terrours *Hell* should rise,
Though thousand ghosts, in dread array,
With glaring eye-balls, cross our way,
Though Caution, trembling, stands aloof,
Still we will on, and dare the proof."
They said; and without further halt,
Dauntless march'd onward to the vault.
What mortal men, who e'er drew breath,
Shall break into the house of Death,
With foot *unhallow'd*, and from thence
The myst'ries of that state dispense,
Unless they, with due rites, prepare
Their weaker sense such sights to bear,
And gain permission from the *state*,
On Earth their journal to relate?
Poets themselves, without a crime,
Cannot attempt it e'en in *rhyme*,
But always, on such grand occasion,
Prepare a *solemn invocation*,
A *posey* for grim Pluto weave,
And in smooth numbers ask his leave.
But why this caution? Why prepare
Rites, needless now? for *thrice* in air
The Spirit of the Night hath *sneez'd*,
And *thrice* hath clapp'd his wings well-pleas'd.
Descend then, Truth, and guard thy side,
My *Muse*, my *patroness*, and *guide!*
Let others at invention aim,
And seek by falsities for fame;
Our story wants not, at this time,
Flounces and *furbelows* in rhyme:
Relate plain facts; be brief and bold;
And let the poets, fam'd of *old*,
Seek, whilst our artless tale we tell,
In vain to find a parallel:
SILENT ALL THREE WENT IN, ABOUT
ALL THREE TURN'D SILENT, AND CAME OUT.

BOOK III.

IT WAS THE HOUR, when *huswife Morn*
With *pearl* and *linen* hangs each thorn,
When happy bards, who can regale
Their Muse with country air and ale,
Ramble afield, to brooks and bow'rs,
To pick up *sentiments* and *flow'rs*;
When dogs and 'squires from kennel fly,
And hogs and farmers quit their sty;
When *my lord* rises to the chase,
And brawny chaplain takes his place,

These images, or bad or good,
If they are rightly understood,
Sagacious readers must allow,
Proclaim us in the country now;
For observations mostly rise
From objects just before our eyes,
And ev'ry lord in critic wit
Can tell you where the piece was writ,
Can point out, as he goes along,
(And who shall dare to say he's wrong?)
Whether the warmth (for bards we know
At present, never more than glow)
Was in the town or country caught,
By the peculiar turn of thought.
It was the hour—though critics frown,
We now declare ourselves in town,
Nor will a moment's pause allow
For finding when we came, or how.
The man who deals in humble prose,
Tied down by rule and method, goes;
But they who court the vig'rous Muse,
Their carriage have a right to choose.
Free as the air, and unconfin'd,
Swift as the motions of the mind,
The poet darts from place to place,
And instant bounds o'er time and space;
Nature (whilst blended fire and skill
Inflame our passions to his will)
Smiles at her violated laws,
And crowns his daring with applause.
Should there be still some rigid few,
Who keep *propriety* in view,
Whose heads turn round, and cannot bear
This whirling passage through the air,
Free leave have such at home to sit,
And write a *regimen* for wit;
To clip our pinions let them try,
Not having heart themselves to fly.
It was the hour, when devotees
Breathe *pious curses* on their knees,
When they with pray'rs the day begin
To sanctify a night of sin;
When rogues of modesty, who roam
Under the veil of night, sneak home,
That free from all restraint and awe,
Just to the windward of the law,
Less modest rogues their tricks may play,
And plunder in the face of day.
But hold—whilst thus we play the fool,
In bold contempt of ev'ry rule,
Things of no consequence expressing,
Describing now, and now *digressing*,
To the discredit of our skill,
The main concern is standing still.
In *plays* indeed, when storms of rage
Tempestuous in the soul engage,
Or when the spirits, weak and low,
Are sunk in deep distress and woe,
With strict propriety we hear
Description stealing on the ear,
And put off feeling half an hour
To *thatch a cot*, or *paint a flow'r*;
But in these *serious* works, design'd
To mend the morals of mankind,
We must for ever be disgrac'd
With all the nicer sons of Taste,
If once, the shadow to pursue,
We let the substance out of view.
Our means must uniformly tend
In due proportion to their end,
And ev'ry passage aptly join
To bring about the *one* design.
Our friends themselves cannot admit
This rambling, wild, digressive wit,
No—not those very friends, who found
Their credit on the self-same ground.
Peace, my good grumbling sir—for once,
Sunk in the solemn, formal dunce,
This coxcomb shall your fears beguile——
We will be dull—that you may smile.
Come Method, come in all thy pride,
Dullness and Whitehead by thy side,
Dullness and Method still are one,
And Whitehead is their darling son.
Not he [1] whose pen, above control,
Struck terrour to the guilty soul,
Made Folly tremble through her state,
And villains blush at being great,
Whilst he himself with steady face,
Disdaining modesty and grace,
Could blunder on through thick and thin,
Through ev'ry mean and servile sin,
Yet swear by Philip and by Paul,
He nobly scorn'd to blush at all;
But he, who in the laureat chair,
By Grace, not Merit, planted there,
In awkward pomp is seen to sit,
And by his *patent* proves his wit;
For favours of the great, we know,
Can wit as well as rank bestow,
And they who without one pretension,
Can get for fools a place or pension,
Must able be suppos'd of course
(If reason is allow'd due force)
To give such qualities and grace
As may equip them for the place.
But he—who measures as he goes,
A mongrel kind of tinkling prose,
And is too frugal to dispense
At once both poetry and sense;
Who, from amidst his *slumb'ring* guards,
Deals out a charge to *subject bards*,
Where couplets after couplets creep
Propitious to the reign of sleep,
Yet ev'ry word imprints an awe,
And all his dictates pass for law
With beaux, who simper all around,
And belles, who die in ev'ry sound.
For in all things of this relation,
Men mostly judge from *situation*,
Nor in a thousand find we one
Who really weighs what's said or done.
They deal out censure, or give credit,
Merely from him who did or said it.
But he—who, *happily serene*,
Means nothing, yet would seem to mean;
Who rules and cautions can dispense
With all that humble insolence,
Which Impudence in vain would teach,
And none but modest men can reach;
Who adds to sentiments the grace
Of always being out of place,
And *drawls* out morals with an air
A gentleman would blush to wear;
Who, on the *chastest*, *simplest* plan,
As *chaste*, as *simple* as the man,
Without or *character*, or *plot*,
Nature unknown, and Art forgot,

[1] Paul Whitehead.

:h much racking of the brains,
ırs consum'd in letter'd pains,
of words together lay,
irking, call the thing a Play;
ıampion sworn in Virtue's cause,
Vice his *tiny bodkin* draws,
ıo part of *prudence* stranger,
ınts the point for fear of danger.
:s sage, as caution works,
hildren first use knives and forks,
of mischief, it is known,
rs' fingers, or their own,
the edge off wisely choose,
the same stroke takes off the use.
Whitehead, thee I now invoke,
ıe to Satire's gen'rous stroke,
nakes unwilling Conscience feel,
ınds, but only wounds to heal.
ıtur'd, easy creature, mild,
ıtle as a new-born child,
't would never once admit
lesome rigour to thy wit;
'd, if Conscience should comply,
assistance would deny,
d thee neither force nor art,
: it onward to the heart.
thy sacred pow'r control
rcer working of my soul,
very spark of genuine fire,
guors like thine own inspire;
each thought, and ev'ry line
l, and as *dull* as thine.
in mid-air—(it matters not
tain the very spot,
to give you a relation,
:luded *gravitation*—)
watch-tower—by Vulcan plann'd
ch rare skill, by Jove's command,
ry word, which whisper'd here,
ibrates to the neighbour ear,
ıtill bosom of the air
, and heard distinctly there,
ıce of an ancient dame,
nen as well as gods call Fame.
'tling gossip, on whose tongue
perpetual motion hung;
ungs in strength all lungs surpass,
own trumpet made of brass;
h an hundred pair of eyes
ı attacks of sleep defies;
h an hundred pair of wings
ım the furthest quarters brings;
ırs, and tells, untold before,
she knows, and ten times more.
l the virtues which we find
r'd in a Hunter's mind,
:e her spare the ranc'rous tale,
point she chance to fail;
ce in a thousand years,
t character appears,
of late with joy and pride
possess'd, ere Arrow died;
as, Envy must allow,
d enjoys in H——— now;
, who aims at all alike,
s e'en like their's will strike,
ce faults, in the way of trade,
e can't find them ready made.
ıngs she takes in, small and great,
a *toy-shop* and a *state*;
Of *wits* and *fools*, of *saints* and *kings*,
Of *garters*, *stars*, and *leading-strings*;
Of *old lords fumbling for a clap*,
And *young ones full of prayer and pap*;
Of *courts*, of *morals*, and *tye-wigs*,
Of *bears*, and *serjeants* dancing jigs;
Of *grave professors* at the *bar*
Learning to *thrum* on the *guitar*,
Whilst laws are *slubber'd* o'er in haste,
And *judgment* sacrific'd to taste;
Of *whited sepulchres*, *lawn sleeves*,
And God's *house* made a *den of thieves*;
Of *fun'ral pomps*, where clamours hung,
And fix'd disgrace on ev'ry tongue,
Whilst Sense and Order blush'd to see
Nobles without humanity;
Of *coronations*, where each heart,
With honest raptures, bore a part;
Of *city feasts*, where Elegance
Was proud her colours to advance,
And Gluttony, uncommon case,
Cou'd only get the second place;
Of *new-rais'd* pillars in the state,
Who must be good as being great;
Of *shoulders*, on which honours sit
Almost as cluntsily as *wit*;
Of *doughty knights*, whom *titles* please,
But not the payment of the *fees*;
Of *lectures*, whither ev'ry fool
In *second childhood* goes to school;
Of *grey-beards* deaf to Reason's call,
From *inn of court*, or *city hall*,
Whom youthful appetites enslave,
With one foot fairly in the grave,
By help of crutch, a needful brother,
Learning of Hart to dance with t' other;
Of *doctors regularly bred*
To fill the mansions of the dead;
Of *quacks* (for quacks they must be still
Who save when forms require to kill)
Who life, and health, and vigour give
To him, not one would wish to live;
Of *artists* who, with noblest view,
Disint-rested plans pursue,
For trembling worth the ladder raise,
And mark out the ascent to praise;
Of *arts* and *sciences*, where meet
Sublime, *profound*, and *all complete*,
A set (whom at some fitter time
The Muse shall *consecrate* in *rhyme*)
Who humble artists to outdo
A far more *l'bral* plan pursue,
And let their *well-judg'd* premiums fall
On those who have no worth at all;
Of *sign-post exhibitions*, rais'd
For laughter more than to be prais'd
(Though by the way we cannot see
Why *praise* and *laughter* mayn't agree)
Where *genuine* humour runs to waste,
And justly chides our want of taste,
Censur'd, like other things, though good,
Because they are not understood.
To higher subjects now she soars,
And talks of *politics* and *whores*
(If to your nice and chaster ears
That term *indelicate* appears,
Scripture *politely* shall refine,
And melt it into *concubine*);
In the same breath spreads Bourbon's *league*,
And publishes the *grand intrigue*;

In Brussels or *our own* Gazette
Makes armies fight which never met,
And circulates the pox or plague
To London, by the way of Hague;
For all the lies which there appear
Stamp'd with *authority* come here;
Borrows as freely from the gabble
Of some rude leader of a rabble,
Or from the *quaint* harangues of those
Who lead a nation by the nose,
As from those *storms* which, void of art,
Burst from our *honest* patriot's heart,
When Eloquence and Virtue (late
Remark'd to live in mutual hate)
Fond of each other's friendship grown,
Claim ev'ry sentence for their own;
And with an equal joy recites
Parade amours, and *half-pay fights*,
Perform'd by *heroes of fair weather*,
Merely by dint of *lace* and *feather*,
As those rare acts which Honour taught
Our daring sons where Granby fought,
Or those which, with superior skill,
Sackville achiev'd by *standing still*.
This hag (the curious if they please
May search from earliest times to these,
And poets they will always see,
With *gods* and *goddesses* make free,
Treating them all, except the Muse,
As scarcely fit to wipe their shoes)
Who had beheld, from first to last,
How our triumvirate had pass'd
Night's dreadful interval, and heard
With strict attention every word,
Soon as she saw return of light,
On sounding pinions took her flight.
Swift through the regions of the sky,
Above the reach of human eye,
Onward she drove the furious blast,
And rapid as a whirlwind past
O'er *countries*, once the seats of *Taste*,
By Time and Ignorance laid waste;
O'er lands, where former ages saw
Reason and *Truth* the only law;
Where *arts and arms*, and *public-love*
In gen'rous emulation strove;
Where *kings* were proud of *legal* sway,
And subjects *happy* to obey,
Though now in slav'ry sunk, and broke
To *Superstition's* galling yoke;
Of *arts*, of *arms*, no more they tell,
Or *Freedom*, which with *Science* fell.
By tyrants aw'd, who never find
The passage to their people's mind,
To whom the joy was never known
Of planting in the heart their throne,
Far from all prospect of relief,
Their hours in fruitless pray'rs and grief,
For loss of blessings *they* employ,
Which we *unthankfully* enjoy.
Now is the time (had we the will)
T' amaze the reader with our skill,
To pour out such a flood of knowledge
As might suffice for a whole college,
Whilst with a true poetic force
We trac'd the goddess in her course,
Sweetly describing, in our flight,
Each *common* and *uncommon* sight,
Making our journal gay and pleasant,
With things long past, and things now present.

Rivers—once nymphs—(a *transformation*
Is mighty pretty in relation)
From *great authorities* we know,
Will matter for a *tale* bestow.
To make the observation clear,
We give our friends an instance here.
The day (that never is forgot)
Was *very fine*, but *very hot*;
The nymph (another gen'ral rule)
Inflam'd with heat, laid down to cool;
Her *hair* (we no exceptions find)
Wav'd careless floating in the wind;
Her *heaving breasts*, like *summer seas*,
Seem'd am'rous of the *playful breeze*;
Should *fond* Description tune our lays
In *choicest* accents to her praise,
Description we at last should find,
Baffled and weak, would halt behind.
Nature had form'd her to inspire
In ev'ry bosom soft desire,
Passions to raise she could not feel,
Wounds to inflict she would not heal.
A god (his name is no great matter,
Perhaps a Jove, perhaps a Satyr)
Raging with *lust*, a godlike flame,
By chance, *as usual*, thither came;
With gloting eyes the fair-one view'd,
Desir'd her first, and then pursu'd.
She (for what other can she do?)
Must fly—or how can he pursue?
The *Muse* (so custom hath decreed)
Now proves her spirit by her speed,
Nor must one *limping* line disgrace
The life and vigour of the race.
SHE RUNS, AND HE RUNS, till at length,
Quite destitute of breath and strength,
To *Heav'n* (for there we *all* apply
For help, when there 's no other nigh)
She offers up her *virgin* pray'r,
(Can *virgins* pray unpitied there?)
And when the god thinks he has caught her,
Slips through his hands, and runs to water,
Becomes a *stream*, in which the poet,
If he has any wit, may show it.
A *city* once for power renown'd,
Now levell'd even to the ground,
Beyond all doubt is a direction
To introduce some *fine* reflection.
Ah, woful me! Ah! woful man!
Ah, woful all! do all we can!
Who can on earthly things depend
For one to t' other moment's end?
Honour, wit, genius, wealth, and glory,
Good lack! good lack! are transitory;
Nothing is sure and stable found,
The very *Earth* itself turns round.
Monarchs, nay ministers must die,
Must *rot*, must *stink*—*Ah, me! ah, why!*
Cities themselves in time decay.
If *cities* thus—*Ah, well-a-day!*
If *brick* and *mortar* have an end,
On what can *flesh* and *blood* depend!
Ah, woful me! Ah, woful man!
Ah, woful all! do all we can!
England (for that 's at last the scene,
Though worlds on worlds should rise between,
Whither we must our course pursue)
England should call into review
Times long since past indeed, but not
By Englishmen to be forgot,

England, *once* so dear to Fame,
Great Britain's *dearer name.*
could we mention *chiefs of old,*
and rugged honour bold,
ue kind, to Vice severe,
rs to bribery and fear,
pt no wretched *clans* in awe,
ver broke or *warp'd* the law;
whom, in her *better* days,
ne might have been proud to raise;
eady to their country's claim,
stood up in *Freedom's* name,
the teeth of *Tyrant-Pride,*
en they could no more, THEY DIED.
(striking contrast!) might we place
, mean, degen'rate race,
s, who valued nought but gold,
best bidder bought and sold;
from Honour's sacred laws,
rs of their country's cause;
es of party, tools of pow'r,
o the *minion of an hour;*
s, who watch'd a *favourite's* nod,
a *puppet* for their *god.*
e and honest in our rhymes,
ght we praise these *happier* times!
ght the Muse exalt her lays,
ton in a monarch's praise!
prince in England born,
irtues England's crown adorn;
a pattern unto age,
e, so pious, and so sage;
e to all those sacred bands
rivate happiness demands,
r lets them rise above
nger ties of public love.
conscious pride see England stand,
charter in her hand,
es it round, and o'er the isle
rty and *Courage* smile.
she mourns her treasures hurl'd
ies to all the world;
by foreign threats dismay'd,
deceiv'd with foreign aid,
s out sums to *petty* states,
Honour scorns, and Reason hates;
r by experience grown,
ety in herself alone.
lst thus," she cries, "my children stand,
t, valiant, *native* band,
militia, brave and free,
heir king, and true to me,
n hirelings shall be known,
we hirelings of *our own.*
just and pious reign
sman's sophistry is vain;
ach vile corrupt pretence,
e my *natural* defence;
h I know, and they shall prove
ark of the king they love."
and a thousand things beside,
onsult a poet's pride,
, some serious, might be said,
o one they 'd not be read;
hey by some curious few,
those would think them true.
the time that Jubal first
ties to the harp rehears'd,
e always been suspected
truth in rhyme neglected,
That *bard* except, who from his youth
Equally fam'd for *faith* and *truth,*
By prudence taught, in *courtly chime*
To *courtly ears* brought *truth in rhyme.*
But though to poets we allow,
No matter when acquir'd or how,
From truth unbounded deviation,
Which custom calls *imagination,*
Yet can't they be suppos'd to lie
One-half so fast as Fame can fly.
Therefore (to solve this *Gordian* knot,
A point we almost had forgot)
To courteous readers be it known,
That fond of verse and falsehood grown,
Whilst we in sweet digression sung,
Fame check'd her flight, and held her tongue,
And now pursues with double force
And double speed her destin'd course;
Nor stops, till she the place arrives,
Where Genius starves, and Dullness thrives;
Where riches virtue are esteem'd,
And craft is truest wisdom deem'd;
Where Commerce proudly rears her throne
In state to other lands unknown;
Where to be cheated, and to cheat,
Strangers from ev'ry quarter meet;
Where Christians, Jews, and Turks shake hands,
United in *commercial* bands,
All of one *faith*, and that, to own
No god but Interest alone.
When gods and goddesses come down
To look about them here in town,
(For change of air is understood
By sons of Physic to be good,
In due proportions now and then
For these same gods as well as men)
By custom rul'd, and not a poet
So very dull, but he must know it,
In order to remain *incog.*
They always travel in a fog.
For if we majesty expose
To vulgar eyes, too cheap it grows;
The force is lost, and free from awe,
We spy and censure ev'ry flaw,
But well preserv'd from public view,
It always breaks forth fresh and new;
Fierce as the Sun in all his pride,
It shines, and not a spot's descried.
Was Jove to lay his thunder by,
And with his brethren of the sky
Descend to Earth, and frisk about,
Like chattering N——, from rout to rout,
He would be found, with all his host,
A nine days wonder at the most.
Would we in trim our honours wear,
We must preserve them from the air:
What is familiar, men neglect,
However worthy of respect.
Did they not find a certain friend
In *novelty* to recommend,
(Such we by sad experience find
The wretched folly of mankind)
Venus might unattractive shine,
And H—— fix no eyes but *mine.*
But Fame, who never ca'rd a jot
Whether she was admir'd or not,
And never blush'd to show her face
At any time in any place,
In her own shape, without disguise,
And visible to mortal eyes,

On 'Change, exact at seven o'clock,
A'lighted on the *weather-cock*,
Which, planted there time out of mind,
To note the changes of the wind,
Might no improper emblem be
Of her own mutability.
Thrice did *she* sound her trump (the same
Which from the first belong'd to Fame,
An *old ill-favour'd* instrument
With which the goddess was content,
Though under a *politer* race,
Bag-pipes might well supply its place)
And thrice awaken'd by the sound,
A gen'ral din prevail'd around,
Confusion through the city past,
And Fear bestrode the dreadful blast.
Those *fragant currents*, which we meet
Distilling soft through every street,
Affrighted from the usual course,
Ran *murm'ring* upwards to their source;
Statues wept tears of blood, as fast,
As when a Cæsar breath'd his last;
Horses, which always us'd to go
A *foot-pace* in my *lord mayor's show*,
Impetuous from their stable broke,
And aldermen and oxen spoke.
Halls felt the force, *tow'rs* shook around,
And *steeples* nodded to the ground;
St. Paul himself (strange sight!) was seen
To bow as humbly as the *dean*.
The *Mansion House*, for ever plac'd
A monument of *city taste*,
Trembled, and seem'd aloud to groan
Through all that hideous weight of stone.
To still the sound, or stop her ears,
Remove the cause or sense of fears,
Physic, in *college* seated high,
Would any thing but *med'cine* try.
No more in Pewt'rer's Hall [2] was heard
The proper force of ev'ry word;
Those seats were desolate become,
A hapless Elocution dumb.
Form, *city-born*, and *city-bred*,
By strict *Decorum* ever led,
Who threescore years had known the grace
Of *one*, *dull*, *stiff*, *unvaried* pace,
Terrour prevailing over Pride,
Was seen to take a larger stride;
Worn to the bone, and cloth'd in rags,
See Av'rice closer hug his bags;
With her own weight unwieldy grown,
See Credit totter on her throne;
Virtue alone, had she been there,
The mighty sound, unmov'd, could bear.
Up from the gorgéous bed, where Fate
Dooms annual fools to sleep in state.
To sleep so sound that not one gleam
Of fancy can provoke a dream,
Great Dullman started at the sound,
Gap'd, rubb'd his eyes, and star'd around.
Much did he wish to know, much fear
Whence sounds so horrid struck his ear,
So much unlike those peaceful notes,
That equal harmony which floats
On the dull wing of city air,
Grave prelude to a feast or fair:

[2] Where Mr. Sheridan, at this period, read lectures on elocution.

Much did he inly ruminate
Concerning the decrees of Fate,
Revolving, though to little end,
What this same trumpet might portend.
"Could the French—no—that could not be
Under Bute's *active* ministry,
Too watchful to be so deceiv'd,
Have stolen hither unperceiv'd?
To Newfoundland indeed, we know,
Fleets of war unobserv'd may go;
Or, if observ'd, may be suppos'd,
At intervals when Reason doz'd,
No other point in view to bear
But pleasure, health, and change of air.
But Reason ne'er could sleep so sound
To let an enemy be found
In our Land's heart, ere it was known
They had departed from their own.
"Or could his *successor* (ambition
Is ever haunted with suspicion)
His daring *successor elect*,
All customs, rules, and forms reject,
And aim, regardless of the crime,
To seize the chair before his time?
"Or (deeming this the lucky hour,
Seeing his *countrymen* in pow'r,
Those countrymen, who, from the first,
In tumults and *rebellion* nurs'd,
Howe'er they wear the mask of art,
Still love a Stuart *in their heart*)
Could Scottish Charles".....

.....*Conjecture* thus,
That mental ignis fatuus,
Led his poor brains a weary dance
From France to England, hence to France,
'Till information (in the shape
Of chaplain learned, good sir Crape,
A lazy, lounging, pamper'd priest,
Well known at ev'ry city feast,
For he was seen much oft'ner there
Than in the house of God at pray'r;
Who always ready in his place,
Ne'er let God's creatures wait for grace,
Though, as the best historians write,
Less fam'd for faith than appetite,
His disposition to reveal,
The grace was short, and long the meal;
Who always would excess admit,
If *haunch* or *turtle* came with it,
And ne'er engag'd in the defence
Of self-denying abstinence,
When he could fortunately meet
With any thing he lik'd to eat;
Who knew that wine, on scripture plan,
Was made to cheer the heart of man;
Knew too, by long experience taught,
That cheerfulness was kill'd by thought;
And from those premises collected,
(Which few perhaps would have suspected)
That none, who with due share of sense
Observ'd the ways of Providence,
Could with safe conscience leave off drinking,
Till they had lost the power of thinking;
With eyes half-clos'd came *waddling* in,
And, having strok'd his double *chin*,
(That *chin*, whose credit to maintain
Against the scoffs of the profane,
Had cost him more than ever state
Paid for a *poor electorate*,

fter all the cost and rout
een better much without)
for *breakfast*, you must know,
ting all the while below)
bowing to the ground,
e of that uncommon sound;
too, that at the door,
, Plausible, and Moore 3,
hat Fame might not be allow'd
ame to publish to the crowd;
e new laws he would provide,
ould not be misapplied,
much ease and safety there,
re misapplied *elsewhere)*
it might be construed treason
o exercise his reason;
ght *ingeniously* devise
shment for truth and lies;
y prove, when they had done,
h and falsehood were but one;
ies must indeed retain,
effect should render vain,
ll real power to rest
rupted rotten breast,
false gloss the very Bible
interpreted a *libel*.
(who, his rev'rence to save,
the fool to skreen the knave,
ll, who witness'd on his part,
his *head* against his *heart*)
n down, from first to last,
count of all that past;
e the gracious will of *Fate*,
k'd the child for wealth and state
e cradle, had decreed
y Dullman ne'er should read,
e of *disgrace* to bear
h-lipp'd Plausible was there.
— e'en to Clerkenwell
ws not *smooth-lipp'd* Plausible?
er deem'd of greatest note,
hing that which others wrote.
ullman now (and fools we see
aut curiosity)
l (but the *mourning shade*
yne 4 hasten'd to his aid,
s hand, what could he more?
nt Canning's picture bore)
three heroes should advance,
their *comical romance*,
a feast, what royal fare
r readers might prepare!
nd yet so safe a feast,
ne foreign blatant beast,
e purlieus of the *law*
re thereon to lay his paw,
ing, cry, with surly tone,
T—*this feast is all my own.*"
g to earth the downcast eye,
ng it against the sky,
mers'd in deepest thought,
ome holy vision caught,
, to aid the traitor's art,
folded o'er his heart,
re, in fraud well skill'd, should go,
with solemn step and slow.

gyman, who unluckily involved himself
k Lane ghost imposition.
isp Gascoyne.

O that Religion's sacred name,
Meant to inspire the purest flame,
A prostitute should ever be
To that *arch fiend* Hypocrisy,
Where we find ev'ry other vice
Crown'd with *damn'd sneaking cowardice!*
Bold sin reclaim'd is often seen;
Past hope that man, who dares be mean.
There full of *flesh*, and full of *grace*,
With that *fine round unmeaning face*
Which Nature gives to sons of Earth
Whom she designs for ease and mirth,
Should the *prim* Plausible be seen,
Observe his stiff affected mien;
'Gainst Nature, arm'd by Gravity,
His features too in buckle see;
See with what sanctity he reads,
With what devotion tells his beads!
Now prophet, show me, by thine art,
What 's the religion of his heart;
Show *there*, if truth thou can'st unfold,
Religion center'd all in gold;
Show *him*, nor fear Correction's rod,
As false to *friendship*, as to God.
Horrid, *unwieldy*, *without form*,
Savage, as Ocean in a storm,
Of size prodigious, in the rear,
That post of honour, should appear
Pomposo; *Fame* around should tell
How he a slave to int'rest fell;
How, for *integrity* renown'd,
Which booksellers have often found,
He for *subscribers* baits his hook,
And takes their cash—but where's the book?
No matter where—*Wise* fear, we know,
Forbids the robbing of a foe;
But what, to serve our private ends,
Forbids the cheating of our friends?
No man alive, who would not swear
All 's *safe*, and therefore *honest* there.
For, spite of all the learned say,
If we to truth attention pay,
The word *dishonesty* is meant
For nothing else but *punishment*.
Fame too should tell, nor heed the threat
Of rogues, who brother rogues abet,
Nor tremble at the terrours hung
Aloft, *to make her hold her tongue*,
How to all principles untrue,
Not fix'd to *old* friends, nor to *new*,
He damns the *pension* which he takes,
And loves the Stuart he forsakes.
Nature (who justly regular
Is very seldom known to err,
But now and then in *sportive mood*,
As some *rude* wits have understood,
Or *through much work requir'd in haste*,
Is with a random stroke disgrac'd)
Pomposo, form'd on *doubtful* plan,
Not quite a *beast*, nor quite a *man*,
Like—*God knows what*—for never yet
Could the most subtle human wit
Find out a monster, which might be
The shadow of a *simile*.
THESE THREE, THESE GREAT, THESE MIGHTY THREE,
Nor can the *poet's* truth agree,
Howe'er report hath done him wrong,
And warp'd the purpose of his song,
Amongst the refuse of their race,
The sons of Infamy, to place

That open, gen'rous, manly mind
Which we with joy in Aldrich find.
These three, who now are *faintly* shown,
Just sketch'd, and scarcely to be known,
If Dullman their request had heard,
In stronger colours had appear'd;
And friends, though partial, at first view,
Shudd'ring, had own'd the picture true.
But had their journal been display'd,
And the whole process open laid,
What a vast unexhausted field
For mirth must such a journal yield!
In her own anger strongly charm'd,
'Gainst hope, 'gainst fear by conscience arm'd,
Then had bold Satire made her way,
Knights, lords, and *dukes*, her destin'd prey.
But Prudence, ever sacred name
To those who feel not virtue's flame,
Or only feel it at the best
As the dull dupe of *interest*,
Whisper'd aloud (for this we find
A custom current with mankind,
So loud to whisper, that each word
May all around be plainly heard,
And Prudence sure would never miss
A custom so contriv'd as this
Her candour to secure, yet aim
Sure death against another's fame)
"*Knights, lords*, and *dukes*—mad wretch, forbear,
Dangers unthought of ambush there;
Confine thy rage to weaker slaves,
Laugh at *small fools*, and lash *small knaves*,
But never, *helpless*, *mean*, and *poor*,
Rush on, where laws cannot secure;
Nor think thyself, mistaken youth,
Secure in principles of *truth*.
Truth! why, shall ev'ry wretch of letters
Dare to speak *truth* against his *betters!*
Let *ragged* Virtue stand aloof,
Nor mutter accents of reproof;
Let *ragged* Wit a mute become,
When wealth and pow'r would have her dumb.
For who the Devil doth not know
That titles and estates bestow
An ample stock, where'er they fall,
Of graces which we mental call?
Beggars, in ev'ry age and nation,
Are rogues and fools by situation;
The rich and great are understood
To be of course both wise and good.
Consult then int'rest more than pride,
Discreetly take the stronger side;
Desert in time the simple few,
Who *Virtue's* barren path pursue;
Adopt my maxims——follow me——
To Baal bow the prudent knee;
Deny thy God, betray thy friend,
At Baal's altars hourly bend;
So shalt thou rich and great be seen;
To be great *now*, you must be mean."
Hence, *tempter*, to some weaker soul,
Which fear and interest control;
Vainly thy precepts are address'd,
Where Virtue steels the steady breast.
Through meanness wade to boasted pow'r,
Through guilt repeated ev'ry hour;
What is thy gain, when all is done,
What mighty laurels hast thou won?
Dull crowds, to whom the heart's unknown,
Praise thee for virtues not thy own;
But will, at once man's scourge and friend,
Impartial Conscience too commend?
From her reproaches can'st thou fly?
Can'st thou with worlds her silence buy?
Believe it not—her stings shall find
A passage to thy *coward* mind.
There shall she fix her sharpest dart,
There show thee truly, *as thou art*,
Unknown to those, by whom thou 'rt priz'd;
Known to thyself to be despis'd.
The man who weds the sacred Muse,
Disdains all mercenary views,
And he who Virtue's throne would rear,
Laughs at the phantoms rais'd by fear.
Though *Folly*, rob'd in purple, shines,
Though *Vice* exhausts *Peruvian* mines,
Yet shall they tremble, and turn pale,
When Satire wields her mighty flail;
Or should they, of rebuke afraid,
With Melcombe seek Hell's deepest shade,
Satire, still mindful of her aim,
Shall bring the cowards back to shame.
Hated by many, lov'd by few,
Above each little private view,
Honest, though poor, (and who shall dare
To disappoint my boasting there?)
Hardy and resolute, though weak,
The dictates of my heart to speak,
Willing I bend at Satire's throne;
What pow'r I have, be all her own.
Nor shall you *lawyer's* specious art,
Conscious of a corrupted heart,
Create imaginary fear,
To damp us in our bold career.
Why should we fear? and what?—the laws?
They all are arm'd in Virtue's cause;
And aiming at the self-same end,
Satire is always Virtue's friend:
Nor shall that Muse, whose honest rage,
In a corrupt degen'rate age,
(When dead to ev'ry nicer sense,
Deep sunk in vice and indolence,
The spirit of old Rome was broke
Beneath the *tyrant fiddler's* yoke)
Banish'd the rose from Nero's cheek,
Under a Brunswick fear to speak.
Drawn by *Conceit* from Reason's plan,
How vain is that *poor creature*, man!
How pleas'd is ev'ry paltry elf
To prate about that thing himself!
After my promise made in rhyme,
And meant in earnest at that time,
To jog, according to the mode,
In one dull pace, in one dull road,
What but that curse of heart and head
To this *digression* could have led,
Where plung'd, in vain I look about,
And can't stay in, nor well get out.
Could I, whilst *Humour* held the quill,
Could I *digress* with half that skill,
Could I with half that skill return,
Which we so much admire in Sterne;
Where each *digression*, seeming vain,
And only fit to entertain,
Is found on better recollection,
To have a just and nice connection,
To help the whole with wondrous art,
Whence it seems idly to depart;
Then should our readers ne'er accuse
These wild excursions of the Muse,

vard turn dull pages o'er
t what went before;
press'd, and ever new,
e past should start to view,
Dullman now come in,
e'er had absent been.
u not seen, when danger's near,
d cheek turn *white* with fear?
not seen, when danger's fled,
me cheek with joy turn *red?*
low symptoms which we find
r a vulgar mind,
iest features, void of art,
feelings of the heart:
ian with a face was bless'd
one passion was express'd;
a *fine stupor* caught,
plenteous lack of thought;
ne line that whole face seen in,
ld be justly charg'd with meaning.
ice by *birth* ally'd,
by *marriage* into *pride*,
wn fond of youthful sports,
of vanities, and courts,
cess too mighty made
s country or his trade,
inion (no rare case
kheads in or out of place)
and insolent of soul,
Reason's just control,
ng, of his own accord,
im transient toy, My Lord;
of Scots (a fatal race,
d in *wrath* contriv'd to place,
e our crimes, and gall our pride,
t thorn in England's side;
st, our greatness to oppose,
vengeance mark'd for *foes*;
re to serve his wrathful ends,
to curse us, mark'd for *friends*)
e state, if we give credit
r no one else e'er said it;
end of great ones not a few,
e their titles only knew,
(which envious of his breeding
ns have charg'd to want of reading)
show himself polite,
would pronounce aright;
with whom a host
which Rome and Athens boast,
ir pride might not contend;
h no pow'rs to recommend,
ickey Hume, and Billy Whitehead,
ey Glover sat delighted,
eak whole days in Nature's spite,
ose *able verse-men* write,
llman from his bed arose—
d he spit—thrice wip'd his nose—
rove to smile—thrice strove to frown—
e look'd up—and thrice look'd down—
nce broke—"Crape, who am I?"
w'd, and smil'd an arch reply.
ot, Crape—I am, you know,
l those who are below.
ot knowledge? and for *wit*,
ill always purchase it;
needful should be found,
udge ten or twenty pound,
h the whole stock may be bought,
fel wit not worth a groat.

But lest I should proceed too far,
I'll feel my friend *the minister*,
(Great men, Crape, must not be neglected)
How he in this point is affected;
For, as I stand a magistrate,
To serve him first, and next the state,
Perhaps he may not think it fit
To let *his* magistrates have wit.
"Boast I not, at this very hour,
Those large effects which troop with pow'r?
Am I not mighty in the land?
Do not I sit, whilst others stand?
Am I not with rich garments grac'd,
In seat of honour always plac'd?
And do not *cits* of chief degree,
Though proud to others, bend to me?
"Have I not, as a justice ought,
The laws such wholesome rigour taught,
That *Fornication*, in disgrace,
Is now afraid to show her face,
And not one whore these walls approaches,
Unless they ride in our own coaches?
And shall *this* Fame, an *old poor* strumpet,
Without our licence sound her trumpet,
And, envious of our city's quiet,
In broad day-light blow up a riot?
If insolence like this we bear,
Where is our state? our office where?
Farewell all honours of our reign,
Farewell the *neck-ennobling* chain,
Freedom's *known* badge o'er all the globe,
Farewell the *solemn-spreading* robe,
Farewell the sword—*farewell* the mace,
Farewell all title, pomp, and place.
Remov'd from men of high degree,
(A loss to *them*, Crape, not to *me*)
Banish'd to Chippenham, or to Frome,
Dullman once more shall ply the loom."
Crape, lifting up his hands and eyes,
"Dullman—the *loom*—at Chippenham"—cries,
"If there be pow'rs which greatness love,
Which *rule below*, but *dwell above*,
Those pow'rs united all shall join
To contradict the rash design.
"Sooner shall stubborn Will lay down
His opposition with his *gown*,
Sooner shall Temple leave the road
Which leads to Virtue's *mean* abode,
Sooner shall Scots this country quit,
And England's foes be friends to Pitt,
Than Dullman, from his grandeur thrown,
Shall wander out-cast, and unknown.
Sure as that *cane*" (a *cane* there stood
Near to a *table*, made of *wood*,
Of *dry fine* wood a table made,
By some rare artist in the trade,
Who had enjoy'd immortal praise
If he had liv'd in Homer's days)
"Sure as that *cane*, which once was seen,
In pride of life all fresh and green,
The banks of Indus to adorn;
Then, of its leafy honours shorn,
According to exactest rule,
Was fashion'd by the workman's tool,
And which at present we behold
Curiously polish'd, crown'd with *gold*,
With gold *well-wrought*; sure as that *cane*
Shall never on its native plain
Strike root afresh, shall never more
Flourish in tawny India's shore,

So sure shall Dullman and his race
To latest times this station grace."
Dullman, who all this while had kept
His eye-lids clos'd as if he slept,
Now looking steadfastly on Crape,
As at some god in human shape—
"Crape, I protest, you seem to me
To have discharg'd a prophecy;
Yes—from the first it doth appear,
Planted by Fate, the Dullmans *here*
Have always held a quiet reign,
And *here* shall to the last remain.
"Crape, they're all wrong about this *ghost*—
Quite on the wrong side of the post—
Blockheads, to take *it* in their head
To be a message from the dead,
For that by *mission* they design,
A word not half so good as mine.
Crape—*here* it is—start not one doubt—
A *plot*—a *plot*—I've found it out."
"O God!" cries Crape, "how blest the nation,
Where one son boasts such penetration!"
"Crape, I've not time to tell you now
When I discover'd this, or *how*;
To Stentor go—if he's not there,
His place let *Bully* Norton bear—
Our citizens to council call—
Let *all* meet—'tis the cause of *all*.
Let the three witnesses attend
With *allegations* to befriend,
To swear just so much, and no more,
As we instruct them in before.
"Stay—Crape—come back—what, don't you see
Th' effects of this discovery?
Dullman all care and toil endures—
The profit, Crape, will all be *yours*.
A *mitre* (for, this arduous task
Perform'd, they'll grant whate'er I ask)
A *mitre* (and perhaps the best)
Shall through my interest make thee blest.
And at this time, when *gracious* Fate
Dooms to the *Scot* the reins of state,
Who is more fit (and for your use
We could some instances produce)
Of England's *church* to be the *head*,
Than you, a *presbyterian* bred?
But when thus mighty you are made,
Unlike the brethren of thy trade,
Be grateful, Crape, and let me not,
Like *old* Newcastle, be forgot.
"But an affair, Crape, of this size
Will ask from Conduct vast supplies;
It must not, as the vulgar say,
Be done in *hugger-mugger* way.
Traitors indeed (and that's discreet)
Who hatch the plot, in private meet;
They should in public go, no doubt,
Whose business is to find it out.
"To morrow—if the day appear
Likely to turn out fair and clear—
Proclaim a *grand processionade*—
Be all the city pomp display'd;
Let the *train-bands*"—Crape shook his head—
They heard the trumpet and were fled—
"Well," cries the Knight, "if that's the case,
My servants shall supply their place—
My servants—*mine alone*—no more
Than what *my* servants did before—
Dost not remember, Crape, that day,
When, Dullman's grandeur to display,
As all too simple, and too low,
Our city friends were thrust below,
Whilst, as more worthy of our love,
Courtiers were entertain'd above?
Tell me, who waited then? and how?
My servants—*mine*—and why not now?
In haste then, Crape, to Stentor go—
But send up Hart, who waits below;
With him, till you return again,
(Reach me my *spectacles* and *cane*)
I'll make a proof how I advance in
My new accomplishment of *dancing*."
Not quite so fast as lightning flies,
Wing'd with *red* anger, through the skies;
Not quite so fast as, sent by Jove,
Iris descends on wings of Love;
Not quite so fast as Terrour rides
When he the chafing winds bestrides;
Crape hobbled—but his mind was good—
Cou'd he go faster than he cou'd?
Near to that *Tow'r*, which, as we're told,
The mighty Julius rais'd of old,
Where to the block, by Justice led,
The *rebel* Scot hath often bled,
Where arms are kept so clean, so bright,
'Twere sin they should be soil'd in fight,
Where brutes of *foreign* race are shown
By brutes much greater of *our own*;
Fast by the crowded *Thames*, is found
An ample square of sacred ground,
Where artless *Eloquence* presides,
And *Nature* ev'ry sentence guides.
Here *female parliaments* debate
About religion, trade, and state;
Here ev'ry Naiad's patriot soul,
Disdaining *foreign* base control,
Despising *French*, despising *Erse*,
Pours forth the *plain old English* curse,
And bears aloft, with terrours hung,
The honours of the *vulgar tongue*.
Here Stentor, always heard with awe,
In thund'ring accents deals out law.
Twelve furlongs off each dreadful word
Was plainly and distinctly heard,
And ev'ry neighbour hill around
Return'd and swell'd the mighty sound.
The loudest virgin of the stream,
Compar'd with *him*, would silent seem;
Thames, (who, enrag'd to find his course
Oppos'd, rolls down with double force,
Against the bridge indignant roars,
And lashes the resounding shores)
Compar'd with *him*, at lowest tide,
In softest whispers seems to glide.
Hither directed by the noise,
Swell'd with the hope of future joys,
Through too much zeal and haste made lame,
The *rev'rend* slave of Dullman came.
"Stentor"—with such a serious air,
With such a face of *solemn* care,
As might import him to contain
A nation's welfare in his brain—
"Stentor," cries Crape, "I'm hither sent
On business of most high intent,
Great Dullman's orders to convey;
Dullman commands, and I obey.
Big with those throes which patriots feel,
And lab'ring for the common weal,
Some secret which forbids him rest,
Tumbles and *tosses* in his breast,

tosses to get free;
: chief commands by me.
rrow, if the day appear
rn out fair and clear—
grand processionade—
ity pomp display'd—
; to council call—
—'tis the cause of *all*.' "

BOOK IV.

rho vainly make pretence
ıg of exalted sense
men, and, *gravely wise*,
pleasures to despise,
ely to the eye confin'd,
provement to the mind,
omp: they would not go
, to a *puppet-show*,
give the mighty crime
ncing *pantomime*;
Covent Garden, where,
ead for play or play'r,
head be found most fit,
: play'r to second it,
obeying *Folly's* call,
ere show, or not at all.
e *grave* fops, who (bless their brains!)
o themselves, take pains
dness, and would be thought
than a wise man ought
happiness to be;
they hear, and what they see,
ey smell, and taste, and feel,
, Reason sets her seal,
g trains of consequences
es sanction to the *senses*;
not, Heav'n forbid it! waste
what the world calls taste,
deign to laugh or cry,
know some reason why;
grave fops, whose system seems
certainty for dreams,
nan is understood
her purpose good
oor, through which of course
ge crowding objects force,
t usher, to ad . it
; to the court of *Wit*,
ity, forbear thy spleen,
Wit, I *Wisdom* mean)
h the practice of the court,
l precedents support)
a is allow'd
question'd in the crowd,
an obtain the grace
in the brain a place,
chief in congregation
a *strict examination*.
as *those*, who physic twirl,
t with death, from ev'ry curl;
with all becoming state,
to be the voice of Fate;
th *essence*, *drop*, and *pill*,
er Ward, or Hill,
can obtain their ends,
th-warrants for their friends,
vast as their's employ,
tem to destroy,
Must pass (or laws their rage restrain)
Before the chiefs of *Warwick Lane*.
Thrice happy *Lane*, where uncontrol'd,
In *pow'r* and *lethargy* grown old,
Most fit to take, in this blest land,
The reins which fell from Wyndham's hand,
Her lawful throne great Dullness rears,
Still more herself as more in years;
Where she (and who shall dare deny
Her right, when Reeves and Chauncy's by)
Calling to mind, in ancient time,
One Garth who err'd in wit and rhyme,
Ordains from henceforth to admit
None of the rebel sons of Wit,
And makes it her peculiar care
That Schomberg never shall be there.
Not such as *those*, whom Folly trains
To letters, though unbless'd with brains;
Who, destitute of pow'r and will
To learn, are kept to learning still;
Whose heads, when other methods fail,
Receive instruction from the tail,
Because their sires, a common case
Which brings the children to disgrace,
Imagine it a certain rule,
They never could beget a fool,
Must pass, or must *compound for*, ere
The *chaplain*, full of beef and pray'r,
Will give his *reverend permit*,
Announcing them for orders fit,
So that the prelate (what's a name?
All prelates now are much the same)
May with a conscience safe and quiet,
With holy hands lay on that *fat*,
Which doth all faculties dispense,
All sanctity, *all faith*, *all sense*,
Makes Madan quite a saint appear,
And makes an oracle of Cheere.
Not such as in that solemn seat,
Where the *Nine Ladies* hold retreat,
The *Ladies Nine*, who, as we're told,
Scorning those haunts they lov'd of old,
The banks of Isis now prefer,
Nor will one hour from Oxford stir,
Are held for form; which Balaam's *ass*
As well as Balaam's self might pass,
And with his master take degrees,
Could he contrive to pay the fees.
Men of sound parts, who, deeply read,
O'erload the storehouse of the head
With furniture they ne'er can use,
Cannot forgive our rambling Muse
This wild excursion; cannot see
Why *physic* and *divinity*,
To the surprise of all beholders,
Are lugg'd in by the head and shoulders;
Or how, in any point of view,
Oxford hath any thing to do;
But men of nice and subtle learning,
Remarkable for quick discerning,
Through spectacles of critic mould,
Without instruction, will behold
That we a method here have got,
To show what is, by what is not,
And that our drift (*parenthesis*
For once apart) is briefly this.
Within the Brain's most secret cells
A certain *lord chief justice* dwells
Of sov'reign pow'r, whom one and all,
With common voice, we Reason call;

Though, for the purposes of satire,
A name in truth is no great matter,
Jefferies or Mansfield, which you will,
It means a *lord chief justice* still.
Here, so our great projectors say,
The Senses all must homage pay;
Hither they all must tribute bring,
And prostrate fall before their king,
Whatever unto them is brought,
Is carry'd on the wings of Thought
Before his throne, where, in full state,
He on their merits holds debate,
Examines, cross-examines, weighs
Their right to censure or to praise;
Nor doth his equal voice depend
On narrow views of foe and friend;
Nor can or flattery or force
Divert him from his steady course;
The channel of inquiry's clear,
No *sham examination's* here.
He, upright justicer, no doubt,
Ad libitum puts in and out,
Adjusts and settles in a trice
What virtue is, and what is vice,
What is perfection, what defect,
What we must choose, and what reject;
He takes upon him to explain
What pleasure is, and what is pain;
Whilst we, obedient to the whim,
And resting all our faith on him,
True members of the *stoic* weal,
Must learn to think, and cease to feel.
This glorious system form'd, for man
To practise when and how he can,
If the five Senses in alliance
To Reason hurl a proud defiance,
And, though oft conquer'd, yet unbroke,
Endeavour to throw off that yoke,
Which they a greater slav'ry hold,
Than Jewish bondage was of old;
Or if they, something touch'd with shame,
Allow him to retain the name
Of royalty, and, as in sport,
To hold a mimic formal court;
Permitted, no uncommon thing,
To be a kind of puppet king,
And suffer'd by the way of toy,
To hold the globe, but not employ;
Our *system-mongers*, struck with fear,
Prognosticate destruction near;
All things to anarchy must run;
The little world of man's undone.
Nay should the *Eye*, that nicest sense,
Neglect to send intelligence
Unto the Brain, distinct and clear,
Of all that passes in her sphere;
Should she presumptuous joy receive,
Without the Understanding's leave,
They deem it rank and daring treason
Against the monarchy of Reason,
Not thinking, though they're *wondrous* wise,
That few have *reason*, must have *eyes*;
So that the pleasures of the mind
To a small circle are confin'd,
Whilst those which to the senses fall,
Become the property of all.
Besides (and this is sure a case
Not much at present out of place)
Where Nature Reason doth deny,
No art can that defect supp'y;
But if (for it is our intent
Fairly to state the argument)
A man should want an eye or two,
The remedy is sure, though new;
The cure's at hand—no need of fear—
For proof—behold the Chevalier—
As well prepar'd, beyond all doubt,
To put eyes in, as put them out.
But, argument apart, which tends
T' embitter foes and sep'rate friends,
(Nor, turn'd apostate for the *Nine*,
Would I, though bred up a divine,
And foe of course to Reason's weal,
Widen that breach I cannot heal)
By his own sense and feelings taught,
In speech as lib'ral as in thought,
Let ev'ry man enjoy his whim;
What's he to me, or I to him?
Might I, though never rob'd in *ermine*,
A matter of this weight determine,
No penalties should settled be
To force men to hypocrisy,
To make them ape an awkward zeal,
And, feeling not, pretend to feel.
I would not have, might sentence rest
Finally fix'd within my breast,
E'en Annet censur'd and confin'd,
Because we're of a diff'rent mind.
Nature, who in her act most free,
Herself delights in liberty,
Profuse in love, and, without bound,
Pours joy on ev'ry creature round;
Whom yet, was ev'ry bounty shed
In double portions on our head,
We could not truly bounteous call,
If Freedom did not crown them all.
By Providence forbid to stray,
Brutes never can mistake their way;
Determin'd still, they plod along
By instinct, neither right nor wrong;
But man, had he the heart to use
His freedom, hath a right to choose;
Whether he acts or well or ill,
Depends entirely on his will:
To her last work, her fav'rite man,
Is giv'n on Nature's better plan
A privilege in pow'r to *err*.
Nor let this phrase resentment stir
Amongst the grave ones, since, indeed,
The little merit man can plead
In doing well, dependeth still
Upon his pow'r of doing ill.
Opinions should be free as air;
No man, whate'er his rank, whate'er
His qualities, a claim can found
That my opinion must be bound,
And square with his; such slavish chains
From foes the lib'ral soul disdains,
Nor can, though true to friendship, bend
To wear them even from a friend.
Let those, who rigid Judgment own,
Submissive bow at Judgment's throne;
And if they of no value hold
Pleasure, till pleasure is grown cold,
Fall'd and insipid, forc'd to wait
For Judgment's regular debate
To give it warrant, let them find
Dull subjects suited to their mind;
Their's be slow wisdom: be *my* plan
To live as merry as I can,

as the fashions go,
ıere's reason for 't, or no;
ɔloyment here on Earth
ib'ral scope to mirth,
n va'e with flow'rs t' adorn,
a rose from ev'ry thorn.
y Errour led astray,
ı wander from my way,
d guide observe, in spite,
who cannot set me right.
r could I ne'er endure,
disease, and not a cure;
ıold that man a friend,
l a helping hand shall lend
ıppy Folly's eyes,
ıg wretched, make me wise;
truth which can't admit
ɔm Wisdom or from Wit,
ıppy here below,
that we are so.
v in *knowledge* find relief,
comfort in *belief*.
ality may call,
ıe is all in all.
ı, through the trick
often makes us sick;
et any sophist tell,
likewise make us well?
sure, whate'er our view,
shadows we pursue,
rsuits, be what they will,
ıore than shadows still,
ıey fly, too swift and strong,
ı catch, or hold them long.
hich in the fancy live,
ent to each man may give.
nself, and true to ease,
Fate's severe decrees,
ı mortal wish for more?)
ıd makes himself new o'er,
sted vain *reality*,
ate'er he wants to be.
ncy—to thy pow'r I owe
: from the gripe of Woe;
ıwe a mighty debt,
ıtitude shall ne'er forget,
m'ry can her force employ,
rease of ev'ry joy.
ıy doors, too strongly barr'd,
ıad plac'd a guard,
;uard, ordain'd by Law
or Honesty in awe;
ıevere and stern,
ɔt my wish'd return;
grew proud, and friends grew cool,
ter seiz'd each sober fool;
dour started in amaze,
ing censure, hinted praise;
dence, lifting up her eyes
, thank'd Heav'n, that she was wise:
around me, with an air
s sorrow, look'd despair;
: or said, or seem'd to say,
but one, one only way,
l be advis'd by us,
all, than to be thus;"
.ue shunn'd the shock, and Pride,
ay by Virtue's side,
my ruffled soul to cheer,
ld not hope, yet would not fear;
Health in her motion, the wild grace
Of pleasure speaking in her face,
Dull regularity thrown by,
And comfort beaming from her eye;
Fancy, in richest robes array'd,
Came smiling forth, and brought me aid,
Came smiling o'er that dreadful time,
And, more to bless me, came in *rhyme*.
Nor is her pow'r to me confin'd,
It spreads, it comprehends mankind.
When (to the spirit-stirring sound
Of trumpets breathing courage round,
And fifes, well mingled to restrain,
And bring that courage down again,
Or to the melancholy knell
Of the dull, deep, and doleful bell,
Such as of late the good *Saint Bride*
Muffled, to mortify the pride
Of those, who, England quite forgot,
Paid their vile homage to the Scot,
Where Asgill held the foremost place,
Whilst my lord figur'd at a race)
Processions ('tis not worth debate
Whether they are of stage or state)
Move on, so very very slow,
'Tis doubtful if they move or no;
When the performers all the while
Mechanically frown or smile,
Or, with a dull and stupid stare,
A vacancy of sense declare,
Or, with down-bending eye, seem wrought
Into a labyrinth of thought,
Where Reason wanders still in doubt,
And, once got in, cannot get out;
What cause sufficient can we find
To satisfy a thinking mind,
Why, dup'd by such vain farces, man
Descends to act on such a plan?
Why they, who hold themselves divine,
Can in such wretched follies join,
Strutting like peacocks, or like crows,
Themselves and *Nature* to expose?
What cause, but that (you'll understand.
We have our remedy at hand,
That if perchance we start a doubt,
Ere it is fix'd, we wipe it out,
As surgeons, when they lop a limb,
Whether for profit, fame, or whim,
Or mere experiment to try,
Must always have a *styptic* by)
Fancy steps in, and stamps that *real*,
Which, *ipso facto*, is *ideal*.
Can none remember, yes, I know,
All must remember that rare show,
When to the country Sense went down,
And Fools came flocking up to town,
When *knights* (a work which all admit
To be for *knighthood* much unfit)
Built booths for hire; when *parsons* play'd,
In robes *canonical* array'd,
And, fiddling, join'd the *Smithfield* dance,
The price of tickets to advance;
Or, unto tapsters turn'd, dealt out,
Running from booth to booth about,
To ev'ry scoundrel, by retail,
True pennyworths of beef and ale,
Then first prepar'd, by bringing beer in,
For present grand *electioneering*;
When *heralds*, running all about
To bring in order, turn'd it out;

When, by the *prudent marshall's* care,
Lest the rude populace should stare,
And with unhallow'd eyes profane
Gay puppets of patrician strain,
The whole procession, as in spite,
Unheard, unseen, stole off by night;
When our lov'd monarch, nothing loth,
Solemnly took that sacred oath,
Whence mutual firm agreements spring
Betwixt the *subject* and the *king*,
By which, in usual manner crown'd,
His *head*, his *heart*, his *hands* he bound,
Against *himself*, should passion stir
The least propensity to err,
Against all *slaves*, who might prepare
Or open force, or hidden snare,
That *glorious* charter to maintain,
By which we serve, and he must reign;
Then Fancy, with unbounded sway,
Revell'd sole mistress of the day,
And wrought such wonders, as might make
Egyptian sorcerers forsake
Their baffled mockeries, and own
The palm of *magic* her's alone.
A knight (who in the silken lap
Of lazy Peace had liv'd on pap,
Who never yet had dar'd to roam
'Bove ten or twenty miles from home,
Nor even that, unless a *guide*
Was plac'd to amble by his side,
And troops of slaves were spread around
To keep his honour safe and sound;
Who could not suffer for his life
A point to sword, or edge to knife,
And always fainted at the sight
Of blood, though 'twas not shed in fight,
Who disinherited one son
For firing off an *elder* gun,
And whipt another, six years old,
Because the boy, presumptuous, bold
To madness, likely to become
A very Swiss, had beat a drum,
Though it appeared an instrument
Most *peaceable* and *innocent*,
Having from first been in the hands
And service of the *city bands)*
Grac'd with those ensigns, which were meant
To further Honour's dread intent,
The minds of warriors to inflame,
And spur them on to deeds of fame,
With little sword, large spurs, high feather,
Fearful of ev'ry thing but weather,
(And all must own, who pay regard
To charity, it had been hard
That in his very first *campaign*
His *honours* should be soil'd with rain)
A hero all at once became,
And (seeing others much the same
In point of valour as himself,
Who leave their courage on a shelf
From year to year, till some such rout
In proper season calls it out)
Strutted, look'd big, and swagger'd more
Than ever hero did before;
Look'd up, look'd down, look'd all around,
Like Mayors, grimly smil'd and frown'd;
Seem'd Heav'n, and Earth, and Hell to call
To fight, that he might rout them all;
And personated Valour's style
So long, spectators to beguile,
That passing strange, and wondrous true,
Himself at last believ'd it too,
Nor for a time could he discern,
Till Truth and Darkness took their turn,
So well did Fancy play her part,
That coward still was at the heart.
Whiffle (who knows not Whiffle's name,
By the impartial voice of Fame
Recorded first, through all this land,
In Vanity's illustrious band?)
Who, by all-bounteous Nature meant
For offices of hardiment,
A modern Hercules at least,
To rid the world of each wild beast,
Of each wild beast which came in view,
Whether on four legs or on two,
Degenerate, delights to prove
His force on the *Parade* of Love,
Disclaims the joys which camps afford,
And for the distaff quits the sword;
Who fond of women would appear
To public eye, and public ear,
But, when in private, lets them know
How little they can trust to show;
Who sports a woman as of course,
Just as a jockey shows a horse,
And then returns her to the stable,
Or vainly plants her at his table,
Where he would rather Venus find,
(So pall'd, and so deprav'd his mind)
Than, by some great occasion led,
To seize her panting in her bed,
Burning with more than mortal fires,
And melting in her own desires;
Who, ripe in years, is yet a child,
Through fashion, not through feeling, wild;
Whate'er in others, who proceed
As Sense and Nature have decreed,
From real passion flows, in him
Is mere effect of mode and whim;
Who laughs, a very common way,
Because he nothing has to say,
As your *choice* spirits oaths dispense
To fill up vacancies of sense;
Who, having some small sense, defies it,
Or, using, always misapplies it;
Who now and then brings something forth,
Which seems indeed of sterling worth,
Something, by sudden start and fit,
Which at a distance looks like wit,
But, on examination near,
To his confusion will appear
By Truth's fair glass, to be at best
A threadbare jester's threadbare jest;
Who frisks and dances through the street,
Sings without voice, rides without seat,
Plays o'er his tricks, like Æsop's ass,
A *gratis* fool to all who pass;
Who riots, though he loves not waste,
Whores without lust, drinks without taste,
Acts without sense, talks without thought,
Does ev'ry thing but what he ought;
Who, led by forms, without the pow'r
Of vice, is vicious; who one hour,
Proud without pride, the next will be
Humble without humility;
Whose vanity we all discern,
The spring on which his actions turn;
Whose aim in erring, is to err,
So that he may be singular,

is utmost wishes mean,
h he's laugh'd at, to be seen;
· when Flatt'ry's soothing strain
b'd the Muse of her disdain,
nd a method to persuade
to soften ev'ry shade,
nrag'd, the pencil snatch'd
r degenerate hand, and scratch'd
y trace; then, quick as thought,
e this striking likeness caught)
in manners, and in mien,
iffle came, and such was seen
Vorld's eye; but (strange to tell!)
y Fancy's magic spell,
, not dreaming of deceit,
, but happy in the cheat,
re than human in his own.
ow all at Fancy's throne,
ow'r could make so vile an elf
ience bear that thing, *himself*.
nistress of each art to please,
Fancy, what are these,
geants of a trifler's pen,
thy power effected then?
with the human mind,
and subtle as the wind,
e all feel, yet no one knows
ce it comes, or where it goes,
: once in ev'ry part
l the eye, the head, the heart,
thousand forms array'd,
nd various gambols play'd.
n a face which well might ask
ilege to wear a mask
of law, and Justice teach
ic good t' excuse the breach,
he furrow of a wrinkle
ces, which could not shine but twinkle,
tinels i' th' starry way,
it for the return of day,
urnt out, and seem to keep
tch, like soldiers, in their sleep,
hose lamps which, by the pow'r,
nust burn from hour to hour,
y, without redemption, fall
e terrours of that hall,
once notorious for a *hop*,
ecome *a justice-shop*)
re so manag'd, to go out
n the time comes round about,
et through emulation strive
their dying light alive,
: uncommon, as we find,
the children of mankind)
grow weaker, would seem stronger,
a little, little longer;
etwix: such eyes enshrin'd,
to daub, no mill to grind,
av'd her wand around, whose force
in an instant Nature's course,
dly credible in rhyme,
stopp'd, but call'd back Time.
of ev'ry wrinkle clear'd,
s the floating stream appear'd,
: neck ringlets spread their flame,
: admiring whence they came;
rch'd brow the *Graces* play'd;
ll bosom *Cupid* laid;
m their proper orbits sent,
for eyes a supplement;
Teeth, white as ever teeth were seen
Deliver'd from the hand of Green[5],
Started, in regular array,
Like train-bands on a grand field-day,
Into the gums, which would have fled,
But, wond'ring, turn'd from white to red,
Quite alter'd was the whole machine,
And lady —— —— was fifteen.
Here she made lordly temples rise
Before the pious Dashwood's eyes,
Temples which built aloft in air,
May serve for show, if not for pray'r;
In solemn form herself, before,
Array'd like *Faith*, the *Bible* bore.
There, over Melcomb's feather'd head,
Who, quite a man of gingerbread,
Savour'd in talk, in dress, and phyz,
More of another world than this,
To a *dwarf Muse a giant Page*,
The last grave fop of the last age,
In a superb and feather'd hearse,
Escutcheon'd and *betagg'd* with verse,
Which, to beholders from afar,
Appear'd like a triumphal car,
She rode, in a *cast* rainbow clad;
There, throwing off the *hallow'd plaid*,
Naked, as when (in those drear cells
Where, *self-bless'd*, *self-curs'd* Madness dwells)
Pleasure, on whom, in *Laughter's* shape,
Frenzy had perfected a rape,
First brought her forth, before her time,
Wild witness of her shame and crime,
Driving before an idol band
Of driv'ling Stuarts, hand in hand,
Some, who to curse mankind, had wore
A crown they ne'er must think of more,
Others, whose baby brows were grac'd
With paper crowns, and toys of paste,
She jigg'd, and playing on the flute
Spread raptures o'er the soul of Bute.
Big with vast hopes, some mighty plan,
Which wrought the busy soul of man
To her full bent, the civil law,
Fit *code* to keep a world in awe,
Bound o'er his brows, fair to behold,
As *Jewish frontlets* were of old,
The famous charter of our land,
Defac'd, and mangled in his hand;
As one whom deepest thoughts employ,
But deepest thoughts of truest joy,
Serious and slow he strode, he stalk'd,
Before him troops of heroes walk'd,
Whom best he lov'd, of heroes crown'd,
By Tories guarded all around,
Dull solemn pleasure in his face,
He saw the honours of his race,
He saw their lineal glories rise,
And touch'd, or seem'd to touch the skies.
Not the most distant mark of fear,
No sign of *axe*, or *scaffold* near,
Not one curs'd thought, to cross his will,
Of such a place as *Tower Hill*.
Curse on this *Muse*, a flippant jade,
A shrew, like ev'ry other maid
Who turns the corner of nineteen,
Devour'd with peevishness and spleen.
Her tongue (for as, when bound for life,
The husband suffers for the wife,

[5] An eminent dentist at this period.

So if in any works of rhyme
Perchance there blunders out a crime,
Poor culprit bards must always rue it,
Although 'tis plain the Muses do it)
Sooner or later cannot fail
To send me headlong to a gaol.
Whate'er my theme (our themes we choose
In modern days without a *Muse*,
Just as a father will provide
To join a bridegroom and a bride,
As if, though they must be the play'rs,
The game was wholly *his*, not *theirs*)
Whate'er my theme, the *Muse*, who still
Owns no direction but her will,
Flies off, and, ere I could expect,
By ways oblique and indirect,
At once quite over head and ears,
In fatal *politics* appears.
Time was, and, if I aught discern
Of fate, that time shall soon return,
When *decent* and *demure* at least,
As grave and dull as any priest,
I could see *Vice* in robes array'd,
Could see the game of *Folly* play'd
Successfully in Fortune's school,
Without exclaiming rogue or fool;
Time was, when nothing loth or proud,
I lacquied, with the fawning crowd,
Scoundrels in office, and would bow
To ciphers great in place; but now
Upright I stand, as if wise Fate,
To compliment a shatter'd state,
Had me, like Atlas, hither sent
To shoulder up the firmament,
And if I stoop'd, with gen'ral crack
The Heavens would tumble from my back;
Time was, when rank and situation
Secur'd the great ones of the nation
From all control; *Satire* and *Law*
Kept only little knaves in awe;
But now, *decorum* lost, I stand
Bemus'd, a pencil in my hand,
And, dead to ev'ry sense of shame,
Careless of safety and of fame,
The names of scoundrels minute down,
And libel more than half the town.
How can a statesman be secure
In all his villanies, if poor
And dirty authors thus shall dare
To lay his rotten bosom bare?
Muses shall pass away their time
In dressing out the poet's rhyme
With bills and ribbands, and array
Each line in harmless taste, though gay.
When the hot burning fit is on,
They should regale their restless son
With something to allay his rage,
Some cool Castalian beverage,
Or some such draught (though *they*, 'tis plain,
Taking the Muses name in vain,
Know nothing of their real court,
And only fable from report)
As makes a Whitehead's *Ode* go down,
Or slakes the *feverette* of Brown:
But who would in his senses think
Of Muses giving gall to drink,
Or that their folly should afford
To raving poets gun or sword?
Poets were ne'er design'd by Fate
To meddle with affairs of state,
Nor should (if we may speak our thoughts
Truly as men of honour ought)
Sound policy their rage admit,
To launch the thunderbolts of Wit
About those heads, which, when they 're shot,
Can't tell if 'twas by Wit, or not.
These things well known, what devil in spite
Can have seduc'd me thus to write
Out of that road, which must have led
To riches, without heart or head,
Into that road, which, had I more
Than ever poet had before,
Of wit and virtue, in disgrace
Would keep me still, and out of place,
Which, if some *judge* (you 'll understand
One famous, famous through the land
For *making* law) should stand my friend,
At last may in a pill'ry end,
And all this, I myself admit,
Without one cause to lead to it.——
For instance now—this book—the GHOST—
Methinks I hear some Critic Post
Remark most gravely—"The first word
Which we about the GHOST have heard."
Peace, my good sir—not quite so fast—
What is the first, may be the last,
Which is a point, all must agree,
Cannot depend on you or me.
Fanny, no ghost of common mould,
Is not by forms to be control'd;
To keep her state, and show her skill,
She never comes but when she will.
I wrote and wrote (perhaps you doubt,
And shrewdly, what I wrote about,
Believe me, much to my disgrace,
I too am in the self-same case)
But still I wrote, till Fanny came
Impatient, nor could any shame
On me with equal justice fall,
If she had never come at all.
An underling, I could not stir
Without the cue thrown out by her,
Nor from the subject aid receive
Until she came, and gave me leave.
So that (ye sons of Erudition
Mark, this is but a supposition,
Nor would I to so wise a nation
Suggest it as a *revelation*)
If henceforth dully turning o'er
Page after page, ye read no more
Of Fanny, who, in sea or air,
May be departed God knows where,
Rail at jilt Fortune, but agree
No censure can be laid on me,
For sure (the cause let Mansfield try)
Fanny is in the fault, not I.
But to return—and this I hold,
A secret worth its weight in gold
To those who write, as I write now,
Not to mind where they go, or how,
Through ditch, through bog, o'er hedge and st
Make it but worth the reader's while,
And keep a passage fair and plain
Always to bring him back again.
Through dirt, who scruples to approach,
At Pleasure's call, to take a coach?
But we should think the man a clown
Who in the dirt should set us down.
But to return—if Wit, who ne'er
The shackles of restraint could bear,

humour should refuse
succour to the Muse,
ules and orders tied,
ay to be her guide,
nounce *Decorum's* plan,
k when, and how she can;
who, without pretext,
mention'd, quit their text,
note sleep's genial pow'r,
dark for half an hour,
e reason (for we know
ilgar, mean and low)
ome back (should it befall
ey come back at all)
d, to end the rout,
an give why they went out.
urn—this book—the Ghost—
nement at the most,
o wear away
s of a rainy day,
silk, for summer wear,
modern statesmen are,
sty permit
nce purloin the wit
, were we all to steal,
rich the theft to feel.
ook, where Ease should join
to *sugar* ev'ry line,
ould all be mere *chit-chat*,
-humour'd, and *all that*,
t Satire, in disgrace,
o much as show her face,
o'erleaping all due bounds,
Laughter's sacred grounds,
empt, plays o'er her tricks
ade, and *politics*.
should the distemper'd scold
blacken men enroll'd
lread book, whose mighty skill
empire to their will;
is Fate, and on their tongue
, and *life* are hung;
quiry, Truth shall find
s *link'd*, time out of mind
their country's laws,
f a tyrant's cause;
e same damn'd maxims hold
ch they avow'd of old;
h by diff'rent means, pursue
ich they had first in view,
ound vain, now play their part
less honour, much more art?
corners of the streets,
triot drudge she meets,
known, with furious cry
wild clamours vent; or why,
of groundlings to inflame,
l, Bute, and Wyndham name?
g not to our surprise
death before her eyes,
d that but now and then,
apon but her pen,
an argument afford,
o men who *wear a sword*;
an nicely *trim* and *pare*
onour to a hair,
word of nice import,
nket in a court,
ord quite in rapture feels
d rattling with his seals—
V.

Honour—a word, which all the *Nine*
Would be much puzzled to define—
Honour—a word which torture mocks,
And might confound a thousand Lockes—
Which (for I leave to wiser heads,
Who fields of death prefer to beds
Of down, to find out, if they can,
What honour *is*, on their wild plan)
Is *not*, to take it in their way,
And this we sure may dare to say
Without incurring an offence,
Courage, *law*, *honesty*, or *sense*);
Men, who all spirit, life and soul,
Neat butchers of a *button-hole*,
Having more skill, believe it true
That they must have more courage too;
Men, who without a place or name,
Their fortunes speechless as their fame,
Would by the sword new fortunes carve,
And rather die in fight than starve?
At *coronations*, a vast field
Which food of ev'ry kind might yield,
Of good sound food, at once most fit
For purposes of health and wit,
Could not ambitious Satire rest,
Content with what she might digest?
Could she not feast on things of course,
A *champion*, or a champion's *horse*?
A champion's *horse*—No, better say,
Though better figur'd on that day—
A *horse*, which might appear to us,
Who deal in rhyme, a Pegasus;
A *rider*, who, when once got on,
Might pass for a Bellerophon,
Dropt on a sudden from the skies,
To catch and fix our wond'ring eyes,
To witch, with wand instead of whip,
The world with *noble* horsemanship,
To twist and twine, both horse and man,
On such a well-concerted plan,
That *Centaur*-like, when all was done,
We scarce could think they were not one?
Could she not to our itching ears
Bring the new names of *new-coin'd* peers,
Who walk'd, nobility forgot,
With shoulders fitter for a knot
Than robes of honour; for whose sake
Heralds in form were forc'd to make,
To make, because they could not find,
Great predecessors to their mind?
Could she not (though 'tis doubtful since
Whether he *plumber* is, or *prince*)
Tell of a simple knight's advance
To be a doughty peer of *France*;
Tell how he did a dukedom gain,
And Robinson was Aquitain[6];
Tell how her city-chiefs, disgrac'd,
Were at an empty table plac'd?
A gross neglect, which, whilst they live,
They can't forget, and wont forgive;
A gross neglect of all those rights
Which march with city appetites;
Of all those canons, which we find
By *gluttony*, time out of mind,
Establish'd; which they ever hold
Dearer than any thing but gold:

[6] At the coronation, sir Thomas Robinson walked as the representative of the duke of Aquitain.

Thanks to my stars—I now see shore—
Of courtiers, and of courts no more—
Thus stumbling on my city friends,
Blind Chance my guide, my purpose bends
In line direct, and shall pursue
The point which I had first in view,
Nor more shall with the reader sport,
Till I have seen him safe in port.
Hush'd be each fear—no more I bear
Through the wide regions of the air
The reader terrified, no more
Wild Ocean's horrid paths explore.
Be the plain track from henceforth mine—
Cross-roads to Allen[7] I resign—
Allen, the honour of this nation,
Allen, himself a *corporation*,
Allen, of late notorious grown
For writings none, or all his own,
Allen, the first of *letter'd* men,
Since the *good* bishop holds his pen,
And at his elbow takes his stand
To mend his head, and guide his hand.
But hold—once more *digression* hence—
Let us return to *common sense;*
The car of Phœbus I discharge,
My carriage now a lord-mayor's *barge.*
Suppose we now—we may suppose
In verse, what would be sin in prose—
The sky with darkness overspread,
And ev'ry star retir'd to bed;
The gew-gaw robes of Pomp and Pride
In some dark corner thrown aside;
Great *lords* and *ladies* giving way
To what they seem to scorn by day,
The real feelings of the heart,
And Nature taking place of Art;
Desire triumphant through the night,
And *Beauty* panting with delight;
Chastity, woman's fairest crown,
Till the return of morn laid down,
Then to be worn again as bright
As if not sullied in the night;
Dull *Ceremony*, business o'er,
Dreaming in form at Cottrell's door;
Precaution trudging all about
To see the candles safely out,
Bearing a mighty *master-key*,
Habited like *Economy*,
Stamping each lock with triple seals,
Mean Av'rice creeping at her heels.
Suppose we too, like sheep in pen,
The *mayor* and *court of aldermen*
Within their barge, which through the deep,
The rowers more than half asleep,
Mov'd slow, as over-charg'd with state;
Thames groan'd beneath the mighty weight,
And felt that *bawble* heavier far
Than a whole fleet of men of war.
Sleep o'er each well-known faithful head
With lib'ral hand his poppies shed,
Each head, by Dullness render'd fit
Sleep and his empire to admit.
Through the whole passage not a word,
Not one faint, weak, half sound was heard;
Sleep had prevail'd to overwhelm
The steersman nodding o'er the helm;
The rowers, without force or skill,
Left the dull barge to drive at will;
The sluggish oars suspended hung,
And even Beardmore[8] held his *tongue.*
Commerce, regardful of a freight
On which depended half her *state*,
Stepp'd to the helm, with ready hand
She safely clear'd that bank of sand,
Where, stranded, our west-country fleet
Delay and danger often meet;
Till Neptune, anxious for the trade,
Comes in full tides, and brings them aid.
Next (for the Muses can survey
Objects by night as well as day,
Nothing prevents their taking aim,
Darkness and light to them the same)
They past that building, which of old
Queen-mothers was design'd to hold;
At present a mere *lodging-pen*,
A palace turn'd into a den,
To barracks turn'd, and soldiers tread
Where *dowagers* have laid their head.
Why should we mention *Surrey Street*,
Where ev'ry week grave judges meet,
All fitted out with *hum* and *ha*,
In proper form to drawl out law,
To see all causes duly tried
'Twixt knaves who drive, and fools who ride?
Why at the *Temple* should we stay?
What of the *Temple* dare we say?
A dangerous ground we tread on there,
And words perhaps may actions bear,
Where, as the brethren of the seas
For *fares*, the lawyers ply for fees.
What of that *Bridge*, most wisely made
To serve the purposes of trade,
In the great mart of all this nation,
By stopping up the navigation,
And to that sand-bank adding weight,
Which is already much too great?—
What of that *Bridge*, which, void of sense,
But well supplied with impudence,
Englishmen, knowing not the *guild*,
Thought they might have a claim to build,
Till Paterson, as white as milk,
As smooth as oil, as soft as silk,
In solemn manner had decreed,
That on the other side the Tweed,
Art, born and bred, and fully grown,
Was with one Mylne[9], a man unknown,
But grace, preferment, and renown
Deserving, just arriv'd in town;
One Mylne, an artist perfect quite,
Both in his own and country's right,
As fit to make a bridge, as he,
With glorious *Patavinity*,
To build inscriptions worthy found
To lie for ever under ground.
Much more, worth observation too,
Was this a season to pursue
The theme, our Muse might tell in rhyme;
The will she hath, but not the time;
For swift as shaft from Indian bow,
(And when a goddess comes, we know,

[7] Ralph Allen, esq. of Prior Park, near Bath, the correspondent of Pope, of whom Allworthy in Tom Jones is said to have been the representative.

[8] An attorney and common-council-man, supposed to have afforded some assistance at times The Monitor.

[9] The architect of Blackfriars' Bridge.

sing Nature acts prevail,
ats want neither oar nor sail)
ssel past, and reach'd the shore
:k, that Thought was scarce before.
ose we now our *city-court*
deliver'd at the port,
'their state regardless quite,
, like smuggled goods, by night;
emn magistrate laid down,
nity of robe and gown
v'ry other ensign gone,
e the woollen night-cap on:
sh-brush us'd with decent state
te the spirits circulate,
, which, to the senses true,
'rish chaplain uses too,
, something to improve the plan,
es the maid instead of man)
l, and with flannel cover'd o'er
v the vigour of threescore,
our of threescore and ten
:he proof of younger men,
e the mighty Dullman led
: two slaves, and put to bed;
e the moment he lies down,
acle in this great town,
ne as fast asleep as he
the course of Nature be,
uth for our foundation take,
p, is never half awake.
e let him sleep, whilst we survey
eparations for the day,
y, on which was to be shown
ride by *city-pride* outdone.
ealous mother sends away,
fit for childish play,
ughter, who, to gall her pride,
up too forward by her side.
wretch, of God and man accurs'd,
Hell's instruments the worst,
'orth his *pawns*, and for the day
n some spendthrift's vain array;
his awkward doxy shine
asures of Golconda's mine;
eighbour, with a jealous glare,
her folly publish'd there.
ents, well-sav'd (an anecdote
we can prove, or would not quote)
its well-sav'd, which first were made,
ailors, to promote their trade,
the *Picts* in arms arose,
ove them out, or made them clothes;
ts, immortal, without end,
mes and titles, which descend
ively from sire to son;
ts, unless some work is done
, not suffer'd to appear
nce at most in ev'ry year,
ow, in solemn form, laid bare
the benefit of air,
e they came to be employ'd
solemnity, to void
ent, which Russia's leather gave
le and impious moth to save.
head was busy, and each heart
aration bore a part.
g together all about,
vants put each other out,
grave master had decreed,
e haste, ever the worse speed;

Miss, with her little eyes half-clos'd,
Over a smuggled toilet dos'd;
The *waiting-maid*, whom story notes
A very *Scrub* in petticoats,
Hir'd for one work, but doing all,
In slumbers lean'd against the wall:
Milliners, summon'd from afar,
Arriv'd in shoals at *Temple Bar*,
Strictly commanded to import
Cart-loads of foppery from court;
With labour'd visible design
Art strove to be *superbly* fine;
Nature, more pleasing, though more wild,
Taught otherwise her *darling* child,
And cried, with spirited disdain,
Be H——— elegant and plain.
Lo! from the chambers of the East,
A welcome prelude to the feast,
In *saffron-colour'd* robe array'd,
High in a car by Vulcan made,
Who work'd for Jove himself, each steed
High mettled, of celestial breed,
Pawing and pacing all the way,
Aurora brought the wish'd-for day,
And held her empire, till outrun
By that brave jolly groom the Sun.
The trumpet—hark!—it speaks—it swells
The loud full harmony—it tells
The time at hand, when Dullman, led
By form, his citizens must head,
And march those troops, which at his call
Were now assembled, to *Guild Hall*,
On matters of importance great
To *court* and *city*, *church* and *state*.
From end to end the sound makes way,
All hear the signal and obey;
But Dullman, who, his charge forgot,
By Morpheus fetter'd, heard it not;
Nor could, so sound he slept and fast,
Hear any trumpet, but the last.
Crape, ever true and trusty known,
Stole from the maid's bed to his own,
Then in the spirituals of pride,
Planted himself at Dullman's side.
Thrice did the ever-faithful slave,
With voice which might have reach'd the grave,
And broke Death's adamantine chain,
On Dullman call, but call'd in vain;
Thrice with an arm, which might have made
The Theban boxer curse his trade,
The drone he shook, who rear'd the head,
And *thrice* fell backward on his bed.
What could be done? Where force hath fail'd,
Policy often hath prevail'd;
And what, an inference most plain,
Had been, Crape thought might be again.
Under his pillow (still in mind
The proverb kept, *Fast bind, fast find*)
Each blessed night the keys were laid,
Which Crape to draw away assay'd.
What not the pow'r of voice or arm
Could do, this did, and broke the charm;
Quick started he with stupid stare,
For all his little soul was there.
Behold him, taken up, rubb'd down,
In elbow-chair, and morning-gown;
Behold him, in his latter bloom,
Stripp'd, wash'd, and sprinkled with perfume;
Behold him bending with the weight
Of robes and trumpery of state;

Behold him (for the maxim's true,
Whate'er we by another do,
We do ourselves; and chaplain paid,
Like slaves, in ev'ry other trade,
Had mutter'd over God knows what,
Something which he by heart had got)
Having, as usual, said his pray'rs,
Go *titter totter* to the stairs;
Behold him for descent prepare,
With one foot trembling in the air;
He *starts*, he *pauses* on the brink,
And, hard to credit, seems to *think*;
Through his whole train (the chaplain gave
The proper cue to ev'ry slave)
At once, as with infection caught,
Each *started*, *paus'd*, and *aim'd* at thought;
He turns, and they turn; big with care,
He waddles to his elbow-chair,
Squats down, and, silent for a season,
At last with Crape begins to reason:
But first of all he made a sign
That ev'ry soul, but the *divine*,
Should quit the room; in him, he knows,
He may all confidence repose.
"Crape—though I'm yet not quite awake—
Before this awful step I take,
On which my future all depends,
I ought to know my foes and friends.
By foes and friends, observe me still,
I mean not those who well or ill
Perhaps may wish me, but those who
Have 't in their power to do it too.
Now if, attentive to the state,
In too much hurry to be great,
Or through much zeal, a motive, Crape,
Deserving praise, into a scrape
I, like a fool, am got, no doubt,
I, like a wise man, should get out.
Not that, remark without replies,
I say that to get out is wise,
Or, by the very self-same rule
That to get in was like a fool:
The marrow of this argument
Must wholly rest on the event;
And therefore, which is really hard,
Against events too I must guard.
"Should things continue as they *stand*,
And Bute prevail through all the land
Without a rival, by his aid,
My fortunes in a trice are made;
Nay, honours on my zeal may smile,
And stamp me earl of some great isle:
But if, a matter of much doubt,
The present minister goes out,
Fain would I know on what pretext
I can stand fairly with the next?
For as my aim at ev'ry hour
Is to be well with those in pow'r,
And my material point of view,
Whoever's in, to be in too,
I should not, like a blockhead, choose
To gain *these* so as *those* to lose:
'Tis good in ev'ry case, you know,
To have two strings unto our bow."
As one in wonder lost, Crape view'd
His lord, who thus his speech pursu'd.
"This, my good Crape, is my grand point,
And as the times are out of joint,
The greater caution is requir'd
To bring about the point desir'd.
What I would wish to bring about,
Cannot admit a moment's doubt;
The matter in dispute, you know,
Is what we call the *quomodo*.
That be thy task."—The *rev'rend* slave,
Becoming in a moment grave,
Fix'd to the ground and rooted stood,
Just like a man cut out of wood;
Such as we see (without the least
Reflection glancing on the priest)
One or more, planted up and down,
Almost in ev'ry church in town:
He stood some minutes; then, like one
Who wish'd the matter might be done,
But could not do it, shook his head,
And thus the man of sorrow said:
"Hard is this task, too hard I swear,
By much too hard for me to bear;
Beyond expression hard my part,
Could mighty Dullman see my heart,
When he, alas! makes known a will,
Which Crape's not able to fulfil.
Was ever my obedience barr'd
By any trifling nice regard
To sense and honour? Could I reach
Thy meaning without help of speech,
At the first motion of thy eye
Did not thy faithful creature fly?
Have I not said, not what I ought,
But what by earthly master taught?
Did I e'er weigh, through duty strong,
In thy great biddings, right and wrong?
Did ever int'rest, to whom thou
Can'st not with more devotion bow,
Warp my sound faith, or will of mine
In contradiction run to thine?
Have I not, at thy table plac'd,
When business call'd aloud for haste,
Torn myself thence, yet never heard
To utter one complaining word,
And had, till thy great work was done,
All appetites as having none?
Hard is it, this great plan pursu'd
Of voluntary servitude;
Pursu'd without or shame or fear,
Through the great circle of the year;
Now to receive, in this grand hour,
Commands which lie beyond my pow'r;
Commands which baffle all my skill,
And leave me nothing but my will:
Be that accepted; let my lord
Indulgence to his slave afford;
This task, for my poor strength unfit,
Will yield to none but Dullman's wit."
With such gross incense gratified,
And turning up the lip of pride,
"*Poor* Crape"—and shook his empty head—
"*Poor puzzled* Crape," wise Dullman said,
"Of judgment weak, of sense confin'd,
For things of lower note design'd,
For things within the vulgar reach,
To run *of* errands, and to preach.
Well hast thou judg'd, that heads like mine
Cannot want help from heads like thine;
Well hast thou judg'd thyself unmeet
Of such high argument to treat;
'Twas but to try thee that I spoke,
And all I said was but a joke.
"Nor think a joke, Crape, a disgrace
Or to my person, or my place;

The wisest of the sons of men
Have deign'd to use them now and then:
The only caution, do you see,
Demanded by our dignity,
From common use and men exempt,
Is, that they may not breed contempt.
Great use they have, when in the hands
Of one, like me, who understands;
Who understands the time and place,
The persons, manner, and the grace,
Which fools neglect; so that we find,
If all the requisites are join'd,
From whence a perfect joke must spring,
A joke's a very serious thing.
" But to our business—My design,
Which gave so rough a shock to thine,
To my capacity is made
As ready as a fraud in trade,
Which like broad-cloth, I can, with ease,
Cut out in any shape I please.
" *Some*, in my circumstance, some few,
Aye, and those men of genius too,
Good men, who, without love or hate,
Whether they early rise or late,
With names uncrack'd, and credit sound,
Rise worth a hundred thousand pound,
By *threadbare* ways and means would try
To bear their point; so will not I.
New methods shall my wisdom find
To suit these matters to my mind,
So that the infidels at court,
Who make our city wits their sport,
Shall hail the honours of my reign,
And own that Dullman bears a brain.
" *Some*, in my place, to gain their ends,
Would give relations up, and friends;
Would lend a wife, who they might swear
Safely, was none the worse for wear;
Would see a daughter, yet a maid,
Into a statesman's arms betray'd;
Nay, should the girl prove coy, nor know
What daughters to a father owe,
Sooner than schemes so nobly plann'd
Should fail, themselves would lend a hand;
Would vote on one side, whilst a brother,
Properly taught, would vote on t' other;
Would ev'ry petty band forget;
The public eye be with *one* set,
In private with a *second* herd,
And be by proxy with a *third*;
Would (like a *queen*, of whom I read
The other day—her name is fled—
In a book (where, together bound,
Whittington and his cat I found,
A tale most true, and free from art,
Which all lord-mayors should have by heart)
A *queen* (O might those days begin
Afresh when queens would learn to spin)
Who wrought, and wrought, but for some plot,
The cause of which I've now forgot,
During the absence of the Sun
Undid what she by day had done)
Whilst they a double visage wear,
What's sworn by day, by night unswear.
" Such be their arts, and such perchance
May happily their ends advance:
From a new system *mine* shall spring,
A *locum-tenens* is the thing.
That's your true plan.—To obligate
The present ministers of state,
My *shadow* shall our court approach,
And bear my pow'r, and have my *coach*;
My *fine state coach*, superb to view,
A fine state coach, and paid for too;
To curry favour, and the grace
Obtain, of those who 're out of place:
In the mean time *I*—that's to say—
I proper, *I* myself—*here* stay.
" But hold—perhaps unto the nation,
Who hate the Scot's administration,
To lend my coach may seem to be
Declaring for the ministry;
For where the city-coach is, there
Is the true essence of the mayor:
Therefore (for wise men are intent
Evils at distance to prevent,
Whilst fools the evils first endure,
And then are plagu'd to seek a cure)
No *coach*—a *horse*—and free from fear
To make our *deputy* appear,
Fast on his back shall he be tied,
With two grooms marching by his side:
Then for a *horse*—through all the land,
To head our solemn city-band,
Can any one so fit be found,
As he, who in *Artill'ry-ground*,
Without a rider, noble s'ght,
Led on our bravest troops to fight?
" But first, Crape, for my honour's sake,
A tender point, inquiry make
About that *horse*, if the dispute
Is ended, or is still in suit.
For whilst a cause (observe this plan
Of justice) whether *horse* or *man*
The parties be, remains in doubt,
Till 'tis determin'd out and out,
That pow'r must tyranny appear,
Which should, *prejudging*, interfere,
And weak faint judges overawe
To bias the free course of law.
" You have my will—now quickly run,
And take care that my will be done.
In public, Crape, you must appear,
Whilst I in privacy sit here;
Here shall great Dullman sit alone,
Making this elbow-chair my throne,
And you, performing what I bid,
Do all, as if I nothing did."
Crape heard, and speeded on his way;
With him to hear was to obey.
Not without trouble, be assur'd,
A proper proxy was procur'd
To serve such infamous intent,
And such a lord to represent;
Nor could one have been found at all
On t' other side of *London Wall*.
The trumpet sounds—solemn and slow
Behold the grand procession go,
All moving on, cat after kind,
As if for motion ne'er design'd.
Constables, whom the laws admit
To keep the peace by breaking it;
Beadles, who hold the second place
By virtue of a silver mace,
Which ev'ry *Saturday* is drawn,
For use of *Sunday*, out of pawn;
Treasurers, who with empty key
Secure an empty treasury;
Churchwardens, who their course pursue
In the same state, as to their pew

Churchwardens of *Saint Marg'ret* go,
Since Pierson taught them pride and show,
Who in short transient pomp appear,
Like Almanacs chang'd ev'ry year,
Behind whom, with unbroken locks,
Charity carries the *poor's box*,
Not knowing that with private keys
They ope and shut it when they please;
Overseers, who by frauds ensure
The heavy curses of the poor;
Unclean came flocking, *bulls* and *bears*,
Like beasts into the ark, by pairs.
Portentous flaming in the van
Stalk'd the *professor* Sheridan;
A man of *wire*, a mere *pantine*,
A downright *animal machine*.
He knows alone in proper mode
How to take vengeance on an *Ode*,
And how to butcher Ammon's son
And poor *Jack Dryden* both in one.
On all occasions next the chair
He stands for service of the mayor,
And to instruct him how to use
His *a*'s and *b*'s, and *p*'s and *q*'s.
O'er *letters*, into tatters worn,
O'er *syllables*, defac'd and torn,
O'er *words* disjointed, and o'er *sense*
Left destitute of all defence,
He strides, and all the way he goes,
Wades, deep in blood, o'er *Criss-Cross-Rows*.
Before him, ev'ry *consonant*
In agonies is seen to pant;
Behind, in forms not to be known,
The ghosts of tortur'd *vowels* groan.
Next Hart and Duke, well worthy grace
And city favour, came in place.
No children can their toils engage,
Their toils are turn'd to rev'rend age.
When a *court dame*, to grace his brows
Resolv'd, is wed to city spouse,
Their aid with *madam*'s aid must join
The awkward dotard to refine,
And teach, whence truest glory flows,
Grave Sixty to turn out his toes.
Each bore in hand a kit, and each
To show how fit he was to teach
A *cit*, an *alderman*, a *mayor*,
Led in a string a *dancing bear*.
Since the revival of *Fingal*,
Custom, and Custom's all in all,
Commands that we should have regard,
On all high seasons, to the *bard*.
Great acts like these, by vulgar tongue
Profan'd, should not be said, but sung.
This place to fill, renown'd in fame,
The high and mighty Lockman [10] came;
And, ne'er forgot in Dullman's reign,
With proper order to maintain
The *uniformity* of pride,
Brought *brother* Whitehead by his side.
On horse, who proudly paw'd the ground,
And cast his fiery eye-balls round,
Snorting, and champing the rude bit,
As if, for warlike purpose fit,
His high and gen'rous blood disdain'd
To be for sports and pastimes rein'd,
Great Dymock, in his glorious station,
Paraded at the coronation.
Not so our *city* Dymock came,
Heavy, dispirited, and tame;
No mark of sense, his eyes half-clos'd,
He on a mighty *dray-horse* doz'd.
Fate never could a horse provide
So fit for such a man to ride;
Nor find a man, with strictest care,
So fit for such a horse to bear.
Hung round with instruments of death,
The sight of him would stop the breath
Of braggart Cowardice, and make
The very *court Drawcansir* quake.
With *dirks*, which, in the hands of Spite,
Do their damn'd business in the night,
From *Scotland* sent, but here display'd
Only to fill up the parade;
With *swords*, unflesh'd, of maiden hue,
Which rage or valour never drew;
With *blunderbusses*, taught to ride,
Like *pocket-pistols*, by his side,
In girdle stuck, he seem'd to be
A little moving *armory*.
One thing much wanting to complete
The sight, and make a perfect treat,
Was, that the horse (a courtesy
In horses found of high degree)
Instead of going *forward* on,
All the way *backward* should have gone.
Horses, unless they breeding lack,
Some scruple make to turn their back,
Though riders, which plain truth declares,
No scruple make of turning theirs.
Far, far apart from all the rest,
Fit only for a standing jest,
The *independent* (can you get
A better suited epithet)
The *independent* Amyand came,
All burning with the sacred flame
Of Liberty, which well he knows
On the great stock of Slav'ry grows.
Like sparrow, who, depriv'd of mate
Snatch'd by the cruel hand of Fate,
From spray to spray no more will hop,
But sits alone on the house-top,
Or like himself, when all alone
At *Croyden*, he was heard to groan,
Lifting *both* hands in the defence
Of interest and common sense;
Both hands, for as no other man
Adopted and pursu'd his plan,
The *left*-hand had been lonesome quite,
If he had not held up the *right*.
Apart he came, and fix'd his eyes
With rapture on a distant prize,
On which in letters worthy note,
There "twenty thousand pounds" was wrote:
False trap, for credit sapp'd is found
By getting twenty thousand pound.
Nay, look not thus on me, and stare,
Doubting the certainty.—To swear
In such a case I should be loth—
But Perry Cust [11] may take his oath.
In plain and decent garb array'd,
With the prim quaker, Fraud, came Trade;
Connivance, to improve the plan,
Habited like a *juryman*,

[10] John Lockman, secretary to the British Herring Fishery, author of many forgotten poems, and translator of several works from the French.

[11] See North Briton, vol. iii.

as interest prevails,
xt with measures, weights, and scales;
ı next, of hellish race,
ost damn'd, to show his face
y fear, but not by shame,
ɔ a *Jew*, like ——— came;
ɔn, Midas-like, behold
whate'er she touch'd to gold;
ɔe led by Lust, and Pride
with Ponton by her side;
ıy, demure and sad,
ents of the priesthood clad,
.isguis'd, that you might swear,
, a very priest was there;
tcy, full of ease and health,
ɔwing in *well-sav'd* wealth,
eering through a ruin'd band,
ging B——— in her hand;
ıanging down her head,
ı Highland stallion led;
loth'd in sables, with a face
itness'd sense of huge disgrace,
ɔake a deep and rooted shame
ıerself and of her name,
ɡ creeps on, and blushing feels
m War treading on her heels;
dit, shaken by the arts
with bad heads and worse hearts,
o notice of a band
ear her were ordain'd to stand,
h destroy'd by sickly fit,
istful all around for Pitt;
—at that most hallow'd name
ɪs mount into a flame,
se beats high, and each nerve strains
he cracking; through my veins
ı of life more rapid run,
me I am Freedom's son—
came next, but scarce was seen,
e sky, which appear'd serene
before, was overcast;
bestrode a *foreign* blast,
ı the *prison* of the *North*,
om deadly, storms burst forth.
ike those, in which, we're told,
forefathers warr'd of old,
rith death, six horses bear
the blank region of the air.
e for time or art to tame,
ır'd forth mingled smoke and flame
ir wide nostrils; ev'ry steed
ıat ancient savage breed
ll Geryon nurs'd; their food
ı of man, their drink his blood.
ı first horses, ill-match'd pair,
and sleek, *that* lean and bare,
-match'd riders side by side,
erty was yok'd with Pride.
ɔst strange it must appear,
r unions make it clear.
in the gall of bitterness,
ɡe, which words can ill express,
forgiving rage, which springs
alse zeal for holy things,
such robes as prophets wear,
ɔphets plac'd in Peter's chair;
ı, in characters of fire,
ntic, horrible and dire,
flam'd; where, to the view,
s appear'd a rabble crew
Of sainted devils, where all round
Vile *relics* of vile men were found,
Who, worse than devils, from the birth
Perform'd the work of Hell on Earth,
Jugglers, *inquisitors*, and *popes*,
Pointing at *axes*, *wheels*, and *ropes*,
And *engines*, fram'd on horrid plan,
Which none but the destroyer man
Could, to promote his selfish views,
Have heads to make, or hearts to use;
Bearing, to consecrate her tricks,
In her left-hand a *crucifix*,
Remembrance of our dying Lord,
And in her right a *two-edg'd sword*;
Having her brows, in impious sport,
Adorn'd with words of high import,
On earth peace, *amongst men*, good-will,
Love *bearing*, and *forbearing* still,
All wrote in the *heart's-blood* of those
Who rather death than falsehood chose;
On her breast (where, in days of yore,
When God lov'd *Jews*, the high-priest wore
Those oracles, which were decreed
T' instruct and guide the chosen seed)
Having with glory clad and strength,
The Virgin pictur'd at *full length*,
Whilst at her feet, in small portray'd,
As scarce worth notice, Christ was laid;
Came Superstition, fierce and fell,
An imp detested, e'en in Hell;
Her eye inflam'd, her face all o'er
Foully besmear'd with human gore,
O'er heaps of mangled *saints* she rode;
Fast at her heels Death proudly strode,
And grimly smil'd, well-pleas'd to see
Such havoc of mortality.
Close by her side, on mischief bent,
And urging on each bad intent
To its full bearing, savage, wild,
The mother fit of such a child,
Striving the empire to advance
Of sin and death, came Ignorance.
With looks, where dread command was plac'd,
And sov'reign pow'r by pride disgrac'd,
Where loudly witnessing a mind
Of savage more than human kind,
Not choosing to be lov'd, but fear'd,
Mocking at right, Misrule appear'd.
With eyeballs glaring fiery red
Enough to strike beholders dead,
Gnashing his teeth, and in a flood
Pouring corruption forth and blood
From his chaf'd jaws; without remorse
Whipping, and spurring on his horse,
Whose sides, in their own blood embay'd,
E'en to the bone were open laid,
Came Tyranny; disdaining Awe,
And trampling over *Sense* and *Law*.
One thing and only one he knew,
One object only would pursue,
Though less (so low doth passion bring)
Than man, he would be more than king.
With ev'ry argument and art
Which might corrupt the head and heart,
Soothing the frenzy of his mind,
Companion meet, was Flatt'ry join'd.
Winning his carriage, ev'ry look
Employ'd, whilst it conceal'd a hook;
When simple most, most to be fear'd;
Most crafty when no craft appear'd;

His tales no man like him could tell;
His words, which melted as they fell,
Might e'en a hypocrite deceive,
And make an infidel believe,
Wantonly cheating o'er and o'er
Those who had cheated been before:
Such Flatt'ry came in evil hour,
Pois'ning the royal ear of Pow'r,
And, grown by *prostitution* great,
Would be first minister of state.
Within the chariot, all alone,
High seated on a kind of throne,
With pebbles grac'd, a figure came,
Whom Justice would, but dare not, name.
Hard times when Justice, without fear,
Dare not bring forth to public ear
The names of those, who dare offend
'Gainst Justice, and pervert her end:
But, if the Muse afford me grace,
Description shall supply the place.
In *foreign* garments he was clad:
Sage ermine o'er the glossy *plaid*
Cast rev'rend honour; on his heart,
Wrought by the curious hand of Art,
In silver wrought, and brighter far
Than heav'nly or than earthly star,
Shone a *white rose*, the emblem dear
Of him he ever must revere;
Of that dread lord, who with his host
Of faithful native rebels lost,
Like those black spirits doom'd to Hell,
At once from pow'r and virtue fell;
Around his clouded brows was plac'd
A *bonnet*, most superbly grac'd
With mighty *thistles*, nor forgot
The sacred motto, *Touch me not.*
In the right hand a sword he bore
Harder than adamant, and more
Fatal than winds, which from the mouth
Of the rough North invade the South:
The reeking blade to view presents
The blood of helpless innocents;
And on the hilt, as meek become
As lambs before the shearers dumb,
With downcast eye, and solemn show
Of deep unutterable woe,
Mourning the time when Freedom reign'd,
Fast to a rock was Justice chain'd.
In his left hand, in wax imprest,
With bells and gewgaws idly drest,
An *image*, cast in baby mould,
He held, and seem'd o'erjoy'd to hold.
On this he fix'd his eyes, to this
Bowing he gave the loyal kiss,
And, for rebellion fully ripe,
Seem'd to desire the antitype.
What if to that *Pretender's* foes
His greatness, nay, his life he owes,
Shall common obligations bind,
And shake his constancy of mind?
Scorning such weak and petty chains,
Faithful to James he still remains,
Though he the friend of George appear:
Dissimulation's virtue here.
Jealous and mean, he with a frown
Would awe, and keep all merit down,
Nor would to Truth and Justice bend,
Unless *out-bullied* by his *friend:*
Brave with the coward, with the brave
He is himself a coward slave;
Aw'd by his fears, he has no heart
To take a great and open part;
Mines in a subtle train he springs,
And, secret, saps the ears of kings;
But not e'en there continues firm
'Gainst the resistance of a worm:
Born in a country, *where the will*
Of one is law to all, he still
Retain'd th' infection, with full aim
To spread it wheresoe'er he came;
Freedom he hated, *Law* defied,
The prostitute of Pow'r and Pride:
Law he with ease explains away,
And leads bewilder'd Sense astray;
Much to the credit of his brain
Puzzles the cause he can't maintain,
Proceeds on most familiar grounds,
And, where he can't convince, confounds;
Talents of rarest stamp and size,
To Nature false, he misapplies,
And turns to poison what was sent
For purposes of nourishment.
Paleness, not such as on his wings
The messenger of sickness brings,
But such as takes its coward rise
From conscious baseness, conscious vice,
O'erspread his cheeks; *Disdain* and *Pride*,
To upstart fortunes ever tied,
Scowl'd on his brow; within his eye,
Insidious, lurking like a spy
To Caution principled by Fear,
Not daring open to appear,
Lodg'd covert *Mischief; Passion* hung
On his lip quiv'ring; on his tongue
Fraud dwelt at large; within his breast
All that makes villain found a nest,
All that, on Hell's completest plan,
E'er join'd to damn the heart of man.
Soon as the car reach'd land, he rose,
And with a look which might have froze
The heart's best blood, which was enough,
Had hearts been made of sterner stuff
In cities than elsewhere, to make
The very stoutest quail and quake,
He cast his baleful eyes around.
Fix'd without motion to the ground,
Fear waiting on surprise, all stood,
And horrour chill'd their curdled blood:
No more they thought of *pomp*, no more
(For they had seen his face before)
Of *Law* they thought; the cause forgot,
Whether it was or ghost, or plot,
Which drew them there. They all stood more
Like statues than they were before.
What could be done? Could art, could force,
Or both, direct a proper course
To make this savage monster tame,
Or send him back the way he came?
What neither art, nor force, nor both
Could do, a *lord* of foreign growth,
A lord to that base wretch allied
In country, not in vice and pride,
Effected: from the self-same land,
(Bad news for our blaspheming band
Of scribblers, but deserving note)
The poison came, and antidote.
Abash'd the monster hung his head;
And like an empty vision fled;
His train, like virgin snows which run,
Kiss'd by the burning bawdy Sun,

ck streams, dissolv'd in air;
from absence seem'd more fair,
iling, freed from slavish Awe;
Liberty, and Law,
t of the galling chain,
: of Pow'r, resum'd their reign;
ing with the glorious flame
: virtue, Mansfield came.

THE CONFERENCE.

iid in form, which sceptics must agree,
ey are told that grace was said by me;
ants gone, to break the scurvy jest
round landlord, and his thread-bare guest;
ng" gone round, my lady too withdrawn,
, in usual taste, began to yawn,
ng backward in his elbow-chair,
insipid kind of stupid stare,
his teeth, twirling his seals about—
ill, you have a poem coming out.
ay best wishes; but I really fear
se in general is too severe;
t seems her int'rest to oppose,
e she makes one friend, makes twenty foes."
ir lordship's fears are just, I feel their force,
feel it as a thing of course.
whose hardy spirit shall engage
he vices of a guilty age,
st setting forward ought to know,
ry rogue he meets must be his foe;
rude breath of Satire will provoke
ho feel, and more who fear the stroke.
l the partial rage of selfish men
bborn Justice wrench the righteous pen,
I not my settled course pursue,
my foes are foes to Virtue too?
at is this boasted Virtue, taught in schools,
drawn from antiquated rules?
her use? Point out one wholesome end:
hurt foes, or can she make a friend?
om long fasts fierce appetites arise,
same Virtue stifle Nature's cries?
the pittance of a meal afford,
see welcome to one great man's board?
rthern winds the rough December arm
st and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
ou dismiss the hard unfeeling dun
y saying, thou art Virtue's son?
se blund'ring statesmen sent to jail,
nsfield take this Virtue for thy bail?
t not, the name is in disgrace,
nd Temple now are out of place.
hen this meteor, whose delusive ray
alth and honour leads thee far astray.
tue means, let Reason use her eyes,
with fools, and int'rest with the wise.
: thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
ly triumph in so mean a name:
er wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
e to Virtue poverty and scorn.
lence be thy guide; who doth not know
lom Prudence can with Virtue go?
ccessful try thy utmost force,
ue follows as a thing of course.
who knows not Hirco? stains the bed
tind master who first gave him bread,
Scatters the seeds of discord through the land,
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone,
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son:
What mortal in his senses can endure
The name of Hirco, for the wretch is poor!
"Let him hang, drown, starve, on a dunghill rot,
By all detested live, and die forgot;
Let him, a poor return, in ev'ry breath
Feel all Death's pains, yet be whole years in death,"
Is now the gen'ral cry we all pursue:
Let Fortune change, and Prudence changes too;
Supple and pliant a new system feels,
Throws up her cap, and spaniels at his heels;
"Long live great Hirco," cries, by int'rest taught,
"And let his foes, though I prove one, be nought."

C. Peace to such men, if such men can have peace,
Let their possessions, let their state increase;
Let their base services in courts strike root,
And in the season bring forth golden fruit;
I envy not: let those who have the will,
And, with so little spirit, so much skill,
With such vile instruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honest man dares starve.

L. These stale conceits thrown off, let us advance
For once to real life, and quit romance.
Starve! pretty talking! but I fain would view
That man, that honest man, would do it too.
Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the sky,
And dart from pole to pole thy strengthen'd eye,
Through all that space you shall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on such a plan.
Cowards in calms will say, what in a storm
The brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, spite of all you've said,
You'd give your honour for a crust of bread.

C. What proof might do, what hunger might effect,
What famish'd Nature, looking with neglect
On all she once held dear, what fear, at strife
With fainting Virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shudd'ring at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear,
Trusting to Fate, I neither know nor care.

Once, at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
Those wounds, which Fate severely hath decreed,
Mention'd or thought of, must for ever bleed;
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man,
Which brings such mighty aid to Virtue's plan;
Once, aw'd by Fortune's most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith; till one, a friend indeed,
May all distress find such in time of need!
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By Virtue guided, and by Wisdom taught,
Image of him whom Christians should adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to shore.

Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for some little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in swerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools,
Plac'd above want, shall abject thirst of wealth
So fiercely war 'gainst my soul's dearest health,
That, as a boon, I should base shackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myself a slave;

That I should in the train of those appear,
Whom Honour cannot love, nor Manhood fear?
That I no longer skulk from street to street,
Afraid lest duns assail, and bailiffs meet;
That I from place to place this carcass bear,
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the awkward friend,
Whose very obligations must offend,
Nor, all too forward, with impatience burn,
At suff'ring favours which I can't return;
That, from dependence and from pride secure,
I am not plac'd so high to scorn the poor,
Nor yet so low, that I my lord should fear,
Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer;
That, whilst sage Prudence my pursuits confirms,
I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
That, kind to others, to myself most true,
Feeling no want, I comfort those who do,
And with the will have power to aid distress:
These, and what other blessings I possess,
From the indulgence of the public rise;
All private patronage my soul defies.
By candour more inclin'd to save, than damn,
A gen'rous PUBLIC made me what I am.
All that I have, they gave; just Mem'ry bears
The grateful stamp, and what I am is theirs.
L. To feign a red-hot zeal for Freedom's cause,
To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,
For public good to bellow all abroad,
Serves well the purposes of private fraud.
Prudence by public good intends her own;
If you mean otherwise, you stand alone.
What do we mean by country and by court?
What is it to oppose, what to support?
Mere words of course, and what is more absurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word?
Majors and minors differ but in name,
Patriots and ministers are much the same;
The only diff'rence, after all their rout,
Is, that the one is *in*, the other *out*.
Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
The same grand leading principle in all.
Whate'er we talk of wisdom to the wise,
Of goodness to the good, of public ties
Which to our country link, of private bands
Which claim most dear attention at our hands,
For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our first great mover, and our last great end,
Is one, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, Self, is all in all.
This, which unwilling Faction shall admit,
Guided in diff'rent ways a Bute and Pitt,
Made tyrants break, made kings observe the law,
And gave the world a Stuart and Nassau.
Hath Nature (strange and wild conceit of pride)
Distinguish'd thee from all her sons beside?
Doth virtue in thy bosom brighter glow,
Or from a spring more pure doth action flow?
Is not thy soul bound with those very chains
Which shackle us; or is that Self, which reigns
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we see
Most strong and sov'reign, only weak in thee?
Fond man, believe it not; experience tells
'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride rebels.
Think (and for once lay by thy lawless pen)
Think, and confess thyself like other men;
Think but one hour, and, to thy conscience led
By Reason's hand, bow down and hang thy head;
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyself now, and own with strictest truth,
That Self hath drawn thee from fair Virtue's way
Further than Folly would have dar'd to stray,
And that the talents lib'ral Nature gave
To make thee free, have made thee more a slave.
Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
Of toys, which have so long abus'd thy brain,
And captive led thy pow'rs; with boundless will
Let Self maintain her state and empire still,
But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculties and force of thought
To things of higher daring; let her range
Through better pastures, and learn how to change;
Let her, no longer to weak Faction tied,
Wisely revolt, and join our stronger side.
C. Ah! what, my lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? Why to view
Would you thus cruelly those scenes unfold,
Which, without pain and horrour to behold,
Must speak me something more or less than man;
Which friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul.
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home,
No—'tis the tale which angry Conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horrour swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern, but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review;
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late Remorse awake at Reason's call;
Arm'd at all points bids scorpion Vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up Reflection's glass;
The mind, which, starting, heaves the heartfelt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own.
Enough of this—let private sorrows rest—
As to the public I dare stand the test;
Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above
The good of England, and my country's love.
Stranger to party-rage, by Reason's voice,
Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
Not all the tyrant pow'rs of Earth combin'd,
No, nor of Hell, shall make me change my mind.
What! herd with men my honest soul disdains,
Men who, with servile zeal, are forging chains
For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand,
To spread destruction o'er my native land.
What! shall I not, e'en to my latest breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,
Exert that little strength which Nature gave,
And boldly stem, or perish in the wave?
L. When I look backward for some fifty years,
And see *protesting* patriots turn to peers;
Hear men, most loose, for decency declaim,
And talk of character without a name;
See infidels assert the cause of God,
And meek divines wield Persecution's rod;
See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
See Whitehead[1] take a place, Ralph[2] change his pen,

[1] Paul Whitehead.
[2] James Ralph. See lord Melcombe's Diary.

zeal, and deem the men in sport,
t ministers, and curse a court.
;hty as thou art, and proud in rhyme,
preferment, offer'd at a time
ne sleeps, some sacrifice to pride,
ir victim, move to change thy side.
these eyes behold, to health restor'd,
'rudence bids, bold Satire's sword,
r present friends, and praising those,
r thy frenzy holds thy greatest foes.
I (can worse disgrace on manhood fall?)
Whitehead, and baptiz'd a Paul;
ugh to his service deeply tied
oaths, and now by will allied)
feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
s name for some base private end;
it thought bids double horrours roll
ck spirits, and unmans my soul)
irtue which I held most dear,
ust hold: may I, through abject fear,
friend; may to succeeding times,
n plates of adamant, my crimes
ing forth, whilst mark'd with envious blot,
act of virtue is forgot;
e evils which, to stamp men curs'd,
in store for vengeance, may the worst
ıy head, and in my day of woe,
he cup of bitterness o'erflow,
icorn'd by ev'ry man of worth,
ke Cain, a vagabond on Earth,
out a Hell in my own mind,
cotland for my life confin'd,
e among the many known,
ilburne fled, and Calcraft blush'd to own.
ou reflect what men you make your foes?
and that's the reason I oppose.
ıave made, whom Envy must commend,
e foe, whom I would wish a friend.
n thousand Butes and Hollands bawl,
s hath made a large amends for all.
the title, whether handed down
to age, or flowing from the crown
streams on recent men, who came
s unknown, and sires without a name;
e *star*, which our great Edward gave
he virtuous, and reward the brave,
thout, whilst a base heart within
) the core with filth and sin;
e tinsel grandeur, taught to wait,
's call, to mark a fool of state
of lesser note, that soul can awe
de is reason, whose defence is law.
ose (a thing scarce possible in art,
y cue to play a common part;)
ıy writings so well fenc'd in law,
m[3] cannot find, nor make a flaw,
not heard, that 'mongst our ancient tribes,
warpt, or lull'd asleep by bribes,
ing at the ruffian hand of Force,
suspended stood, or chang'd its course?
sur'd, that, for destruction ripe,
'st not smart beneath the self-same gripe?
tion hast thou, frantic in thy rhymes,
hy freedom to secure?.....

....*C.* The times.
law, a system great and good,
ı penn'd, and bought by noblest blood,

Fletcher Norton, attorney-general.

My faith relies: by wicked men and vain,
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.
No, on our great Law-giver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to her proper end;
Whose royalty of nature blazes out
So fierce, 'twere sin to entertain a doubt—
Did tyrant Stuarts now the laws dispense,
(Blest be the hour and hand which sent them hence)
For something, or for nothing, for a word,
Or thought, I might be doom'd to death, *unheard.*
Life we might all resign to lawless pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchase of an hour;
But Envy ne'er shall fix so foul a stain
On the fair annals of a Brunswick's reign.
If, slave to party, to revenge, or pride,
If, by frail human errour drawn aside,
I break the law, strict rigour let her wear;
'Tis her's to punish, and 'tis mine to bear;
Nor by the voice of Justice doom'd to death,
Would I ask mercy with my latest breath.
But, anxious only for my country's good,
In which my king's, *of course*, is understood;
Form'd on a plan with some few patriot friends,
Whilst by just means I aim at noblest ends,
My spirits cannot sink; though from the tomb
Stern Jeffries should be plac'd in Mansfield's room;
Though he should bring, his base designs to aid,
Some *black attorney*, for his purpose made,
And shove, whilst Decency and Law retreat,
The modest Norton from his maiden seat;
Though both, in all confed'rates, should agree,
In damned league, to torture law and me,
Whilst George is king, I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty, is to be secure.
But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
That day) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his fathers, should imperious Fate,
In vengeance, with fresh Stuarts curse our state;
Should they, o'erleaping ev'ry fence of law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they, by brutal and oppressive force,
Divert sweet Justice from her even course;
Should they, of ev'ry other means bereft,
Make my right-hand a witness 'gainst my left;
Should they, abroad by Inquisitions taught,
Search out my soul, and damn me for a thought;
Still would I keep my course, still speak, still write,
Till Death had plung'd me in the shades of night.
Thou God of *Truth*, thou great, all-searching eye,
To whom our thoughts, our spirits open lie,
Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour,
(Should it e'er come) when Law submits to Pow'r,
With firm resolve my steady bosom steel,
Bravely to suffer, though I deeply feel.
Let me, as hitherto, still draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death;
And, if Oppression brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, she ne'er shall mark a slave.
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unseemly word;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier,
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear.
Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on Nature's noblest plan,
Who lives to Reason, and who dies a Man.

THE AUTHOR.

Accurs'd the man, whom Fate ordains in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!
What need of letters? Wherefore should we spell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well.
Much are the precious hours of youth misspent,
In climbing Learning's rugged steep ascent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren spot,
Whilst in the *vale* of *Ignorance* below,
Folly and Vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on ev'ry side,
And proud Preferment rolls her golden tide.
O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For seven long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praise each senior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail,
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whose merit is his place;
Vice-chancellors, whose knowledge is but small,
And chancellors, who nothing know at all:
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit in those days
When learning was the certain road to praise,
When nobles, with a love of science blest,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd.
But *now*, when Dullness rears aloft her throne,
When lordly vassals her wide empire own,
When Wit, seduc'd by Envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with Ignorance and Pride,
What *now* should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread;
To bear those labours, which our fathers bore,
That crown withheld, which they in triumph wore?
When with much pains this boasted learning's got,
'Tis an affront to those who have it not.
In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at school;
The elder brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;
Dependent brethren the same features wear,
And younger sons are stupid as the heir.
In senates, at the bar, in church and state,
Genius is vile, and learning out of date.
Is this—O death to think! is this the land
Where Merit and Reward went hand in hand,
Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd,
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their patrons sanctify'd their praise?
Is this the land, where, on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, description hung;
Where Jonson rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilst Reason through her critic fences smil'd;
Where Nature list'ning stood, whilst Shakspeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made?
Is this the land, where, mindful of her charge
And office high, fair Freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of sense;
Where Health and Honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of Sorrow wear a smile;
Bade those, who dare obey the gen'rous call,
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
Is this the land, where in some tyrant's reign,
When a *weak, wicked, ministerial* train,
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
Their country's ruin, and with bribes unmann'd
Those wretches, who, ordain'd in Freedom's cause,
Gave up their liberties, and sold our laws;
When Pow'r was taught by Meanness where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;
When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her sores Corruption spread,
Her iron arm when stern Oppression rear'd,
And Virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
The scourge of Vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor Freedom bow'd the neck to Slav'ry's chain;
Is this the land, where in those worst of times,
The hardy poet rais'd his honest rhymes
To dread rebuke, and bade centrolment speak
In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek,
Bade Pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the Muse, who fear'd not law?
How do I laugh, when men of narrow souls,
Whom folly guides, and prejudice controls;
Who, one dull drowsy track of business trod,
Worship their Mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
Who, form'd to dullness from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to gospel truth,
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their stock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when creatures, form'd like these,
Whom Reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime,
And hold not truth as truth, if told in rhyme?
How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary grown
In zeal for Scotland's welfare, and his own,
By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
Too mean (the worst of curses Heav'n can send)
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring Muse
Subjects more equal to her weakness choose;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
Nor dare to traffic in ambitious strains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim
In quaint-wrought ode, or sonnet pertly trim,
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Mason on the first of May?
"All sacred is the name and pow'r of kings,
All states and statesmen are those mighty things
Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll,
Were never made for poets to control."
Peace, peace, thou dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blasphemé:
I tell thee, wretch, search all creation round,
In Earth, in Heav'n, no subject can be found
(Our God alone except) above whose weight
The poet cannot rise, and hold his state.
The blessed saints above in numbers speak
The praise of God, though there all praise is weak;
In numbers here below the bard shall teach
Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach;

· his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,
: his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
n afflicted country, aw'd by men
ı principles, demand his pen;
great, a glorious point of view,
ı English poet to pursue,
ed to pursue, though, in return,
ngs by the common hangman burn.
o I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
eir betters, and by rank disgrac'd,
nd their pride on titles which they stain,
an themselves, are of their fathers vain;
ald a bill of privilege prefer,
t a poet like a creditor,
rous ardour of the Muse condemn,
e the storm they know must break on them.
shall a reptile bard, a wretch unknown,
one badge of merit, but his own,
bles lash, and *lords*, like common men,
om the vengeance of a scribbler's pen?"
s in this name of *lord*, that I should fear
their vices to the public ear?
t the honest blood of humble swains
: the tide which swells a monarch's veins?
ıs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
nake virtues in succession flow.
: thou, proud man, be safely plac'd above
ıure of the Muse, deserve her love,
ıy birth demands, as nobles ought;
:k, and by thy worthy father taught,
a'd those honours, thou wert *born* to wear,
is steps, and be his virtues' heir.
egardless of the road to fame,
t aside, and tread the paths of shame;
hy life, that should thy sire arise,
it of such a son would blast his eyes,
nake him curse the hour which gave thee
irth,
irive him, shudd'ring, from the face of Earth
ere, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the
lead
ss night to hide his rev'rend head;
thy life, though kings had made thee more
er king a scoundrel made before;
allow thy pride a deeper spring,
God in vengeance had made thee a king,
m Virtue's wing her daring flight,
se should drag thee trembling to the light,
ıy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
.een question of the searching air.
with what pride I see the titled slave,
arts beneath the stroke which Satire gave,
at ease, and, with dishonest art,
to hide the feelings of his heart!
I laugh, when with affected air,
able through despite to keep his chair,
n his trembling lip pale anger speaks,
chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks)
: of conscience, which good men secures
l those evil moments guilt endures,
ms to laugh at those, who pay regard
vild ravings of a frantic bard.
, whilst envy and ill-humour sway
d of man, must always make her way;
bosom, with discretion fraught,
r malice worth a single thought.
: have not the will, nor fools the pow'r
her headstrong course; within the hour,
ıerself, she dies; opposing strife
r fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.
All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
I can no patent for exemption claim,
Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart;
Though pointed at myself, be Satire free;
To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."
Dissembling wretch! hence to the stoic school,
And there amongst thy brethren play the fool;
There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach;
Lives there a man, whom Satire cannot reach?
Lives there a man, who calmly can stand by,
And see his conscience ripp'd with steady eye?
When Satire flies abroad on Falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting;
But, when to Truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives.
When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
And e'en by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and stink to after-times.
Hast thou no feeling yet? Come throw off pride,
And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
S———, who from the moment of his birth,
Made human nature a reproach on Earth;
Who never dar'd, nor wish'd behind to stay,
When Folly, Vice, and Meanness led the way,
Would blush, should he be told, by Truth and Wit,
Those actions which he blush'd not to commit;
Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.
But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears Reason from her course;
Carries me back to times, when poets, bless'd
With courage, grac'd the science they profess'd;
When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood
The bad to punish, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by public virtue wrought,
The foes of freedom they to justice brought,
And dar'd expose those slaves who dar'd support
A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a court?
Ah! what are poets now? As slavish those
Who deal in verse, as those who deal in prose.
Is there an author, search the kingdom round,
In whom true worth and real spirit's found?
The slaves of booksellers, or (doom'd by Fate
To baser chains) vile pensioners of state;
Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
Which Honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud;
Others *half-palsied* only, mutes become,
And what makes Smollet write, makes Johnson dumb.
Why turns yon villain pale? Why bends his eye
Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by?
Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with Vice for Virtue's sake?
No, no—like other *worldlings*, you will find
He shifts his sails, and catches ev'ry wind.
His soul the shock of int'rest can't endure:
Give him a pension then, and sin secure.
With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid Virtue crouch, bid Vice exalt her horn,
Bid cowards thrive, put Honesty to flight,
Murphy shall prove, or try to prove it right.
Try, thou state-juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ransack the inmost closet of my heart,
Swear thou'rt my friend; by that base oath make way
Into my breast, and flatter to betray:
Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;

On authors for defence, for praise depend;
Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.
He, he shall ready stand with venal rhymes,
To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes;
To make Corruption in false colours shine,
And damn his own good name, to rescue thine.
But if thy niggard hands their gifts withhold,
And Vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well-grounded, teach,
Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What though each man of nice and juster thought,
Shunning his steps, decrees, by Honour taught,
He ne'er can be a friend, who stoops so low
To be the base betrayer of a foe;
What though, with thine together link'd, his name
Must be with thine transmitted down to shame,
To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blast thine, he 'll blast his own.
To ope the fountain whence sedition springs,
To slander government, and libel kings,
With Freedom's name to serve a present hour,
Though born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
To talk of William with insidious art,
Whilst a vile Stuart's lurking in his heart,
And, whilst mean Envy rears her loathsome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuse the dead,
Where is Shebbeare? O, let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a city coach,
The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that parade was fame, not punishment,
And that old staunch Whig, Beardmore, standing by,
Can in full court give that report the lie.
With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,
Half *Scotch*, half *English*, a declining court;
To make most glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white;
To make firm Honour tamely league with Shame,
Make Vice and Virtue differ but in name;
To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
That to be sav'd must mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call
All opposites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren stock;
He, far beyond the springs of Nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead;
He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In *wedlock's* sacred bands joins man to man;
And, to complete the whole, most strange, but true,
By some rare magic, makes them fruitful too,
Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years,
Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's *English peers*.
Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
Something which Nature shudders but to name,
Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her seat?
Dost thou contrive for some base private end,
Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,
To lure him on, e'en to his parting breath,
And promise life, to work him surer death?
Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face;
Behold, a parson at thy elbow stands,
Low'ring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward;
The atheist chaplain of an atheist lord.
Bred to the church, and for the gown decreed,
Ere it was known that I should learn to read;
Though that was nothing, for my friends, who knew
What mighty Dullness of itself could do,
Never design'd me for a working priest,
But hop'd, I should have been a dean at least;
Condemn'd (like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the service of my pen),
Condemn'd (whilst proud and pamper'd sons of lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn)
In pomp of *rev'rend beggary* to appear,
To pray, and starve on forty pounds a year;
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forsook the packhorse road,
Whilst Virtue to my conduct witness bears,
In throwing off that gown, which Francis wears.
What creature's that, so very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery and whim;
So gentle, yet so brisk; so wondrous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet,
Who looks, as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;
The villain lurks beneath the *cassock'd* beau;
That's an informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.
His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And fear alone restrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in Hell.
His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,
Are only worn to pave Fraud's easier way,
And make gull'd Virtue fall a surer prey.
Attend his church—his plan of doctrine view—
The preacher is a Christian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more;
Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,
And the vile priest is gospel to himself.
By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
(Blacow, whom by a brave resentment led,
Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlasting shame)
Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To virtue lost, to vice alone he wakes,
Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
And, whilst he rails at blasphemy, blasphemes.
Are these the arts, which policy supplies?
Are these the steps by which grave churchmen rise?
Forbid it, Heav'n; or should it turn out so,
Let me and mine continue mean and low.
Such be their arts, whom interest controls;
Kidgell and I have free and honest souls.
We scorn preferment which is gain'd by sin,
And will, though poor without, have peace within.

THE DUELLIST.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

The clock struck twelve, o'er half the globe
Darkness had spread her pitchy robe;
Morpheus, his feet with velvet shod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even-tide,
Distill'd his poppies far and wide.

:ion, who, when waking, dreams
ty, but fantastic, schemes,
ıen asleep, ne'er knows that rest
ıich the humbler soul is blest,
lding castles in the air,
:o look upon and fair,
a bad foundation laid,
at return of morn to fade.
ıtudy, by the taper's light,
: away the watch of night,
ing; but, with o'ercharg'd head,
ber'd nothing that he read.
ng midst plenty, with a face
night the court of Famine grace,
, and filthy to behold,
'rice nodded o'er his gold.
ısy, his quick eye half clos'd,
ıtchings worn, reluctant doz'd,
an Distrust not quite forgot,
'd as if he slumber'd not.
:h'd at his length on the bare ground,
ly offspring sleeping round,
estless Labour; by his side
alth, a coarse, but comely bride.
e, without the doctor's aid,
oft arms of Sleep was laid,
Vice, within the guilty breast,
ot be physic'd into rest.
bloody man! whose ruffian knife
ı against thy neighbour's life,
'er scruples to descend
bosom of a friend,
fast friend, by vice allied,
thy *secret* service tied,
n ten murders breed no awe,
rly secur'd from law.
n of lust! whom passion fires
ıst deeds, whose hot desires
ıest bars with ease make way,
deot beauty falls a prey,
indulge thy brutal flame,
ıce must be brought to shame;
st, a brave, bold sinner, bear
cest to the open air,
ıes, full blown upon thy crown,
to weigh a nation down.
nular of lust! vain man,
restless thoughts still form the plan
, which, wither'd to the root,
less nerves can't execute,
in thy marrowless, dry bones,
without enjoyment groans.
rjur'd wretch! whom falsehood clothes
:e a garment; who with oaths
fle, as with brokers, meant
e thy ev'ry vile intent,
lay's broad and searching eye
God witness to a lie,
:ming Heav'n and Earth for pelf,
ıging *friends* to save thyself.
n of Chance! whose glorious soul
four aces doom'd to roll,
ver yet with Honour caught,
poor Virtue lost one thought;
st thy *wife*, thy *children* set,
, upon a single bet,
, the desp'rate stake to try,
ıd *hereafter* on a die;
hy own private fortune lost,
me on at thy country's cost.

And, grown expert in sharping rules,
First fool'd thyself, now prey'st on fools.
Thou noble gamester, whose high place
Gives too much credit to disgrace;
Who, with the motion of a die,
Dost make a mighty island fly,
The sums, I mean, of good *French* gold
For which a mighty island sold;
Who dost *betray intelligence*,
Abuse the *dearest confidence*,
And, private fortune to create,
Most falsely play the game of state;
Who dost within the *Alley* sport
Sums, which might beggar a whole court,
And make us bankrupts all, if Care,
With good *earl* Talbot, was not there.
Thou daring infidel! whom pride
And sin have drawn from Reason's side;
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Dost wish not to believe a God;
Whose hope is founded on a plan,
Which should distract the soul of man,
And make him curse his abject birth;
Whose hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down, for worms a feast,
To rot and perish, like a beast;
Who dost, of punishment afraid,
And by thy crimes a coward made,
To ev'ry gen'rous soul a curse,
Than Hell and all her torments worse,
When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on destruction as a friend,
Choosing to crumble into dust
Rather than rise, though rise you must.
Thou hypocrite! who dost profane,
And take the patriot's name in vain,
Then most thy country's foe, when most
Of love and loyalty you boast;
Who for the filthy love of gold,
Thy friend, thy king, thy God hast sold,
And, mocking the just claim of Hell,
Were bidders found, thyself wouldst sell.
Ye villains! of whatever name,
Whatever rank, to whom the claim
Of Hell is certain, on whose lids
That worm, which never dies, forbids
Sweet sleep to fall, *come* and *behold*,
Whilst envy makes your blood run cold,
Behold, by pitiless Conscience led,
So Justice wills, that holy bed,
Where Peace her full dominion keeps,
And Innocence with Holland sleeps.
Bid Terrour, posting on the wind,
Affray the spirits of mankind,
Bid earthquakes, heaving for a vent,
Rive their concealing continent,
And, forcing an untimely birth
Through the vast bowels of the Earth,
Endeavour in her monstrous womb
At once all Nature to entomb;
Bid all that 's horrible and dire,
All that man hates and fears, conspire
To make night hideous, as they can;
Still is thy sleep, thou virtuous man,
Pure as the thoughts, which in thy breast
Inhabit, and ensure thy rest;
Still shall thy Ayliff, taught, though late,
Thy friendly justice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardian angel, spread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.

Dark was the night, by Fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations shake,
Might tear up Freedom from the root,
Destroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.
Deep Horrour held her wide domain;
The sky in sullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and through the air,
Which, op'ning, laid its bosom bare,
Loud thunders roll'd, and lightning stream'd;
The owl at Freedom's window scream'd,
The screech-owl, prophet dire, whose breath
Brings sickness, and whose note is death;
The church-yard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All sad and silent, through the gloom,
The ghosts of men, in former times
Whose public virtues were their crimes,
Indignant stalk'd; sorrow and rage
Blank'd their pale cheek; in his own age
The prop of Freedom, Hampden there
Felt after death the gen'rous care;
Sidney by grief from Heav'n was kept,
And for his brother patriot wept:
All friends of Liberty, when Fate
Prepar'd to shorten Wilkes's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.
Hail, Liberty! a glorious word,
In other countries scarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of course,
Without or energy or force;
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd, she springs,
Far, far beyond the reach of kings,
Fresh blooming from our mother Earth:
With pride and joy she owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breasts her genius burn;
Bids us with all those blessings live
Which Liberty alone can give,
Or nobly with that spirit die,
Which makes death more than victory.
Hail those old patriots, on whose tongue
Persuasion in the senate hung,
Whilst they the sacred cause maintain'd!
Hail those old chiefs, to honour train'd,
Who spread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd!
Shall men like these unmention'd sleep
Promiscuous with the common heap,
And (gratitude forbid the crime)
Be carried down the stream of time
In shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On Lethe's stream, like flags, to rot?
No—they shall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of Fame,
Founded on Honour's basis, fast
As the round Earth to ages last.
Some virtues vanish with our breath,
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himself, his scythe thrown by,
Himself lost in eternity,
An everlasting crown shall twine
To make a Wilkes and Sidney join.
But should some slave-got villain dare
Chains for his country to prepare,
And, by his birth to slav'ry broke,
Make her to feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accurs'd,
Amongst bad men be rank'd the worst;
May he be still himself, and still
Go on in vice, and perfect ill;
May his broad crimes each day increase,
Till he can't live, nor die in peace;
May he be plung'd so deep in shame
That Satan mayn't endure his name,
And hear, scarce crawling on the earth,
His children curse him from their birth;
May Liberty, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be still a slave,
Grant him what here he most requires,
And damn him with his own desires!
But should some villain, in support
And zeal for a despairing court,
Placing in craft his confidence,
And making honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepest shame,
Whilst filthy lucre is his aim;
Should such a wretch, with sword or knife,
Contriv'd to practise 'gainst the life
Of one, who, honour'd through the land,
For Freedom made a glorious stand;
Whose chief, perhaps his only crime,
Is (if plain Truth at such a time
May dare her sentiments to tell)
That he his country loves too well;
May he—but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to speak—
May he—O for a noble curse
Which might his very marrow pierce—
The general contempt engage,
And be the Martin of his age.

BOOK II.

Deep in the bosom of a wood,
Out of the road, a temple stood;
Ancient, and much the worse for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from side to side,
Menac'd destruction far and wide,
Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Rising in order, *most* unsound,
Some rotten to the heart aloof,
Seem'd to support the tott'ring roof,
But to inspection nearer laid,
Instead of giving wanted aid.
The structure, rare and curious, made
By men most famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was suffer'd into dust to fall;
Or, just to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime,
A crime, which Art would treason hold,
To mention with those names of old.
Builders, who had the pile survey'd,
And those not *Flitcrofts* [1] in their trade,
Doubted (the wise hand in a doubt
Merely sometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like churches in a brief,
Taught wisely to obtain relief

[1] Henry Flitcroft was the architect of St. Giles in the Fields, St. Olave, Southwark, &c.

h Chancery, who gives her fees
and other charities)
not, in all parts unsound,
'd, and pull'd down to the ground;
:r (though after-ages ne'er
ise a building to compare)
hey should their art employ,
to preserve, might not destroy:
an bodies, worn away,
l and hasting to decay,
the pow'r of Art despair,
those very medicines bear,
and which only, can restore,
ke them healthy as before.
berty, whose gracious smile
:ace and plenty o'er the isle,
teful ancestors, her plain
hful children, rais'd this fane.
n the front, stretch'd out in length,
Nature put forth all her strength
g eternal, lay a plain,
our brave fathers us'd to train
ns to arms, to teach the art
and steel the infant heart.
their hardy nurse, when young,
ints had knit, their nerves had strung;
ice, foe declar'd to Death,
m the time they first drew breath,
t of doctors, with plain food,
ire the channel of their blood;
n their cheeks bade colour rise,
ry sparkled in her eyes.
nstruments of husbandry,
ntempt, were all thrown by,
ttering a manly pride,
eener tools their place supplied.
rows to the head they drew;
the point their javelins flew;
asp'd the sword, they shook the spear;
thers felt a pleasing fear;
n Courage, standing by,
beheld with steady eye.
ipling, lesson'd by his sire,
hen to close, when to retire,
ear at hand, when from afar
, and was himself a war.
wives, their mothers all around,
of order, on the ground,
forth to Heav'n the pious vow,
a son's or husband's brow,
ger fingers laurel wove;
which in the sacred grove,
by Liberty, they find,
rs of conquerors to bind,
them pride and spirits, fit
a world in arms submit.
raptures did the bosom fire
oung, rugged, peasant sire,
om the toil of mimic fight,
ig with return of night,
his babe resign the breast,
iling, stroke those arms in jest,
ich hereafter he shall make
ndest heart in Gallia quake!
with what joy, what honest pride,
fond, wishing, rustic bride
er manly swain return!
her love-sick bosom burn,
on parades he was not bred,
the livery of red,

When, pleasure heightning all her charms,
She strain'd her warrior in her arms,
And begg'd, whilst love and glory fire,
A son, a son just like his sire!
Such were the men in former times,
Ere luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter punishment, who bore
Their terrours to a foreign shore;
Such were the men, who, free from dread,
By Edwards and by Henries led,
Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains;
Such were the men, when lust of pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the tyrant from those ways
On which a king should found his praise;
When stern Oppression, hand in hand
With Pride, stalk'd proudly through the land;
When weeping Justice was misled
From her fair course, and Mercy dead;
Such were the men, in virtue strong,
Who dar'd not see their country's wrong;
Who left the mattock, and the spade,
And, in the robes of War array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpless babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, swore to see
Those babes no more, or see them free;
Such were the men whom tyrant Pride
Could never fasten to his side
By threats or bribes; who, freemen born,
Chains, though of gold, beheld with scorn;
Who, free from ev'ry servile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from Law,
From that broad gen'ral law, which Sense
Made for the general defence;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependent stations rise;
Could never be to slav'ry led,
For Property was at their head;
Such were the men in days of yore,
Who, call'd by Liberty, before
Her temple on the sacred green,
In martial pastimes oft were seen—
Now seen no longer—in their stead,
To laziness and vermin bred,
A race who, strangers to the cause
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To interest, and slaves for pay.
Valour, how glorious on a plan
Of Honour founded, leads their van;
Discretion, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but resolv'd, brings up their rear,
Discretion, Valour's better half;
Dependence holds the gen'ral's staff.
In plain and homespun garb array'd,
Not for vain show, but service made,
In a green flourishing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an equipage,
In rules of *porterage* untaught,
Simplicity, not worth a groat,
For years had kept the Temple-door;
Full on his breast a glass he wore,
Through which his bosom open lay
To ev'ry one that pass'd that way.
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face
But prouder heart, his vacant place
Corruption fills, and bears the key;
No entrance now without a fee.

With belly round, and full fat face,
Which on the house reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honest glee,
The *steward* Hospitality,
Old Welcome smiling by his side,
A good old servant, often tried,
And faithful found, who kept in view
His lady's fame and int'rest too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her state aground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern use) *resign'd*.
Half-starv'd, half-starving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Detested, and detesting all,
Made up of avarice and gall,
Boasting great thrift, yet wasting more
Than ever steward did before,
Succeeded *one*, who, to engage
The praise of an exhausted age,
Assum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himself Economy.
Within the Temple, full in sight,
Where, without ceasing, day and night,
The workmen toil'd, where Labour bar'd
His brawny arm, where Art prepar'd,
In regular and even rows,
Her types, a *printing-press* arose;
Each workman knew his task, and each
Was honest and expert as Leach.
Hence Learning struck a deeper root,
And Science brought forth riper fruit;
Hence Loyalty receiv'd support,
Even when banish'd from the court;
Hence Government gain'd strength, and *hence*
Religion sought, and found defence;
Hence England's fairest fame arose,
And Liberty subdu'd her foes.
On a low, simple, turf-made throne
Rais'd by *Allegiance*, scarcely known
From her attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that equality
She wish'd to all, so far as cou'd
Safely consist with social good,
The goddess sat; around her head
A cheerful radiance Glory spread;
Courage, a youth of royal race,
Lovelily stern, possess'd a place
On her left hand, and on her right
Sat Honour, cloth'd with robes of light;
Before her Magna Charta lay,
Which some great lawyer, of his day
The Pratt, was offic'd to explain,
And make the basis of her reign;
Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breast
Two smiling twin-born infants prest;
At her feet couching, War was laid,
And with a brindled lion play'd;
Justice and Mercy, hand in hand,
Joint guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And Truth walk'd all about at large;
Health for the royal troop the feast
Prepar'd, and Virtue was high-priest.
Such was the fame our *goddess* bore,
Her Temple such in days of yore.
What changes ruthless Time presents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls lecay'd, her nodding spires,
Her altar broke, her dying fires,
Her name despis'd, her priests destroy'd,
Her friends disgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herself (by *ministerial* arts
Depriv'd e'en of the people's hearts,
Whilst they, to work her surer woe,
Feign her to monarchy a foe)
Exil'd by grief, self-doom'd to dwell
With some poor hermit in a cell,
Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If she walks forth, she walks *unknown*,
Hooted and pointed at with scorn,
As one in some strange country born.
Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of spoilers, seize her place;
With looks, which might the heart disseat,
And make life sound a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A *staunch, old blood-hound* at their head,
Who, free from virtue and from awe,
Knew none but the bad part of law,
They rov'd at large; each on his breast
Mark'd with a *grey-hound*, stood confest.
Controlment waited on their nod,
High-wielding Persecution's rod;
Confusion follow'd at their heels,
And a *cast statesman* held the seals,
Those seals, for which he dear shall pay,
When awful Justice takes her day.
The printers saw—they saw and fled—
Science declining, hung her head,
Property in despair appear'd,
And for herself destruction fear'd;
Whilst under foot the rude slaves trod
The works of men, and word of God;
Whilst, close behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,
Which he did not, nay—could not read,
A *bold, bad* man (by pow'r decreed
For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do mischief) set his mark
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the gospel stamp'd an *L*.
Liberty fled, her friends withdrew,
Her friends, a faithful, chosen few;
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame,
Clothing herself with Honour's name,
Usurp'd his station; on the throne
Which Liberty once call'd her own,
(Gods, that such mighty ills should spring
Under so great, so good a king,
So lov'd, so loving, through the arts
Of statesmen curs'd with wicked hearts!)
For ev'ry darker purpose fit,
Behold in triumph State-Craft sit.

BOOK III.

Ah me! what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a state,
Whether to strengthen or oppose!
False are his friends, and firm his foes.
How must his soul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from sin to sin!
What toils he suffers, what disgrace,
To get, and then to keep a place!
How often, whether wrong or right,
Must he in jest or earnest fight,
Risking for those both life and limb,
Who would not risk one groat for him!

:r the Temple lay a cave,
ıy some guilty, coward slave,
actions fear'd rebuke, a maze
icate and winding ways,
be found without a clue;
ssage only, known to few,
s direct led to a cell,
Fraud in secret lov'd to dwell,
ll her tools and slaves about her,
r'd lest Honesty should rout her.
dark corner, shunning sight
, and shrinking from the light,
ll, dim taper through the cell
ring, to make more horrible
e of darkness, she prepares,
g unseen, all kinds of snares,
ırious, but destructive art:
hrough the eye to catch the heart,
rs their tinsel beams afford,
tifice to trap a lord;
it for all whom Folly bred,
lumes of feathers for the head;
the hag contrives to make,
as it seems, a babe might break,
ch ambitious madmen feel
rn and sure than chains of steel;
slipp'd just underneath the knee,
ı freeman to be free;
he knew (did ever curse
nore sure than in a purse?)
by some strange and magic bands
the soul, and tie the hands.
Flatt'ry, eldest-born of Guile,
with rare skill the silken smile,
rtly cringe, the supple bow,
rate squeeze, the levee vow,
ıich, no strange or recent case,
deceive fools *out* of place.
ption (who, in former times,
ı fear or shame conceal'd her crimes,
ıt she did, contriv'd to do it
the public might not view it)
ɔtuous grown, unfit was held
r dark councils, and expell'd,
the day her business might
as safe as in the night.
ye down-bending to the ground,
; some dark and deadly wound,
a dagger, on which stood,
ı and reeking, drops of blood,
a lantern, which of yore,
on borrow'd, Guy Fawkes bore,
h, since they improv'd in trade,
n have their lanterns made,
ıtion, her whole mind
irsting, on her arm reclin'd.
rinning, at her elbow stood,
l forth instruments of blood,
ruments, which cowards choose,
of honour dare not use;
ıis lordship and his grace,
ılified for such a place,
ıny a Forbes [2], and many a Dun [3],
resolv'd, and pious son,
high bidding; each prepar'd,
ound her orders shar'd,

otch officer who challenged Mr. Wilkes.
or lunatic, who was charged with an in-
ɔ assassinate Mr. Wilkes.

Proof 'gainst remorse, to run, to fly,
And bid the destin'd victim die,
Posting on Villany's black wing,
Whether he patriot is, or king.
Oppression, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear,
Or at the most a rev'rend awe
To breed, usurp'd the garb of Law.
A book she held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fix'd, whence seem'd to rise
Joy in her breast; a book, of might
Most wonderful, which black to white
Could turn, and without help of laws,
Could make the worse the better cause.
She read, by flatt'ring hopes deceiv'd,
She wish'd, and what she wish'd, believ'd,
To make that book for ever stand
The rule of wrong through all the land;
On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was Magna Charta wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter lesson, Norton's creed.
Ready, e'en with a look, to run,
Fast as the coursers of the Sun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-starv'd greyhounds took their stand.
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a most ancient castle stood
Full in her view; the gates were barr'd,
And soldiers on the watch kept guard;
In the front, openly, in black
Was wrote, "the Tow'r;" but on the back,
Mark'd with a secretary's seal,
In bloody letters, "the Bastile."
Around a table, fully bent
On mischief of most black intent
Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer last, to work the bane
Of one firm patriot, whose heart, tied
To Honour, all their pow'r defied,
And brought those actions into light
They wish'd to have conceal'd in night,
Begot, born, bred to infamy,
A privy-council sat of three;
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour through the land of Bute.
The first (entitled to the place
Of Honour both by gown and grace,
Who never let occasion slip
To take right-hand of fellowship,
And was so proud, that should he meet
The twelve apostles in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove his Saviour from the wall;
Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride
Still go together side by side)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a stirrup for the Devil,
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount and ride behind;
Who basely fawn'd through all his life,
For *patrons* first, then for a *wife*;
Wrote *dedications* which must make
The heart of ev'ry Christian quake;
Made one man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him, as before
His God he left, and drawn by pride,
Shifted about to t' other side)
Was by his sire a parson made,
Merely to give the boy a trade;

But he himself was thereto drawn
By some faint omens of the lawn,
And on the truly Christian plan
To make himself a gentleman,
A title, in which form array'd him,
Though Fate ne'er thought on't when she made him.
The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them, as all wise men do,
With an intent, if things should turn,
Rather to temporize, than burn.
Gospel and loyalty were made
To serve the purposes of trade;
Religions are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wise,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, just like a glove;
All gods, all kings (let his great aim
Be answer'd) were to him the same.
A curate first, he read and read,
And laid in, whilst he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading such a mighty stock,
That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain
With more than she could well contain,
More than she was with spirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to thought,
And which, like ill-digested food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London, from the plough
And pulpit, how to make a bow
He try'd to learn, he grew polite,
And was the poet's parasite.
With wits conversing (and wits then
Were to be found 'mongst noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught the flame,
And would be nothing, or the same;
He drank with drunkards, liv'd with sinners,
Herded with infidels for dinners;
With such an emphasis and grace
Blasphem'd, that Potter kept not pace;
He, in the highest reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdry songs to a psalm tune;
Liv'd with men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his salvation for a smile,
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with man;
Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
And damn'd their mem'ries after death.
To prove his faith, which all admit
Is at least equal to his wit,
And make himself a man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote;
So long he wrote, and long about it,
That e'en believers 'gan to doubt it:
He wrote too of the inward light,
Though no one knew how he came by't,
And of that influencing grace,
Which in his life ne'er found a place:
He wrote too of the Holy Ghost,
Of whom no more than doth a post
He knew; nor, should an angel show him,
Would he or know, or choose to know him.
Next (for he knew 'twixt ev'ry science
There was a natural alliance)
He wrote, t' advance his Maker's praise,
Comments on rhymes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-sufficient air
Plac'd himself in the critic's chair,
Usurp'd o'er Reason full dominion,
And govern'd merely by Opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain simple man of law[4],
He arm'd dead friends[5], to vengeance true,
T' abuse the man they never knew.
Examine strictly all mankind,
Most characters are mix'd, we find;
And Vice and Virtue take their turn
In the same breast to beat and burn.
Our priest was an exception here,
Nor did one spark of grace appear,
Not one dull, dim spark in his soul;
Vice, glorious Vice possess'd the whole,
And, in her service truly warm,
He was in sin most uniform.
Injurious Satire, own at least,
One snivelling virtue in the priest,
One snivelling virtue which is plac'd,
They say, in or about the waist,
Call'd Chastity; the prudish dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his wife (and in these days
Wives seldom without reason praise)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And swears that Tom was vastly wild.
Ripen'd by a long course of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In shape scarce of the human kind;
A man, without a manly mind;
No husband, though he's truly wed;
Though on his knees a child is bred,
No father; injur'd, without end
A foe; and though oblig'd, no friend;
A heart, which virtue ne'er disgrac'd;
A head, where learning runs to waste;
A gentleman well-bred, if breeding
Rests in the article of reading;
A man of this world, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text;
A judge of genius, though confest
With not one spark of genius blest;
Amongst the first of critics plac'd,
Though free from ev'ry taint of taste;
A Christian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks;
A great divine, as lords agree,
Without the least divinity;
To crown all, in declining age,
Inflam'd with church and party rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A false saint, and true hypocrite.
Next sat a *lawyer*, often try'd
In perilous extremes; when Pride
And Pow'r, all wild and trembling, stood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood;
This bold, bad man arose to view,
And gave his hand to help them through.
Steel'd 'gainst compassion, as they past,
He saw poor Freedom breathe her last;
He saw her struggle, heard her groan,
He saw her helpless and alone,
Whelm'd in that storm, which, fear'd and prais
By slaves less bold, himself had rais'd.
Bred to the law, he from the first
Of all bad lawyers was the worst.
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)

[4] Thomas Edwards, esq. See Canons of C
cism.
[5] See Notes to Pope.

ers is a work of time,
ey creep on from crime to crime;
r a prodigy design'd
ead amazement o'er mankind,
d full ripen'd all at once
ect knave, and perfect dunce.
o will for him may boast of sense,
tter guard is Impudence.
nt, with ten-fold plates of brass
d, Shame never yet could pass,
the surface of his skin
for that guilt which dwelt within.
ften in contempt of laws,
nd the bottom of a cause,
rch out ev'ry rotten part,
orm into its very heart,
e ta'en briefs on false pretence,
ndertaken the defence
sting fools, whom in the end
ant to ruin, not defend?
ften, e'en in open court,
he wretch made his shame his sport,
ugh'd off, with a villain's ease,
ing up briefs, and keeping fees?
hings, as, though to roguery bred,
ruck a little villain dead.
ses, whatever their import,
dertakes, to serve a court;
by heart this rule had got,
'r can effect, what law cannot."
s be forgives, but rogues he fears;
ius, yok'd with Worth, appears,
ak soul sickens at the sight,
rives to plunge them down in night.
oud he talks, so very loud,
n angel with the crowd,
he makes Justice hang her head,
dges turn from pale to red.
all that Nature, on a plan
ntimate, makes dear to man,
t with grand and gen'ral ties
good and bad, the fool and wise,
at his heart; they knock in vain,
rance there such suitors gain.
eeling kings forsake the throne;
his feet his country groan;
perty stretch out her hands;
n plead her stronger bands;
rents, children, wife, and friends;
come 'thwart his private ends,
'd he hears the gen'ral call,
avely tramples on them all.
ill for him may cant and whine,
t weak Conscience with her line
out their ways; such starving rules
ly fit for coward fools,
who credit what priests tell,
emble at the thoughts of Hell;
rit dares contend with Grace,
eets Damnation face to face.
was our *lawyer*; by his side,
nd qualities allied,
nd counsels, sat a *third*,
h a lord. O sacred word!
l most sacred, whence men get
lege to run in debt;
e they at large exemption claim
atire, and her servant Shame;
e they, depriv'd of all her force,
bold Truth to hold her course,

Consult his person, dress, and air,
He seems, which strangers well might swear,
The master, or by *courtesy*,
The captain of a colliery.
Look at his visage, and agree
Half-hang'd he seems, just from the tree
Escap'd; a rope may sometimes break,
Or men be cut down by mistake.
He hath not virtue, (in the school
Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
Nor hath he sense (which none can doubt
Who know the man) to live without.
His life is a continued scene
Of all that's infamous and mean;
He knows not change, unless, grown nice
And delicate, from vice to vice;
Nature design'd him, in a rage,
To be the Wharton of his age,
But, having giv'n all the sin,
Forgot to put the virtues in.
To run a horse, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch,
To knock a tott'ring watchman down,
To sweat a woman of the town,
By fits to keep the peace, or break it,
In turn to give a pox, or take it,
He is, in faith, most excellent,
And in the word's most full intent,
A true choice spirit we admit;
With wits a fool, with fools a wit:
Hear him but talk, and you would swear
Obscenity herself was there;
And that Prophaneness had made choice,
By way of trump, to use his voice;
That, in all mean and low things great,
He had been bred at *Billingsgate*;
And that, ascending to the Earth
Before the season of his birth,
Blasphemy, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his mother's womb;
Too honest (for the worst of men
In forms are honest now and then)
Not to have, in the usual way,
His bills sent in; too great, to pay;
Too proud to speak to, if he meets,
The honest tradesman whom he cheats;
Too infamous to have a friend,
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or good to name; beneath whose weight
Earth groans; who hath been spar'd by Fate
Only to show, on Mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with man.
Such were the three, who, mocking sleep,
At midnight sat, in counsel deep,
Plotting destruction 'gainst a head,
Whose wisdom could not be misled;
Plotting destruction 'gainst a heart,
Which ne'er from honour would depart.
"Is he not rank'd amongst our foes?
Hath not his spirit dar'd oppose
Our dearest measures, made our name
Stand forward on the roll of shame?
Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
By scorning menaces and bribes,
And proving, that his darling cause
Is of their liberties and laws
To stand the champion? In a word,
Nor need one argument be heard
Beyond this, to awake our zeal,
To quicken our resolves, and steel

Our steady souls to bloody bent,
(Sure ruin to each dear intent,
Each flatt'ring hope) he, without fear,
Hath dar'd to make the *truth* appear."
They said, and, by resentment taught,
Each on revenge employ'd his thought;
Each, bent on mischief, rack'd his brain
To her full stretch, but rack'd in vain;
Scheme after scheme they brought to view;
All were examin'd, none would do.
When Fraud, with pleasure in her face,
Forth issu'd from her hiding-place,
And at the table where they meet,
First having blest them, took her seat.
"No trifling cause, my darling boys,
Your present thoughts and cares employs;
No common snare, no random blow
Can work the bane of such a foe:
By nature cautious as he's brave,
To *Honour* only he's a slave;
In that weak part without defence,
We must to *honour* make pretence:
That lure shall to his ruin draw
The wretch, who stands secure in law.
Nor think that I have idly plann'd
This full-ripe scheme; behold at hand,
With three months' training on his head,
An instrument, whom I have bred,
Born of these bowels, far from sight
Of Virtue's false, but glaring light,
My youngest-born, my dearest joy,
Most like myself, my darling boy.
He, never touch'd with vile remorse,
Resolv'd and crafty in his course,
Shall work our ends, complete our schemes,
Most *mine*, when most he *Honour*'s seems;
Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
So firm and full a slave of Fraud."
She said, and from each envious sou
A discontented murmur run
Around the table; all in place
Thought his full praise their own disgrace,
Wond'ring what stranger she had got,
Who had one vice that they had not.
When straight the portals open flew,
And, clad in armour, to their view
M———, *the duellist*, came forth;
All knew, and all confest his worth,
All justified, with smiles array'd,
The happy choice their dam had made.

GOTHAM.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

Far off (no matter whether *East* or *West*,
A real country, or one made in jest)
Nor yet by modern Mandevilles disgrac'd,
Nor by *map-jobbers* wretchedly misplac'd,
There lies an *island*, neither great nor small,
Which, for distinction-sake, I Gotham call.
The man who finds an unknown country out,
By giving it a name, acquires, no doubt,
A gospel title, though the people there
The pious Christian thinks not worth his care.
Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
The claim of Europe to the *western world*.
Cast by a tempest on the savage coast,
Some roving buccaneer set up a post;
A beam in proper form transversely laid,
Of his Redeemer's cross the figure made,
Of that Redeemer, with whose laws his life,
From first to last, had been one scene of strife;
His royal master's name thereon engrav'd,
Without more process, the whole race enslav'd,
Cut off that charter they from Nature drew,
And made them slaves to men they never knew.
Search ancient histories, consult records,
Under this title the most Christian lords
Hold (thanks to conscience) more than half the ball;
O'erthrow this title, they have none at all.
For never yet might any monarch dare,
Who liv'd to Truth, and breath'd a Christian air,
Pretend that Christ (who came, we all agree,
To bless his people, and to set them free)
To make a convert ever one law gave,
By which converters made him first a slave.
Spite of the glosses of a canting priest,
Who talks of charity, but means a feast;
Who recommends it (whilst he seems to feel
The holy glowings of a real zeal)
To all his hearers, as a deed of worth, [Earth,
To give them Heaven, whom they have robb'd of
Never shall one, one truly honest man,
Who, blest with Liberty, reveres her plan,
Allow one moment, that a savage sire
Could from his wretched race, for childish hire,
By a wild grant, their all, their freedom pass,
And sell his country for a bit of glass. [France,
Or grant this barb'rous right, let Spain and
In slav'ry bred, as purchasers advance,
Let them, whilst Conscience is at distance hurl'd,
With some gay bawble buy a golden world;
An Englishman, in *charter'd* Freedom born,
Shall spurn the slavish merchandise, shall scorn
To take from others, through base private views,
What he himself would rather die, than lose.
Happy the savage of those *early* times
Ere Europe's sons were known, and Europe's crimes!
Gold, cursed gold! slept in the womb of Earth,
Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth;
In full content he found the truest wealth;
In toil he found diversion, food, and health;
Stranger to ease and luxury of courts,
His sports were labours, and his labours sports;
His youth was hardy, and his old age green;
Life's morn was vig'rous, and her eve serene;
No rules he held, but what were made for use;
No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce;
False lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true;
He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.
Happy, thrice happy *now* the savage race,
Since Europe took their *gold*, and gave them *grace!*
Pastors she sends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write, with others who can't read,
And on sure grounds the gospel pile to rear,
Sends *missionary* felons ev'ry year;
Our vices, with more zeal than holy pray'rs,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs;
Her rank oppressions give them cause to rise,
Her want of prudence means, and arms supplies,
Whilst her brave rage, not satisfied with life,
Rising in blood, adopts the *scalping-knife;*
Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know
How abject is their state, how deep their woe;

ı of freedom strongly she explains,
s bows down, and loads their necks with
ains;
she plants, for her own ends imprest,
them bear the worst, and hope the best;
t she teaches on vile Int'rest's plan,
' God, the wild decrees of man,
'isees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
s them ten times more the sons of Hell.
ther do these grave reflections tend?
design'd for any, or no end?
t this—To prove, that by no act
ture made, that by no equal pact
n and man, which might, if Justice heard,
d, that by no benefits conferr'd
se made, Europe in chains can hold
f India, and her mines of gold.
d her there in an accursed hour,
and made the country her's by pow'r;
ı by Virtue's love from love of Fame,
rash folly controvert the claim,
ı thought that title overthrown,
ncides with, and involves my own.
discover'd India first; I found
to Gotham on the self-same ground:
over'd it, nor shall that plea
granted, and denied to me.
ssession, and till one more bold
s me out, will that possession hold:
ope's rights my kindred rights I twine;
he western world, be Gotham *mine*.
, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
ur voice on high, a mighty voice,
of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
of gratitude, be praises hung,
s of so great and good a king;
rchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
day, a high and holy day,
instrument of music play,
d *modern*; those which drew their birth
s laid aside) from *Pagan* earth,
those by *Christian* made and *Jew*;
wn to many, and those known to few;
ch in whim and frolic lightly float,
which swell the slow and solemn note;
ch (whilst Reason stands in wonder by)
e *complexions* laugh and others cry;
ch by some strange faculty of sound,
walls up, and raze them to the ground;
ch can tear up forests by the roots,
brutes dance like men, and men like
rtes;
ch whilst Ridicule leads up the dance,
ns of Monmouth ape the fops of France;
ch, where *lady* Dullness with *lord* mayors
lisdaining light and trifling airs,
e feast with *psalmody*; and those
nted in our churches to dispose
e mind to Heaven, are disgrac'd
; a foppish organist calls *taste*:
he fiddle (on which ev'ry fool,
on of dull sire, discharg'd from school,
apprenticeship in college ease,
hrough the *gamut* to degrees)
which (though less common, not less
et)
'd *Saint Giles's*, and more fam'd *Vine*
et,
sav'n, the utmost wish of man to grant,
n old house, and an older aunt)
Thornton, whilst Humour pointed out the road
To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode[1];
All instruments, (attend ye list'ning spheres,
Attend, ye sons of men, and hear with ears)
All instruments, (nor shall they seek one hand
Imprest from *modern* Music's *coxcomb* band)
All instruments, *self-acted*, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud but yet sweet, to the according globe,
My praises; whilst *gay* Nature, in a robe,
A *coxcomb doctor's robe*, to the full sound
Keeps time, like Boyce, and the world dances round.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Infancy, straining backward from the breast,
Techy and wayward, what he loveth best
Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while
The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,
And the fond father sits on t' other side,
Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with pride,
Shall murmur forth my name, whilst at his hand
Nurse stands interpreter, through Gotham's land.

Childhood, who like an *April* morn appears,
Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm,
In reason weak; who, wrought into a storm,
Like to the fretful bullies of the deep,
Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep;
Who, with a fev'rish appetite oppress'd,
For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd;
His trembling lash suspended in the air,
Half-bent, and stroking back his long lank hair,
Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down to prate of me.

Youth, who, fierce, fickle, insolent, and vain,
Impatient urges on to manhood's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet with a cast
Of dear regard looks back on childhood past,
In the *mid-chase*, when the hot blood runs high,
And the quick spirits mount into his eye,
When pleasure, which he deems his greatest wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health,
When the chaf'd steed tugs proudly at the rein,
And ere he starts, hath run o'er half the plain,
When, wing'd with fear, the stag flies full in view,
And in full cry the eager hounds pursue,
Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,
And e'en the *huntsman* stop to cry *Amen*.

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow
Though worlds should crack around him; on his brow
Wisdom serene, to passion giving law,
Bespeaking love, and yet commanding awe;
Dignity into grace by mildness wrought;
Courage attemper'd and refin'd by thought;
Virtue supreme enthron'd; within his breast
The image of his Maker deep impress'd;
Lord of this Earth, which trembles at his nod,
With reason bless'd, and only less than God;
Manhood, though weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
Though Honour calls in Danger's form array'd,
Though cloth'd with sackcloth, Justice in the gates,
By wicked elders chain'd, redemption waits,

[1] A burlesque ode on St. Cecilia's day, by Bonnel Thornton, performed at Ranelagh.

Manhood shall steal an hour, a little hour,
(Is 't not a little one?) to hail my pow'r.
Old age, a *second child*, by Nature curs'd
With more and greater evils than the first,
Weak, sickly, full of pains; in ev'ry breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death;
Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,
From day to day, without one day to spare;
Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,
Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself;
His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
E'en with the acting on his shatter'd brain,
Though the false registers of youth remain;
From morn to evening babbling forth vain praise
Of those rare men who liv'd in those rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young;
Dull repetitions falt'ring on his tongue,
Praising grey hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,
E'en whilst he curses Time which made him gray;
Scoffing at youth, e'en whilst he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth restor'd;
Shall for a moment, from himself set free,
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praise to me.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
Things without life shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.
The *snowdrop*, who, in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the *herald* of fair Flora's train;
The coxcomb *crocus*, flow'r of simple note,
Who by her side struts in a *herald's* coat;
The *tulip*, idly glaring to the view,
Who, though no clown, his birth from Holland drew,
Who, once full dress'd, fears from his place to stir,
The fop of flow'rs, the more of a parterre;
The *woodbine*, who her *elm* in marriage meets,
And brings her dowry in surrounding sweets;
The *lily*, silver mistress of the vale;
The *rose* of Sharon which perfumes the gale;
The *jessamine*, with which the queen of flow'rs
To charm her God adorns his fav'rite bow'rs,
Which brides, by the plain hand of Neatness drest,
Unenvied rival, wear upon their breast,
Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste
As the pure zone which circles Dian's waist;
All flow'rs, of various names, and various forms,
Which the Sun into strength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf *daisy*, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it springs,
To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the Sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
Forming a gloom, through which to spleen-struck
Religion, horrour-stamp'd, a passage finds, [minds
The *ivy* crawling o'er the hallow'd cell,
Where some old hermit's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night; the *myrtle* ever-green,
Beneath whose shade Love holds his rites unseen;
The *willow* weeping o'er the fatal wave
Where many a lover finds a wat'ry grave;
The *cypress* sacred held, when lovers mourn
Their true love snatch'd away; the *laurel* worn
By poets in old time, but destin'd now
In grief to wither on a Whitehead's brow;
The *fig*, which, large as what in India grows,
Itself a grove, gave our first parents clothes;
The *vine*, which, like a blushing new-made bride,
Clust'ring, empurples all the mountain's side;
The *yew*, which, in the place of sculptur'd stone,
Marks out the resting-place of men unknown;
The hedge-row *elm*, the *pine* of mountain race,
The *fir*, the Scotch *fir*, never out of place;
The *cedar*, whose top mates the highest cloud,
Whilst his old father Lebanon grows proud
Of such a child, and his vast body laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade;
The *oak*, when living, monarch of the wood;
The English *oak*, which, dead, commands the flood;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
The *show'rs* which make the young hills, like
young lambs,
Bound and rebound; the old hills, like old rams,
Unwieldy, jump for joy; the *streams* which glide,
Whilst Plenty marches smiling by their side,
And from their bosom rising Commerce springs;
The *winds* which rise with healing on their wings,
Before whose cleansing breath contagion flies;
The *Sun*, who, travelling in eastern skies,
Fresh, full of strength, just risen from his bed,
Though in Jove's pastures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip, can scarce make his steeds
stir,
Step by step, up the perpendicular;
Who, at the hour of eve, panting for rest,
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the west,
As fast as Jehu, oil'd for Ahab's sin,
Drove for a crown, or *post-boys* for an inn;
The *Moon*, who holds o'er night her silver reign,
Regent of tides, and mistress of the brain,
Who to her sons, those sons who own her pow'r,
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses
Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their senses;
The *stars*, who, by I know not what strange right,
Preside o'er mortals in their own despite,
Who without reason govern those, who most
(How truly, judge from thence!) of reason boast,
And, by some mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
The *moment*, *minute*, *hour*, *day*, *week*, *month*, *year*,
Morning and *eve*, as they in turn appear;

s and *minutes* which, without a crime,
omitted in accounts of time,
nitted, (proof we might afford)
by parliaments to be restor'd;
rs, which drest by turns in black and white,
d as handmaids, wait on Day and Night;
, those hours I mean when light presides,
siness in a cart with Prudence rides;
ht, those hours I mean with darkness hung,
ense speaks free, and Folly holds her tongue;
n, when Nature, rousing from her strife
eath-like sleep, awakes to second life;
, when, as unequal to the task,
rcy from her foe descends to ask;
k, in which six days are kindly given
k of Earth, and one to think of Heaven;
nths, twelve sisters all of different hue,
there appears in all a likeness too;
h a likeness, as, through Hayman's works,
annerist, in Christians, Jews, and Turks,
ith a sameness in each female face,
trange something, born of Art and Grace,
speaks them all, to vary and adorn,
rent times of the same parents born;
and all, shall in this chorus join,
umb to others' praise, be loud in mine.
ce, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
your voice on high, a mighty voice,
ce of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
ns of gratitude, be praises hung,
aises of so great and good a king;
hurchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
January, leader of the year,
bies in van, and *calves-heads* in the rear;
bruary, in whose leaden reign
ther bore a bard without a brain; [cheeks,
various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd
ler Welshmen led, and crown'd with leeks!
ith fools, and *May* with bastards blest;
ith with white roses on her rebel breast;
whom, the dog-star in her train,
ames gives oysters, and *Saint* Swithin rain;
, who, banish'd from her *Smithfield* stand,
lsea flies, with Dogget in her hand [2];
ber, when by custom (right divine)
are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine,
the priest, not so full of grace as wit,
, unbless'd, nor gives the saint a bit;
, who the cause of Freedom join'd,
ve a *second* George to bless mankind;
ber, who at once to grace our earth,
ndrew boasts, and our Augusta's [3] birth;
ber, last of months, but best, who gave
t to man, a Saviour to the slave,
, falsely grateful, man, at the full feast,
God honour, makes himself a beast;
e and all, shall in this chorus join,
umb to others' praise, be loud in mine.
ice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
your voice on high, a mighty voice,
ice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
ns of gratitude, be praises hung,
aises of so great and good a king;
hurchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
seasons as they roll; *Spring*, by her side
y and *Lent*, *Lay-folly*, and *Church-pride*,

By a rank monk to copulation led,
A tub of *sainted salt-fish* on her head;
Summer, in light, transparent gauze array'd,
Like maids of honour at a masquerade,
In bawdry gauze, for which our daughters leave
The fig, more modest, first brought up by Eve,
Panting for breath, inflam'd with lustful fires,
Yet wanting strength to perfect her desires,
Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Stops at each step, and slumbers on his feet;
Autumn, when Nature, who with sorrow feels
Her dread foe Winter treading on her heels,
Makes up in value what she wants in length,
Exerts her pow'rs, and puts forth all her strength,
Bids corn and fruits in full perfection rise,
Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without excise;
Winter, benumb'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of fur, since furs became *our own*;
A hag, who, loathing all, by all is loath'd,
With weekly, daily, hourly libels cloth'd,
Vile Faction at her heels, who, mighty grown,
Would rule the ruler, and *foreclose* the throne,
Would turn all state-affairs into a trade,
Make laws one day, the next to be unmade,
Beggar at home a people fear'd abroad,
And, force defeated, make them slaves by fraud;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king:
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
The *year*, grand circle, in whose ample round
The seasons regular and fix'd are bound,
(Who, in his course repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the same things which he had seen before;
The same *stars* keep their watch, and the same Sun
Runs in the track where he from first hath run;
The same Moon rules the night; tides ebb and flow;
Man is a puppet, and this world a show:
Their old dull follies old dull fools pursue,
And vice in nothing but in mode is new;
He ——— a lord (now fair befall that pride,
He liv'd a villain, but a lord he died)
Dashwood is *pious*, Berkeley *fix'd as fate* [4],
Sandwich (thank Heav'n!) first minister of state;
And, though by *fools* despis'd, by *saints* unbless'd,
By *friends* neglected, and by *foes* oppress'd,
Scorning the servile arts of each *court elf*,
Founded on honour, Wilkes is still *himself*)
The *year*, encirc'ed with the various train
Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign,
Shall, taking up this theme, in chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.
Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness, and on ev'ry tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?
Thus far in sport—nor let our critics hence
Who sell out monthly trash, and call it sense,
Too lightly of our present labours deem,
Or judge at random of so high a theme;

gget the celebrated comedian's badge, rowed
the first of August.
ncess Dowager of Wales.

4 A phrase used by lord Bottetourt, then Norborne Berkeley, in an address to his electors.

High is our theme, and worthy are the men
To feel the sharpest stroke of Satire's pen;
But when kind Time a proper season brings,
In serious mood to treat of serious things,
Then shall they find, disdaining idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as they.
Thus far in sport—nor let half patriots, those
Who shrink from ev'ry blast of pow'r which blows;
Who with tame Cowardice familiar grown,
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their own;
Who (lest bold truths, to do sage Prudence spite,
Should burst the portals of their lips by night,
Tremble to trust themselves one hour in sleep)
Condemn our course, and hold our caution cheap.
When brave Occasion bids, for some great end
When Honour calls the poet as a friend,
Then shall they find, that, e'en on danger's brink,
He dares to speak, what they scarce dare to think.

BOOK II.

How much mistaken are the men, who think
That all who will, without restraint, may drink,
May largely drink, e'en till their bowels burst,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beside whose streams the Muses love to dwell!
Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, music comes of course.
Little do such men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,
To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest;
To know the times when Humour on the cheek
Of Mirth may hold her sports; when Wit should speak,
And when be silent; when to use the pow'rs
Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air;
To form (which few can do, and scarcely one,
One critic in an age can find, when done)
To form a plan, to strike a grand outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture shine
A full, and perfect piece; to make coy Rhyme
Renounce her follies, and with Sense keep time;
To make proud Sense against her nature bend,
And wear the chains of Rhyme, yet call her friend.
Some fops there are, among the scribbling tribe,
Who make it all their business to *describe*,
No matter whether in, or out of place;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as coxcomb Fancy brings,
The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
Let dull *Propriety* in state preside
O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide,
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of those tame drudges, *Judgment*, *Taste*, and *Sense*,
Nor would forgive herself the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with *Person*, *Place*, and *Time*.
Let *liquid* gold emblaze the Sun at noon,
With *borrow'd* beams let silver *pale* the Moon,
Let surges *hoarse* lash the resounding shore,
Let streams *meander*, and let torrents *roar*,
Let them breed up the *melancholy* breeze
To *sigh with sighing*, *sob with sobbing trees*,
Let vales *embroid'ry* wear, let flow'rs be *ting'd*
With various *tints*, let clouds be *lac'd* or *fring'd*,
They have their wish; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they sigh for toys:
Give them the crown, the sceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the pow'r, and rule the globe.
Others there are, who, in one solemn pace,
With as much zeal as quakers rail at lace,
Railing at needful ornament, depend
On Sense to bring them to their journey's end.
They would not (Heav'n forbid!) their course delay,
Nor for a moment step out of their way,
To make the barren road those graces wear,
Which Nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.
Vain men! who, blindly thwarting Nature's plan,
Ne'er find a passage to the heart of man;
Who, bred 'mongst fogs in academic land,
Scorn ev'ry thing they do not understand;
Who, destitute of humour, wit, and taste,
Let all their little knowledge run to waste,
And frustrate each good purpose, whilst they wear
The robes of Learning with a sloven's air.
Though solid reas'ning arms each sterling line,
Though Truth declares aloud, "This work is mine,"
Vice, whilst from page to page dull morals creep,
Throws by the book, and Virtue falls asleep.
Sense, *mere*, *dull*, *formal* Sense, in this gay town
Must have some vehicle to pass her down,
Nor can she for an hour ensure her reign,
Unless she brings fair Pleasure in her train.
Let her, from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave solemnities appear,
And, with the voice of trumpets, through the streets
Deal lectures out to ev'ry one she meets,
Half who pass by are deaf, and t' other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.
Quit then, ye graver sons of letter'd Pride,
Taking for once Experience as a guide,
Quit this grand errour, this dull *college* mode;
Be your pursuits the same, but change the road;
Write, or at least appear to write with ease,
And, if you mean to profit, learn to please.
In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,
Because they wield the pen in Virtue's name.
Thrice sacred is that name, thrice bless'd the man
Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a plan!
This, in himself, himself of course must bless,
But cannot with the world promote success.
He may be strong, but with effect to speak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak;
Plain, rigid truths, which saints with comfort bear,
Will make the sinner tremble, and despair.
True Virtue acts from love, and the great end
At which she nobly aims, is to amend;
How then do those mistake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause
They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage
They make that goddess, whom they 'd have engage
Our dearest love, in hideous terrour rise!
Such may be honest, but they can't be wise.
In her own full, and perfect blaze of light,
Virtue breaks forth too strong for human sight:
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,
Shuts herself up in darkness for defence.
But, to make strong conviction deeper sink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtless think,
Like God made Man, she lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye.
In earnest most, when most she seems in jest,
She worms into, and winds around the breast;

r Vice, of Vice appears the friend,
unlike herself to gain her end.
f Sin, to while away the time
gers on their hands, of each black crime
he painful memory, and keep
t Conscience in delusive sleep,
t random, nor suspect the dart,
find it rooted in their heart.
e they give their vote, nor know at first
ing that, themselves too they have curs'd;
not, till they fall into the snares,
nto virtue unawares.
shrewd doctor, in the spleen-struck mind
gnant horrour sits, and broods o'er wind,
g drugs, and striving how to please,
insensibly, by slow degrees,
nt to those manly sports, which bind
en'd sinews, and relieve the mind;
nt feels a change as wrought by stealth,
ers on demand to find it health.
w, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rhymes
ands, and *here*, in other times,
aiting at their birth, the *midwife* Muse
all over with Castalian dews,
true Genius gave his magic pen,
t by just degrees led up to men;
, extremes well shunn'd, have steer'd be-
een
g'rous rocks, and held the golden mean:
heir works maintains her proper state,
sleeps, or labours with her weight;
kes the whole look elegant and gay,
dares from Sense to run astray:
e master's touch, so great his care,
rs boldly glow, not idly glare;
giving and receiving aid,
each other off, like light and shade,
y stealth, with so much softness blend,
to say, where they begin or end:
us charms, and neither gives offence;
fects Grace, and Grace enlivens Sense.
o the men who these high honours claim,
their souls, and to their mem'ries fame:
task, and no mean task, to teach
ce for that worth I cannot reach:
t distance, with a steady eye,
and mark their passage to the sky;
y free, applaud such rising worth,
e their Heav'n, though pinion'd down to
arth.
the pow'r, I could not have the time,
irits flow, and life is in her prime,
a sin 'gainst Pleasure, to design
methodize each thought, each line
finish, and make ev'ry grace,
charming, take new charms from place.
f books, and little known of men,
mad fit comes on, I seize the pen,
they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
they run, discharge them on the town:
de, unfinish'd brats, before their time,
into this idle world of rhyme,
poor *slattern* Muse is brought to bed
her imperfections on her head.
no life appears, no pulses play [way,
the dull dubious mass, no breath makes
eatly doubt, till for a glass they call,
the child can be baptiz'd at all:
n other grounds, objections frame,
ting that the child may have a name,
Doubt, as the sex might well a midwife pose,
Whether they should baptize it, Verse or Prose.
E'en what my masters please; bards, mild, meek
In love to critics stumble now and then. [men,
Something I do myself, and something too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do.
In the small compass of my careless page
Critics may find employment for an age;
Without my blunders they were all undone;
I twenty feed, where Mason can feed one.
When Satire stoops, unmindful of her state,
To praise the man I love, curse him I hate;
When Sense, in tides of passion borne along,
Sinking to prose, degrades the name of song;
The censor smiles, and, whilst my credit bleeds,
With as high relish on the carrion feeds
As the *proud* earl fed at a turtle feast,
Who, turn'd by gluttony to worse than beast,
Eat, till his bowels gush'd upon the floor,
Yet still eat on, and dying call'd for more.
When *loose* Digression, like a colt unbroke,
Spurning *Connection*, and her formal yoke,
Bounds through the forest, wanders far astray
From the known path, and loves to lose her way,
'Tis a full feast to all the mongrel pack
To run the rambler down, and bring her back.
When *gay* Description, Fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleasure wild,
Waking with Nature at the morning hour
To the lark's call, walks o'er the op'ning flow'r
Which largely drank all night of Heaven's fresh dew,
And like a mountain nymph of Dian's crew,
So lightly walks, she not one mark imprints,
Nor brushes off the dews, nor soils the tints;
When thus Description sports, e'en at the time
That drums should beat, and cannons roar in rhyme,
Critics can live on such a fault as that
From one month to the other, and grow fat.
Ye mighty *monthly* judges, in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conscious of the worth
Of my materials, which against your will
Oft you've confess'd, and shall confess it still;
Materials rich though rude, inflam'd with thought,
Though more by Fancy than by Judgment wrought;
Take, use them as your own, a work begin,
Which suits your genius well, and weave them in,
Fram'd for the critic loom, with critic art,
Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
Colour with colour mingling, light with shade,
To your dull taste a formal work is made,
And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
Swears it surpasses Rome, and rivals Greece.
Nor think this much, for at one single word,
Soon as the mighty critic *fiat's* heard,
Science attends their call; their pow'r is own'd;
Order takes place, and Genius is dethron'd!
Letters dance into books, defiance hurl'd
At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.
Me higher business calls, a greater plan,
Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man,
The good of man committed to my charge:
If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,
Careless of such a trust, these harmless lays
May Friendship envy, and may Folly praise;
The crown of Gotham may some Scot assume,
And vagrant Stuarts reign in Churchill's room.
O my poor people, O thou wretched earth,
To whose dear love, though not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my service deeply sworn,
How (by thy father can that thought be borne,

For monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only fathers in the best degree)
How must thy glories fade, in ev'ry land
Thy name be laugh'd to scorn, thy mighty hand
Be shorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confess'd,
Bless'd in thyself, to make thy neighbours bless'd,
Be robb'd of vigour! how must Freedom's pile,
The boast of ages, which adorns the isle,
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, secure from force and fraud,
How must that pile, by ancient wisdom rais'd
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envy'd by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one short moment into ruins fall,
Should any slip of Stuart's tyrant race,
Or bastard or legitimate, disgrace
Thy royal seat of empire! But what care,
What sorrow must be mine, what deep despair
And self-reproaches, should that hated line
Admittance gain through any fault of mine!
Curs'd be the cause whence Gotham's evils spring,
Though that curs'd cause be found in Gotham's king.

Let War, with all his needy, ruffian band,
In pomp of horrour stalk through Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood; let all her stately tow'rs
Sink in the dust; that court which now is our's
Become a den, where beasts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man;
Where yellow harvests rise, be brambles found;
Where vines now creep, let thistles curse the ground;
Dry in her thousand vallies be the rills;
Barren the cattle on her thousand hills;
Where Pow'r is plac'd, let tigers prowl for prey;
Where Justice lodges, let wild asses bray;
Let cormorants in churches make their nest,
And on the sails of commerce bitterns rest;
Be all, though princes in the Earth before,
Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more;
Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
Give me to choose, see Gotham's ruin'd state
By ills on ills thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to see a Stuart wear a crown.

Let Heav'n in vengeance arm all Nature's host,
Those servants who their Maker know, who boast
Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,
Unquestion'd, their great Master's sacred will;
Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,
And, with destruction big, o'er Gotham sweep;
Let rains rush down, till Faith with doubtful eye
Looks for the sign of Mercy in the sky;
Let Pestilence in all her horrours rise;
Where'er I turn, let Famine blast my eyes;
Let the Earth yawn, and, ere they've time to think,
In the deep gulf let all my subjects sink
Before my eyes, whilst on the verge I reel;
Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel,
Not for myself, but them, I 'll kiss the rod,
And, having own'd the justice of my God,
Myself with firmness to the ruin give,
And die with those for whom I wish'd to live.

This (but may Heaven's more merciful decrees
Ne'er tempt his servant with such ills as these)
This, or my soul deceives me, I could bear;
But that the Stuart race my crown should wear,
That crown, where, highly cherish'd, Freedom shone
Bright as the glories of the mid-day Sun;
Born and bred slaves, that they, with proud misrule,
Should make brave, free-born men, like boys at school,
To the whip crouch and tremble—O, that thought
The lab'ring brain is e'en to madness brought
By the dread vision; at the mere surmise
The througing spirits, as in tumult, rise;
My heart, as for a passage, loudly beats,
And, turn me where I will, distraction meets.

O my brave fellows, great in arts and arms,
The wonder of the Earth, whom glory warms
To high achievements, can your spirits bend
Through base control (ye never can descend
So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or let, in Freedom's seat, a Stuart reign?
If Fame, who hath for ages far and wide
Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,
The tyranny and falsehood of those lords,
Contents you not, search England's fair records,
England, where first the breath of life I drew,
Where next to Gotham my best love is due,
There once they rul'd, though crush'd by William's hand,
They rul'd no more, to curse that happy land.

The *first*, who, from his native soil remov'd,
Held England's sceptre, a tame tyrant prov'd:
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which spring
In souls of vulgar stamp to be a king;
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-fac'd tyrant with applause;
On practices most mean he rais'd his pride,
And Craft oft gave, what Wisdom oft denied.

Ne'er could he feel how truly man is blest
In blessing those around him; in his breast,
Crowded with follies, Honour found no room;
Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,
He was too proud without affronts to live,
Too timourous to punish or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in course of time,
By fair descent, been his without a crime,
He bore a mother's exile; to secure
A greater crown, he basely could endure
The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death who gave him life;
Nay, by fond fear and fond ambition led,
Struck hands with those by whom her blood was shed.

Call'd up to pow'r, scarce warm on England's throne,
He fill'd her court with beggars from his own:
Turn where you would, the eye with Scots was caught,
Or *English* knaves who would be Scotsmen thought.
To vain expense unbounded loose he gave,
The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave;
On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd,
And damn'd those senates rich, whom, poor, he prais'd:
From empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilst a daughter[5] fed,
He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on men
Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.

Lies were his playthings, parliaments his sport,
Book-worms and catamites engross'd the court:
Vain of the scholar, like all Scotsmen since,
The *pedant* scholar, he forgot the prince,
And having with some trifles stor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, or wish'd to learn the arts to reign.
Enough he knew to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the crowd;
False friend, false son, false father, and false king,
False wit, false statesman, and false ev'ry thing,

[5] The queen of Bohemia, grandmother of George the First.

e should act, he idly chose to prate,
nphlets wrote, when he should save the state.
ious, if religion holds in whim,
with all, he let all talk with him,
God's honour, but his own intent,
religion's sake but argument;
ain, if some sly, artful, *High-Dutch* slave,
n the *Jesuit* school, some precious knave
ion feign'd, than if, to peace restor'd
full soldiership, worlds hail'd him lord.
r was his wish, unbounded as his will,
w'r, without control, of doing ill.
rhat he wish'd, what he made *bishops* preach,
tesmen warrant, hung within his reach
'd not seize; Fear gave, to gall his pride,
eedom to the realm his will denied.
eaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
r treaty of his own mean arts
the dupe: peace was his coward care,
a time when Justice call'd for war:
ı he 'd draw, to prove his lack of wit,
her than unsheath the sword, submit.
airly must record, and, pleas'd to live
ne with Mercy, Justice may forgive
ms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain,
rer can forgive a Raleigh slain.
ngth (with white let Freedom mark that year)
r'd by those, whom most he wish'd to fear,
'd by those, whom most he wish'd to love,
t to answer for his faults above;
wer to that God, from whom alone
m'd to hold, and to abuse the throne;
g behind, a curse to all his line,
ody legacy of right divine.
ı many virtues which a radiance fling
private men; with few which grace a king,
eak the monarch; at the time of life
Passion holds with Reason doubtful strife,
ded Charles, by a mean sire undone,
avied virtue even in a son.
youth was froward, turbulent, and wild;
k the man up, ere he left the child;
l was eager for imperial sway,
had learn'd the lesson to obey.
nded by a fawning, flattering throng,
ent each day grew weak, and humour strong:
n was treated as a noisome weed,
l his follies let to run to seed.
t ills from such beginnings needs must spring!
lls to such a land from such a king!
ould she hope! what had she not to fear!
uckingham possess'd his youthful ear;
rd and Laud, when mounted on the throne,
s'd his love, and made him all their own;
rd and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow
nit'rous doctrines taught by Tories now:
trove t' undo him, in his turn and hour,
st with pleasure, and the last with pow'r.
king (vain thought, disgraceful to the throne!)
ll mankind were made for kings alone,
ubjects were but slaves, and what was whim
se in common men, was law in him;
with *prerogative*, which Fate decreed
rd good kings, and tyrants to mislead;
in a fair proportion, to deny
nce dares not; which to hold too high
d can wish, no coward king can dare,
ld too high, no *English* subject bear;
d by men of deep and subtle arts,
id of principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who saw his weakness, made their king their tool,
Then most a slave, when most he seem'd to rule;
Taking all public steps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by favourites, whom he called friends,
He had not strength enough of soul to find
That monarchs, meant as blessings to mankind,
Sink their great state, and stamp their fame undone,
When what was meant for all they give to one;
List'ning uxorious, whilst a woman's prate
Modell'd the church, and parcell'd out the state,
Whilst (in the state not more than women read)
High-churchmen preach'd, and turn'd his pious head;
Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes;
Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries;
Made to believe (what can't a fav'rite do?)
He heard a nation hearing one or two;
Taught by state-quacks himself secure to think,
And out of danger e'en on danger's brink;
Whilst pow'r was daily crumbling from his hand,
Whilst murmurs ran through an insulted land,
As if to sanction tyrants Heav'n was bound,
He proudly sought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
Did England, crush'd by pow'r and aw'd by fears,
Whilst proud Oppression struck at Freedom's root,
Lament her senates lost, her Hampden mute.
Illegal taxes and oppressive loans,
In spite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans;
Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
And Loyalty was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage shook the state,
New courts were rais'd to give new doctrines weight;
State-inquisitions kept the realm in awe,
And curs'd *star-chambers* made, or rul'd the law;
Juries were pack'd, and judges were unsound;
Through the whole kingdom not one Pratt was found.

From the first moments of his giddy youth
He hated senates, for they told him truth.
At length against his will compell'd to treat,
Those whom he could not fright, he strove to cheat,
With base dissembling ev'ry grievance heard,
And, often giving, often broke his word.
O where shall helpless Truth for refuge fly,
If kings, who should protect her, dare to lie?

Those who, the gen'ral good their real aim,
Sought in their country's good their monarch's fame;
Those who were anxious for his safety; those
Who were indue'd by duty to oppose;
Their truth suspected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes, and traitors to his throne;
Nor found his fatal errour till the hour
Of saving him was gone and past; till pow'r
Had shifted hands, to blast his hapless reign,
Making their faith and his repentance vain.

Hence (be that curse confin'd to Gotham's foes)
War, dread to mention, civil war arose;
All acts of outrage, and all acts of shame,
Stalk'd forth at large, disguis'd with Honour's name;
Rebellion, raising high her bloody hand,
Spread universal havoc through the land;
With zeal for party, and with passion drunk,
In public rage all private love was sunk;
Friend against friend, brother 'gainst brother stood,
And the son's weapon drank the father's blood;
Nature, aghast, and fearful lest her reign
Should last no longer, bled in ev'ry vein.

Unhappy Stuart! harshly though that name
Grates on my ear, I should have died with shame,
To see my king before his subjects stand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand;

At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
By their decrees to see that monarch bleed.
What though thy faults were many, and were great,
What though they shook the bases of the state,
In royalty secure thy person stood,
And sacred was the fountain of thy blood.
Vile ministers, who dar'd abuse their trust,
Who dar'd seduce a king to be unjust, [strong,
Vengeance, with Justice leagu'd, with Pow'r made
Had nobly crush'd: *the king could do no wrong.*
Yet grieve not, Charles, nor thy hard fortunes blame;
They took thy life, but they secur'd thy fame.
Their greater crimes made thine like specks appear,
From which the Sun in glory is not clear.
Had'st thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath
At Nature's call; had'st thou laid down in death
As in a sleep; thy name, by Justice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.
Pity, the virtue of a gen'rous soul,
Sometimes the vice, hath made thy mem'ry whole.
Misfortunes gave what Virtue could not give,
And bade, the tyrant slain, the martyr live.
Ye princes of the Earth, ye mighty few,
Who, worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue;
Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,
Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate;
Who own no law, no reason but your will,
And scorn restraint, though 'tis from doing ill;
Who of all passions groan beneath the worst,
Then only bless'd when they make others curst;
Think not for wrongs like these unscourg'd to live;
Long may ye sin, and long may Heav'n forgive:
But when ye least expect, in sorrow's day,
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay;
Nor think that vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone:
No; like some base distemper, which remains,
Transmitted from the tainted father's veins,
In the son's blood, such broad and gen'ral crimes
Shall call down vengeance e'en to latest times,
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterness and shame.
From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilst Usurpation lorded it at home,
Of majesty unmindful, forc'd to fly,
Not daring, like a king, to reign or die,
Recall'd to repossess his lawful throne
More at his people's seeking than his own,
Another Charles succeeded. In the school
Of Travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
And, like pert pupils with dull tutors sent
To shame their country on the continent,
From love of England by long absence wean'd,
From ev'ry court he ev'ry folly glean'd,
And was, so close do evil habits cling,
Till crown'd, a beggar; and when crown'd, no king.
Those grand and gen'ral pow'rs which Heav'n design'd
An instance of his mercy to mankind,
Were lost, in storms of dissipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bless a world;
Lighter than levity which strides the blast,
And of the present fond, forgets the past,
He chang'd and chang'd, but, ev'ry hope to curse,
Chang'd only from one folly to a worse;
State he resign'd to those whom state could please,
Careless of majesty, his wish was ease;
Pleasure, and pleasure only was his aim;
Kings of less wit might hunt the bubble, Fame;
Dignity, through his reign, was made a sport,
Nor dar'd Decorum show her face at court;
Morality was held a standing jest,
And Faith a necessary fraud at best;
Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
Possess'd great talents, and abus'd them too:
Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
Whate'er was loose, indecent, and profane,
(So ripe was Folly, Folly to acquit)
Stood all absolv'd in that poor bauble, Wit.
In gratitude, alas! but little read,
He let his father's servants beg their bread,
His father's faithful servants, and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.
Bad counsels he embrac'd through indolence,
Through love of ease, and not through want of sense;
He saw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them so.
Women rul'd all, and ministers of state
Were for commands at toilettes forc'd to wait;
Women, who have, as monarchs, grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at second-hand.
To make all other errours slight appear,
In mem'ry fix'd, stand Dunkirk and Tangier;
In mem'ry fix'd so deep, that Time in vain
Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain,
Amboyna stands—Gods! that a king should hold
In such high estimate vile paltry gold,
And of his duty be so careless found,
That, when the blood of subjects from the ground
For vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,
And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by,
Give Holland peace, whilst English victims groan'd,
And butcher'd subjects wander'd *unatone'd!*
O, dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all! to him, deep shame!
Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
Av'rice is that which least becomes a king.
To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
Which through his reign he little understood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
He reassum'd a bigot brother's claim;
And, having made time-serving senates bow,
Suddenly died, that brother best knew *how.*
No matter *how*—he slept amongst the dead,
And James his brother reigned in his stead.
But such a reign—so glaring an offence
In ev'ry step 'gainst freedom, law, and sense,
'Gainst all the rights of Nature's general plan,
'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,
That the relation would mere fiction seem,
The mock creation of a poet's dream,
And the poor bards would, in this sceptic age,
Appear as false as *their* historian's page.
Ambitious Folly sciz'd the seat of Wit,
Christians were forc'd by bigots to submit;
Pride without sense, without religion Zeal,
Made daring inroads on the common-weal;
Stern Persecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of kings, the power of God;
Conscience and Fame were sacrific'd to Rome,
And England wept at Freedom's sacred tomb.
Her laws despis'd, her constitution wrench'd
From its due nat'ral frame, her rights retrench'd
Beyond a coward's suffrance, conscience forc'd,
And healing justice from the crown divorc'd,
Each moment pregnant with vile acts of pow'r,
Her *patriot* bishops sentenc'd to the Tow'r,
Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stuart name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of shame,

:—but wept not long; to arms she flew,
ur's call th' avenging sword she drew,
ll her terrours on the tyrant's head,
: him in despair to beg his bread;
he (may ev'ry state in such distress
h such zeal, and meet with such success)
he (may Gotham, should my abject mind
o enslave rather than free mankind,
ıer steps, tear the proud tyrant down,
ne wear if I abuse the crown)
he (through ev'ry age, in ev'ry land,
in gold let Revolution stand)
he, secur'd in *liberty* and *law*,
hat she sought, a saviour in Nassau.

BOOK III.

fond mother from herself depart,
forget the darling of her heart,
e darling whom she bore and bred,
n her knees, and at her bosom fed?
a she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
hose life alone she seem'd to live?
n herself the mother may depart,
' forget the darling of her heart,
e darling whom she bore and bred,
n her knees, and at her bosom fed,
a she seem'd her ev'ry thought to give,
hose life alone she seem'd to live;
not forget, whilst life remains,
rs her current through these swelling veins,
Mem'ry offers up at Reason's shrine,
nnot forget that Gotham's mine.
he stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
r dismatur'd breast tear her young child;
her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
h the smiling babe against a stone?
stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
r dismatur'd breast may tear her child;
her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
h the smiling babe against a stone;
forbid it Heav'n!) but I can ne'er
of Gotham from this bosom tear;
r so far true royalty pervert
fair course, to do my people hurt.
how much ease, with how much confidence,
perior to each grosser sense,
had only, in full pow'r array'd,
fest her will, and be obey'd,
ke resolves, and pass into decrees
tions of the mind! With how much ease
resolves doth passion make a flaw,
ng to nothing what was rais'd to law!
pire young, scarce warm on Gotham's throne,
gers and the sweets of pow'r unknown,
though I scarce know why, like some
young child,
ittle senses each new toy turns wild,
I hold sweet dalliance with my crown,
ston with dominion! how lay down,
the sanction of a precedent,
most large and absolute extent;
hich from sense of public virtue spring,
at once commence a patriot king.
er the day of trial is at hand,
whole fortunes of a mighty land
'd on me, and all their weal or woe
n my good or evil conduct flow,
Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I assume that name, deserve it too?
Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble part
I'm now to play? Have I explor'd my heart,
That labyrinth of fraud, that deep dark cell,
Where, unsuspected e'en by me, may dwell
Ten thousand follies? Have I found out there
What I am fit to do, and what to bear?
Have I trac'd ev'ry passion to its rise,
Nor spar'd one lurking seed of treach'rous vice?
Have I familiar with my nature grown,
And am I fairly to myself made known?
A patriot king—Why, 'tis a name which bears
The more immediate stamp of Heav'n; which wears
The nearest, best resemblance we can show
Of God above, through all his works below.
To still the voice of Discord in the land,
To make weak Faction's discontented band,
Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,
With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey;
Like brethren in the self-same int'rests warm'd,
Like diff'rent bodies with one soul inform'd,
To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
All meaner thought, grow up in common love;
To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
That sacred balance, temperate, yet bold,
With such an equal hand, that those who fear
May yet approve, and own my justice clear;
To be a common father, to secure
The weak from violence, from pride the poor;
Vice and her sons to banish in disgrace,
To make Corruption dread to show her face;
To bid afflicted Virtue take new state,
And be at last acquainted with the great;
Of all religions to elect the best,
Nor let her priests be made a standing jest;
Rewards for worth with lib'ral hand to carve,
To love the arts, nor let the artists starve;
To make fair Plenty through the realm increase,
Give fame in war, and happiness in peace;
To see my people virtuous, great and free,
And know that all those blessings flow from me;
O 'tis a joy too exquisite, a thought
Which flatters Nature more than flatt'ry ought;
'Tis a great, glorious task, for man too hard,
But not less great, less glorious the reward,
The best reward which here to man is giv'n,
'Tis more than Earth, and little short of Heav'n;
A task (if such comparison may be)
The same in Nature, diff'ring in degree,
Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with ease, and yet performs to all.
How much do they mistake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty, who fancy that a crown,
Because it glistens, must be lin'd with down!
With outside show and vain appearance caught,
They look no further, and, by Folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind.
The gem they worship, which a crown adorns,
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
O might Reflection Folly's place supply,
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we know what woe from grandeur springs,
And learn to pity, not to envy kings.
The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,

His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his business and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour,
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.
Call'd up by health, he rises with the day,
And goes to work as if he went to play,
Whistling off toils, one half of which might make
The stoutest Atlas of a palace quake;
'Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by constant use, without complaint
He bears what we should think it death to bear;
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare;
His thirst he slakes at some pure neighb'ring brook,
Nor asks for sauce where appetite stands cook.
When the dews fall, and when the Sun retires
Behind the mountains, when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, speak supper nigh,
At distance catch and fix his longing eye,
Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-bon'd cubs enjoys that clean, coarse food,
Which, season'd with good-humour, his fond bride
'Gainst his return is happy to provide; [creeps
Then, free from care, and free from thought, he
Into his straw, and till the morning sleeps.
Not so the king—With anxious cares oppress'd,
His bosom labours, and admits not rest.
A glorious wretch, he sweats beneath the weight
Of majesty, and gives up ease for state.
E'en when his smiles, which, by the fools of pride,
Are treasur'd and preserv'd from side to side,
Fly round the court, e'en when compell'd by form,
He seems most calm, his soul is in a storm!
Care, like a spectre, seen by him alone,
With all her nest of vipers, round his throne
By day crawls full in view; when Night bids Sleep,
Sweet nurse of Nature, o'er the senses creep,
When Misery herself no more complains,
And slaves, if possible, forget their chains,
Though his sense weakens, though his eyes grow dim,
That rest which comes to all, comes not to him.
E'en at that hour, Care, tyrant Care, forbids
The dew of sleep to fall upon his lids;
From night to night she watches at his bed;
Now, as one mop'd, sits brooding o'er his head;
Anon she starts, and, borne on raven's wings,
Croaks forth aloud—"Sleep was not made for kings."
Thrice hath the Moon, who governs this vast ball,
Who rules most absolute o'er me, and all;
To whom by full conviction taught to bow,
At new, at full, I pay the duteous vow;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since (blessed be that season, for before
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more,
One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life to die and pass away)
Since I became a king, and Gotham's throne,
With full and ample pow'r, became my own;
Thrice hath the Moon her wonted course pursu'd,
Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since Sleep, kind Sleep, who like a friend supplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd these eyes.
Nor, if my toils are answer'd with success,
And I am made an instrument to bless
The people whom I love, shall I repine;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.
Mindful of that high rank in which I stand,
Of millions lord, sole ruler in the land,
Let me, and Reason shall her aid afford,
Rule my own spirit, of myself be lord.
With an ill grace that monarch wears his crown,
Who, stern and hard of nature, wears a frown
'Gainst faults in other men, yet all the while
Meets his own vices with a partial smile.
How can a king (yet on record we find
Such kings have been, such curses of mankind)
Enforce that law 'gainst some poor subject elf,
Which Conscience tells him he hath broke himself?
Can he some petty rogue to justice call
For robbing one, when he himself robs all?
Must not, unless extinguish'd, Conscience fly
Into his cheek, and blast his fading eye,
To scourge th' oppressor, when the state, distress'd
And sunk to ruin, is by him oppress'd?
Against himself doth he not sentence give?
If one must die, t' other's not fit to live.
Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,
Which takes not solid virtue for its ground;
All envy pow'r in others, and complain
Of that which they would perish to obtain.
Nor can those spirits, turbulent and bold,
Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold,
Be hush'd to peace, but when fair legal sway
Makes it their real int'rest to obey;
When kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
Not less in virtue than in pow'r excel.
Be that my object, that my constant care,
And may my soul's best wishes centre there.
Be it my task to seek, nor seek in vain,
Not only how to live, but how to reign;
And, to those virtues which from Reason spring,
And grace the man, join those which grace the king.
First (for strict duty bids my care extend
And reach to all, who on that care depend,
Bids me with servants keep a steady hand,
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
First (and that method Reason shall support)
Before I look into, and purge my court,
Before I cleanse the stable of the state,
Let me fix things which to myself relate.
That done, and all accounts well settled here,
In resolution firm, in honour clear,
Tremble, ye slaves, who dare abuse your trust,
Who dare be villains, when your king is just.
Are there, amongst those officers of state
To whom our sacred pow'r we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the realm,
Who, in our name commission'd, guide the helm;
Are there, who, trusting to our love of ease,
Oppress our subjects, wrest our just decrees,
And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,
To speak a language which they never meant;
Are there such men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in safety to their end?
Can they so much, from thoughts of danger free,
Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a statesman's tool,
And live a stranger where I ought to rule?
What, to myself and to my state unjust,
Shall I from ministers take things on trust,
And, sinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependants of my own?
Shall I, most certain source of future cares,
Not use my judgment, but depend on theirs?
Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with state,
Have nothing but the name of being great;
Attend at councils which I must not weigh;
Do what they bid; and what they dictate say;
Enrob'd, and hoisted up into my chair,
Only to be a royal cipher there?

the thought—'tis treason to my throne—
o but thinks it, could his thoughts be known,
me more, than he, who, leagu'd with Hell,
ise in arms, and 'gainst my crown rebel.
wicked statesman, whose false heart pursues
of guilt; who acts with double views,
ars a double face; whose base designs
it his monarch's throne; who undermines
hilst he seems his wishes to support;
izes all departments, packs a court,
ins an agent on the judgment-seat
en his crimes, and make his frauds complete;
odels armies, and around the throne
ffer none but creatures of his own;
us of such his baseness, well may try,
: the light to shut his master's eye,
him coop'd, and far remov'd from those,
rave and honest, dare his crimes disclose,
er let him in one place appear,
Truth, unwelcome Truth, may wound his ear.
npts like these, well weigh'd, themselves proclaim,
ilst they publish, balk their author's aim.
nust be blind, into such snares to run;
e, with open eyes must be undone.
nister of honesty and worth
ds the day to bring his actions forth;
the Sun to shine with fiercer rays,
ves that trial which must end in praise.
y the day, and seek the shades of night,
se whose actions cannot bear the light;
ish their king in ignorance to hold,
se who feel that knowledge must unfold
idden guilt, and that dark mist dispell'd
h their places and their lives are held,
n wait them, and, by Justice led,
eance fall on ev'ry traitor's head.
e of this, and caution'd 'gainst the pit
kings have oft been lost, shall I submit,
t in chains like these? Shall I give way,
ilst my helpless subjects fall a prey
'r abus'd, in ignorance sit down,
e assert the honour of my crown?
tern Rebellion, (if that odious name
elongs to those, whose only aim
eserve their country; who oppose,
ur leagu'd, none but their country's foes;
ly seek their own, and found their cause
regard for violated laws)
tern Rebellion, who no longer feels
s rebuke, a nation at her heels,
up in arms, though strong not proud,
at the palace-gate, and, calling loud
redress, presents, from Truth's fair pen,
wrongs, not to be borne by men;
ust that king be humbled, how disgrace
is royal in his name and place,
us call'd forth to answer, can advance
r plea but that of ignorance!
efence, which, was his all at stake,
nest subject well might blush to make;
source, from whence shame ever springs;
to all, but most a stain to kings.
l, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
for knowledge, rests not till inform'd:
ll not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal,
e brave passions which my subjects feel?
just excuse from ignorance flow
hose first, great duty is—To know?

Hence Ignorance—thy settled, dull, blank eye
Wou'd hurt me, though I knew no reason why—
Hence Ignorance—thy slavish shackles bind
The free-born soul, and lethargy the mind—
Of thee, begot by Pride, who look'd with scorn
On ev'ry meaner match, of thee was born
That grave inflexibility of soul,
Which Reason can't convince, nor Fear control;
Which neither arguments nor pray'rs can reach,
And nothing less than utter ruin teach—
Hence Ignorance—hence to that depth of night
Where thou wast born, where not one gleam of light
May wound thine eye—hence to some dreary cell,
Where monks with Superstition love to dwell;
Or in some college soothe thy lazy pride,
And with the heads of colleges reside;
Fit mate for Royalty thou can'st not be;
And if no mate for kings, no mate for me.

Come Study, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
Which, rushing down the mountains, o'er the plains
Spreads horrour wide, and yet, in horrour kind,
Leaves seeds of future fruitfulness behind;
Come Study—painful though thy course and slow,
Thy real worth by thy effects we know——
Parent of Knowledge, come!—Not thee I call,
Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall
Dost sit, all solemn sad, and moping weigh
Things, which when found, thy labours can't repay—
Nor, in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,
A *rod;* in t' other, gaudily array'd
A *hornbook*, gilt and letter'd; call I thee,
Who dost in form preside o'er A B C—:
Nor (siren though thou art, and thy strange charms,
As 'twere by magic, lure men to thy arms)
Do I call thee, who through a winding maze,
A labyrinth of puzzling, pleasing ways,
Dost lead us at the last to those rich plains,
Where, in full glory, real Science reigns:
Fair though thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
Though full rewards in thy possession lie
To crown man's wish, and do thy fav'rites grace,
Though (was I station'd in an humbler place)
I could be ever happy in thy sight,
Toil with thee all the day, and through the night
Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,
Fast rivetted on Science, sleep defy;
Yet (such the hardships which from empire flow)
Must I thy sweet society forego,
And to some happy rival's arms resign
Those charms, which can, alas! no more be mine.

No more, from hour to hour, from day to day,
Shall I pursue thy steps, and urge my way
Where eager love of Science calls; no more
Attempt those paths which man ne'er trod before.
No more the mountain scal'd, the desert crost,
Losing myself, nor knowing I was lost,
Travel through woods, through wilds, from morn to night,
From night to morn, yet travel with delight,
And having found thee, lay me down content,
Own all my toil well paid, my time well spent.

Farewell, ye Muses too—for such mean things
Must not presume to dwell with mighty kings—
Farewell, ye Muses—though it cuts my heart
E'en to the quick, we must for ever part.

When the fresh morn bade lusty Nature wake;
When the birds, sweetly twitt'ring through the brake,
Tun'd their soft pipes; when from the neighb'ring bloom,
Sipping the dew, each Zephyr stole perfume;

When all things with new vigour were inspir'd,
And seem'd to say they never could be tir'd;
How often have we stray'd, whilst sportive rhyme
Deceiv'd the way, and clipp'd the wings of Time,
O'er hill, o'er dale! how often laugh'd to see,
Yourselves made visible to none but me,
The clown, his work suspended, gape and stare,
And seem'd to think that I convers'd with air!
When the Sun, beating on the parched soil,
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil;
When a faint languor crept through ev'ry breast,
And things most us'd to labour, wish'd for rest;
How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,
Where safe, and fearless of the impious stroke,
Some sacred Dryad liv'd, or in some grove,
Where with capricious fingers Fancy wove
Her fairy bow'r, whilst Nature all the while
Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a smile,
Have we held converse sweet! how often laid,
Fast by the Thames, in Ham's inspiring shade,
Amongst those poets which make up your train,
And, after death, pour forth the sacred strain,
Have I, at your command, in verse grown grey,
But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay,
Which might have drawn an angel from his sphere,
And kept him from his office list'ning here.
When dreary Night, with Morpheus in her train,
Led on by Silence to resume her reign,
With darkness covering, as with a robe,
This scene of levity, blank'd half the globe;
How oft, enchanted with your heav'nly strains,
Which stole me from myself, which in soft chains
Of music bound my soul, how oft have I,
Sounds more than human floating through the sky,
Attentive sat, whilst Night, against her will,
Transported with the harmony, stood still!
How oft in raptures, which man scarce could bear,
Have I, when gone, still thought the Muses there;
Still heard their music, and, as mute as Death,
Sat all attention, drew in ev'ry breath,
Lest, breathing all too rudely, I should wound,
And mar that magic excellence of sound:
Then, Sense returning with return of day,
Have chid the Night, which fled so fast away.
Such my pursuits, and such my joys of yore,
Such were my mates, but now my mates no more.
Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for Envy sure
Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,
Would never stoop to wound my homespun lays)
With some few friends, and some small share of [praise,
Beneath oppression, undisturb'd by strife,
In peace I trod the humble vale of life.
Farewell these scenes of ease, this tranquil state;
Welcome the troubles which on empire wait.
Light toys from this day forth I disavow,
They pleas'd me once, but cannot suit me now;
To common men all common things are free,
What honours them might fix disgrace on me.
Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand
Are all engross'd, each private view withstood,
And task'd to labour for the public good;
Be this my study, to this one great end
May ev'ry thought, may ev'ry action tend.
Let me the page of History turn o'er,
Th' instructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote
Of former kings; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame; and from the sacred tomb
Where righteous monarchs sleep, where laurels bloom
Unhurt by time, let me a garland twine,
Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.
Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er those scenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a post which travels day and night;
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by false delight,
And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that monarchs are for action made.
When am'rous Spring, repairing all his charms,
Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,
Where, like a virgin to some letcher sold,
Three wretched months she lay benumb'd, and cold;
When the weak flow'r, which, shrinking from the breath
Of the rude North, and timorous of Death,
To its kind mother Earth for shelter fled,
And on her bosom hid its tender head,
Peeps forth afresh, and, cheer'd by milder skies,
Bids in full splendour all her beauties rise;
The hive is up in arms—expert to teach,
Nor, proudly, to be taught unwilling, each
Seems from her fellow a new zeal to catch:
Strength in her limbs, and on her wings dispatch,
The bee goes forth; from herb to herb she flies,
From flow'r to flow'r, and loads her lab'ring thighs
With treasur'd sweets; robbing those flow'rs, which left,
Find not themselves made poorer by the theft,
Their scents as lively, and their looks as fair,
As if the pillager had not been there.
Ne'er doth she flit on Pleasure's silken wing,
Ne'er doth she, loit'ring, let the bloom of Spring
Unrifled pass, and on the downy breast
Of some fair flow'r indulge untimely rest.
Ne'er doth she, drinking deep of those rich dews
Which chymist Night prepar'd, that faith abuse
Due to the hive, and, selfish in her toils,
To her own private use convert the spoils.
Love of the stock first call'd her forth to roam,
And to the stock she brings her booty home.
Be this my pattern—As becomes a king,
Let me fly all abroad on Reason's wing;
Let mine eye, like the lightning, through the Earth
Run to and fro, nor let one deed of worth,
In any place and time, nor let one man
Whose actions may enrich dominion's plan,
Escape my note: be all, from the first day
Of Nature to this hour, be all my prey.
From those, whom Time at the desire of Fame
Hath spar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame;
From those, who not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, lesson'd to distill,
And, imitating Heav'n, draw good from ill.
Nor let these great researches in my breast
A monument of useless labour rest;
No—let them spread—th' effects let Gotham share,
And reap the harvest of their monarch's care:
Be other times and other countries known,
Only to give fresh blessings to my own.
Let me (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful succour I rely
In this great hour, that glorious God of truth!
Through whom I reign, in mercy to my youth
Assist my weakness, and direct me right;
From ev'ry speck which hangs upon the sight
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
To spread the shades of errour o'er my brain)
Let me, impartial, with unwearied thought
Try men and things; let me, as monarchs ought,

ie well on what my pow'r depends;
ire the gen'ral principles and ends
ernment; how empire first began;
nerefore man was rais'd to reign o'er man.
me consider, as from one great source
: a thousand rivers take their course,
'd, and into diff'rent channels led,
their parent still supply'd and fed,
vernment, (though branch'd out far and wide,
ous modes to various lands apply'd)
r it differs in its outward frame,
main groundwork's ev'ry where the same;
me her view, though different her plan,
and and gen'ral view the good of man.
me find out, by Reason's sacred beams,
ystem in itself most perfect seems,
'orthy man, most likely to conduce
:he purposes of gen'ral use:
find, too, where, by fair Reason try'd,
when to particulars apply'd;
a that mode all nations do not join,
niefly, why it cannot suit with mine.
me the gradual rise of empires trace,
:y seem founded on Perfection's base;
for when human things have made their way
ellence they hasten to decay)
, whilst Observation lends her clue,
r step to their quick decline pursue,
d by a chain of facts to tell,
ly how they rose, but how they fell.
me not only the distempers know
in all states from common causes grow,
ewise those which, by the will of Fate,
h peculiar mode of empire wait;
in its very constitution lurk,
'e at last to do its destin'd work:
, forewarn'd, each sign, each system learn,
my people's danger may discern,
too late wish'd health to reassure,
it can be found, find out a cure.
ne, (though great grave brethren of the gown
all faith up, and preach all reason down,
; those jar whom Reason meant to join,
sting in themselves a right divine)
through Reason's glass, with searching eye,
e depth of that religion pry
law hath sanction'd; let me find out there
form, what's essence; what, like vagrant
air,
ll may change; and what, without a crime,
be chang'd to the last hour of time;
me suffer that outrageous zeal
without knowledge furious bigots feel,
pretence, though at the heart unsound,
ep'rate points at random to confound.
times have been when priests have dar'd to
tread,
and insulting, on their monarch's head;
whilst they made religion a pretence,
the world they banish'd common sense;
ome soft king, too open to deceit,
nd unsuspecting join'd the cheat,
by mock piety, and gave his name
e the vilest purposes of shame.
t, my people! where no cause of fear
tly rise—your king secures you here;
ing, who scorns the haughty prelate's nod,
ems the voice of priests the voice of God.
ne, (though lawyers may perhaps forbid
monarch to behold what they wish hid,
And for the purposes of knavish gain,
Would have their trade a mystery remain)
Let me, disdaining all such slavish awe,
Dive to the very bottom of the law;
Let me (the weak dead letter left behind)
Search out the principles, the spirit find,
Till from the parts made master of the whole,
I see the Constitution's very soul.
Let me (though statesmen will no doubt resist,
And to my eyes present a fearful list
Of men whose wills are opposite to mine,
Of men, great men! determin'd to resign)
Let me (with firmness, which becomes a king,
Conscious from what a source my actions spring,
Determin'd not by worlds to be withstood,
When my grand object is my country's good)
Unravel all low ministerial scenes,
Destroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
And trap them step by step; let me well know
How places, pensions, and preferments, go;
Why guilt's provided for when worth is not,
And why one man of merit is forgot;
Let me in peace, in war, supreme preside,
And dare to know my way without a guide.
Let me, (though Dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and swells behind a cloud,
As if the Sun shone with less pow'rful ray,
Less grace, less glory, shining ev'ry day,
Though when she comes forth into public sight,
Unbending as a ghost she stalks upright,
With such an air as we have often seen,
And often laugh'd at in a tragic queen,
Nor at her presence, though base myriads crook
The supple knee, vouchsafes a single look)
Let me (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrours of dominion laid aside,
All ornament, and needless helps of art,
All those big looks which speak a little heart)
Know (which few kings, alas! have ever known)
How Affability becomes a throne,
Destroys all fear, bids Love with Rev'rence live,
And gives those graces Pride can never give.
Let the stern tyrant keep a distant state,
And, hating all men, fear return of hate,
Conscious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own:
Let all my subjects have access to me,
Be my ears open as my heart is free;
In full fair tide let information flow;
That evil is half cur'd whose cause we know.
And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched thing!
Who art afraid to look up to a king,
Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,
And, if I not redress thee, may my reign
Close up that very moment—To prevent
The course of Justice from her fair intent,
In vain my nearest, dearest friend shall plead,
In vain my mother kneel—my soul may bleed,
But must not change—When Justice draws the dart,
Though it is doom'd to pierce a favourite's heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim—
I know it duty, and I feel it fame.

THE CANDIDATE.

Enough of *actors*—let them play the play'r,
And, free from censure, fret, sweat, strut, and stare.
Garrick abroad, what motives can engage
To waste one couplet on a barren stage?

Ungrateful Garrick! When these *tasty* days,
In justice to themselves, allow'd thee praise;
When, at thy bidding, Sense, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or dissolv'd in tears;
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The town had giv'n some little share of wealth,
Could'st thou repine at being still a slave?
Dar'st thou presume t' enjoy that wealth she gave?
Could'st thou repine at laws ordain'd by those,
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes;
Whom, too refin'd for honesty and trade,
By Need made tradesmen, Pride had bankrupts made;
Whom Fear made drunkards, and by modern rules,
Whom Drink made wits, though Nature made them fools?
With such, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In such a manner, and at such a time,
To quit the stage; but men of real sense,
Who neither lightly give nor take offence,
Shall own thee clear, or pass an act of grace,
Since thou hast left a Powell in thy place.

Enough of *authors*—Why, when scribblers fail,
Must other scribblers spread the hateful tale?
Why must they pity, why contempt express,
And why insult a brother in distress?
Let those, who boast th' uncommon gift of brains,
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains;
Fresh on their brows for ages let it bloom,
And, ages past, still flourish round their tomb.
Let those, who without genius write, and write,
Versemen or prosemen, all in Nature's spite,
The pen laid down, their course of folly run
In peace, unread, unmention'd, be undone.
Why should I tell, to cross the will of Fate,
That Francis[1] once endeavour'd to translate?
Why, sweet oblivion winding round his head,
Should I recall poor Murphy from the dead?
Why may not Langhorne, simple in his lay,
Effusion on *effusion* pour away[2];
With *friendship* and with *fancy* trifle here,
Or sleep in *pastoral* at Belvedere[3]?
Sleep let them all, with Dullness on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.

Enough of *critics*—let them, if they please,
Fond of new pomp, each month pass new decrees;
Wide and extensive be their infant state,
Their subjects many, and those subjects great,
Whilst all their mandates as sound law succeed,
With fools who write, and greater fools who read.
What though they lay the realms of Genius waste,
Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taste;
Though they, like doctors, to approve their skill,
Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
They damn those authors whom they never read;
Though, other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out so much praise for so much gold;
Though *Scot* with *Scot*, in damned close intrigues,
Against the commonwealth of letters leagues;
Uncensur'd let them pilot at the helm,
And rule in letters, as they rul'd the realm.
Ours be the curse, the mean tame coward's curse,
(Nor could ingenious Malice make a worse,
To do our sense and honour deep despite)
To credit what they say, read what they write.

Enough of *Scotland*—let her rest in peace,
The cause remov'd, effects of course should cease.
Why should I tell, how *Tweed*, too mighty grown,
And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,
Burst o'er his banks, and by destruction led,
O'er our faint England desolation spread,
Whilst riding on his waves, Ambition, plum'd
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute assum'd,
Now that the river god, convinc'd, though late,
And yielding, though reluctantly, to Fate,
Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides.
Enough of *states*, and such-like trifling things;
Enough of kinglings, and enough of kings;
Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd statesmen lie,
Spread the court web, and catch the patriot fly;
Henceforth, unwhipt of Justice, uncontrol'd
By fear or shame, let Vice, secure and bold,
Lord it with all her sons, whilst Virtue's groan
Meets with compassion only from the throne.

Enough of *patriots*—all I ask of man,
Is only to be honest as he can.
Some have deceiv'd, and some may still deceive;
'Tis the fool's curse at random to believe.
Would those, who, by opinion plac'd on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this essential doctrine—*persevere*.
Should they (which Heav'n forbid) to win the grace
Of some proud courtier, or to gain the place,
Their king and country fell, with endless shame
Th' avenging Muse shall mark each traitorous name;
But if, to Honour true, they scorn to bend,
And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,
Their grateful country shall their fame record,
And I myself descend to praise a lord.

Enough of *Wilkes*—with good and honest men
His actions speak much stronger than my pen,
And future ages shall his name adore,
When he can act, and I can write no more.
England may prove ungrateful and unjust,
But fost'ring France shall ne'er betray her trust;
'Tis a brave debt which gods on men impose,
To pay with praise the merit e'en of foes.
When the great warrior of Amilcar's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her base,
To prove her virtue, though it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave that fame which Carthage had deny'd.

Enough of *self*—that darling luscious theme,
O'er which philosophers in raptures dream;
Of which with seeming disregard they write,
Then prizing most, when most they seem to slight;
Vain proof of folly tinctur'd strong with pride!
What man can from himself himself divide?
For me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim
(Conscience first satisfied) is love of fame.
Some little fame deriv'd from some brave few,
Who prizing Honour, prize her vot'ries too.
Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely speak,
So those (the greatest curse I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
Let none of those, whom bless'd with parts above
My feeble genius, still I dare to love,
Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,
And call it mine, for mine though never known,
Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.

[1] Dr. Philip Francis, the translator of Horace and Demosthenes.

[2] See the Effusions of Friendship and Fancy, by Dr. Langhorne, 2 vols. 12mo. 1763.

[3] See the Enlargement of the Mind, Langhorne's poems.

all the world, no greedy heir shall find,
hen I will, one couplet left behind.
one of those, whom I despise though great,
nding friendship to give malice weight,
h my life; let no false, sneaking peer,
such there are) to win the public ear,
me to shame with some vile anecdote,
oul-gall'd bishop damn me with a note.
e poor sprig of bay around my head
whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
(may Heav'n indulgent grant that pray'r)
nted on my grave, nor wither there;
hen, on travel bound, some rhyming guest
through the church-yard whilst his dinner's dress'd,
hold up this comment to his eyes;
to the last enjoy'd, *here* Churchill lies;"
(O, what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives)
ng my works, he cries — "*Here* Churchill
ugh of *Satire*—in less harden'd times [lives."
was her force, and mighty were her rhymes.
ead of men, beyond man's daring brave,
et have trembled at the strokes she gave,
souls have felt more terrible alarms
her one line, than from a world in arms.
, in her faithful and immortal page,
aw transmitted down from age to age
led villains, and each spotted name
ed with marks of everlasting shame,
ding villains sought her as a friend,
f not really mended, feign'd to mend.
an age, when actions are allow'd
strike all honour dead, and crimes avow'd,
rrible to suffer the report,
l and prais'd by men who stain a court;
'd by the arm of Pow'r, when Vice, high-born,
ored, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn;
she is lost to ev'ry thought of fame,
all virtue dead, is dead to shame;
Prudence a much easier task must hold
ke a new world, than reform the old;
throws by her arrows on the ground,
she cannot cure, she will not wound.
e, Panegyric—though the Muse disdains,
d on truth, to prostitute her strains
base instance of those men, who hold
ument but pow'r, no God but gold;
indful that from Heav'n she drew her birth,
rns the narrow maxims of this Earth,
as herself, brings Virtue forth to view,
es to praise, where praise is justly due.
e, Panegyric—in a former hour,
l with pleasure yielding to thy pow'r,
rine I sought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
it reach'd thy ears, dispers'd my pray'r;
thy altars whilst I took my stand,
n of Truth and Honour in my hand,
editating wrath 'gainst me and mine,
y fond zeal, and thwarted my design,
Hayter[4] brought too quickly to his end,
subject, and mankind a friend.
, Panegyric—bending at thy throne,
d thy pow'r my soul is proud to own.
my kind protector, thou my guide,
d me safe through passes yet untry'd.
s the road, nor difficult to find,
to the house of *Satire* leads mankind;
Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praise.
What though no theme I choose of vulgar note,
Nor wish to write as brother-bards have wrote,
So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem
Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream;
What though a theme I choose, which might demand
The nicest touches of a master's hand;
Yet, if the inward workings of my soul
Deceive me not, I shall attain the goal,
And Envy shall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The poet praising, and the patron prais'd.
What patron shall I choose? Shall public voice
Or private knowledge influence my choice?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe,
Or, seeking patriots, to friend Wildman's[5] go?
"To Wildman's!" cry'd Discretion, (who had heard,
Close standing at my elbow, ev'ry word)
"To Wildman's! Art thou mad? Can'st thou be sure
One moment there to have thy head secure?
Are they not all (let observation tell)
All mark'd in characters as black as Hell,
In *Doomsday* book by ministers set down,
Who style their pride the honour of the crown?
Make no reply—let Reason stand aloof—
Presumptions here must pass as solemn proof.
That settled faith, that love which ever springs
In the best subjects for the best of kings,
Must not be measur'd now, by what men think,
Or say, or do—by what they eat, and drink,
Where and with whom, that question's to be try'd,
And statesmen are the judges to decide;
No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe,
They, facts confest, in themselves vest the law.
Each dish at Wildman's of sedition smacks;
Blasphemy may be gospel at Almack's."
Peace, good Discretion, peace—thy fears are vain;
Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train,
Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor, without might, against the mighty stir.
If, from long proof, my temper you distrust,
Weigh my profession, to my gown be just;
Dost thou one parson know so void of grace
To pay his court to patrons out of place?
If still you doubt (though scarce a doubt remains)
Search through my alter'd heart, and try my reins;
There, searching, find, nor deem me now in sport,
A convert made by Sandwich to the court.
Let madmen follow errour to the end,
I, of mistakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor blush to own that change, which Reason wrought,
For such a change as this, must Justice speak;
My heart was honest, but my head was weak.
Bigot to no one man, or set of men,
Without one selfish view, I drew my pen;
My country ask'd, or seem'd to ask my aid,
Obedient to that call, I left off trade;
A side I chose, and on that side was strong,
Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong;
Convinc'd, I change (can any man do more?
And have not greater patriots chang'd before?)
Chang'd, I at once (can any man do less?)
Without a single blush, that change confess;
Confess it with a manly kind of pride,
And quit the losing for the winning side;

[4] Thomas Hayter, bishop of London. He
nuary 9, 1762.

[5] Master of the tavern where the then opposers
of administration used to meet.

Granting, whilst virtuous Sandwich holds the rein,
What Bute for ages might have sought in vain.
Hail, Sandwich—nor shall Wilkes resentment show,
Hearing the praises of so brave a foe—
Hail, Sandwich—nor, through pride, shalt thou refuse
The grateful tribute of so mean a Muse—
Sandwich, *all hail*—when Bute with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, scourg'd the land,
When *Scots*, or slaves to *Scotsmen*, steer'd the helm,
When peace, inglorious peace, disgrac'd the realm,
Distrust, and gen'ral discontent prevail'd;
But when (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd;
When, with a sudden panic struck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of pow'r, and hid his recreant head;
When, like a Mars (fear order'd to retreat)
We saw thee nimbly vault into his seat,
Into the seat of Pow'r, at one bold leap,
A perfect connoisseur in statesmanship;
When, like another Machiavel, we saw
Thy fingers twisting and untwisting law,
Straining, where godlike Reason bade, and where
She warranted thy mercy, pleas'd to spare;
Saw thee resolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
To do thy God, thy king, thy country right;
All things were chang'd, suspense remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before.
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use,
What virtues such as thine must needs produce.
Thy foes (for Honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praise, too fearful to oppose,
In sullen silence sit; thy friends (some few,
Who, friends to thee, are friends to Honour too)
Plaud thy brave bearing, and the commonweal
Expects her safety from thy stubborn zeal.
A place amongst the rest the Muses claim,
And bring this free-will off'ring to thy fame,
To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
And, holding up thy fame, secure their own.
From his youth upwards, to the present day,
When vices more than years have mark'd him grey,
When riotous Excess with wasteful hand
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.
Where (Reason left without the least defence)
Laughter was Mirth, Obscenity was Sense,
Where Impudence made Decency submit,
Where Noise was Humour, and where Whim was Wit,
Where rude, untemper'd Licence had the merit
Of Liberty, and Lunacy was Spirit,
Where the best things were ever held the worst,
Lothario was, with justice, always first.
To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's oracle,
Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out encore,
Whilst *grey* Authority, who slumbers there
In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
With midnight howl to bay th' affrighted Moon,
To walk with torches through the streets at noon,
To force plain Nature from her usual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,
To make one leg run races with his brother;
'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
Bute to ride first, and he to ride behind;
To coin new-fangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em;
Lothario, on that stock which Nature gives,
Without a rival stands, though March[6] now lives.
When Folly, (at that name, in duty bound,
Let subject myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,
Whilst they who, in the presence, upright stand,
Are held as rebels through the loyal land)
Queen ev'ry where, but most a queen in courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her sports,
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age;
Lothario, great above the common size,
With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And ev'ry day deserves it more and more.
Nor in such limits rests his soul confin'd;
Folly may share, but can't engross his mind;
Vice, bold, substantial Vice, puts in her claim,
And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
Observe his follies well, and you would swear
Folly had been his first, his only care;
Observe his vices, you 'll that oath disown,
And swear that he was born for vice alone.
Is the soft nature of some hapless maid
Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd;
Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt, declare her shame?
Is some brave friend, who, men but little known,
Deems ev'ry heart as honest as his own,
And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
To be ensnar'd, and ruin'd with a smile?
Is Law to be perverted from her course?
Is abject Fraud to league with brutal Force?
Is Freedom to be crush'd, and ev'ry son,
Who dares maintain her cause, to be undone?
Is base Corruption, creeping through the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,
With regular approaches, sure though slow?
Or must she perish by a single blow?
Are kings (who trust to servants, and depend
In servants (fond, vain thought) to find a friend)
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkness thicker than the shades of death?
Is God's most holy name to be profan'd,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His servants scorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphem'd?
Are debauchees in morals to preside?
Is Faith to take an atheist for her guide?
Is Science by a blockhead to be led?
Are states to totter on a drunkard's head?
To answer all these purposes, and more,
More black than ever villain plann'd before,
Search Earth, search Hell, the Devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.
Is this nobility, which, sprung from kings,
Was meant to swell the pow'r from whence it springs?
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which Nature hop'd for from so rich a root?
Were there but two (search all the world around)
Were there but two such nobles to be found,

[6] Afterwards duke of Queensbury.

ery name would sink into a term
on, and man would rather be a worm
be a lord; but Nature, full of grace,
ncaning birth and titles to be base,
only one; and, having made him, swore,
rcy to mankind, to make no more.
opp'd she there, but, like a gen'rous friend,
ls which errour caus'd, she strove to mend;
having brought Lothario forth to view,
ve her credit, brought forth Sandwich too.
ls! with what joy, what honest joy of heart,
as I am, and void of ev'ry art,
ry art which great ones in the state
se on knaves they fear, and fools they hate.
les with reluctance taught to bend,
rone to think that virtues can descend,
behold (a sight, alas! more rare
Honesty could wish) the Noble wear
ther's honours, when his life makes known
're his by virtue, not by birth alone,
he recalls his father from the grave,
ays with int'rest back that fame he gave.
of her splenetic and sullen fits,
ch a peer my willing soul submits,
o'such virtue is more proud to yield,
'gainst ten titled rogues to keep the field.
for that truth e'en Envy shall allow)
Wyndham? was, and such is Sandwich now.
entle Montague, in blessed hour
thou start up, and climb the stairs of Pow'r;
nd of all her fears at once was eas'd,
nongst her many foes, was one displeas'd.
e heard the news, and told it *cousin* Spain;
heard, and told it *cousin* France again;
ollander relinquish'd his design
ling spice to spice, and mine to mine,
lian villainies he thought no more,
it to rob us on our native shore;
y thy fame, (which winds with open mouth
blow from east to west, from north to south)
estern world shall yield us her increase,
er wild sons be soften'd into peace;
astern monarchs shall exhaust their stores,
our unbounded wealth on Albion's shores;
nded wealth, which from those golden scenes,
'l acquir'd by honourable means,
honourable chief shall hither steer,
y our debts, and set the nation clear.
obs themselves, allur'd by thy renown,
pay due homage to the English crown,
freely as their king our king receive——
ed *the directors give them leave.*
on at home shall mark each rising year,
xes be complain'd of, though severe;
her own destroyer shall become,
action with a thousand mouths be dumb;
the meek man thy meekness shall prevail,
ith the spirited thy spirit fail;
to thy force of reason shall submit,
me be converts to thy princely wit;
nce for thee shall still a nation's cries,
nd concurrence crown a grand excise;
nbelievers of the first degree,
have no faith in God, have faith in thee.
en a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,
s'd the region of each heated brain;
some were fools to censure, some to praise,
l were mad, but mad in diff'rent ways;

When commonwealth's men, starting at the shade
Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
Of tyrants dream'd, who wore a thorny crown,
And with state-bloodhounds hunted Freedom down;
When others, struck with fancies not less vain,
Saw mighty kings by their own subjects slain,
And in each friend of liberty and law,
With horrour big, a future Cromwell saw;
Thy manly zeal stepp'd forth, bade discord cease,
And sung each jarring atom into peace;
Liberty, cheer'd by thy all-cheering eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die;
And, patroniz'd by thee, Prerogative
Shall, striding forth at large, not die, but live;
Whilst Privilege, hung betwixt Earth and sky,
Shall not well know, whether to live or die.
When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And seem'd to totter, Commerce shiv'ring stood;
When Credit, building on a sandy shore,
Saw the sea swell, and heard the tempest roar,
Heard death in ev'ry blast, and in each wave
Or saw, or fancied that she saw her grave;
When Property, transferr'd from hand to hand,
Weaken'd by change, crawl'd sickly through the land;
When mutual confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on man depend;
Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state;
When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
A sponge was talk'd of as our only aid,
That to be sav'd we must be more undone,
And pay off all our debts, by paying none;
Like England's better genius, born to bless,
And snatch his sinking country from distress,
Did'st thou step forth, and without sail or oar
Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore;
Nor shalt thou quit, till anchor'd firm and fast,
She rides secure, and mocks the threat'ning blast!
Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
Economy her needful aid shall join
To forward and complete thy grand design,
And, warm to save, but yet with spirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spendthrifts still.
In vain have sly and subtle sophists tried
Private from public justice to divide:
For credit on each other they rely,
They live together, and together die.
'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence,
High-treason in the eye of Common-Sense,
To think a statesman ever can be known
To pay our debts, who will not pay his own.
But now, though late, now may we hope to see
Our debts discharg'd, our credit fair and free,
Since rigid Honesty, fair fall that hour,
Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in pow'r.
With what delight I view thee, wondrous man,
With what delight survey thy sterling plan,
That plan which all with wonder must behold,
And stamp thy age the only age of gold.
Nor rest thy triumphs here—that Discord fled,
And sought with grief the Hell where she was bred;
That Faction, 'gainst her nature forc'd to yield,
Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field,
Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
Her fools turn'd speakers, and her wits struck

arl of Egremont. He died August 1763.

That our most bitter foes (so much depends
On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;
That our offended friends (such terrour flows
From men of name) dare not appear our foes;
That Credit, gasping in the jaws of Death,
And ready to expire with ev'ry breath,
Grows stronger from disease; that thou hast sav'd
Thy drooping country; that thy name engrav'd
On plates of brass defies the rage of time;
Than plates of brass more firm, that sacred rhyme
Embalms thy mem'ry, bids thy glories live,
And gives thee what the Muse alone can give:
These heights of Virtue, these rewards of Fame,
With thee in common other patriots claim.
But that poor sickly Science, who had laid
And droop'd for years beneath Neglect's cold shade,
By those who knew her purposely forgot,
And made the jest of those who knew her not,
Whilst Ignorance in pow'r, and pamper'd Pride,
Clad like a priest, pass'd by on t' other side,
Recover'd from her wretched state, at length
Puts on new health, and clothes herself with strength,
To thee we owe, and to thy friendly hand,
Which rais'd, and gave her to possess the land.
This praise, though in a court, and near a throne,
This praise is thine, and thine, alas! alone.
With what fond rapture did the goddess smile,
What blessings did she promise to this isle,
What honour to herself, and length of reign!
Soon as she heard, that thou didst not disdain
To be her steward; but what grief, what shame,
What rage, what disappointment shook her frame,
When her proud children dar'd her will dispute,
When youth was insolent, and age was mute.
That young men should be fools, and some wild
To wisdom deaf, be deaf to int'rest too, [few,
Mov'd not her wonder; but that men grown grey
In search of wisdom, men who own'd the sway
Of Reason, men who stubbornly kept down
Each rising passion, men who wore the gown,
That they should cross her will, that they should dare
Against the cause of int'rest to declare,
That they should be so abject and unwise,
Having no fear of loss before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain, scorning the ready means
Of being vicars, rectors, canons, deans,
With all those honours which on mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of state;
That they should dare a Hardwicke to support,
And talk, within the hearing of a court,
Of that vile beggar, Conscience, who undone,
And starv'd herself, starves ev'ry wretched son;
This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her swear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward sons who scorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful shore.
Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Though Dullness there unrivall'd state *doth* keep,
Would she at Winchester with Burton [8] sleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying scene
For something still more dull, and still more mean,
Rather than bear such insults, she would fly
Far, far beyond the search of *English* eye,
And reign amongst the Scots: to be a queen
Is worth ambition, though in Aberdeen.
O, stay thy flight, fair Science! What though some,
Some base-born children, rebels are become,
All are not rebels; some are duteous still,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
Thy int'rest is oppos'd by those alone,
Who either know not, or oppose their own.
Of stubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the liv'ry of their trade,
Marshall'd by Form, and by Discretion led,
A grave, grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
Black Smith [9] of Trinity; on Christian ground
For faith in mysteries none more renown'd.
Next (for the best of causes now and then
Must beg assistance from the worst of men)
Next (if old Story lies not) sprung from Greece,
Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece.
Her, wretched maid! committed to his trust,
To a rank letcher's coarse and bloated lust,
The arch, old, hoary, hypocrite had sold,
And thought himself and her well damn'd for gold.
But (to wipe off such traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)
Leading on men, who, in a college bred,
No woman knew but those which made their bed,
Who, planted virgins on Cam's virtuous shore,
Continued still male virgins at threescore,
Come Sumner [10], wise, and chaste as chaste can be,
With Long [11], as wise, and not less chaste than he.
Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cause,
Who, for thy sake, defying penal laws,
Were, to support thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from Jersey and the Isle of Man?
Are there not Philomaths of high degree
Who, always dumb before, shall speak for thee?
Are there not proctors, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in embryo still,
Who may, perhaps, in some ten years, or more,
Be ascertain'd that two and two make four,
Or may a still more happy method find,
And, taking one from two, leave none behind?
With such a mighty pow'r on foot, to yield
Were death to manhood; better in the field
To leave our carcases, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchase life on terms of shame.
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And, ere they dare the battle, sound retreat.
But if persuasions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor pray'rs can move,
Yet in thy bitterness of frantic woe,
Why talk of Burton? Why to Scotland go?
Is there not Oxford? She with open arms
Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms;
Shall for thy love her former loves resign,
And jilt the banish'd Stuarts, to be thine.
Bow'd to the yoke, and, soon as she could read,
Tutor'd to get by heart the despot's creed,
She, of subjection proud, shall knee thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone;
She shall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, nor speak, nor think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial sway,
If subjects none but just commands obey?
Then, and then only is obedience seen,
When, by command, they dare do all that's mean.

[8] Dr. John Burton, master of Winchester school.

[9] Dr. Robert Smith, master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

[10] Dr. John Sumner, provost of King's College, Cambridge.

[11] Dr. Roger Long, master of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

ing thy flight, here fix thy stand,
ng thy Sandwich in thy hand.
what joy (for Fancy now supplies,
'uture open to my eyes)
at joy I see the worthies meet,
itchfield[12] brother Sandwich greet!
greetings, blest each dear embrace,
elves, and to the human race.
irtues which she cannot reach,
ier baser nature to impeach,
a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
earch the corners of the world,
resent times, look back to past,
ture, and confess at last,
t, present, or to come, could e'er
bless the world with such a pair.
:he good old Phillips, out of breath,
Monmouth, and escap'd from death,
Sandwich, with that virtuous zeal,
ardour for the common-weal,
l his loyal heart, and bless'd his tongue,
ips the cause of rebels hung;
nhood, in habit of a nun,
es, by backward monks undone;
k'ning, like an alehouse score,
e aged chalks behind a door,
nire a foe to cast it up;
hall pour, from a communion cup,
he goddess without eyes,
b in cyder and excise.
deep shades, where Vanity, unknown,
for her pride, and pines alone;
elf, by her own thoughts undone,
s all, but can be seen by none;
longer, mistress of the schools,
oud pealing from the mouths of fools,
a distance; in despair
owd, and put in for a share,
thought a thousand diff'rent ways,
iends new-modelling old praise,
sense so very fine is spun,
ve hours, though not enough for one,
rise, and bursting from the dead,
piebald Latin at thy head.
ilst aukward Affectation's hung
labour'd accents on his tongue,
eir will makes junior blockheads speak,
th, new Latin, and new Greek,
as in Greece and Latium known,
rn cut, and all his own; [string,
like beads, loose thoughts on such a
, and censure; nothing, ev'ry thing;
ughts, and style so full of trick,
ike a Merry Andrew sick;
o dull, so pliant in their growth,
they're prose, they're neither, and
're both)
by Nature ever loth to praise)
orth set forth in curious phrase;
f, shall crush poor Sense to death,
riods run her out of breath;

of Litchfield, then high steward of

Phillips. At this juncture he was so
to excite the rage of a mob at Mon-
t him.
is Dashwood, Lord Le Despenser.
, principal of St. Mary Hall, Ox-

Shall make a babe, for which, with all its fame,
Adam could not have found a proper name;
Whilst, beating out his features to a smile,
He hugs the bastard brat, and calls it Style.
Hush'd be all Nature as the land of Death;
Let each stream sleep, and each wind hold his breath;
Be the bells muffled, nor one sound of care,
Pressing for audience, wake the slumb'ring air;
Brown comes—behold how cautiously he creeps—
How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps—
But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree;
He cannot wake, but he shall dream of thee.
Physic, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaste matron Camphire bound,
Physic, obtaining succour from the pen
Of her soft son, her gentle Heberden,
If there are men who can thy virtue know,
Yet spite of virtue treat thee as a foe,
Shall, like a *scholar*, stop their rebel breath,
And in each recipe send *classic* death.
So deep in knowledge, that few lines can sound
And plumb the bottom of that vast profound,
Few grave ones with such gravity can think,
Or follow half so fast as he can sink,
With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,
Obscure with meaning, and in words perplext,
With subtleties on subtleties refin'd,
Meant to divide, and subdivide the mind,
Keeping the forwardness of youth in awe,
The scowling Blackstone[16] bears the train of law.
Divinity, enrob'd in college fur,
In her right-hand a *New Court Kalendar*
Bound like a book of pray'r, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.
Loyalty, fix'd on Isis' alter'd shore,
A stranger long, but stranger now no more,
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies,
Shall with much pleasure and more wonder view
Men great at court and great at Oxford too.
O sacred Loyalty! accurs'd be those
Who seeming friends, turn out thy deadliest foes;
Who prostitute to kings thy honour'd name,
And sooth their passions to betray their fame:
Nor prais'd be those, to whose proud nature clings
Contempt of government, and hate of kings;
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A strange intemperance of zeal avow,
And start at Loyalty, as at a word
Which without danger Freedom never heard.
Vain errours of vain men—wild both extremes,
And to the state not wholesome, like the dreams,
Children of night, of Indigestion bred,
Which, Reason clouded, seize and turn the head.
Loyalty without Freedom is a chain
Which men of lib'ral notice can't sustain;
And Freedom without Loyalty, a name
Which nothing means, or means licentious shame.
Thine be the art, my Sandwich, thine the toil,
In Oxford's stubborn and untoward soil
To rear this plant of union, till at length,
Rooted by time, and foster'd into strength,
Shooting aloft, all danger it defies,
And proudly lifts its branches to the skies;
Whilst, Wisdom's happy son, but not her slave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,

[16] Sir William Blackstone, afterwards one of
judges of the Common Pleas.

Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that shade which thy own labours wrought
And fashion'd into strength, shalt thou repose,
Secure of lib'ral praise, since Isis flows,
True to her Tame, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, lust for Tweed, [twine
And those old wreaths, which Oxford once dar'd
To grace a Stuart brow, she plants on thine.

THE FAREWELL.

P. Farewell to Europe, and at once farewell
To all the follies which in Europe dwell!
To Eastern India now, a richer clime,
Richer, alas! in ev'ry thing but rhyme,
The Muses steer their course, and fond of change,
At large, in other worlds, desire to range;
Resolv'd at least, since they the fool must play,
To do it in a diff'rent place, and way.

F. What whim is this, what errour of the brain,
What madness worse than in the dog-star's reign?
Why into foreign countries would you roam,
Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?
If Satire be thy object, and thy lays
As yet have shown no talents fit for praise,
If Satire be thy object: search all round,
Nor to thy purpose can one spot be found
Like England, where, to rampant vigour grown,
Vice chokes up ev'ry virtue; where, self-sown,
The seeds of folly shoot forth rank and bold,
And every seed brings forth a hundred fold. [shame

P. No more of this—though Truth (the more our
The more our guilt) though Truth perhaps may
And justify her part in this, yet here, [claim,
For the first time, e'en Truth offends my ear.
Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,
Take up the theme anew, when day's new-born,
I hear, and hate—be England what she will,
With all her faults she is my country still. [word

F. Thy country, and what then? Is that mere
Against the voice of Reason to be heard?
Are prejudices, deep imbib'd in youth,
To counter-act, and make thee hate the truth?
'Tis the sure symptom of a narrow soul,
To draw its grand attachment from the whole,
And take up with a part: men, not confin'd
Within such paltry limits, men design'd
Their nature to exalt; where'er they go,
Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow,
Where'er the blessed Sun, plac'd in the sky
To watch this subject world, can dart his eye,
Are still the same, and, prejudice out-grown,
Consider every country as their own.
At one grand view they take in Nature's plan,
Not more at home in England than Japan.

P. My good, grave sir of theory, whose wit,
Grasping at shadows, ne'er caught substance yet,
'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,
To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
To boast of apathy when out of pain,
And in each sentence, worthy of the schools,
Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules
Most fit for practice but for one poor fault,
That into practice they can ne'er be brought.
At home, and sitting in your elbow-chair,
You praise Japan, though you was never there.
But was the ship this moment under sail,
Would not your mind be chang'd, your spirits fail,
Would you not cast one longing eye to shore,
And vow to deal in such wild schemes no more?
Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal
Those passions which we cannot chuse but feel,
There's a strange something, which without a brain
Fools feel, and which e'en wise men can't explain,
Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,
In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.
If Honour calls, where'er she points the way,
The sons of Honour follow, and obey;
If need compels, wherever we are sent,
'Tis want of courage not to be content;
But, if we have the liberty of choice,
And all depends on our own single voice,
To deem of ev'ry country as the same,
Is rank rebellion 'gainst the lawful claim
Of Nature; and such dull indifference
May be philosophy, but can't be sense.

F. Weak and unjust distinction, strange design,
Most peevish, most perverse, to undermine
Philosophy, and throw her empire down
By means of Sense, from whom she holds her crown.
Divine Philosophy, to thee we owe
All that is worth possessing here below;
Virtue and Wisdom consecrate thy reign,
Doubled each joy, and pain no longer pain.
When, like a garden, where, for want of toil,
And wholesome discipline, the rich, rank soil
Teems with encumbrances; where all around
Herbs noxious in their nature make the ground,
Like the good mother of a thankless son,
Curse her own womb, by fruitfulness undone;
Like such a garden, when the human soul,
Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of controul,
Brings forth those passions of luxuriant race,
Which spread, and stifle ev'ry herb of grace,
Whilst Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of Scorn,
Seems with'ring on the bed where she was born,
Philosophy steps in; with steady hand
She brings her aid, she clears th' encumber'd land:
Too virtuous to spare Vice one stroke, too wise
One moment to attend to Pity's cries,
See with what godlike, what relentless pow'r
She roots up ev'ry weed

P. and ev'ry flow'r.

Philosophy, a name of meek degree,
Embrac'd, in token of humility,
By the proud sage, who, whilst he strove to hide,
In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride:
Philosophy, whom Nature had design'd
To purge all errours from the human mind,
Herself misled by the philosopher,
At once her priest and master, made us err;
Pride, pride, like leaven in a mass of flour,
Tainted her laws, and e'en made Virtue sour.
Had she, content within her proper sphere,
Taught lessons suited to the human ear,
Which might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,
Made not for ornament, but real use,
The heart of man unrivall'd she had sway'd,
Prais'd by the good, and by the bad obey'd.
But when she, overturning Reason's throne,
Strove proudly in its place to plant her own;
When she with apathy the breast would steel,
And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel;
When she would wildly all her force employ,
Not to correct our passions, but destroy;
When, not content our nature to restore,
As made by God, she made it all new o'er;

a strange and criminal excess,
more than men, she made us less;
r dwindled pow'r with pity saw,
h joy, and none but fools with awe.
h a simple and unvarnish'd tale
e mouth of N—— might prevail,
t there; but Falsehood's sugar'd strain
her fatal blandishments in vain,
ne convert, though the siren hung,
oo often hangs, on M——— tongue.
he Sophs, whom in his course the Sun
or past or present, rise in one;
hilst pleasure in each sentence flows,
give us poetry in prose;
ull orator at once, impart
n's genius with the Roman's art,
Art should in this instance fail,
hough join'd with Athens here prevail:
nan, 'tis not in more than man,
find one fault in Nature's plan.
urselves, we censure those above,
g judgment, think that she wants love;
e we ought in reason to commend,
er most a foe, when most a friend.
losophers——their specious art,
dship pleads, shall never warp my heart;
me from this breast one passion tear,
are, my best friend, hath planted there.
ing, as a friend, what, whilst I live,
pher I can't forgive,
point at last I join with you;
pay all that is Nature's due;
clouded Reason sink so low,
bts she does not, cannot owe.
l manhood grown, those shackles bear,
are meant us for a time to wear
leading-strings, which, useless grown,
le, when we can walk alone.
elf, by peevish humour sway'd,
ay burthens Nature never laid?
ake faults, whilst judgment weakly errs,
efend, mistaking them for her's?
to say, in our enlighten'd age,
and master passion, this brave rage,
es out for thy country, was imprest
Nature in the human breast?
efer the place where you was born,
ll others in contempt and scorn
parison; if on that land
l and a more than equal hand
in profusion Plenty sends;
ets with more and better friends;
inds a patron 'mongst the great;
is minister of state;
e guardian of our rights design'd,
reat, that only end confin'd;
e employ'd to bless the poor;
ered, Liberty secure;
se facts depend on proofs of weight,
lares, thy love can't be too great;
light could he our country view,
tentot must love it too.
y Fate's decrees, you owe your birth
st barren and penurious earth,
ry comfort of this life denied,
ants are scantily supplied,
'r is Reason, Liberty a joke,
made, or made but to be broke;
love on such a wretched spot,
Lust's wild fever there begot,
Because, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
By chance, not choice, thy mother dropt thee there,
Is folly, which admits not of defence;
It can't be Nature, for it is not sense.
By the same argument which here you hold,
(When Falsehood's insolent let Truth be bold)
If propagation can in torments dwell,
A devil must, if born there, love his Hell.

P. Had Fate, to whose decrees I lowly bend,
And e'en in punishment confess a friend,
Ordain'd my birth in some place yet untry'd,
On purpose made to mortify my pride,
Where the Sun never gave one glimpse of day,
Where Science never yet could dart one ray;
Had I been born on some bleak, blasted plain
Of barren Scotland, in a Stuart's reign;
Or in some kingdom, where men, weak or worse,
Turn'd Nature's ev'ry blessing to a curse,
Where crowns of freedom by the fathers won,
Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degen'rate son;
In spite of all the wisdom you display,
All you have said, and yet may have to say,
My weakness here, if weakness, I confess,
I, as my country, had not lov'd her less.

Whether strict Reason bears me out in this,
Let those who, always seeking, always miss
The ways of Reason, doubt with precious zeal;
Their's be the praise to argue, mine to feel.
Wish we to trace this passion to the root,
We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit,
From its rich stem ten thousand virtues spring,
Ten thousand blessings on its branches cling;
Yet in the circle of revolving years,
Not one misfortune, not one vice appears.
Hence then, and what you Reason call adore;
This, if not Reason, must be something more.

But (for I wish not others to confine,
Be their opinions unrestrain'd as mine)
Whether this love's of good or evil growth,
A vice, a virtue, or a spice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide:
If it is virtuous, sooth an honest pride
With lib'ral praise; if vicious, be content,
It is a vice I never can repent;
A vice which, weigh'd in Heav'n, shall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other scale.

F. This wild, untemper'd zeal (which after all
We, candour unimpeach'd, might madness call)
Is it a virtue? That you scarce pretend:
Or can it be a vice, like Virtue's friend,
Which draws us off from and dissolves the force
Of private ties, nay stops us in our course
To that grand object of the human soul,
That nobler love which comprehends the whole?
Coop'd in the limits of this petty isle,
This nook, which scarce deserves a frown or smile,
Weigh'd with creation, you, by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is scarce worth one.
The gen'rous soul, by Nature taught to soar,
Her strength confirm'd in philosophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with ease,
And, seeing all mankind, loves all she sees.

P. Was it most sure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in Reason's creed, though found in yours,
That these two services, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
And draw together; that however loth,
We neither serve, attempting to serve both;
I could not doubt a moment which to choose,
And which in common reason to refuse.

Invented oft for purposes of art,
Born of the head, though father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world must be confest
A barren speculation at the best.
Not one man in a thousand, should he live
Beyond the usual term of life, could give,
So rare occasion comes, and to so few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd or true.
The love we bear our country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit;
'Tis in the mind an everlasting spring
Of glorious actions, which become a king,
Nor less become a subject; 'tis a debt
Which bad men, though they pay not, can't forget;
A duty, which the good delight to pay,
And ev'ry man can practise ev'ry day.
Nor, for my life (so very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument) can I descry
What you with faith assert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my country can remove,
And make me of necessity forego,
That gen'ral love which to the world I owe.
Those ties of private nature, small extent,
In which the mind of narrow cast is pent,
Are only steps on which the gen'rous soul
Mounts by degrees till she includes the whole.
That spring of love, which in the human mind,
Founded on self, flows narrow and confin'd,
Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The social charities of blood, and friends,
Till smaller streams included, not o'erpast,
It rises to our country's love at last;
And he, with lib'ral and enlarged mind,
Who loves his country, cannot hate mankind.
F. Friend as you would appear to common sense,
Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from your country?
P. Can the son,
(Shame, shame, on all such sons) with ruthless eye,
And heart more patient than the flint, stand by,
And by some ruffian, from all shame divorc'd,
All virtue, see his honour'd mother forc'd!
Then, no, by him that made me, not e'en then,
Could I with patience, by the worst of men,
Behold my country plunder'd, beggar'd, lost
Beyond redemption, all her glories cross'd
E'en when occasion made them ripe, her fame
Fled like a dream, while she awakes to shame.
F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a patron, to defend
Her sinking state, than basely to decline
So great a cause, and in despair resign?
P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And, whilst more able patriots doubt, she dies.
From a foul source, more deep than we suppose,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows,
'Tis not that Peace our glorious hopes defeats,
'Tis not the voice of Faction in the streets,
'Tis not a gross attack on Freedom made,
'Tis not the arm of Privilege display'd
Against the subject, whilst she wears no sting
To disappoint the purpose of a king;
These are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
With those, which are contriv'd, though not declar'd.
Tell me, philosopher, is it a crime
To pry into the secret womb of Time;
Or, born in ignorance, must we despair
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it so—still 'tis the right of man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
To former times and men his eye to cast,
And judge of what's to come, by what is past.
Should there be found in some not distant year,
(O how I wish to be no prophet here)
Amongst our British lords should there be found
Some great in pow'r, in principles unsound,
Who look on Freedom with an evil eye,
In whom the springs of loyalty are dry;
Who wish to soar on wild Ambition's wings,
Who hate the commons, and who love not kings;
Who would divide the people and the throne
To set up sep'rate int'rests of their own;
Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,
And only join with, to destroy them both;
Should there be found such men in after-times,
May Heav'n in mercy to our grievous crimes
Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them
And to their rage this wretched land condemn.
Thou God above, on whom all states depend,
Who knowest from the first their rise and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the book of Fate
When ruin must involve our equal state;
When law, alas! must be no more, and we,
To freedom born, must be no longer free;
Let not a mob of tyrants seize the helm,
Nor titled upstarts league to rob the realm:
Let not, whatever other ills assail,
A damned aristocracy prevail.
If, all too short, our course of freedom run,
'Tis thy good pleasure we should be undone,
Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be slaves to one, and be that one a king.
F. Poets, accustom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft substitute creations of the brain
For real substance, and, themselves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
Such is your case.—But grant, to soothe your pride,
That you know more than all the world beside,
Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt?
Resolv'd, and like a man, at once speak out,
Show us our danger, tell us where it lies,
And, to ensure our safety, make us wise.
P. Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools stray;
The proud will rather lose than ask their way;
To men of sense what needs it to unfold
And tell a tale which they must know untold?
In the bad, int'rest warps the canker'd heart,
The good are hood-wink'd by the tricks of art;
And whilst arch, subtle hypocrites contrive
To keep the flames of discontent alive,
Whilst they, with arts to honest men unknown,
Breed doubts between the people and the throne,
Making us fear, where Reason never yet
Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
Themselves pass unsuspected in disguise,
And 'gainst our real danger seal our eyes.
F. Mark them, and let their names recorded stand
On Shame's black roll, and stink through all the land.
P. That might some courage, but no prudence be;
No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.
F. Leave out their names.
P. For that kind caution thanks;
But may not judges sometimes fill up blanks?
F. Your country's laws in doubt then you reject?
P. The laws I love, the lawyers I suspect:
Amongst twelve judges may not one be found,
(On bare, bare possibility I ground

ome doubt) who may enlarge, retrench,
uncreate, and from the bench,
, smiles, nods, and such like paltry arts,
and worm into a jury's hearts;
there, may, turbulent of soul,
r high office, and their rights control;
though judge, turn advocate at large,
:plies out by the way of charge,
erpretation all the way,
facts, his wicked will obey,
g law without the least defence,
his conscience to approve his sense?
t, the true guardians of this charter'd
l,
perfect vigour, juries stand,
vain shall awe, cajole, perplex.
ose I should be tried in Middlesex?
ick a jury they will never dare.
e's no occasion to pack juries there.
st prejudice all arguments are weak,
self without effect must speak.
ıy country, like a coward fly,
her int'rest, and her laws defy.
ewitch'd, to India turn thy eyes?
' Europe thy vast wrath suffice?
' misbegotten Muse lay bare
y arm, and play the butcher there?
counsel taken, what should Satire do?
ld she find an object that is new?
ell'd youths, whom tender mothers wean,
ıbroad to see, and to be seen,
n, lest they should fornicate, or worse,
ent, by way of a dry nurse,
ıom just enough of spirit bears,
ır follies, and to bring home their's,
: all Europe's vices so well known,
almost as nat'ral as our own.
India for thy purpose better do?
ne respect at least—there's something
.
rmless people, in whom Nature speaks
ntainted; 'mongst whom Satire seeks,
seeks, so simply plain their hearts,
where to lodge her poison'd darts.
ı knowledge speak you this, or doubt on
bt
nd resolv'd, hath Reason found it out?
m knowledge, nor by Reason taught,
'aith ev'ry where but where you ought.
urope—What's there in a name?
to vice in both the same,
se in both works for man's good,
ıth by man himself withstood.
well as those who hunt them down,
cord much better than a crown,
ıul can thrones as much debase
ish'd prince of Christian race.
d you, a task more hard than you sup-
e,
, in ridicule whilst Satire glows,
heir follies to the life appear,
one you gain no credit here.
ell-drawn, the picture after all,
e know not the original,
find favour in the public eye.
, having your good leave, I mean to try.
r observations sterling hold,
e should be heavy, tame, and cold,
t to the side of Nature lean,
ing nothing, something seem to mean,
To make the whole in lively colours glow,
To bring before us something that we know,
And from all honest men applause to win,
I'll group the company, and put them in.

I. Be that ungen'rous thought by shame suppress'd,
Add not distress to those too much distress'd.
Have they not, by blind zeal misled, laid bare
Those sores which never might endure the air?
Have they not brought their mysteries so low,
That what the wise suspected not, fools know?
From their first rise e'en to the present hour,
Have they not prov'd their own abuse of pow'r;
Made it impossible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dang'rous pow'r renew'd;
Whilst unseduc'd by ministers, the throne
Regards our interest, and knows its own?

P. Should ev'ry other subject chance to fail,
Those who have sail'd, and those who wish to sail
In the last fleet, afford an ample field,
Which must beyond my hopes a harvest yield.

F. On such vile food Satire can never thrive.

P. She cannot starve, if there was only Clive.

THE TIMES.

The time hath been, a boyish, blushing time,
When modesty was scarcely held a crime;
When the most wicked had some touch of grace,
And trembled to meet Virtue face to face;
When those, who, in the cause of Sin grown grey,
Had serv'd her without grudging day by day,
Were yet so weak an aukward shame to feel,
And strove that glorious service to conceal;
We, better bred, and than our sires more wise,
Such paltry narrowness of soul despise,
To virtue ev'ry mean pretence disclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our shame.

Time was, ere Temperance had fled the realm;
Ere Luxury sat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's space
Reserv'd for business, or allow'd for grace;
Ere Vanity had so far conquer'd Sense
To make us all wild rivals in expense,
To make one fool strive to outvie another,
And ev'ry coxcomb dress against his brother;
Ere banish'd Industry had left our shores,
And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors;
Ere Idleness prevail'd sole queen in courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for sports;
Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,
And dissipation held the place of thought;
Ere gambling lords in vice so far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the Sun look on;
Ere a great nation, not less just than free,
Was made a beggar by economy;
Ere rugged Honesty was out of vogue,
Ere Fashion stamp'd her sanction on the rogue;
Time was, that men had conscience, that they made
Scruples to owe, what never could be paid.
Was one then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to shame,
Who dar'd abuse and falsify his trust,
Who, being great, yet dar'd to be unjust;
Shunn'd like a plague, or but at distance view'd,
He walk'd the crowded streets in solitude,
Nor could his rank, and station in the land,
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.

Such rigid maxims (O, might such revive
To keep expiring Honesty alive)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame deny'd,
Not just through principle, but just through pride.
Our times, more polish'd, wear a diff'rent face;
Debts are an honour; payment a disgrace.
Men of weak minds, high-plac'd on Folly's list,
May gravely tell us trade cannot subsist,
Nor all those thousands who're in trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once destroy'd.
Why—be it so—We in that point accord;
But what is trade and tradesmen to a lord?
Faber, from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear,
Of tradesmen by his villany betray'd,
And, vainly seeking justice, bankrupts made.
What is't to Faber? Lordly as before,
He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more.
Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,
Begging, but only begging for their own,
Unheard they stand, or only heard by those,
Those slaves in livery, who mock their woes.
What is't to Faber? He continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in state.
The helpless widow, wrung with deep despair,
In bitterness of soul, pours forth her pray'r,
Hugging her starving babes with streaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the skies.
What is't to Faber? He stands safe and clear,
Heav'n can commence no legal action here,
And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears
The name of Privilege 'gainst vulgar awe;
He feels no conscience, and he fears no law.
Nor think, acquainted with small knaves alone,
Who have not shame outliv'd, and grace outgrown,
The great world hidden from thy reptile view,
That on such men, to whom contempt is due,
Contempt shall fall, and their vile author's name
Recorded stand through all the land of shame.
No—to his porch, like Persians to the Sun,
Behold contending crowds of courtiers run;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All sworn to keep his crimes in countenance.
Nor wonder at it—They partake the charge,
As small their conscience, and their debts as large.
Propp'd by such clients, and without control
From all that's honest in the human soul,
In grandeur mean, with insolence unjust, [trust.
Whilst none but knaves can praise, and fools will
Caress'd and courted, Faber seems to stand
A mighty pillar in a guilty land,
And (a sad truth to which succeeding times
Will scarce give credit, when 'tis told in rhymes)
Did not strict Honour with a jealous eye
Watch round the throne, did not true Piety
(Who, link'd with Honour for the noblest ends,
Ranks none but honest men amongst her friends)
Forbid us to be crush'd with such a weight,
He might in time be minister of state.
But why enlarge I on such petty crimes?
They might have shock'd the faith of former times,
But now are held as nothing.—We begin
Where our sires ended, and improve in sin,
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly for our sons to do.
Nor deem this censure hard; there's not a place
Most consecrate to purposes of grace,
Which Vice hath not polluted; none so high,
But with bold pinion she hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleasure; none so low,
But she hath crept into it; made it know,
And feel her pow'r; in courts, in camps she reigns,
O'er sober citizens, and simple swains;
E'en in our temples she hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.
More to increase the horrour of our state,
To make her empire lasting as 'tis great,
To make us in full-grown perfection feel
Curses which neither Art nor Time can heal,
All shame discarded, all remains of pride,
Meanness sits crown'd, and triumphs by her side;
Meanness, who gleans out of the human mind
Those few good seeds which Vice had left behind,
Those seeds which might in time to virtue tend,
And leaves the soul without a pow'r to mend;
Meanness, at sight of whom, with brave disdain
The breast of Manhood swells, but swells in vain,
Before whom Honour makes a forc'd retreat,
And Freedom is compell'd to quit her seat;
Meanness which, like that mark by bloody Cain
Borne in his forehead for a brother slain,
God, in his great and all-subduing rage,
Ordains the standing mark of this vile age.
The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,
The patriot's virtue for a place is sold,
The statesman bargains for his country's shame,
And for preferment priests their God disclaim.
Worn out with lust, her day of lech'ry o'er,
The mother trains the daughter which she bore
In her own paths; the father aids the plan,
And, when the innocent is ripe for man,
Sells her to some old letcher for a wife,
And makes her an adulteress for life,
Or in the papers bids his name appear,
And advertises for a L———;
Husband and wife (whom Av'rice must applaud)
Agree to save the charge of pimp and bawd;
These parts they play themselves, a frugal pair,
And share the infamy, the gain to share;
Well-pleas'd to find, when they the profits tell,
That they have play'd the whore and rogue so well.
Nor are these things (which might imply a spark
Of shame still left) transacted in the dark.
No—to the public they are open laid,
And carried on like any other trade.
Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
To work the works of darkness in a cloud,
In fullest vigour Vice maintains her sway;
Free are her marts, and open at noon-day.
Meanness, now wed to Impudence, no more
In darkness skulks, and trembles, as of yore,
When the light breaks upon her coward eye;
Boldly she stalks on Earth, and to the sky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears lest time abate,
And turn her husband's love to canker'd hate,
Since Fate, to make them more sincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their son;
A son so like his dam, so like his sire,
With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,
An image so express in every part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart,
That, had they fifty children, he alone
Would stand as heir apparent to the throne.
With our own island vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the continent,
Dance Europe round, and visit ev'ry court,
To ape their follies and their crimes import.
To diff'rent lands for diff'rent sins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,

ustrious to make Vice appear
. state, and perfect only here.
and, where Politeness ever reigns,
mitive Sincerity remains,
s a stand, where Freedom in her course
her name, though she hath lost her force
s other lands, where simple Trade
r in the garb of Fraud array'd,
'rice never dar'd to show his head,
se a smiling cherub, Mercy, led
, blesses the sweet-blooded race,
lty could never find a place,
d for that charity we roam,
ppily begins and ends at home.
in return for peace and pow'r restor'd,
ose countries, which the hero's sword
ply purchas'd, idly thrown
ap, and made once more her own;
th afforded large and rich supplies
es full-trimm'd, of polish'd lies,
g flatteries, which through the ears
nd melt the heart, of slavish fears
eak the spirit, and of abject fraud—
, alas! we need not send abroad.
ives us Pride—which Spain to all the Earth
ely give, nor fear herself a dearth—
hat Jealousy, which, born of Fear
Distrust, grows not by nature here—
hat Superstition, which pretends
orst means to serve the best of ends—
lty, which, stranger to the brave,
ly with the coward, and the slave;
lty, which led her christian bands
e than savage rage o'er savage lands,
without remorse whole countries thin,
of nought, but Mercy, as a sin.
urse of ev'ry softer art,
ning to refine, unmans the heart,
the realms of Sense and Virtue waste,
s whilst she pretends to mend our taste;
comp'ete and crown our shame,
a fiend, and Legion is his name.
of greatness without being great,
out pow'r, titles without estate,
out vigour, bodies without force,
out cause, revenge without remorse,
n revenge, murder without defence,
without love, sound without sense,
hout humour, without wit grimace,
out reason, gospel without grace,
out knowledge, without nature art,
out manhood, women without heart,
, who, dry and pithless, are debarr'd
's best joys—no sooner made than marr'd—
, whom many a rich and *noble* dame,
her lust, and yet secure her fame,
high diet, as we capons feed,
ur appetites at last decreed;
who dance in postures so obscene,
ht awaken shame in Aretine;
n retir'd from the day's piercing light,
brate the mysteries of night,
ke the Muses, in a corner plac'd
eir monstrous lusts, deem Sappho chaste;
d a thousand follies rank as these,
d faults, ten thousand fools, who please
l and sickly taste, ten thousand knaves,
e our foes as spies, and us as slaves,
legrees, and unperceiv'd, prepare
for chains which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expense
Of fame, of virtue, taste, and common sense.
Nor stop we here—the soft luxurious East,
Where man, his soul degraded, from the beast
In nothing diff'rent but in shape we view,
They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,
Attracts our eye; and flowing from that source,
Sins of the blackest character, sins worse
Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold
Would make the best blood in my veins run cold,
And strike all manhood dead, which but to name
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of shame;
Sins, if such sins can be, which shut out Grace,
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place
E'en in God's mercy, sins 'gainst Nature's plan
Possess the land at large, and man for man
Burn in those fires, which Hell alone could raise
To make him more than damn'd, which, in the days
Of punishment, when guilt becomes her prey,
With all her tortures she can scarce repay.
Be Grace shut out, be Mercy deaf; let God
With tenfold terrours arm that dreadful nod
Which speaks them lost, and sentenc'd to despair;
Distending wide her jaws, let Hell prepare
For those who thus offend amongst mankind,
A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd;
On Earth, which groans beneath their monstrous weight,
On Earth, alas! they meet a diff'rent fate;
And whilst the laws, false grace, false mercy shown,
Are taught to wear a softness not their own,
Men, whom the beasts would spurn, should they appear
Amongst the honest herd, find refuge here.
No longer by vain fear or shame control'd,
From long, too long security grown bold,
Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our streets,
And Lumley e'en at noon his mistress meets:
So public in their crimes, so daring grown,
They almost take a pride to have them known;
And each unnat'ral villain scarce endures
To make a secret of his vile amours.
Go where we will, at ev'ry time and place,
Sodom confronts, and stares us in the face;
They ply in public at our very doors,
And take the bread from much more honest whores.
Those who are mean high paramours secure,
And the rich guilty screen the guilty poor;
The sin too proud to feed from reason awe,
And those who practise it too great for law.
Woman, the pride and happiness of man,
Without whose soft endearments Nature's plan
Had been a blank, and life not worth a thought;
Woman, by all the Loves and Graces taught,
With softest arts, and sure, though hidden skill,
To humanize, and mould us to her will;
Woman, with more than common grace form'd *here*,
With the persuasive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our isle,
Or win us to her purpose with a smile;
Woman, by Fate the quickest spur decreed,
The fairest, best reward of ev'ry deed
Which bears the stamp of honour; at whose name
Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief, whilst o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcasses of princes slain,
Confusion proudly strode, whilst Horrour blew
The fatal trump, and Death stalk'd full in view;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by
As having lost its use; no more the eye

With *female* beauty caught, in wild amaze,
Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze;
No more the heart, that seat where love resides,
Each breath drawn quick and short, in fuller tides
Life posting through the veins, each pulse on fire,
And the whole body tingling with desire,
Pants for those charms, which Virtue might engage
To break his vow, and thaw the frost of age,
Bidding each trembling nerve, each muscle strain,
And giving pleasure which is almost pain.
Women are kept for nothing but the breed;
For pleasure we must have a Ganymede;
A fine, fresh Hylas, a delicious boy,
To serve our purposes of beastly joy.
Fairest of nymphs where every nymph is fair,
Whom Nature form'd with more than common care,
With more than common care whom Art improv'd,
And both declar'd most worthy to be lov'd,
——— neglected wanders, whilst a crowd
Pursue, and consecrate the steps ———.
She hapless maid, born in a wretched hour,
Wastes life's gay prime in vain, like some fair flow'r,
Sweet in its scent, and lively in its hue,
Which withers on the stalk from whence it grew,
And dies uncropp'd; whilst he, admir'd, caress'd,
Belov'd, and ev'ry where a welcome guest,
With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,
For this unnat'ral lust a common sewer.
Dine with Apicius—at his sumptuous board
Find all the world of dainties can afford—
And yet (so much distemper'd spirits pall
The sickly appetite) amidst them all
Apicius finds no joy, but, whilst he carves
For ev'ry guest, the landlord sits and starves.
The forest haunch, fine fat, in flavour high,
Kept to a moment, smokes before his eye,
But smokes in vain; his heedless eye runs o'er
And loaths what he had deified before;
The turtle of a great and glorious size,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize
For which a man of taste all risks would run,
Itself a feast, and ev'ry dish in one;
The turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,
Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and dress'd by Quin:
In vain it comes, in vain lies full in view;
As Quin hath dress'd it, he may eat it too,
Apicius cannot.—When the glass goes round,
Quick-circling, and the roofs with mirth resound,
Sober he sits, and silent—all alone
Though in a crowd, and to himself scarce known,
On grief he feeds, nor friends can cure, nor wine
Suspend his cares, and make him cease to pine.
Why mourns Apicius thus? Why runs his eye,
Heedless, o'er delicates, which from the sky
Might call down Jove? Where now his generous
That, to invent a new and better dish, [wish,
The world might burn, and all mankind expire,
So he might roast a phenix at the fire?
Why swims that eye in tears, which, through a race
Of sixty years, ne'er show'd one sign of grace?
Why feels that heart, which never felt before?
Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,
Who only liv'd to eat, his stomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of sorrow? Hath Fate call'd
His father from the grave to second life?
Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife;
Or hath the law, by strictest justice taught,
Compell'd him to restore the dower she brought?
Hath some bold creditor against his will
Brought in, and forc'd him to discharge a bill,
Where eating had no share? Hath some vain wench
Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?
Hath any rival glutton got the start,
And beat him in his own luxurious art;
Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,
Or drest old dainties in a newer way?
Hath his cook, worthy to be slain with rods,
Spoil'd a dish fit to entertain the gods;
Or hath some varlet, cross'd by cruel Fate,
Thrown down the price of empires in a plate?
None, none of these—his servants all are try'd,
So sure, they walk on ice, and never slide;
His cook, an acquisition made in France,
Might put a Chloe out of countenance,
Nor, though old Holles still maintains his stand,
Hath he one rival glutton in the land;
Women are all the objects of his hate,
His debts are all unpaid, and yet his state
In full security and triumph held,
Unless for once a knave should be expell'd;
His wife is still a whore, and in his pow'r,
The woman gone, he still retains the dow'r;
Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
Which mix'd the draught, and kindly sent him there)
His father sleeps, and, till the last trump shake
The corners of the Earth, shall not awake.
Whence flows this sorrow then? Behind his chair
Didst thou not see, deck'd with a soli-aire,
Which on his bare breast glitt'ring play'd, and
With nicest ornaments, a stripling plac'd, [grac'd
A smooth, smug, stripling, in life's fairest prime?
Didst thou not mind too, how from time to time
The monstrous letcher, tempted to despise
All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?
How he seem'd inly to reproach us all,
Who strove his fix'd attention to recall,
And how he wish'd, e'en at the time of grace,
Like Janus, to have had a double face?
His cause of grief behold in that fair boy;
Apicius dotes, and Corydon is coy.
Vain and unthinking stripling! When the glass
Meets thy too curious eye, and, as you pass,
Flatt'ring, presents in smiles thy image there,
Why dost thou bless the gods, who made thee fair?
Blame their large bounties, and with reason blame;
Curse, curse thy beauty, for it leads to shame.
When thy hot lord, to work thee to his end,
Bids show'rs of gold into thy breast descend,
Suspect his gifts, nor the vile giver trust;
They 're baits for virtue, and smell strong of lust.
On those gay, gawdy trappings which adorn
The temple of thy body, look with scorn,
View them with horrour; they pollution mean,
And deepest ruin; thou hast often seen,
From 'mongst the herd, the fairest and the best
Carefully singled out, and richly drest,
With grandeur mock'd, for sacrifice decreed,
Only in greater pomp at last to bleed.
Be warn'd in time, the threaten'd danger shun,
To stay a moment is to be undone.
What though, temptation-proof, thy virtue shine,
Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine,
All other methods failing, one resource
Is still behind, and thou must yield to force.
Paint to thyself the horrours of a rape,
Most strongly paint, and, whilst thou can'st, escape;
Mind not his promises—they 're made in sport—
Made to be broke—Was he not bred at court?
Trust not his honour, he 's a man of birth;
Attend not to his oaths—they 're made on Earth,

gister'd in Heav'n—he mocks at grace,
n his creed God never found a place—
not for Conscience—for he knows her not,
g a stranger, she is quite forgot—
ink thyself in law secure and firm—
aster is a lord, and thou a worm,
mean reptile, never meant to think,
being well supplied with meat and drink,
ffer'd just to crawl from place to place,
serve his lusts, and think he does thee grace.
then, whilst yet 'tis in thy pow'r to fly:
nither canst thou go? on whom rely
sh'd protection? Virtue's sure to meet
ned host of foes in ev'ry street.
boots it, of Apicius fearful grown,
ng to fly into the arms of Stone?
y take refuge in the house of pray'r,
to meet with an Apicius there?
not old age, which will thy faith betray,
ocrates is still a goat, though grey;
not green youth; Florio will scarce go down,
t eighteen, hath surfeited the town;
not to rakes—alas! 'tis all pretence—
ake up raking only as a fence
common fame—place H—— in thy view;
pe one whore as Barrowby kept two;
not to marriage—T—— took a wife,
haste as Dian might have pass'd her life,
e not, far more prudent in her aim,
opagate the honours of his name,
ve expiring titles) taken care
t his knowledge to provide an heir;
not to marriage, in mankind unread;
a married man, and S—— new wed.
ld'st thou be safe? Society forswear,
the desert, and seek shelter there,
ith the brutes—they follow Nature's plan—
not one brute so dangerous as man
's wilds—'mongst them that refuge find,
lust denies thee here among mankind;
ce thy name, thy nature, and no more
hy vain pride on manhood; on all four
as you see those honest creatures do,
ite forget that once you walk'd on two.
f the thoughts of solitude alarm,
ial life hath one remaining charm,
hou art to jeopardy decreed
t the monsters of Augusta's breed,
thy sex, thy safety to procure;
the man, from men to live secure;
a woman to the public view,
h their garb assume their manners too.
light-footed Greek of Chiron's school
se enough to keep this single rule,
udlin hero, like a puling boy
of his play-thing, on the plains of Troy
er blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
c'd his minion in his mistress' room.
n this than catamites more nice,
for virtue, which they do for vice.
alt thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,
nd uncourted in the drawing-room,
ight thus, untempted, walk the street,
no danger but of being beat.
e is the mother, whose officious zeal
ly judging what her daughters feel
she felt herself in days of yore,
that letcher man makes fast the door?
permits, e'en for the sake of pray'r,
uncastrated, to enter there,

Nor (could her wishes and her care prevail)
Would suffer in the house a fly that 's male?
Let her discharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores;
Nor can a man be found, as times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them so.
Though they more fresh, more lively than the Morn,
And brighter than the noon-day Sun, adorn
The works of Nature; though the mother's grace
Revives, improv'd, in every daughter's face;
Undisciplin'd in dull Discretion's rules,
Untaught, and undebauch'd by boarding-schools,
Free and unguarded, let them range the town,
Go forth at random, and run Pleasure down,
Start where she will, discard all taint of fear,
Nor think of danger, when no danger 's near.
Watch not their steps—they 're safe without thy care,
Unless, like jennets, they conceive by air,
And ev'ry one of them may die a nun,
Unless they breed, like carrion, in the sun.
Men, dead to pleasure, as they 're dead to grace,
Against the law of Nature set their face,
The grand primeval law, and seem combin'd
To stop the propagation of mankind;
Vile Pathics read the marriage act with pride,
And fancy that the law is on their side.
Broke down, and strength a stranger to his bed,
Old L———, though yet alive, is dead;
T—— lives no more, or lives not to our isle;
No longer blest with a Cz ———'s smile,
T——— is at P ——— disgrac'd,
And M ——— grown grey, perforce grows chaste;
Nor, to the credit of our modest race,
Rises one stallion to supply their place.
A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
In mid December the rank fly would blow
Though closely kept, *now*, when the dog-star's heat
Inflames the marrow in the very street,
May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by those
Who daintily pass by, and hold their nose.
Poor, plain Concupiscence is in disgrace,
And simple Letch'ry dares not show her face,
Lest she be sent to Bridewell: bankrupts made,
To save their fortunes, bawds leave off that trade,
Which first had left off them; to *Wellclose Square*
Fine, fresh, young strumpets (for Dodd preaches there)
Throng for subsistence; pimps no longer thrive,
And pensions only keep L—— alive.
Where is the mother, who thinks all her pain,
And all her jeopardy of travail, gain,
When a man-child is born; thinks ev'ry pray'r
Paid to the full, and answer'd in an heir?
Short-sighted woman! little doth she know
What streams of sorrow from that source may flow;
Little suspect, while she surveys her boy,
Her young Narcissus, with an eye of joy
Too full for continence, that Fate could give
Her darling as a curse; that she may live,
Ere sixteen winters their short course have run,
In agonies of soul, to curse that son.
Pray then for daughters, ye wise mothers, pray;
They shall reward your love, not make you grey
Before your time with sorrow; they shall give
Ages of peace and comfort, whilst ye live
Make life most truly worth your care, and save,
In spite of death, your mem'ries from the grave.
That sense, with more than manly vigour fraught,
That fortitude of soul, that stretch of thought,

That genius, great beyond the narrow bound
Of Earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found
When wanted most, that purity of taste
Which critics mention by the name of chaste;
Adorn'd with elegance, that easy flow
Of ready wit which never made a foe,
That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,
Those pow'rs of pleasing with that will to please,
By which Lepel, when in her youthful days,
E'en from the currish pope extorted praise,
We see, transmitted, in her daughter shine,
And view a new Lepel in Caroline.
Is a son born into this world of woe?
In never-ceasing streams let sorrow flow;
Be from that hour the house with sables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,
E'en from the moment that he first began
To wail and whine; let him not see a man;
Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye,
Give him no opportunity to buy,
Or to be bought: B——, though rich, was sold,
And gave his body up to shame for gold.
Let it be bruited all about the town,
That he is coarse, indelicate, and brown,
An antidote to lust, his face deep scarr'd
With the small-pox, his body maim'd and marr'd,
Eat up with the king's evil, and his blood,
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells Corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running sore.
Should'st thou report him as by Nature made,
He is undone, and by thy praise betray'd;
Give him out fair, letchers in number more,
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the door
Of Lot in Sodom, shall to thine repair,
And force a passage, though a God is there.
Let him not have one servant that is male;
Where lords are baffled, servants oft prevail.
Some vices they propose, to all agree;
H—— was guilty, but was M—— free?
Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than trust his morals to a monk—
Monks we all know—we, who have liv'd at home,
From fair report, and travellers, who roam,
More feelingly—nor trust him to the gown,
'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
For base designs; ourselves have liv'd to see
More than one parson in the pillory.
Should he have brothers, (image to thy view
A scene, which, though not public made, is true)
Let not one brother be to t' other known,
Nor let his father sit with him alone.
Be all his servants female, young, and fair,
And if the pride of Nature spur thy heir
To deeds of venery, if, hot and wild,
He chance to get some score of maids with child,
Chide, but forgive him; whoredom is a crime,
Which, more at this than any other time,
Calls for indulgence, and, 'mongst such a race,
To have a bastard is some sign of grace.
Born in such times, should I sit tamely down,
Suppress my rage, and saunter through the town
As one who knew not, or who shar'd these crimes?
Should I at lesser evils point my rhymes,
And let this Giant Sin, in the full eye
Of Observation, pass unwounded by?
Though our meek wives, passive obedience taught,
Patiently bear those wrongs for which they ought,
With the brave spirit of their dams possess'd,
To plant a dagger in each husband's breast,
To cut off male increase from this fair isle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Though, on his Sunday, the smug pulpiteer,
Loud 'gainst all other crimes, is silent here,
And thinks himself absolv'd, in the pretence
Of decency, which meant for the defence
Of real Virtue, and to raise her price,
Becomes an agent for the cause of Vice; [take
Though the Law sleeps, and through the care they
To drug her well, may never more awake;
Born in such times, nor with that patience curst
Which saints may boast of, I must speak, or burst.
But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice and chaster ear,
If all unguarded, all too rude, I speak,
And call up blushes in the maiden's cheek,
Forgive, ye fair—my real motives view,
And to forgiveness add your praises too.
For you I write—nor wish a better plan,
The cause of woman is most worthy man—
For you I still will write, nor hold my hand,
Whilst there's one slave of Sodom in the land.
Let them fly far, and skulk from place to place,
Not daring to meet manhood face to face,
Their steps I 'll track, nor yield them one retreat
Where they may hide their heads, or rest their feet,
Till God in wrath shall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,
Bidding in one grand pile this town expire,
Her tow'rs in dust, her Thames a lake of fire;
Or they (most worth our wish) convinc'd, though
Of their past crimes, and dangerous estate, [late,
Pardon of women with repentance buy,
And learn to honour them, as much as I.

INDEPENDENCE.

Happy the *bard* (though few such *bards* we find)
Who, 'bove controlment, dares to speak his mind;
Dares, unabash'd, in ev'ry place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear.
Him Fashion cannot tempt, him abject Need
Cannot compel, him Pride cannot mislead
To be the slave of Greatness, to strike sail,
When, sweeping onward with her peacock's tail,
Quality, in full plumage, passes by;
He views her with a fix'd, contemptuous eye,
And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due state,
And is above conversing with the great.
Perish those slaves, those minions of the quill,
Who have conspir'd to seize that sacred hill
Where the Nine Sisters pour a genuine strain,
And sunk the mountain level with the plain;
Who, with mean, private views, and servile art,
No spark of virtue living in their heart,
Have basely turn'd apostates, have debas'd
Their dignity of office, have disgrac'd,
Like Eli's sons, the altars where they stand,
And caus'd their name to stink through all the land,
Have stoop'd to prostitute their venal pen
For the support of great but guilty men,
Have made the bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing we call a *lord*.
What is a *lord*? Doth that plain, simple word
Contain some magic spell? As soon as heard,
Like an alarum-bell on Night's dull ear,
Doth it strike louder, and more strong appear
Than other words? Whether we will or no,
Through Reason's court doth it unquestion'd go

he mention, and of course transmit
f something excellent, of wit
though keen, of humour free though chaste,
g genius with sound judgment grac'd,
far above temptation's reach,
ur which not malice can impeach?
not—'twas Nature's first intent,
eir rank became their punishment,
uld have pass'd for men, nor blush'd to
ize
ings she bestow'd.—She gave them eyes,
could see—she gave them ears—they
ard—
uments of stirring, and they stirr'd—
hey were design'd to eat, to drink,
nd (ev'ry now and then) to think:
by pride corrupted, for the sake
arity, disclaim'd that make;
disdaining Nature's vulgar mode,
and struck into another road,
ng *quality*, and to our view
th a species altogether new,
g we had not known, and could not know,
ing of God's making here below;
tclaim'd with wonder—"*Lords* are things,
ever made by me, were made by kings."
(nor let the honest and the brave,
old noble with the fool and knave
his fame; curst be that thought of mine,
th a B— and F— should Grafton join)
r here let censure rashly call
ontempt of some, abuse of all,
late, when Sodom was my theme,
ay purpose, and my Muse blaspheme,
he stops not, rapid in her song,
exceptions as she goes along,
rell she hopes to find, another year,
ninority exceptions here)
nere *lord*, with nothing but the name,
ll his worth, and title all his fame,
another man; himself a blank,
s he lives, or must some grandsire thank
gled honours, and ill-gotten pelf;
res all to Nature and himself.
now my soul is burnt up with disdain,
ee men, whom Phœbus in his train
ew with pride, lacquey the heels of those
enius ranks amongst her greatest foes!
t's the cause? Why these same sons of
s to them, were to a title born, [Scorn,
d not help it; by chance hither sent,
deities by accident.
ine on our getting chanc'd to shine,
bright honours had been *your's* or *mine*.
ere random stroke; and should the Throne
with favour, proud and lordly grown,
ough a bard, might'st be their fellow yet,
never can be made a wit.
od faith—that's one of those few things
ate has plac'd beyond the reach of kings.
ay be lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
we will, to turn lords into bards.
—a *lord*—why let them hand in hand
as friends, and travel through the land;
which word the people can digest
dily, which goes to market best,
ts most credit; whether men will trust
cause they think he may be just,
ord will choose to risk their gains,
rivilege in that point still remains.

A *bard*—a *lord*—let Reason take her scales,
And fairly weigh those words; see which prevails,
Which in the balance lightly kicks the beam,
And which by sinking, we the victor deem.
'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,
Summons a synod in the sacred grove.
Gods throng with gods to take their chairs on high,
And sit in state the senate of the sky;
Whilst, in a kind of parliament below,
Men stare at those above, and want to know
What they 're transacting. Reason takes her stand
Just in the midst, a balance in her hand,
Which o'er and o'er she tries, and finds it true.
From either side, conducted full in view,
A man comes forth, of figure strange and queer;
We now and then see something like them here.
The *first* was meagre, flimsy, void of strength,
But Nature kindly had made up in length
What she in breadth denied. Erect and proud,
A head and shoulders taller than the crowd,
He deem'd them pigmies all: loose hung his skin
O'er his bare bones; his face so very thin,
So very narrow, and so much beat out,
That physiognomists have made a doubt,
Proportion lost, expression quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not;
At end of it howe'er, unbless'd with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd:
With legs, which we might well conceive that Fate
Meant only to support a spider's weight,
Firmly he strove to tread, and with a stride
Which show'd at once his weakness and his pride,
Shaking himself to pieces, seem'd to cry,
"Observe, good people, how I shake the sky."
In his right-hand a paper did he hold,
On which, at large, in characters of gold,
Distinct, and plain for those who run to see,
Saint Archibald had wrote *L*, *O*, *R*, *D*.
This, with an air of scorn, he from afar
Twirl'd into Reason's scales, and on that bar,
Which from his soul he hated, yet admir'd,
Quick turn'd his back, and as he came retir'd.
The judge to all around his name declar'd;
Each goddess titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove star'd,
And the whole people cried, with one accord,
"Good Heaven bless us all, is that a *lord*!"
Such was the *first*—the *second* was a man,
Whom Nature built on quite a diff'rent plan;
A *bear*, whom from the moment he was born,
His dam despis'd, and left *unlick'd* in scorn;
A *Babel*, which, the pow'r of Art outdone,
She could not finish when she had begun;
An utter *chaos*, out of which no might
But that of God could strike one spark of light.
Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to blade
A H——— might at full length have laid;
Vast were his bones, his muscles twisted strong;
His face was short, but broader than 'twas long;
His features, though by Nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge,
And bury meaning, save that we might spy
Sense low'ring on the penthouse of his eye;
His arms were two twin oaks; his legs so stout
That they might bear a mansion-house about;
Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Design'd by Fate a much less weight to bear.
O'er a brown *cassoc*, which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
A sight most strange, and awkward to behold,
He threw a covering of *blue* and *gold*.

Just at that time of life, when man by rule,
The fop laid down, takes up the grayer fool,
He started up a fop, and, fond of show,
Look'd like another Hercules turn'd *beau*.
A subject, met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen;
Hogarth would draw him (envy must allow)
E'en to the life, was Hogarth living now.
With such accoutrements, with such a form,
Much like a porpoise just before a storm,
Onward he roll'd: a laugh prevail'd around,
E'en Jove was seen to simper; at the sound
(Nor was the cause unknown, for from his youth
Himself he studied by the glass of Truth)
He join'd their mirth, nor shall the gods condemn,
If, whilst they laugh'd at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge Reason view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd through his soul, and quite forgot his face,
And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other scale the name of *bard*.
Then (for she did as judges ought to do,
She nothing of the case beforehand knew,
Nor wish'd to know; she never stretch'd the laws,
Nor, basely to anticipate a cause,
Compell'd solicitors, no longer free,
To show those briefs she had no right to see)
Then she with equal hand her scales held out,
Nor did the cause one moment hang in doubt;
She held her scales out fair to public view,
The *lord*, as sparks fly upwards, upwards flew,
More light than air, deceitful in the weight;
The *bard*, preponderating, kept his state.
Reason approv'd, and with a voice, whose sound
Shook Earth, shook Heaven, on the clearest ground,
Pronouncing for the *bards* a full decree
Cried—"Those must honour *them*, who honour *me*;
They from this present day, where'er I reign,
In their own right, precedence shall obtain:
Merit rules here; be it enough that *birth*
Intoxicates, and sways the fools of Earth."
Nor think that here, in hatred to a lord,
I 've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record;
Search when you will (I am not now in sport)
You 'll find it register'd in Reason's court.
Nor think that Envy here hath strung my lyre,
That I depreciate what I most admire;
And look on titles with an eye of scorn,
Because I was not to a title born.
By Him that made me, I am much more proud,
More inly satisfied to have a crowd
Point at me as I pass, and cry—"That's he—
A poor, but honest bard, who dares be free
Amidst corruption," than to have a train
Of flick'ring levee-slaves, to make me vain
Of things I ought to blush for; to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye;
When I am less than man, my faults t' adore,
And make me think that I am something more.
Recall past times, bring back the days of old,
When the great noble bore his honours bold,
And in the face of peril, when he dar'd
Things which his legal bastard, if declar'd,
Might well discredit; faithful to his trust,
In the extremest points of justice just,
Well knowing all, and lov'd by all he knew,
True to his king, and to his country true;
Honest at court, above the baits of gain,
Plain in his dress, and in his manners plain;
Mod'rate in wealth, gen'rous but not profuse,
Well worthy riches, for he knew their use;
Possessing much, and yet deserving more,
Deserving those high honours which he wore
With ease to all, and in return gain'd fame,
Which all men paid, because he did not claim;
When the grim war was plac'd in dread array,
Fierce as the lion roaring for his prey,
Or lioness of royal whelps foredone,
In peace, as mild as the departing Sun,
A gen'ral blessing wheresoe'er he turn'd,
Patron of learning, nor himself unlearn'd;
Ever awake at Pity's tender call,
A father of the poor, a friend to all;
Recall such times, and from the grave bring back
A worth like this, my heart shall bend, or crack,
My stubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
And ev'ry Muse conspire to swell his fame,
Till Envy shall to him that praise allow,
Which she cannot deny to Temple now.
This justice claims, nor shall the bard forget,
Delighted with the task, to pay that debt,
To pay it like a man, and in his lays,
Sounding such worth, prove his own right to praise.
But let not Pride and Prejudice misdeem,
And think that empty titles are my theme;
Titles, with me, are vain, and nothing worth,
I rev'rence virtue, but I laugh at birth.
Give me a lord that 's honest, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his slave;
Though none indeed but blockheads would pretend
To make a slave, where they may make a friend.
I love his virtues, and will make them known,
Confess his rank, but can't forget my own.
Give me a lord, who, to a title born,
Boasts nothing else, I'll pay him scorn with scorn.
What, shall my pride (and pride is virtue here)
Tamely make way, if such a wretch appear?
Shall I uncover'd stand, and bend my knee
To such a shadow of nobility,
A shred, a remnant? He might rot unknown
For any real merit of his own,
And never had come forth to public note,
Had he not worn by chance his father's coat.
To think a M—— worth my least regards,
Is treason to the *majesty* of *bards*.
By Nature form'd (when for her honour's sake
She something more than common strove to make,
When, overlooking each minute defect,
And all too eager to be quite correct,
In her full heat and vigour she imprest
Her stamp more strongly on the favour'd breast)
The *bard* (nor think too lightly that I mean
Those little, piddling witlings, who o'erween
Of their small parts, the Murphys of the stage,
The Masons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearse,
And drawl out measur'd prose, which they call verse)
The real *bard*, whom native genius fires,
Whom every maid of Castaly inspires,
Let him consider wherefore he was meant,
Let him but answer Nature's great intent,
And fairly weigh himself with other men,
Would ne'er debase the glories of his pen,
Would in full state, like a true monarch, live,
Nor 'bate one inch of his *prerogative*.
Methinks I see old Wingate frowning here,
(Wingate may in the season be a peer,
Though now, against his will, of figures sick,
He 's force'd to diet on *arithmetic*,
E'en whilst he envies ev'ry Jew he meets,
Who cries old clothes to sell about the streets)

ts (his mind with future honours big,
ern bob turn'd to a dress'd bag wig)
him cry—" What doth this jargon mean?
er such a damn'd dull blockhead seen?
——*bard*——*prerogative*——Disdain
t into, and turn'd the fellow's brain;
lem with him—give him whips and straw—
y sensible he 's mad in law.
groom who trades in reason, thus
imself upon a *par* with us;
ere's suffer'd, and if that *there* fool
en he pleases send us all to school,
n our only business is outright
our caps, and bid the world good night.
t a *bard* myself *this* twenty years,
ing of this kind in him appears.
a thorough true-bred spaniel licks
d which cuffs him, and the foot which
icks;
es and he carries, blacks my shoes,
ks it a discredit to his Muse;
re of the right cameleon hue,
s my colours, yellow or true blue,
wear them; 'tis all one to him,
I change through conscience, or through
him.
is something like; on such a plan
ay find a friend in a great man;
proud coxcomb—zounds, I thought that all
ueer tribe had been like my *old* Paul."
us thought! accursed be the tongue
the vile insinuation hung,
t where 'twas engender'd! Curst be those,
rds, who not themselves alone expose,
ut *all*, and make the very name
they 're call'd, a standing mark of shame.
ot of custom—'tis the coward's plea,
rith fools, but passes not with me;
ale trick, which Guilt hath often tried
ers to o'erpow'r the better side.
me, then, that from the birth of Rhyme,
r when, down to the present time,
original decree of Fate,
e protection sought amongst the great;
of weakness, have applied to them
o elms, and twining round their stem,
l on high; to gain this wish'd support,
il to Mæcenas paid his court?
custom, 'tis a point agreed,
a foolish diffidence, not need,
ch it rose: had *bards* but truly known
ngth, which is most properly their own,
lord, unpropp'd, they might have stood,
opp'd those giants of the wood.
y, when present times my care engage,
back to the *Augustan* age?
ious for the living, am I led
nansions of the ancient dead?
find patrons no where but at Rome,
I seek Mæcenas in the tomb?
a Wingate, twenty fools of note
and from report Mæcenas quote;
colours *lords* are proud to fight,
that Mæcenas was a *knight*;
ation him, as if to use his name
me measure to partake his fame,
irgil, were he living, in the street
for them, or perish in the *Fleet*.
hey redden, and the charge disclaim—
d in the *Fleet*!—Forbid it shame.

Hence, ye vain boasters, to the *Fleet* repair,
And ask, with blushes ask, if Lloyd is there[1].
Patrons, in days of yore, were men of sense,
Were men of taste, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters.—Some of them were heard
To read off-hand, and never spell a word;
Some of them too, to such a monstrous height
Was learning risen, for themselves could write,
And kept their secretaries, as the great
Do many other foolish things, for state.
Our patrons are of quite a diff'rent strain,
With neither sense nor taste, against the grain,
They patronize for fashion sake—no more—
And keep a *bard*, just as they keep a *whore*.
Melcombe[2] (on such occasion I am loth
To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
Some of them would be puzzled e'en to read,
Nor could deserve their *clergy* by their *creed*;
Others can write, but such a *pagan* hand,
A Willes[3] should always at our elbow stand;
Many, if begg'd, a *chancellor*, of right,
Would order into keeping at first sight.
Those who stand fairest to the public view,
Take to themselves the praise to others due;
They rob the very *spital*, and make free
With those, alas! who 've least to spare.—We see,
——— hath not a word to say,
Since winds and waves bore Singlespeech away.
Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
Expected that the *bard* should make his bow
At coming in, and ev'ry now and then
Hint to the world that they were more than men;
But, like the patrons of the present day,
They never bilk'd the poet of his pay.
Virgil lov'd rural ease, and, far from harm,
Mæcenas fix'd him in a neat, snug farm,
Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days
In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.
Horace lov'd wine, and, through his friend at court,
Could buy it off the key in ev'ry port;
Horace lov'd mirth, Mæcenas lov'd it too,
They met, they laugh'd, as Goy[4] and I may do,
Nor in those moments paid the least regard
To which was *minister*, and which was *bard*.
Not so our patrons—grave as grave can be,
They *know themselves*, they keep up *dignity*;
Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
That men of fortune rank with men of wit;
Wit, if familiar made, will find her strength—
'Tis best to keep her weak and at arms-length.
'Tis well enough for *bards*, if patrons give,
From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live.
Such is their language, and their practice such,
They promise little, and they give not much.
Let the weak *bard*, with prostituted strain,
Praise that proud Scot, whom all good men disdain;
What's his reward? Why, his own fame undone,
He may obtain a patent for the run
Of his lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
With offal fed, to court the cook in rhyme;
Or (if he strives true patriots to disgrace)
May at the *second* table get a place,

[1] Mr. Lloyd died in the Fleet, Dec. 15, 1764, shortly after the publication of this poem.

[2] George Bubb Dodington, lord Melcombe. He died July 28, 1762.

[3] Decypherer to the state.

[4] A Frenchman, secretary to Mr. Wilkes.

With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,
And play at crambo o'er a gill of wine.
And are there *bards*, who on creation's file,
Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair isle
The air of Freedom, with so little gall,
So low a spirit, prostrate thus to fall
Before these idols, and without a groan
Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a stone?
Better, and much more noble to abjure
The sight of men, and in some cave, secure
From all the outrages of pride, to feast
On Nature's sallads, and be free at least.
Better (though that, to say the truth, is worse
Than almost any other modern curse)
Discard all sense, divorce the thankless Muse,
Critics commence, and write in the *Reviews*,
Write without tremour, Griffiths cannot read;
No fool can fail, where Langhorne can succeed.
But (not to make a brave and honest pride
Try those means first, she must disdain when tried)
There are a thousand ways, a thousand arts,
By which, and fairly, men of real parts
May gain a living, gain what Nature craves;
Let those, who pine for more, live, and be slaves.
Our real wants in a small compass lie,
But lawless appetite with eager eye,
Kept in a constant fever, more requires,
And we are burnt up with our own desires.
Hence our dependence, hence our slav'ry springs;
Bards, if contented, are as great as Kings.
Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill;
We may be independent, if we will.
The man who suits his spirit to his state,
Stands on an equal footing with the great;
Moguls themselves are not more rich, and he
Who rules the English nation, not more free.
Chains were not forg'd more durable and strong
For *bards* than others, but they 've worn them long,
And therefore wear them still; they've quite forgot
What Freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
Could they, though in their sleep, could they but know
The blessings which from Independence flow;
Could they but have a short and transient gleam
Of Liberty, though 'twas but in a dream;
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
But, once made freemen, would be always free.
The Muse, if she one moment freedom gains,
Can never more submit to sing in chains.
Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
The bird repays his keeper with his song,
But if some playful child sets wide the door,
Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
With love of liberty begins to burn,
And rather starves than to his cage return.
Hail, Independence—by true reason taught,
How few have known, and priz'd thee as they ought.
Some give thee up for riot; some, like boys,
Resign thee, in their childish moods, for toys;
Ambition some, some avarice misleads,
And in both cases Independence bleeds:
Abroad, in quest of thee, how many roam,
Nor know they had thee in their reach at home;
Some, though about their paths, their beds about,
Have never had the sense to find thee out;
Others, who know of what they are possess'd,
Like fearful misers lock thee in a chest,
Nor have the resolution to produce
In these bad times, and bring thee forth for use.
Hail, Independence—though thy name 's scarce known,
Though thou, alas! art out of fashion grown,
Though all despise thee, I will not despise,
Nor live one moment longer than I prize
Thy presence, and enjoy: by angry Fate
Bow'd down, and almost crush'd, *thou* cam'st, though late,
Thou cam'st upon me, like a second birth,
And made me know what life was truly worth.
Hail, Independence—never may my cot,
Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot;
Thither, O thither, oftentimes repair;
Cotes [5], whom thou lovest too, shall meet thee there;
All thoughts, but what arise from joy, give o'er;
Peace dwells within, and Law shall guard the door.
O'erweening bard! Law guard thy door, what Law?
The Law of England?——To control, and awe
Those saucy hopes, to strike that spirit dumb,
Behold, in state, Administration come.
Why let her come, in all her terrours too;
I dare to suffer all she dares to do.
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her strength, but will not change my side.
This melting mass of flesh she may control
With iron ribs, she cannot chain my soul.
No—to the last resolv'd her worst to bear,
I'm still at large, and *independent* there.
Where is this minister? Where is the band
Of ready slaves, who at his elbow stand
To hear, and to perform his wicked will?
Why, for the first time, are they slow to ill?
When some grand act 'gainst Law is to be done,
Doth —— sleep; doth bloodhound —— run
To L——, and worry those small deer,
When he might do more precious mischief here?
Doth Webb turn tail? Doth he refuse to draw
Illegal warrants, and to call them Law?
Doth Webb, at Guildford kick'd, from Guildford run,
With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his son,
And, his more honest rival Ketch to cheat,
Purchase a burial-place where three ways meet?
Believe it not; —— is —— still,
And never sleeps, when he should wake to ill;
——— doth lesser mischiefs by-the-by,
The great ones till the Term in *petto* lie;
Webb lives, and, to the strictest justice true,
Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.
O my poor country—weak and overpower'd
By thine own sons—eat to the bone—devour'd
By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,
With unavailing grief thy wrongs I see,
And, for myself not feeling, feel for *thee*.
I grieve, but can't despair—for, lo, at hand
Freedom presents a choice, but faithful band
Of *loyal* patriots, men who greatly dare
In such a noble cause, men fit to bear
The weight of empires; *Fortune*, *Rank*, and *Sense*,
Virtue, and *Knowledge*, leagu'd with *Eloquence*,
March in their ranks; Freedom from file to file
Darts her delighted eye, and with a smile
Approves her honest sons, whilst down her cheek,
As 'twere by stealth (her heart too full to speak)
One tear in silence creeps, one honest tear,
And seems to say, "Why is not Granby here?"

[5] Humphrey Cotes.

brave *few*, in whom we still may find
of virtue, freedom, and mankind,
, in majesty of woe array'd,
your feet your country kneels for aid,
any of her children traitors grown)
to those sons she still can call her own;
g to breathe her last in ev'ry breath,
els for freedom, or she begs for death—
n, each duteous son, each English chief,
your drooping parent bring relief.
—nor let the siren voice of Ease
ye to sleep, whilst tempests swell the seas;
—nor let Hypocrisy, whose tongue
any a fair, false, fatal art is hung,
thel's fawning prophet, cross your way,
our great errand brooks not of delay;
vain Fear, who cries to all she meets,
ing and pale—"A lion in the streets"—
our free spirits; let not threats affright,
es corrupt, nor flatteries delight.
e man—Concord success ensures—
not an English heart but what is yours.
—and Virtue, ever in your sight,
your guide by day, your guard by night—
—the champions of your native land,
y the battle prosper in your hand—
it must—Ye cannot be withstood—
hearts honest, as your cause is good.

THE JOURNEY.

my *friends*, (for *friends* I must suppose
, not daring to appear my foes,
reat good-will, and, not more full of spite
ll of craft, under false colours fight)
f my *friends*, (so lavishly I print)
in sorrow than in anger, hint
that indeed will scarce admit a doubt)
hall run my stock of genius out,
great stock, and, publishing so fast,
eds become a bankrupt at the last.
husbandman, to spare a thankful soil,
rich in disposition, pays his toil
an a hundred fold, which swells his store
his wish, and makes his barns run o'er,
experience taught, who teaches best,
s his hopes a while, and gives it rest.
d, allow'd its losses to repair,
'd, and full in strength, delights to wear
d youth, and to the farmer's eyes
her crops and double harvests rise.
r think this practice to the earth confin'd,
es to the culture of the mind.
d of man craves rest, and cannot bear,
next in pow'r to God's, continual care.
himself (nor here let Genius frown)
ensure his vigour, be laid down,
low'd well: had Churchill known but this,
the most slight observer scarce could miss,
ht have flourish'd twenty years or more,
now, *alas!* poor man! worn out in four."
er'd from the vanity of youth,
las! this melancholy truth,
to each cordial, each advising friend,
, if not too late, resolv'd to mend,
l to give some respite to my pen,
nyself once more to books and men,
View what is present, what is past review,
And my old stock exhausted, lay in new.
For twice six moons (let winds, turn'd porters, bear
This oath to Heav'n) for twice six moons, I swear,
No Muse shall tempt me with her siren lay,
Nor draw me from Improvement's thorny way:
Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that friend,
Who in my hearing shall a rhyme commend.
It cannot be—Whether I will, or no,
Such as they are, my thoughts in measure flow.
Convinc'd, determin'd, I in prose begin,
But ere I write one sentence, verse creeps in,
And taints me through and through: by this good
In verse I talk by day, I dream by night; [light,
If now and then I curse, my curses chime,
Nor can I pray, unless I pray in rhyme.
E'en now I err, in spite of common sense,
And my confession doubles my offence. [breath,
Rest then, my *friends*—spare, spare your precious
And be your slumbers not less sound than death;
Perturbed spirits rest, nor thus appear
To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ear.
On your grave lessons I cannot subsist,
Nor e'en in verse become *economist;*
Rest then, my *friends*, nor, hateful to my eyes,
Let Envy in the shape of Pity rise
To blast me ere my time; with patience wait,
('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
Shall glut your pride, and ev'ry son of phlegm
Find ample room to censure and condemn.
Read some three hundred lines, (no easy task;
But probably the last that I shall ask)
And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
Nay not so much, revenge is in your pow'r,
And ye may cry, "Ere Time hath turn'd his glass,
Lo! what *we* prophesied is come to pass."
Let those, who poetry in poems claim,
Or not read this, or only read to blame;
Let those, who are by fiction's charms enslav'd,
Return me thanks for half-a-crown well sav'd;
Let those, who love a little gall in rhyme,
Postpone their purchase now, and call next time;
Let those, who, void of nature, look for art,
Take up their money, and in peace depart;
Let those, who energy of diction prize,
For Billingsgate quit Flexney, and be wise;
Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force;
Mean are the words, and such as come of course,
The subject not less simple than the lay;
A plain, unlabour'd Journey of a day.
Far from me now be ev'ry tuneful maid,
I neither ask, nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
Alone I jog, and keep the beaten track,
Nor would I have the Sisters of the hill
Behold their bard in such a dishabille.
Absent, but only absent for a time,
Let them caress some dearer son of rhyme;
Let them, as far as decency permits,
Without suspicion, play the fool with wits,
'Gainst fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule,
Wits are safe things, there's danger in a fool.
Let them, though modest, Gray more modest woo;
Let them with Mason bleat, and bray, and coo;
Let them with Franklin, proud of some small Greek,
Make Sophocles disguis'd, in English speak;
Let them with Glover o'er Medea doze;
Let them with Dodsley wail Cleone's woes.

Whilst he, fine feeling creature, all in tears,
Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers;
Let them with simple Whitehead, taught to creep
Silent and soft, lay Fontenelle asleep[6];
Let them with Browne contrive, no vulgar trick,
To cure the dead, and make the living sick[7];
Let them in charity to Murphy give
Some old French piece, that he may steal and live;
Let them with *antic* Foote subscriptions get,
And advertise a Summer-house of wit.
Thus, or in any better way they please,
With these great men, or with great men like these,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my journey all alone proceed.
If fashionable grown, and fond of pow'r,
With *hum'rous* Scots let them disport their hour:
Let them dance, fairy-like, round Ossian's tomb;
Let them forge *lies*, and *histories* for Hume;
Let them with Home, the very prince of verse,
Make something like a tragedy in *Erse;*
Under dark Allegory's flimsy veil
Let them with Ogilvie spin out a tale
Of rueful length; let them plain things obscure,
Debase what 's truly rich, and what is poor
Make poorer still by jargon most uncouth;
With ev'ry pert, prim prettiness of youth
Born of false taste, with fancy (like a child
Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,
With bloated style, by affectation taught,
With much false colouring, and little thought,
With phrases strange, and dialect decreed
By reason never to have pass'd the *Tweed*,
With words which Nature meant each other's foe,
Forc'd to compound whether they will or no;
With such materials, let them, if they will,
To prove at once their pleasantry and skill,
Build up a bard to war 'gainst common sense,
By way of compliment to Providence;
Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,
Read musty lectures on *benevolence*,
Or con the pages of his gaping *Day*,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a *letter'd* Scot;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness; when the night
Suspends this mortal coil, when Memory wakes,
When for our past misdoings Conscience takes
A deep revenge, when by Reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks Comfort dead,
Let ev'ry Muse be gone; in vain he turns
And tries to pray for sleep; an Ætna burns,
A more than Ætna in his coward breast,
And Guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest:
Though soft as plumage from young zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring.
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.
Thus, or in any better way they please,
With these great men, or with great men like these,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my journey all alone proceed.

[6] See The School for Lovers, by Mr. Whitehead, taken from Fontenelle.
[7] See The Cure of Saul, by Dr. Browne.

DEDICATION

TO CHURCHILL'S SERMONS.

Health to great Gloster—from a man unknown,
Who holds thy health as dearly as his own,
Accept this greeting—nor let modest fear
Call up one maiden blush—I mean not here
To wound with flattery—'tis a villain's art,
And suits not with the frankness of my heart.
Truth best becomes an *orthodox* divine,
And, spite of Hell, that character is mine:
To speak e'en bitter truths I cannot fear;
But truth, *my lord*, is panegyric here.
Health to great Gloster—nor, through love of ease,
Which all priests love, let this address displease.
I ask no favour, not one note I crave,
And when this busy brain rests in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have rest)
I will not trouble you with one bequest;
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew or a son,
In that dread hour executor I'll leave:
For I, alas! have many to receive,
To give but little—To great Gloster *health;*
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth
Here take a false alarm—in purse though poor,
In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free,
I, though a dedicator, scorn a fee.
Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share;
I would not Allen rob, nor Allen's heir.
Think not, a thought unworthy thy great soul,
Which pomps of this world never could control,
Which never offer'd up at Power's vain shrine,
Think not that pomp and pow'r can work on mine.
'Tis not thy name, though that indeed is great,
'Tis not the tinsel trumpery of state,
'Tis not thy title, doctor though thou art,
'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.
State is a farce, names are but empty things,
Degrees are bought, and, by mistaken kings,
Titles are oft misplac'd; mitres, which shine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unless set off by virtue: who deceives
Under the sacred sanction of *lawn sleeves*,
Enhances guilt, commits a double sin;
So fair without, and yet so foul within.
'Tis not thy outward form, thy easy mien,
Thy sweet complacency, thy brow serene,
Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty Cupids, as in ambush, lie,
Which can from sixty to sixteen impart
The force of love, and point his blunted dart;
'Tis not thy face, though that by Nature's made
An index to thy soul, though there display'd
We see thy mind at large, and through thy skin
Peeps out that courtesy which dwells within;
'Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,
Around our heads no lineal glories shine—
But what is birth—when, to delight mankind,
Heralds can make those arms they cannot find;
When thou art to thyself, thy sire unknown,
A whole Welsh genealogy *alone?*
No, 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,
Thy right just estimation here on Earth,
Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,
And flowing from that wholesome source thy mind,

wn contempt of persecution's rod,
rity for man, thy love of God,
ı in Christ, so well approv'd 'mongst men,
ow give life and utt'rance to my pen:
ue, not thy rank, demands my lays;
the bishop, but the saint I praise.
/ that theme, I soar on wings more strong,
it forth into praise withheld too long.
did I wish, e'en whilst I kept those sheep,
'or my curse, I was ordain'd to keep;
, alas! to keep through need, not choice,
eep which never heard their shepherd's
oice,
id not know, yet would not learn their way,
ray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I should
ray,
eep, which my good father (on his bier
duty drop the pious tear)
l, yet starv'd himself; e'en at that time,
was pure, and innocent of rhyme,
acred dullness ever in my view,
my bidding crept from pew to pew,
d I wish, though little could I hope,
in him who was the friend of Pope. [guide,
hand," said I, "my youthful steps shall
l me safe where thousands fall beside;
er, his experience shall control,
ı to peace the tempest of my soul;
nent teach me, from the critic school,
to err, and how to err by rule;
me, mingle profit with delight,
ope was wrong, where Shakspeare was not
ght;
hey are justly prais'd, and where through
him,
le 's due to them, how much to him.
ove the slavery of common rules,
ion sense, of modern, ancient schools,
elings banish'd, which mislead us all,
we are, and which we Nature call,
is great example, might impart
something, and baptize it art;
he feelings of my youth forgot,
now me what is taste, by what is not;
supported, with a proper pride,
hold all mankind as fools beside;
ıld a world perverse and peevish grown,
his maxims, and assert their own)
each me, like himself, to be content,
their folly be their punishment;
ke himself teach his adopted son,
ll the world, to quote a Warburton."
hat I was, could I so much deceive
with lying hopes; could I believe
, the servant of his Maker sworn,
ant of his Saviour, would be torn
eir embrace, and leave that dear employ,
e of souls, his duty and his joy,
like mine, and waste his precious time,
h so much depended, for a rhyme?
ıe forsake the task he undertook,
is flock, and break his past'ral crook?
ıe (forbid it Heaven) so high in place,
in knowledge, quit the work of grace,
And, idly wand'ring o'er the Muses' hill,
Let the salvation of mankind stand still?
Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee
Be such revolt from grace, and far from me
The will to think it—guilt is in the thought—
Not so, not so, hath Warburton been taught,
Not so learn'd Christ—Recall that day, well-known,
When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)
He call'd blasphemers forth—Methinks I now
See stern rebuke enthroned on his brow,
And arm'd with tenfold terrours—from this tongue,
Where fiery zeal and Christian fury hung,
Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunders roll,
And chill with horrour ev'ry sinner's soul—
In vain they strive to fly—flight cannot save,
And Potter trembles even in his grave—
With all the conscious pride of innocence,
Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,
Bear witness to himself, whilst all men knew,
By gospel rules, his witness to be true.
O glorious man, thy zeal I must commend,
Though it deprivd me of my dearest friend.
The real motives of thy anger known,
Wilkes must the justice of that anger own,
And could thy bosom have been bar'd to view,
Pitied himself, in turn had pitied you.
Bred to the law, you wisely took the gown,
Which I, like *Demas*, foolishly laid down.
Hence double strength our *holy mother* drew:
Me she got rid of, and made prize of you.
I, like an idle truant, fond of play,
Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,
Grasping at shadows, let the substance slip;
But you, *my lord*, renounc'd attorneyship
With better purpose, and more noble aim,
And wisely play'd a more substantial game.
Nor did *Law* mourn, bless'd in her younger son,
For Mansfield does what Gloster would have done.
Doctor, dean, bishop, Gloster, and *my lord*,
If haply these high titles may accord
With thy meek spirit, if the barren sound
Of pride delights thee, to the topmost round
Of Fortune's ladder got, despise not one,
For want of smooth hypocrisy undone,
Who, far below, turns up his wond'ring eye,
And, without envy, sees thee plac'd so high;
Let not thy brain (as brains less potent might)
Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
Turn round, and lose distinction, lose her skill
And wonted powers of knowing good from ill,
Of sifting truth from falsehood, friends from foes;
Let Gloster well remember, how he rose,
Nor turn his back on men who made him great;
Let him not, gorg'd with pow'r, and drunk with state,
Forget what once he was, though now so high;
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I.
.....
.....
.....
..... Cætera desunt[1].

[1] It is presumed the sudden death of the author will sufficiently apologize for the DEDICATION remaining unfinished. JOHN CHURCHILL.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE

LIFE OF FALCONER.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

For the principal part of the information contained in this account of Mr. Falconer, I am indebted to the Biographical Memoir prefixed by the Rev. James Stanier Clarke, F. R. S. to his very splendid and accurate edition of The Shipwreck, published in 1803. In a few instances I have subjoined, in the notes, some differences in point of fact which occur in a Life of Falconer published by Mr. David Irving, of Edinburgh, in 1801.

William Falconer was born about the year 1730[1], and was the son of a poor but industrious barber at Edinburgh, all of whose children, with the exception of our author, were either deaf or dumb[2]. William received such common education as might qualify him for some inferior employment, and appears to have contracted a taste for reading, and a desire for higher attainments than his situation permitted. In the character of Arion, unquestionably intended for his own, he hints at a further progress in study than his biographers have been able to trace:

> On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
> Awak'ning into bloom young Fancy's flow'r:
> But soon Adversity, with freezing blast,
> The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast;
> Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
> Condemn'd *reluctant* to the faithless sea.

It must indeed have been with reluctance that a boy who had begun to taste the sweets of literature consented to serve an apprenticeship on board a merchant vessel at Leith, which we are told he did when very young. He was afterwards in the capacity of a servant to Campbell, the author of Lexiphanes, when purser of a ship. Campbell is said to have discovered in Falconer talents worthy of cultivation, and when the latter

[1] Mr. Irving says, about the year 1735, which is not very consistent with the other dates in Falconer's life.

[2] "He had a brother and sister, both of whom were born deaf and dumb. The sister is still living in this city, (Edinburgh, 1801): she is a constant residentiary in the Royal Infirmary." Irving.

distinguished himself as a poet, used to repeat with some pride, that he had once been his scholar.

Falconer, probably by means of this friend, was made second mate of a vessel employed in the Levant trade, which was shipwrecked during her passage from Alexandria to Venice, and only three of the crew saved. The date of this event cannot now be ascertained, but what he saw and felt on the melancholy occasion made the deepest impression on his memory, and certainly suggested the plan and characters of his celebrated poem. Whether before this time he had made any poetical attempts we are not informed. The favours of a genuine muse are usually early, and it is at least probable that the classical allusions, so frequent in The Shipwreck, were furnished by much previous reading.

In 1751 he appeared among the poets who lamented the death of Frederic prince of Wales, in a poem published at Edinburgh, which probably gratified the humble expectations of a friendly circle, without procuring him much encouragement[3]. He is said, however, to have followed up his first effort, by some small pieces sent to that accustomed repository of early talent, the Gentleman's Magazine. Mr. Clarke has pointed out The Chaplain's Petition to the Lieutenants in the Ward Room, the Description of a Ninety Gun Ship, and some lines On the uncommon Scarcity of Poetry. The two last, on such authority, have been added to the present edition of his works. The Chaplain's Petition, professedly in imitation of Swift, is too much in the manner of the indelicate pieces attributed to that author, for insertion in a modern collection. Mr. Clarke has likewise presented his readers with a whimsical little poem, descriptive of the abode and sentiments of a midshipman, which was one of Falconer's early productions: and offers some reasons for being of opinion that he was the author of the popular song, Cease rude Boreas.

Our author is supposed to have continued in the merchant service until he gained the patronage of his royal highness Edward duke of York, by dedicating to him The Shipwreck, in the spring of 1762; and it is much to the honour of his highness's taste that he joined in the praise bestowed on this poem, and became desirous to place the author in a situation where he could befriend him. With this view, the duke advised him to quit the merchant service for the royal navy, and before the summer had elapsed, Falconer was rated a midshipman on board sir Edward Hawke's ship, the Royal George[4].

At the peace of 1763, this ship was paid off, but previously to that event, Falconer published an Ode on the Duke of York's second Departure from England as Rear-Admiral. His highness had embarked on board the Centurion with commodore Harrison, for the Mediterranean; and Falconer composed this ode "during an occasional absence from his messmates, when he retired into a small space formed between the cable tiers and the ship's side." It is a rambling, incoherent composition, in which we

[3] According to Mr. Irving, this poem was published before Falconer was shipwrecked, "upon his revisiting Edinburgh in 1751."

[4] Mr. Irving informs us, that, "after the publication of The Shipwreck he paid a final visit to Scotland. He resided for some time at the manse of Gladsmuir, which was then possessed by his illustrious kinsman Dr. Robertson. This great historian, whose father was cousin-german of Mr. Falconer, seems to have been proud to acknowledge his relation to the ingenious self-taught poet." Dr. Robertson may have been thus related to Falconer, but he had certainly left Gladsmuir for Edinburgh long before the publication of The Shipwreck.

cover little of the author of The Shipwreck; Mr. Clarke adds, that a severe criticism it, written by Falconer himself, appeared in the Critical Review. I know not how reconcile this to the separate professions of author and critic, but of the severity of criticism the reader may judge. The Reviewer says, "This poem is more n tolerable, and just falls short of excellency. We know not what the author ght have produced, had he consulted the conflict of Hercules between Virtue l Vice, as described by the ancients: he would then have represented it less etically than he has done: but the contour of the hero's body, and the *attemptive* inations of his head, would have been more natural, more just, and more uisitely sensible." If Falconer wrote this, we hope he understood his meaning; but n informed, on authority which I cannot doubt, that Falconer never wrote a line in Critical Review.

As Falconer wanted much of that complementary time of service, which might ble him to arrive at the commission of Lieutenant, his friends advised him to hange the military for the civil department of the royal navy; and accordingly, in course of the year 1763, he was appointed purser of the Glory frigate of 32 guns. n after he married a young lady of the name of Hicks, the daughter of the geon of Sheerness Yard. With this lady, who had considerable taste, he appears to e lived happily [5], although his circumstances were reduced from want of employment. at this was the case appears from a whimsical incident related by his biographer. When the Glory was laid up in ordinary at Chatham, commissioner Hanway, brother the benevolent Jonas Hanway, became delighted with the genius of its purser. The tain's cabin was ordered to be fitted up with a stove, and with every addition of nfort that could be procured; in order that Falconer might thus be enabled to oy his favourite propensity, without either molestation or expense."

Here he employed himself, for some time, in various literary occupations. Among ers he compiled an Universal Marine Dictionary, a work of great utility, and hly approved by professional men in the navy. In 1764, he published a new tion of The Shipwreck, in 8vo. corrected and enlarged, with a preface which indicates great facility in that species of composition. In the following year, appeared The magogue, a political satire on lord Chatham, Wilkes, and Churchill, and intended as antidote to the writings of the latter. It contains a sufficient proportion of virulent spirit of Churchill, but lord Chatham and Wilkes were not at this time nerable, and The Demagogue was soon forgotten.

The Marine Dictionary was published in 1769 [6], before which period he appears

She died at Bath, within these few years. In consideration of the success of the Marine Dictionary, was liberally supplied with sums of money, from time to time, by the late Mr. Cadell, the prietor of that work, nor did his liberality cease with the expiration of the usual period of copy-it. This circumstance, which is mentioned by Mr. Irvine, has been delicately confirmed to me by Cadell's successors.

In this work he introduces a compliment to the British navy, which subsequent events have so ply justified, that no apology seems requisite for its insertion here.—"RETREAT, the order or osition in which a fleet of French men of war decline engagement, or fly from a pursuing enemy. reader, who wishes to be expert in this manœuvre, will find it copiously described by several nious French writers, particularly L'Hote, Saverien, Morogues, Bourde, and Ozane; who have n accurate instructions, deduced from experience, for putting it in practice when occasion requires. t is not properly a term of the British Marine, a more circumstantial account of it might be idered foreign to our plan. It has been observed in another part of this work, that the French have

to have left his naval retreat at Chatham for an abode in the metropolis of a less comfortable kind. Here depressed by poverty, but occasionally soothed by friendship, and by the affectionate attentions of his wife, he subsisted for some time on various resources. I must however except "a small pittance for writing in the Critical Review under Mr. Mallet," concerning which Mr. Clarke has been misinformed. Neither Mallet nor Falconer ever contributed to that Review. Falconer was long a welcome guest at the liberal table of Mr. Hamilton, the proprietor of the Critical Review, and was always an inmate in his family, but never discovered talents which could induce Mr. Hamilton to require his aid as a critic. In 1768, Falconer received proposals from the late Mr. Murray, the bookseller, to be admitted a partner in the business which that gentleman afterwards established.

No reason can be assigned with more probability for his refusing this liberal offer, than his appointment, immediately after, to the pursership of the Aurora frigate, which was ordered to carry out to India, Messrs. Vansittart, Scrofton, and Forde, as supervisors of the affairs of the company. He was also promised the office of private secretary to those gentlemen, a situation from which his friends conceived the hopes that he might eventually obtain lasting advantages. *Dis aliter visum.* The Aurora sailed from England on the 30th of September, 1769, and after touching at the Cape, was lost during the remainder of the passage in a manner which left no trace by which the cause of the calamity could be discovered. The most probable conjecture is, that she foundered in the Mosambique channel.

When we reflect that a shipwreck inspired the poem which has immortalized Falconer's name, and that a shipwreck terminated his life, we are strongly reminded that

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

"In person" says Mr. Clarke, "Falconer was about five feet seven inches in height, of a thin light make, with a dark weather-beaten complexion, and rather what is termed hard-featured, being considerably marked with the small-pox; his hair was of a brownish hue. In point of address, his manner was blunt, awkward, and forbidding; but he spoke with great fluency; and his simple yet impressive diction was couched in words which reminded his hearers of the terseness of Swift. Though he possessed a warm and friendly disposition, he was fond of controversy, and inclined to satire. His observation was keen and rapid: his criticisms on any inaccuracy of language, or expression, were frequently severe, yet this severity was always intended eventually to create mirth, and not by any means to show his own superiority, or to give the smallest offence. In his natural temper he was cheerful, and frequently used to amuse his messmates by composing acrostics on their favourites, in which he particularly excelled. As a professional man he was a thorough seaman, and, like most of that profession, was kind, generous, and benevolent. He often assured governor Hunter, that his education had been confined merely to reading English, writing, and a little arithmetic: notwithstanding which he was never at a loss to understand either French, Spanish, Italian, or even German."

As a poet, Falconer's fame must rest entirely on The Shipwreck. His other pieces

generally exhibited greater proofs of taste and judgment in the sculpture, with which their ships are decorated, than the English; the same candour and impartiality obliges us to confess their superior dexterity in this movement."

could never have survived the occasion which produced them, and could have ranked him only among the versifiers of a day, while The Shipwreck bids fair for immortality. In the powers of description, he has scarcely a superior, and has bid defiance to comparison by choosing a subject with which accident only can make a poet acquainted, a subject which may be described, for he has described it in all its awful dignity, but which surpasses the common reach of imagination. The distant ocean, and its grand phenomena, have often employed the pens of the most eminent poets, but they have generally produced an effect by indefinite outlines, and imaginary incidents. In Falconer, we have the painting of a great artist taken on the spot, with such minute fidelity as well as picturesque effect, that we are chained to the scene with all the feelings of actual terrour.

In the use of imagery, Falconer displays original powers. His Sun-set, Midnight, Morning, &c. are not such as have descended from poet to poet. He beheld these objects under circumstances in which it is the lot of few to be placed. His images cannot therefore be transferred or borrowed: they have an appropriation which must not be disturbed, nor can we trace them to any source but that of genuine poetry. Although we may suspect that he had studied the Æneid, there are no marks of servile imitation, while he has the high merit of enriching English poetry by a new train of ideas, and conducting the imagination into an undiscovered country.

The principal objection to this poem, is the introduction of sea-terms, and although it must be confessed that he has softened these by an exquisite harmony of numbers, some of his descriptions must ever remain unintelligible to indolent readers. But Falconer did not need to be told of this objection. In his introduction, he deprecates what he had full reason to expect:

> Then censure not severe the native song,
> Though jarring sounds the measur'd verse prolong,
> Though terms uncouth offend the softer ear.

He allows that his Muse was a

> ..... Voice attempting themes, before unknown
> To music.....

and he was aware how difficult it would be

> ..... in ornamental verse to dress
> The harshest sounds that terms of art express.

If, however, we attend to his design, it will become evident that the introduction of sea-terms was absolutely necessary. The Shipwreck is didactic, as well as descriptive, and may be recommended to a young sailor, not only to excite his enthusiasm, but to improve his knowledge of the art of seamanship. Mr. Clarke, whose judgment on this subject may be followed with safety, and whose zeal for the reputation of the British navy does honour both to his head and heart, says, that The Shipwreck "is of inestimable value to this country, since it contains within itself the rudiments of navigation: if not sufficient to form a complete seaman, it may certainly be considered as the grammar of his professional science. I have heard many experienced officers declare, that the rules and maxims delivered in this poem, for the conduct of a ship in the most perilous emergency, form the best, indeed the only opinions which a skilful mariner should adopt."

With such views it was impossible to exclude a language which is uncouth only where

it is not understood, and which, as being the language of those heroes who have ele the character of their country beyond all precedent and all comparison, merits higher ration than the technical terms of common mechanics, and, upon this account, The wreck ought not to involve the blame which attaches to the Cyder of Philips, or the F of Dyer. No art can give dignity to such subjects, nor did they demand the a poetry to render them more useful or more pleasing. Falconer's subject was one c most sublime inflictions of Providence. He described it for those who might be des to behold it, and he knew that if among sailors he found no acute critics, he woul intelligent and sympathizing readers. When therefore we consider his whole desig objection may admit of some apology even from those who will yet regret that a p such genuine skill should have narrowed his fame by writing for a class.

In this poem, a fastidious eye may perhaps discover some small defects in poi correctness, and occasionally an improper or degrading epithet. In the third can may be thought that the continuity of the story is broken by the introduction o *decline* and *fall* of ancient Greece, however just and poetically beautiful the refle are. To me it appears that these digressions are not wanted to relieve the reade cause he is impatient to know the fate of those whom he has left on the brink of de tion. Yet with scholars, the classical enthusiasm displayed will be sufficient to ato the length of the interruption.

It only remains to be mentioned that Falconer does not appear to have been o those poets who think themselves exempted from the labour of revision and corre Although he could profit very little by the opinion of the public critics, who best only praise, he appears to have consulted his better judgment in making correction some very considerable additions to the second impression published in 1764. Th sonification of Memory, in the Introduction, and, if I mistake not, the description ship's losing sight of land, and the Occasional Elegy, were among these additions preparing a third edition, he also made a few changes, but is said to have left the in the hands of Mallet who took some improper liberties. Mr. Clarke, by a carefu lation of the several editions, appears to have restored the text to all the purity anc rectness of which it is now capable.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM FALCONER.

THE SHIPWRECK,

IN THREE CANTOS.

THE TIME EMPLOYED IN THIS POEM, IS ABOUT SIX DAYS.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION,

PUBLISHED BY A. MILLAR, IN OCTAVO, 1764;

WITH A CHART OF THE SHIP'S PATH FROM CANDIA, TO CAPE COLONNA.

It is perhaps necessary to acquaint the public, that the author of this poem designed not at first to enlarge the work with so many notes, and, to avoid this, proposed to refer his readers to any one of the modern dictionaries, which should be thought most proper for explaining the technical terms occasionally mentioned in the poem; but after strict examination of them all, including a silly inadequate performance that has lately appeared by a sea-officer[1], he could by no means recommend their explanations, without forfeiting his claim to the character assumed in the title-page, of which he is much more tenacious than of his reputation as a poet.

Although it is so frequent a practice to take the advantage of public approbation, and raise the price of performances that have been much encouraged, the author chooses to steer in a quite different channel: it being a considerable time since the first edition sold off, (notwithstanding the high price, and the singularity of the subject) he might very justly continue the price; but as it deterred a number of the inferior officers of the sea from purchasing it, at their repeated request it has been printed now in a smaller edition: at the same time, the author is sorry to observe, that the gentlemen of the sea, for whose entertainment it was chiefly calculated, have hardly made one-tenth of the purchasers.

[1] Can a sea-officer be so ignorant as to mistake the names of the most common things in a ship?

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD EDITION.

DATED FROM SOMERSET HOUSE, OCTOBER 1, 1769, THE YEAR IN WHICH FALCONER SAILED FOR INDIA.

The favourable reception which this performance has hitherto met with from the public, has encouraged the author to give it a strict and thorough revision; in the course of which, he flatters himself, it will be found to have received very considerable improvements.

INTRODUCTION TO THE POEM.

While jarring interests wake the world to arms,
And fright the peaceful vale with dire alarms,
While Albion bids th' avenging thunders roll
Along her vassal Deep from pole to pole;
Sick of the scene, where War with ruthless hand
Spreads desolation o'er the bleeding land,
Sick of the tumult, where the trumpet's breath
Bids Ruin smile, and drowns the groan of Death;
'Tis mine, retir'd beneath this cavern hoar
That stands all lonely on the sea-beat shore,
Far other themes of deep distress to sing
Than ever trembled from the vocal string;
A scene from dumb Oblivion to restore,
To Fame unknown, and new to Epic lore:
Where hostile elements conflicting rise,
And lawless surges swell against the skies,
Till Hope expires, and Peril and Dismay
Wave their black ensigns on the watry way.
Immortal train! who guide the maze of song,
To whom all science, arts, and arms belong,
Who bid the trumpet of eternal Fame
Exalt the warrior's and the poet's name,

Or in lamenting elegies express
The varied pang of exquisite distress;
If e'er with trembling hope I fondly stray'd
In life's fair morn beneath your hallow'd shade,
To hear the sweetly-mournful lute complain,
And melt the heart with ecstasy of pain,
Or listen to th' enchanting voice of Love
While all Elysium warbled through the grove;
Oh! by the hollow blast that moans around,
That sweeps the wild harp with a plaintive sound;
By the long surge that foams through yonder cave,
Whose vaults remurmur to the roaring wave;
With living colours give my verse to glow,
The sad memorial of a tale of woe!
The fate, in lively sorrow, to deplore
Of wanderers shipwreck'd on a leeward shore.
Alas! neglected by the sacred Nine,
Their suppliant feels no genial ray divine:
Ah! will they leave Pieria's happy shore
To plough the tide where wintry tempests roar?
Or shall a youth approach their hallow'd fane
Stranger to Phœbus, and the tuneful train?
Far from the Muses' academic grove
'Twas his the vast and trackless deep to rove,
Alternate change of climates has he known,
And felt the fierce extremes of either zone:
Where polar skies congeal th' eternal snow,
Or equinoctial suns for ever glow,
Smote by the freezing, or the scorching blast,
"A ship-boy on the high and giddy mast[1]"
From regions where Peruvian billows roar,
To the bleak coasts of savage Labrador;
From where Damascus, pride of Asian plains,
Stoops her proud neck beneath tyrannic chains,
To where the Isthmus[2] lav'd by adverse tides
Atlantic and Pacific seas divides:
But while he measur'd o'er the painful race
In Fortune's wild illimitable chase,
Adversity, companion of his way,
Still o'er the victim hung with iron sway,
Bade new distresses every instant grow,
Marking each change of place with change of woe:
In regions where th' Almighty's chast'ning hand
With livid Pestilence afflicts the land,
Or where pale Famine blasts the hopeful year,
Parent of want and misery severe;
Or where, all-dreadful in th' embattled line,
The hostile ships in flaming combat join,
Where the torn vessel wind and waves assail
Till o'er her crew distress and death prevail—
Such joyless toils in early youth endur'd
Th' expanding dawn of mental day obscur'd,
Each genial passion of the soul opprest
And quench'd the ardour kindling in his breast.
Then censure not severe the native song
Though jarring sounds the measur'd verse prolong,
Though terms uncouth offend the softer ear,
Yet truth and human anguish deign to hear:
No laurel wreaths the lays attempt to claim,
Nor sculptur'd brass to tell the poet's name.
And lo! the Power that wakes th' eventful song
Hastes hither from Lethean banks along,
She sweeps the gloom, and rushing on the sight
Spreads o'er the kindling scene propitious light.
In her right hand an ample roll appears
Fraught with long annals of preceding years,
With every wise and noble art of man
Since first the circling hours their course began;
Her left a silver wand on high display'd,
Whose magic touch dispels Oblivion's shade.
Pensive her look; on radiant wings that glow
Like Juno's birds, or Iris' flaming bow,
She sails; and swifter than the course of light
Directs her rapid intellectual flight.
The fugitive ideas she restores,
And calls the wand'ring thought from Lethe's shores;
To things long past a second date she gives,
And hoary Time from her fresh youth receives;
Congenial sister of immortal Fame,
She shares her pow'r, and Memory is her name.
O first-born daughter of primeval Time!
By whom transmitted down in ev'ry clime
The deeds of ages long elaps'd are known,
And blazon'd glories spread from zone to zone;
Whose magic breath dispels the mental night
And o'er th' obscur'd idea pours the light;
Say on what seas, for thou alone canst tell,
What dire mishap a fated ship befel
Assail'd by tempests, girt with hostile shores?
Arise! approach! unlock thy treasur'd stores!
Full on my soul the dreadful scene display,
And give its latent horrours to the day.'

[1] Shakspeare. [2] Darien.

THE SHIPWRECK.

CANTO I.

The scene of which lies near the city of Candia.

TIME, ABOUT FOUR DAYS AND AN HALF.

THE ARGUMENT.

I. Retrospect of the voyage...Arrival at Candia... State of that island...Season of the year described...II. Character of the master, and his officers, Albert, Rodmond, and Arion...Palemon, son to the owner of the ship...Attachment of Palemon to Anna the daughter of Albert...Noon ...III. Palemon's history...IV. Sun set...Midnight...Arion's dream...Unmoor by moonlight... Morning. Sun's azimuth taken...Beautiful appearance of the ship, as seen by the natives from the shore.

I. A SHIP from Egypt, o'er the deep impell'd
By guiding winds, her course for Venice held,
Of fam'd Britannia were the gallant crew,
And from that isle her name the vessel drew:
The wayward steps of Fortune they pursued,
And sought in certain ills imagin'd good:
Though caution'd oft her slippery path to shun,
Hope still with promis'd joys allur'd them on;
And while they listened to her winning lore
The softer scenes of Peace could please no more.
Long absent they from friends and native home
The cheerless Ocean were inur'd to roam;
Yet Heaven, in pity to severe distress,
Had crown'd each painful voyage with success;
Still, to compensate toils and hazards past,
Restor'd them to maternal plains at last.
Thrice had the Sun, to rule the varying year,
Across th' equator roll'd his flaming sphere,

st the vessel spread her ample sail,
lbion's coast, obsequious to the gale;
· the spacious flood, from shore to shore
ying wafted her commercial store;
iest ports of Afric she had viewed
to fair Italy her course pursued,
: behind Trinacria's burning isle,
ited the margin of the Nile:
v, that Winter deepens round the pole,
:ling voyage hastens to its goal:
lind to Fate's inevitable law,
: event to blast their hope foresaw,
n gay Venice, soon expect to steer
ain's coast, and dread no perils near;
by Hope, their throbbing hearts elate
easures vainly antedate,
vhose vivid intellectual ray
recedes, and danger melts away.
British coasts appear to rise,
lky cliffs salute their longing eyes;
his breast, where floods of rapture roll,
ing strains the mistress of his soul:
o'erjoy'd, with sympathetic truth,
ithful maid expects th' approaching youth.
it souls congenial passions glow,
tual feelings mutual bliss bestow:
adowy happiness their thoughts employ,
all, and visionary joy!
time elaps'd, while o'er the pathless tide
iip through Grecian seas the pilots guide.
i call'd to touch at Candia's shore,
blest with favouring winds, they soon ex-
lore;
en enter, borne before the gale,
i their commerce, and prepare to sail.
il powers! what ruins from afar
e fell track of desolating War:
ts and Commerce with auspicious reign
eathed sweet influence on the happy plain;
er the lawn, with dance and festive song,
'leasure led the jocund Hours along.
ixuriance Ceres too was seen
i the vallies with eternal green:
th, for valour, courted and revered,
bion is, fair Candia then appeared.—
) the flight of ages can revoke?
-born spirit of her sons is broke,
w to Ottoman's imperious yoke.
:r Fame the drooping heart inspires,
i Oppression quench'd its genial fires.
still her fields, with golden harvests crown'd,
he barren shores of Greece around,
nury afflicts these wretched isles,
ope ne'er dawns, and Pleasure never smiles.
al wretch contented drags his chain,
rs his famish'd babes lament in vain.
'es have seen the dull reluctant soil
h year mock the weary labourer's toil.
ning Venus, on the desert shore,
vs with triumph captive gods adore;
y Helens now with fatal charms
i' avenging chiefs of Greece to arms;
'enelopes enchant the eye,
n contending kings were proud to die;
len Beauty sheds a twilight ray,
rrow bids her vernal bloom decay:
arms, so long renown'd in classic strains,
ly shone on Albion's happier plains!
i the southern hemisphere, the Sun
the bright Virgin, and the Scales, had run,
And on th' ecliptic wheel'd his winding way
Till the fierce Scorpion felt his flaming ray.
Four days becalm'd the vessel here remains,
And yet no hopes of aiding wind obtains,
For sickening vapours lull the air to sleep,
And not a breeze awakes the silent deep:
This, when th' autumnal equinox is o'er,
And Phœbus in the north declines no more,
The watchful mariner, whom Heaven informs,
Oft deems the prelude of approaching storms—
No dread of storms the master's soul restrain,
A captive fetter'd to the oar of gain:
His anxious heart impatient of delay
Expects the winds to sail from Candia's bay,
Determin'd, from whatever point they rise,
To trust his fortune to the seas and skies.
Thou living ray of intellectual fire
Whose voluntary gleams my verse inspire;
Ere yet the deepening incidents prevail
Till rous'd attention feel our plaintive tale,
Record whom chief among the gallant crew
Th' unblest pursuit of fortune hither drew:
Can sons of Neptune, generous, brave, and bold,
In pain and hazard toil for sordid gold?
They can! for gold too oft with magic art
Can rule the passions, and corrupt the heart:
This crowns the prosperous villain with applause,
To whom in vain sad Merit pleads her cause;
This strews with roses Life's perplexing road,
And leads the way to Pleasure's soft abode;
This spreads with slaughter'd heaps the bloody plain,
And pours adventurous thousands o'er the main.
II. The stately ship with all her daring band
To skilful Albert own'd the chief command:
Though train'd in boisterous elements, his mind
Was yet by soft humanity refin'd;
Each joy of wedded love at home he knew,
Aboard, confest the father of his crew!
Brave, liberal, just! the calm domestic scene
Had o'er his temper breath'd a gay serene.
Him Science taught by mystic lore to trace
The planets wheeling in eternal race;
To mark the ship in floating balance held,
By Earth attracted, and by seas repell'd;
Or point her devious track through climes unknown
That leads to every shore and every zone. [glide,
He saw the Moon through Heaven's blue concave
And into motion charm th' expanding tide,
While Earth impetuous round her axle rolls,
Exalts her wat'ry zone, and sinks the poles;
Light and attraction, from their genial source,
He saw still wandering with diminish'd force;
While on the margin of declining day
Night's shadowy cone reluctant melts away.
Inur'd to peril, with unconquer'd soul
The chief beheld tempestuous oceans roll:
O'er the wild surge when dismal shades preside
His equal skill the lonely bark could guide;
His genius, ever for th' event prepared,
Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared.
Rodmond the next degree to Albert bore,
A hardy son of England's furthest shore,
Where bleak Northumbria pours her savage train
In sable squadrons o'er the northern main;
That, with her pitchy entrails stor'd, resort,
A sooty tribe, to fair Augusta's port:
Where'er in ambush lurk the fatal sands
They claim the danger, proud of skilful bands;
For while with darkling course their vessels sweep
The winding shore, or plough the faithless deep,

O'er bar[1], and shelf, the wat'ry path they sound
With dext'rous arm, sagacious of the ground:
Fearless they combat every hostile wind,
Wheeling in mazy tracks, with course inclin'd.
Expert to moor where terrours line the road,
Or win the anchor from its dark abode;
But drooping, and relax'd. in climes afar,
Tumultuous and undisciplin'd in war.
Such Rodmond was; by learning unrefin'd,
That oft enlightens to corrupt the mind.
Boisterous of manners; train'd in early youth
To scenes that shame the conscious cheek of Truth;
To scenes that Nature's struggling voice control,
And freeze compassion rising in the soul: [shore,
Where the grim hell-hounds, prowling round the
With foul intent the stranded bark explore;
Deaf to the voice of Woe, her decks they board,
While tardy Justice slumbers o'er her sword.
Th' indignant Muse, severely taught to feel,
Shrinks from a theme she blushes to reveal.
Too oft Example, arm'd with poisons fell,
Pollutes the shrine where Mercy loves to dwell:
Thus Rodmond, train'd by this unhallow'd crew,
The sacred social passions never knew.
Unskill'd to argue, in dispute yet loud,
Bold without caution, without honours proud;
In Art unschool'd, each veteran rule he prized,
And all improvement haughtily despised.
Yet, though full oft to future perils blind,
With skill superior glow'd his daring mind,
Through snares of death the reeling bark to guide,
When midnight shades involve the raging tide.
To Rodmond next in order of command
Succeeds the youngest of our naval band:
But what avails it to record a name
That courts no rank among the sons of Fame;
Whose vital spring had just began to bloom
When o'er it Sorrow spread her sickening gloom?
While yet a stripling, oft with fond alarms
His bosom danc'd to Nature's boundless charms;
On him fair Science dawn'd in happier hour,
Awakening into bloom young Fancy's flower:
But soon Adversity with freezing blast
The blossom wither'd, and the dawn o'ercast.
Forlorn of heart, and by severe decree
Condemn'd reluctant to the faithless sea,
With long farewell he left the laurel grove,
Where Science, and the tuneful Sisters rove.
Hither he wander'd, anxious to explore
Antiquities of nations now no more;
To penetrate each distant realm unknown,
And range excursive o'er th' untravell'd zone.
In vain—for rude Adversity's command,
Still on the margin of each famous land,
With unrelenting ire his steps opposed,
And every gate of hope against him closed.
Permit my verse, ye blest Pierian train!
To call Arion this ill-fated swain;
For, like that bard unhappy, on his head
Malignant stars their hostile influence shed,
Both in lamenting numbers, o'er the deep
With conscious anguish taught the harp to weep;
And both the raging surge in safety bore
Amid destruction, panting to the shore.

[1] A bar is known, in hydrography, to be a mass of earth or sand collected by the surge of the sea, at the entrance of a river or haven; so as to render the navigation difficult, and often dangerous.

This last, our tragic story from the wave
Of dark Oblivion haply yet may save;
With genuine sympathy may yet complain,
While sad Remembrance bleeds at every vein.
These, chief among the ship's conducting train,
Her path explor'd along the deep domain;
Train'd to command, and range the swelling sail
Whose varying force conforms to every gale.
Charg'd with the commerce, hither also came
A gallant youth, Palemon was his name:
A father's stern resentment doom'd to prove,
He came the victim of unhappy love!
His heart for Albert's beauteous daughter bled,
For her a sacred flame his bosom fed:
Nor let the wretched slaves of Folly scorn
This genuine passion, Nature's eldest born!
'Twas his with lasting anguish to complain,
While blooming Anna mourn'd the cause in vain.
Graceful of form, by Nature taught to please,
Of power to melt the female breast with ease;
To her Palemon told his tender tale,
Soft as the voice of Summer's evening gale:
His soul, where moral truth spontaneous grew,
No guilty wish, no cruel passion knew:
Though tremblingly alive to Nature's laws,
Yet ever firm to Honour's sacred cause;
O'erjoy'd he saw her lovely eyes relent,
The blushing maiden smil'd with sweet consent.
Oft in the mazes of a neighbouring grove,
Unheard, they breathed alternate vows of love:
By fond society their passion grew,
Like the young blossom fed with vernal dew;
While their chaste souls possess'd the pleasing pains
That Truth improves, and Virtue ne'er restrains.
In evil hour th' officious tongue of Fame
Betray'd the secret of their mutual flame.
With grief and anger struggling in his breast
Palemon's father heard the tale confest;
Long had he listen'd with Suspicion's ear,
And learnt, sagacious, this event to fear.
Too well, fair youth! thy liberal heart he knew,
A heart to Nature's warm impressions true:
Full oft his wisdom strove, with fruitless toil,
With avarice to pollute that generous soil;
That soil, impregnated with nobler seed,
Refus'd the culture of so rank a weed.
Elate with wealth in active commerce won,
And basking in the smile of Fortune's sun;
For many freighted ships from shore to shore,
Their wealthy charge by his appointment bore;
With scorn the parent ey'd the lowly shade
That veil'd the beauties of this charming maid.
He, by the lust of riches only mov'd,
Such mean connections haughtily reprov'd;
Indignant he rebuk'd th' enamour'd boy,
The flattering promise of his future joy;
He sooth'd and menac'd, anxious to reclaim
This hopeless passion, or divert its aim:
Oft led the youth where circling joys delight
The ravish'd sense, or beauty charms the sight.
With all her powers enchanting Music failed,
And Pleasure's syren voice no more prevailed:
Long with unequal art, in vain he strove
To quench th' ethereal flame of ardent love.
The merchant, kindling then with proud disdain,
In look, and voice, assum'd an harsher strain.
In absence now his only hope remained;
And such the stern decree his will ordained:
Deep anguish, while Palemon heard his doom,
Drew o'er his lovely face a saddening gloom;

at his heart, fast flow'd th' unbidden tear,
m heaved with agony severe;
with bitter sorrow he repin'd,
er pity touch'd that sordid mind—
brave Albert! was the charge consign'd.
ely ship, forsaking England's shore,
ns far remote Palemon bore.
le of change, th' unhappy youth
d fair Anna with eternal truth;
na's image swims before his sight
ng vision through the restless night;
ime to clime an exile doom'd to roam,
t still panted for its secret home.
foon had circled twice her wayward zone,
since young Arion first was known;
andering here through many a scene re-
ndria's port the vessel found; [nown'd,
anxious to review his native shore,
ne roaring wave embark'd once more.
ale Cynthia's melancholy light
n Palemon kept the watch of night,
sad bosom many a sigh suppress't
inful secret of the soul confest:
Arion soon the cause divin'd,
shunning still to probe a wounded mind;
he chastity of silent woe,
glad the balm of comfort to bestow.
Palemon, oft recounted o'er
s of hapless love in ancient lore,
to memory by th' adjacent shore:
ne thus present, and its story known,
r sigh'd for sorrows not his own.
ough a recent date their friendship bore,
ripe metal own'd the quick'ning ore;
ne tide their passions seem'd to roll,
red age and sympathy of soul.
o'er th' inferior naval train preside,
rse determine, or the commerce guide:
the rest, an undistinguish'd crew,
of deepest shade Oblivion drew.
en languor still the skies oppress't,
l th' unwilling ship in strong arrest:
his chariot glow'd the lamp of day,
flaming with meridian ray,
from toil, the sailors range the shore
amine, war, and storm are felt no more;
r to social pleasure they resign,
k remembrance drown in generous wine.
, beneath the shading canvass spread,
l, a rueful tale of wonders read
ns roaring on th' enchanted coast;
ous goblin, and the yelling ghost:
Arion, from the sultry heat
Palemon sought a cool retreat—
he shore with mournful prospects crown'd [2],
part torn with many a fatal wound,
'd bulwark tott'ring o'er the strand,
he stroke of War's tremendous hand:
enes of woe this hapless isle o'erspread!
ate thrice fifty thousand warriors bled.
e twelve summers were yon tow'rs assail'd,
arous Ottoman at last prevail'd;
und'ring mines the lovely plains o'erturn'd,
roes fell, and domes, and temples burn'd.
ut now before them happier scenes arise,
vales salute their ravish'd eyes;

Olive, and cedar, form'd a grateful shade,
Where light with gay romantic errour stray'd.
The myrtles here with fond caresses twine,
There, rich with nectar, melts the pregnant vine:
And lo! the stream renown'd in classic song,
Sad Lethe, glides the silent vale along.
On mossy banks, beneath the citron grove,
The youthful wand'rers found a wild alcove;
Soft o'er the fairy region Languor stole,
And with sweet Melancholy charm'd the soul.
Here first Palemon, while his pensive mind
For consolation on his friend recln'd,
In Pity's bleeding bosom, pour'd the stream
Of Love's soft anguish, and of grief supreme—
"Too true thy words! by sweet remembrance taught,
My heart in secret bleeds with tender thought;
In vain it courts the solitary shade,
By ev'ry action, ev'ry look betray'd.
The pride of gen'rous woe d'sdains appeal
To hearts that unrelenting frosts congeal:
Yet sure, if right Palemon can divine,
The sense of gentle pity dwells in thine.
Yes! all his cares thy sympathy shall know,
And prove the kind companion of his woe."
"Albert thou know'st with skill, and science grac'd;
In humble station though by Fortune plac'd,
Yet never seaman more serenely brave
Led Britain's conquering squadrons o'er the wave.
Where full in view Augusta's spires are seen
With flow'ry lawns, and waving woods between,
An humble habitation rose, beside
Where Thames meandring rolls his ample tide:
There live the hope and pleasure of his life,
A pious daughter, and a faithful wife.
For his return, with fond officious care,
Still every grateful object these prepare;
Whatever can allure the smell or sight,
Or wake the drooping spirits to delight.
"This blooming maid in Virtue's path to guide
Th' admiring parents all their care apply'd;
Her spotless soul, to soft affection train'd,
No vice untun'd, no sick'ning folly stain'd:
Not fairer grows the lily of the vale
Whose bosom opens to the vernal gale:
Her eyes, unconscious of their fatal charms,
Thrill'd ev'ry heart with exquisite alarms;
Her face, in Beauty's sweet attraction drest,
The smile of maiden innocence express't;
While Health, that rises with the new-born day,
Breath'd o'er her cheek the softest blush of May:
Still in her look Complacence smil'd serene;
She mov'd the charmer of the rural scene!
"'Twas at that season, when the fields resume
Their loveliest hues array'd in vernal bloom;
Yon ship, rich freighted from th' Italian shore,
To Thames' fair banks her costly tribute bore:
While thus my father saw his ample hoard,
From this return, with recent treasures stor'd;
Me, with affairs of commerce charg'd, he sent
To Albert's humble mansion—soon I went!
Too soon, alas! unconscious of th' event.
There, struck with sweet surprise and silent awe,
The gentle mistress of my hopes I saw;
There, wounded first by Love's resistless arms,
My glowing bosom throbb'd with strange alarms:

intelligent reader will readily discover, se remarks allude to the ever-memorable Candia, which was taken from the Venetians by the Turks in 1669; being then considered as impregnable, and esteemed the most formidable fortress in the universe.

My ever-charming Anna! who alone
Can all the frowns of cruel Fate atone;
Oh! while all-conscious Mem'ry holds her pow'r,
Can I forget that sweetly-painful hour
When from those eyes, with lovely lightning fraught,
My flutt'ring spirits first th' infection caught?
When, as I gaz'd, my faltering tongue betray'd
The heart's quick tumults, or refus'd its aid;
While the dim light my ravish'd eyes forsook,
And ev'ry limb unstrung with terrour shook.
With all her pow'rs, dissenting Reason strove
To tame at first the kindling flame of love:
She strove in vain; subdu'd by charms divine
My soul a victim fell at Beauty's shrine.
Oft from the din of bustling life I stray'd,
In happier scenes to see my lovely maid;
Full oft, where Thames his wand'ring current leads,
We rov'd at evening hour through flow'ry meads;
There, while my heart's soft anguish I reveal'd,
To her with tender sighs my hope appeal'd:
While the sweet nymph my faithful tale believ'd,
Her snowy breast with secret tumult heav'd;
For, train'd in rural scenes from earliest youth,
Nature was her's, and Innocence, and Truth.
She never knew the city damsel's art,
Whose frothy pertness charms the vacant heart—
My suit prevail'd! for Love inform'd my tongue,
And on his votary's lips persuasion hung.
Her eyes with conscious sympathy withdrew,
And o'er her cheek the rosy current flew.
Thrice happy hours! where with no dark allay
Life's fairest sunshine gilds the vernal day:
For here the sigh that soft affection heaves,
From stings of sharper woe the soul relieves.
Elysian scenes! too happy long to last,
Too soon a storm the smiling dawn o'ercast;
Too soon some demon to my father bore
The tidings, that his heart with anguish tore.
My pride to kindle, with dissuasive voice
Awhile he labour'd to degrade my choice;
Then, in the whirling wave of pleasure, sought
From its lov'd object to divert my thought.
With equal hope he might attempt to bind
In chains of adamant the lawless wind;
For Love had aim'd the fatal shaft too sure,
Hope fed the wound, and Absence knew no cure.
With alienated look, each art he saw
Still baffled by superior Nature's law.
His anxious mind on various schemes revolv'd,
At last on cruel exile he resolv'd:
The rigorous doom was fix'd; alas! how vain
To him of tender anguish to complain.
His soul, that never love's sweet influence felt,
By social sympathy could never melt;
With stern command to Albert's charge he gave
To waft Palemon o'er the distant wave.

"The ship was laden and prepar'd to sail,
And only waited now the leading gale:
Twas our's, in that sad period, first to prove
The poignant torments of despairing love;
Th' impatient wish that never feels repose,
Desire that with perpetual current flows,
The fluctuating pangs of Hope and Fear,
Joy distant still, and Sorrow ever near.
Thus, while the pangs of thought severer grew,
The western breezes inauspicious blew,
Hastening the moment of our last adieu.
The vessel parted on the falling tide,
Yet Time one sacred hour to love supplied:
The night was silent, and advancing fast,
The Moon o'er Thames her silver mantle cast;
Impatient Hope the midnight path explor'd,
And led me to the nymph my soul ador'd.
Soon her quick footsteps struck my list'ning ear,
She came confest! the lovely maid drew near!
But, ah! what force of language can impart
Th' impetuous joy that glow'd in either heart?
O ye! whose melting hearts are form'd to prove
The trembling ecstasies of genuine love;
When, with delicious agony, the thought
Is to the verge of high delirium wrought;
Your secret sympathy alone can tell
What raptures then the throbbing bosom swell;
O'er all the nerves what tender tumults roll,
While love with sweet enchantment melts the soul.

"In transport lost, by trembling hope imprest,
The blushing virgin sunk upon my breast,
While her's congenial beat with fond alarms;
Dissolving softness! Paradise of charms!
Flash'd from our eyes, in warm transfusion flew
Our blending spirits that each other drew!
O bliss supreme! where Virtue's self can melt
With joys, that guilty Pleasure never felt;
Form'd to refine the thought with chaste desire,
And kindle sweet Affection's purest fire.
'Ah! wherefore should my hopeless love,' she cries,
While sorrow burst with interrupting sighs,
'For ever destin'd to lament in vain,
Such flattering, fond ideas entertain?
My heart through scenes of fair illusion stray'd,
To joys, decreed for some superior maid.
'Tis mine abandon'd to severe distress
Still to complain, and never hope redress—
Go then, dear youth! thy father's rage atone,
And let this tortur'd bosom beat alone.
The hov'ring anger yet thou may'st appease;
Go then, dear youth! nor tempt the faithless seas.
Find out some happier maid, whose equal charms
With Fortune's fairer joys may bless thy arms:
Where smiling o'er thee with indulgent ray,
Prosperity shall hail each new-born day:
Too well thou know'st good Albert's niggard fate
Ill fitted to sustain thy father's hate.
Go, then, I charge thee by thy generous love,
That fatal to my father thus may prove;
On me alone let dark affliction fall,
Whose heart for thee will gladly suffer all.
Then haste thee hence, Palemon, ere too late,
Nor rashly hope to brave opposing Fate.'

"She ceas'd: while anguish in her angel-face
O'er all her beauties shower'd celestial grace:
Not Helen, in her bridal charms array'd,
Was half so lovely as this gentle maid—
'O soul of all my wishes!' I reply'd,
'Can that soft fabric stem affliction's tide?
Canst thou, bright pattern of exalted Truth,
To sorrow doom the summer of thy youth,
And I, ingrateful! all that sweetness see
Consign'd to lasting misery for me?
Sooner this moment may th' eternal doom
Palemon in the silent earth entomb;
Attest, thou Moon, fair regent of the night!
Whose lustre sickens at this mournful sight:
By all the pangs divided lovers feel,
Which sweet possession only knows to heal;
By all the horrours brooding o'er the deep,
Where Fate, and Ruin, sad dominion keep;
Though tyrant Duty o'er me threat'ning stands,
And claims obedience to her stern commands,

'ortune cruel or auspicious prove,
le, or frown, shall never change my love;
t, that now must ev'ry joy resign,
le of change, is only thine.
, cease to weep! this storm will yet decay,
sad clouds of sorrow melt away;
rough the rugged path of life we go,
als taste the bitter draught of woe.
'd and great, decreed to equal pain,
in splendid wretchedness complain:
Prosperity, with brighter ray
g contrast gilds our vital day.
, sweet maid! ere twice ten months are o'er
il Palemon to his native shore,
never Interest shall divide us more'—
struggling soul o'erwhelm'd with tender
rief,
nd an interval of short relief:
the surface of the frozen stream
the wintry Sun's departing beam.
nel haste the shades of night withdrew,
e the signal of a sad adieu.
y neck th' afflicting maiden hung,
nd racking doubts her spirit wrung:
t the terrours of the fearful wave,
alas! the wand'ring lover's grave:
t persuasion I dispell'd her fear,
n her cheek beguil'd the falling tear.
ying fondness languish'd in her eyes
'd her soul to Heaven in suppliant sighs:
ven with pity, O ye pow'rs above!
r the sad complaint of bleeding Love;
the secret laws of Fate explore,
n tell if he returns no more;
hour of future joy remain,
h'd atonement of long-suffer'd pain,
guardian minister attend,
all ill the much-lov'd youth defend.'
ef o'erwhelm'd we parted twice in vain
'd by strong attraction, met again.
by cruel Fortune torn apart,
nder passion beat in either heart,
transfix'd with agonizing look,
farewell, one last embrace we took.
f hope the lovely maid I left,
and pale, of every joy bereft:
er silent couch retir'd to weep,
embark'd, in sadness, on the deep."
le thus clos'd, from sympathy of grief
's bosom felt a sweet relief:
al friendship thus sincerely true,
t wish, or fear, their bosoms knew;
al hazards oft severely tried,
e, nor Danger, could their love divide.
der maids! in whose pathetic souls
ion's sacred stream impetuous rolls,
arm affections exquisitely feel
et wound you tremble to reveal;
y no wand'rer of the stormy main
ough your breasts the soft delicious bane;
er fatal tenderness approve
effusions of their ardent love:
n'd, avoid the path that leads to woe,
orms, and baneful weeds, alternate grow:
severer stoic nymphs possess,
ubborn passions feel no soft distress.
s the youths returning o'er the plain
d the lonely margin of the main,
h attention rous'd, Arion ey'd
eful lover, form'd in Nature's pride:
His frame the happiest symmetry display'd,
And locks of waving gold his neck array'd;
In ev'ry look the Paphian graces shine,
Soft breathing o'er his cheek their bloom divine:
With lighten'd heart he smil'd serenely gay,
Like young Adonis, or the son of May.
Not Cytherea from a fairer swain
Receiv'd her apple on the Trojan plain.

IV. The Sun's bright orb, declining all serene,
Now glanc'd obliquely o'er the woodland scene.
Creation smiles around; on every spray
The warbling birds exalt their evening lay:
Blithe skipping o'er yon hill, the fleecy train
Join the deep chorus of the lowing plain;
The golden lime and orange there were seen
On fragrant branches of perpetual green;
The crystal streams, that velvet meadows lave,
To the green ocean roll with chiding wave.
The glassy ocean hush'd forgets to roar,
But trembling murmurs on the sandy shore:
And lo! his surface, lovely to behold,
Glows in the west, a sea of living gold!
While, all above, a thousand liveries gay
The skies with pomp ineffable array.
Arabian sweets perfume the happy plains;
Above, beneath, around, enchantment reigns!
While glowing Vesper leads the starry train,
And Night slow draws her veil o'er land and main,
Emerging clouds the azure East invade,
And wrap the lucid spheres in gradual shade:
While yet the songsters of the vocal grove,
With dying numbers tune the soul to love,
With joyful eyes th' attentive master sees
Th' auspicious omens of an eastern breeze.
Round the charg'd bowl the sailors form a ring;
By turns recount the wondrous tale, or sing,
As love, or battle, hardships of the main,
Or genial wine, awake the humble strain:
Then some the watch of night alternate keep,
The rest lie buried in oblivious sleep.

Deep midnight now involves the livid skies,
When eastern breezes, yet enervate, rise:
The waning Moon behind a wat'ry shroud
Pale glimmer'd o'er the long protracted cloud;
A mighty halo round her silver throne,
With parting meteors cross'd, portentous shone:
This in the troubled sky full oft prevails,
Oft deem'd a signal of tempestuous gales.

While young Arion sleeps, before his sight
Tumultuous swim the visions of the night:
Now blooming Anna with her happy swain
Approach'd the sacred Hymeneal fane;
Anon, tremendous lightnings flash between,
And funeral pomp, and weeping loves are seen:
Now with Palemon, up a rocky steep,
Whose summit trembles o'er the roaring deep,
With painful step he climb'd, while far above
Sweet Anna charm'd them with the voice of love;
Then sudden from the slipp'ry height they fell,
While dreadful yawn'd beneath the jaws of Hell—
Amid this fearful trance, a thund'ring sound
He hears, and thrice the hollow decks rebound;
Upstarting from his couch on deck he sprung,
Thrice with shrill note the boatswain's whistle rung:
All hands unmoor! proclaims a boist'rous cry,
All hands unmoor! the cavern'd rocks reply.
Rous'd from repose, aloft the sailors swarm,
And with their levers soon the windlass arm[3]:

[3] The windlass is a sort of large roller, used

The order given, up springing with a bound,
They fix the bars, and heave the windlass round,
At ev'ry turn the clanging pauls resound:
Up-torn reluctant from its oozy cave
The pond'rous anchor rises o'er the wave.
High on the slipp'ry masts the yards ascend,
And far abroad the canvass wings extend.
Along the glassy plain the vessel glides,
While azure radiance trembles on her sides;
The lunar rays in long reflection gleam,
With silver deluging the fluid stream.
Levant and Thracian gales alternate play,
Then in th' Egyptian quarter die away.
A calm ensues; adjacent shores they dread,
The boats, with rowers mann'd, are sent ahead;
With cordage fasten'd to the lofty prow,
Aloof to sea the stately ship they tow[4];
The nervous crew their sweeping oars extend,
And pealing shouts the shore of Candia rend:
Success attends their skill! the danger's o'er!
The port is doubled, and beheld no more.

Now Morn with gradual pace advanc'd on high,
Whitening with orient beam the twilight sky:
She comes not in refulgent pomp array'd,
But frowning stern, and wrapt in sullen shade.
Above incumbent mists, tall Ida's height,
Tremendous rock! emerges on the sight;
North-east, a league, the isle of Standia bears,
And westward, Freschin's woody cape appears.

In distant angles while the transient gales
Alternate blow, they trim the flagging sails;
The drowsy air attentive to retain,
As from unnumber'd points it sweeps the main.
Now swelling stud-sails[5] on each side extend,
Then stay-sails sidelong to the breeze ascend;
While all to court the veering winds are plac'd,
With yards alternate square, and sharply brac'd.

The dim horizon lowering vapours shroud,
And blot the Sun yet struggling in the cloud;
Through the wide atmosphere condens'd with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.
The pilots now their azimuth attend[6],
On which all courses, duly form'd, depend:
The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey;
Along the arch the gradual index slides,
While Phœbus down the vertic-circle glides;
Now, seen on ocean's utmost verge to swim,
He sweeps it vibrant with his nether limb.

Thus height and polar distance are obtain'd,
Then latitude and declination gain'd;
In Chiliads next th' analogy is sought,
And on the sinical triangle wrought:
By this magnetic variance is explor'd,
Just angles known, and polar truth restor'd.

The natives, while the ship departs their land,
Ashore with admiration gazing stand.
Majestically slow before the breeze
She mov'd triumphant o'er the yielding seas:
Her bottom through translucent waters shone,
White as the clouds beneath the blaze of noon;
The bending wales[7] their contrast next display'd,
All fore and aft in polish'd jet array'd.
Britannia riding awful on the prow,
Gaz'd on the vassal waves that roll'd below:
Where'er she mov'd the vassal waves were seen
To yield obsequious, and confess their queen.
Th' imperial trident grac'd her dexter hand,
Of pow'r to rule the surge like Moses' wand;
Th' eternal empire of the main to keep,
And guide her squadrons o'er the trembling deep.
Her left, propitious, bore a mystic shield,
Around whose margin rolls the wat'ry field;
There her bold genius in his floating car
O'er the wild billow hurls the storm of war:
And lo! the beasts, that oft with jealous rage
In bloody combat met, from age to age,
Tam'd into union, yok'd in Friendship's chain,
Draw his proud chariot round the vanquish'd main:
From the proud margin to the centre grew
Shelves, rocks, and whirlpools, hideous to the view.
Th' immortal shield from Neptune she receiv'd,
When first her head above the waters heav'd—
Loose floated o'er her limbs an azure vest,
A figur'd 'scutcheon glitter'd on her breast;
There from one parent soil, for ever young,
The blooming rose and hardy thistle sprung.
Around her head an oaken wreath was seen
Inwove with laurels of unfading green.

Such was the sculptur'd prow; from van to rear
Th' artillery frown'd, a black tremendous tier!
Embalm'd with orient gum, above the wave
The swelling sides a yellow radiance gave.
On the broad stern, a pencil warm and bold,
That never servile rules of art controll'd,
An allegoric tale on high pourtray'd;
There a young hero, here a royal maid:
Fair England's genius, in the youth exprest,
Her ancient foe, but now her friend confest,
The warlike nymph with fond regard survey'd;
No more his hostile frown her heart dismay'd:
His look, that once shot terrour from afar
Like young Alcides, or the god of war,
Serene as Summer's evening skies she saw;
Serene, yet firm, though mild, impressing awe:
Her nervous arm, inur'd to toils severe,
Brandish'd th' unconquer'd Caledonian spear:
The dreadful falchion of the hills she wore,
Sung to the harp in many a tale of yore,
That oft her rivers dy'd with hostile gore.
Blue was her rocky shield; her piercing eye
Flash'd like the meteors of her native sky;

wind in the cable, or heave up the anchor. It is turned about vertically by a number of long bars, or levers, in which operation it is prevented from recoiling, by the pauls.

[4] Towing is the operation of drawing a ship forward, by means of ropes, extending from her forepart to one or more of the boats rowing before her.

[5] Studding-sails are long, narrow sails, which are only used in fine weather and fair winds, on the outside of the larger square-sails. Stay-sails are three-cornered sails, which are hoisted up on the stays, when the wind crosses the ship's course either directly or obliquely.

[6] The magnetical azimuth, a term which astronomers have borrowed from the Arabians, is the apparent distance of the Sun from the north or south point of the compass; and this is discovered, by observing with an azimuth compass, when the Sun is ten or fifteen degrees above the horizon.

[7] The wales are the strong flanks which extend along a ship's side, at different heights, throughout her whole length, and form the curves by which a vessel appears light and graceful on the water: they are usually distinguished into the main-wale, and the channel-wale.

t high-plum'd, was rough with many a scar,
· her helmet gleam'd the northern star.
rior youth appear'd of noble frame,
dy offspring of some Runic dame:
er his shoulders hung the slacken'd bow
d in song, the terrour of the foe!
rd that oft the barbarous North defy'd,
urge of tyrants! glitter'd by his side:
refulgent arms in battle won,
rge emblazon'd on his corselet shone;
his side was seen a golden lyre
t with numbers of eternal fire;
trings unlock the witches' midnight spell,
rapt Fancy through the gulfs of Hell:
rith contagion, kindling Fancy hears
gs of Heaven, the music of the spheres!
a Newtonian wing through air she flies,
other suns to other systems rise.
front the scene conspicuous; overhead
proud oak his filial branches spread:
a the sea-beat shore obsequious stood
their feet, the father of the flood:
e bold native of her cliffs above,
by the martial maid the bird of Jove;
n the watch, sagacious of his prey,
es of fire, an English mastiff lay:
fair Commerce stretch'd her winged sail,
wn'd the god that wakes the living gale.
r the poop, the flatt'ring winds unfurl'd
erial flag that rules the wat'ry world.
ushing *armours* all the tops invest,
like trophies either quarter drest:
ver'd the masts, the canvass swell'd on high,
ing streamers floated in the sky.
rich vessel moves in trim array,
ne fair virgin on her bridal day;
te a swan, she cleav'd the wat'ry plain,
le and wonder of th' Ægean main.

CANTO II.

e lies at sea, between Cape Freschin in Candia, e island of Falconera, which is nearly twelve s northward of Cape Spado.

OM NINE IN THE MORNING UNTIL ONE O'CLOCK OF THE NEXT DAY AT NOON.

ARGUMENT.

tions on leaving shore...II. Favourable ....Water-spout....The dying dolphin.... e freshens...Ship's rapid progress along the ...Top-sails reefed....Gale of wind....Last rance, bearing, and distance of Cape Spado quall...Top-sails double reefed...Main-sail .The ship bears away before the wind; hauls upon the wind...Another main-sail and set...Porpoises...III. The ship driven her course from Candia...Heavy gale... ails furled...Top-gallant-yards lowered... sea...Threatening sun-set...Difference of n respecting the mode of taking in the sail...Courses reefed...Four seamen lost off e main-yard arm...Anxiety of the master s mates, on being near a lee-shore...Mizen ...IV. A tremendous sea bursts over the its consequences...The ship labours in great distress...Guns thrown overboard...Dismal appearance of the weather...Very high and dangerous sea...Storm of lightning...Severe fatigue of the crew at the pumps...Critical situation of the ship near the island Falconera...Consultation and resolution of the officers...Speech and advice of Albert; his devout address to Heaven...Order given to bear away...The fore stay-sail hoisted and split...The head yards braced aback...The mizen-mast cut away.

I. ADIEU! ye pleasures of the sylvan scene,
Where Peace, and calm Contentment, dwell serene:
To me, in vain, on Earth's prolific soil
With summer crown'd, th' Elysian vallies smile;
To me those happier scenes no joy impart,
But tantalize with hope my aching heart.
Ye tempests! o'er my head congenial roll,
To suit the mournful music of my soul;
In black progression, lo, they hover near,
Hail social Horrours! like my fate severe:
Old Ocean hail! beneath whose azure zone
The secret deep lies unexplor'd, unknown.
Approach, ye brave companions of the sea!
And fearless view this awful scene with me.
Ye native guardians of your country's laws!
Ye brave assertors of her sacred cause!
The Muse invites you, judge if she depart
Unequal, from the thorny rules of art.
In practice train'd, and conscious of her pow'r,
She boldly moves to meet the trying hour:
Her voice, attempting themes before unknown
To music, sings distresses all her own.

II. O'er the smooth bosom of the faithless tides,
Propell'd by flatt'ring gales, the vessel glides:
Rodmond exulting felt th' auspicious wind,
And by a mystic charm its aim confin'd [1].
The thoughts of home, that o'er his fancy roll,
With trembling joy dilate Palemon's soul;
Hope lifts his heart, before whose vivid ray
Distress recedes, and danger melts away.
Tall Ida's summit now more distant grew,
And Jove's high hill was rising to the view;
When on the larboard quarter they descry
A liquid column tow'ring shoot on high;
The foaming base the angry whirlwinds sweep,
Where curling billows rouse the fearful deep:
Still round, and round, the fluid vortex flies,
Diffusing briny vapours o'er the skies.
This vast phenomenon, whose lofty head
In Heav'n immers'd, embracing clouds o'erspread,
In spiral motion first, as seamen deem,
Swells, when the raging whirlwind sweeps the stream.
The swift volution, and th' enormous train,
Let sages vers'd in Nature's lore explain—
The horrid apparition still draws nigh,
And white with foam the whirling billows fly.
The guns were prim'd; the vessel northward veers,
Till her black battery on the column bears:
The nitre fir'd; and, while the dreadful sound
Convulsive shook the slumb'ring air around,
The wat'ry volume, trembling to the sky,
Burst down, a dreadful deluge from on high!
Th' expanding Ocean trembled as it fell,
And felt with swift recoil her surges swell;

[1] Alluding to the old superstitious custom among seamen, of binding a rope, with several knots tied in it, around the main-mast.

But soon, this transient undulation o'er,
The sea subsides, the whirlwinds rage no more.
While southward now th' increasing breezes veer,
Dark clouds incumbent on their wings appear;
Ahead they see the consecrated grove
Of cypress, sacred once to Cretan Jove.
The ship beneath her lofty pressure reels,
And to the fresh'ning gale still deeper heels.
But now, beneath the lofty vessel's stern,
A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern,
Beaming from burnish'd scales refulgent rays,
Till all the glowing ocean seems to blaze:
In curling wreaths they wanton on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now downward swiftly glide;
Awhile beneath the waves their tracks remain,
And burn in silver streams along the liquid plain.
Soon to the sport of death the crew repair,
Dart the long lance, or spread the baited snare.
One in redoubling mazes wheels along,
And glides unhappy near the triple prong:
Rodmond, unerring, o'er his head suspends
The barbed steel, and ev'ry turn attends;
Unerring aim'd, the missile weapon flew,
And, plunging, struck the fated victim through;
Th' upturning points his pondrous bulk sustain,
On deck he struggles with convulsive pain:
But while his heart the fatal javelin thrills,
And flitting life escapes in sanguine rills,
What radiant changes strike th' astonish'd sight!
What glowing hues of mingled shade and light!
Not equal beauties gild the lucid west
With parting beams all o'er profusely drest,
Not lovelier colours paint the vernal dawn
When orient dews impearl th' enamell'd lawn,
Than from his sides in bright suffusion flow,
That now with gold empyreal seem to glow;
Now in pellucid sapphires meet the view,
And emulate the soft celestial hue;
Now beam a flaming crimson on the eye,
And now assume the purple's deeper dye:
But here description clouds each shining ray,
What terms of art can Nature's pow'rs display!
The lighter sails, for summer winds and seas,
Are now dismiss'd, the straining masts to ease;
Swift on the deck the stud-sails all descend,
Which ready seamen from the yards unbend;
The boats then hoisted in are fix'd on board,
And on the deck with fast'ning gripes secur'd.
The watchful ruler of the helm, no more
With fix'd attention eyes th' adjacent shore,
But by the oracle of truth below,
The wondrous magnet, guides the wayward prow.
The pow'rful sails, with steady breezes swell'd,
Swift and more swift the yielding bark impell'd:
Across her stem the parting waters run,
As clouds, by tempests wafted, pass the Sun.
Impatient thus she darts along the shore,
Till Ida's mount, and Jove's, are seen no more;
And, while aloof from Retimo she steers,
Malacha's foreland full in front appears.
Wide o'er yon isthmus stands the cypress grove
That once enclos'd the hallow'd fane of Jove;
Here too, memorial of his name! is found
A tomb, in marble ruins on the ground:
This gloomy tyrant, whose despotic sway
Compell'd the trembling nations to obey,
Through Greece for murder, rape, and incest known,
The Muses rais'd to high Olympus' throne;
For oft, alas! their venal strains adorn
The prince, whom blushing Virtue holds in scorn;
Still Rome and Greece record his endless fame,
And hence yon mountain yet retains his name.
But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds the dusky noon o'ercast:
The black'ning ocean curls, the winds arise,
And the dark scud [2] in swift succession flies.
While the swoln canvass bends the masts on high,
Low in the wave the leeward cannon lie [3].
The master calls to give the ship relief,
The topsails lower, and form a single reef [4]!
Each lofty yard with slacken'd cordage reels;
Rattle the creaking blocks and ringing wheels.
Down the tall masts the top-sails sink amain,
Are mann'd and reef'd, then hoisted up again.
More distant grew receding Candia's shore,
And southward of the west Cape Spado bore.
Four hours the Sun his high meridian throne
Had left, and o'er Atlantic regions shone;
Still blacker clouds, that all the skies invade,
Draw o'er his sullied orb a dismal shade.
A lowering squall obscures the southern sky,
Before whose sweeping breath the waters fly;
Its weight the top-sails can no more sustain—
Reef top-sails, reef! the master calls again.
The halyards [5] and top-bow-lines soon are gone,
To clue-lines and reef-tackles next they run:
The shiv'ring sails descend; the yards are square;
Then quick aloft the ready crew repair;
The weather-earings, and the lee, they past,
The reefs enroll'd, and ev'ry point made fast.
Their task above thus finish'd, they descend,
And vigilant th' approaching squall attend:
It comes resistless! and with foaming sweep
Upturns the whitening surface of the deep:
In such a tempest, borne to deeds of death,
The wayward sisters scour the blasted heath.

[2] Scud is a name given by seamen to the lowest clouds, which are driven with great rapidity along the atmosphere, in squally or tempestuous weather.

[3] When the wind crosses a ship's course, either directly or obliquely; that side of the ship upon which it acts, is called the weather-side; and the opposite one, which is then pressed downwards, is called the lee side. Hence all the rigging and furniture of the ship are, at this time, distinguished by the side on which they are situated; as the lee-cannon, the lee-braces, the weather-braces, &c.

[4] The topsails are large square sails of the second degree in height and magnitude. Reefs are certain divisions or spaces by which the principal sails are reduced when the wind increases; and again enlarged proportionably when its force abates.

[5] Halyards are those ropes by which sails are hoisted or lowered; bow-lines, are ropes fastened to the outer edge of square sails in three different places, that the windward edge of the sail may be bound tight forward on a side wind, in order to keep the sail from shivering. Clue-lines are fastened to the lower corners of the square sails, for the more easy furling of them. Reef-tackles, are ropes fastened to the edge of the sail, just beneath the lowest reef; and being brought down to the deck by means of two blocks, are used to facilitate the operation of reefing. Earings are small ropes employed to fasten the upper corners of the principal sails, and the extremities of the reefs, to the respective yard-arms, particularly when any sail is to be close furled.

ds, with ruin pregnant, now impend,
m, and cataracts, tumultuous blend.
her side, the reeling vessel lies:
the mizen quick[6]! the master cries,
clue-garnets[7]! *let the main-sheet fly*[8]!
in thousand shivering shreds on high!
n-sail, all in streaming ruins tore,
ttering, imitates the thunder's roar:
still labours in th' oppressive strain,
ding, as if ne'er to rise again.
the helm a-weather! Rodmond cries,
the word the helm a-weather flies;
its guiding power, and veers apace,
the fore-sail right athwart they brace:
ıal sheets restrain'd, the bellying sail
a broad concave to the sweeping gale.
er the foam the ship impetuous flies,
n th' attentive timoneer[9] applies:
rsuit along th' aërial way
lent eye the falcon marks his prey,
ıtion watches of the doubtful chase,
y wheeling through the fluid space;
rn'd by the steersman's glowing hands,
nt helm her motion still commands.
ow, the transient squall to leeward past,
e rallies to the sullen blast:
n to starboard moves; each shiv'ring sail
ly trimm'd to clasp th' augmenting gale—
en draws; she springs aloof once more
ıe fore stay-sail[10] balances before.
-sail brac'd obliquely to the wind,
ar the prow th' extended tack confin'd:
the leeward sheet the seamen bend,
l the bow-line to the bowsprit-end.
ails next they haste: the bunt-lines gone!
rattling blocks the clue-lines swiftly run;
nding sheets on either side are mann'd,
hey come! the flutt'ring sails expand;
ls again ascend each comrade mast,
hes taught, the halyards are made fast,
r-lines haul'd, and yards to starboard
brac'd[11],
ggling ropes in pendent order plac'd.

mizen is a large sail of an oblong figure
l upon the mizen-mast.
e-garnets are employed for the same pur-
the main-sail and fore-sail as the clue-lines
all other square sails. See note 5, p. 396.
necessary in this place to remark, that the
which are universally mistaken by the
poets and their readers for the sails them-
re no other than the ropes used to extend
, or lower corners of the sails to which they
ched. To the main-sail and fore-sail there
t and tack on each side; the latter of which
k rope serving to confine the weather-clue
il down to the ship's side, whilst the former
t the lee clue or lower corner on the oppo-
. Tacks are only used in a side-wind.
helmsman, from timonier. Fr.
s sail, which is with more propriety called
topmast-stay-sail, is a triangular sail that
n the fore topmast-stay, over the bowsprit.
l to command the fore part of the ship, and
alance the sails extended towards the stern.
the last note of this Canto.
ard is said to be braced, when it is turned
e mast horizontally, either to the right or
ropes employed in this service are accord-
led braces.

The main-sail, by the squall so lately rent,
In streaming pendants flying, is unbent:
With brails[12] refix'd, another soon prepar'd,
Ascending, spreads along beneath the yard.
To each yard-arm the head-rope[13] they extend,
And soon their earings and their robans bend.
That task perform'd, they first the braces slack[14],
Then to the chess-tree drag th' unwilling tack.
And, while the lee clue-garnet's lower'd away,
Taught aft the sheet they tally, and belay.
Now to the north, from Afric's burning shore,
A troop of porpoises their course explore;
In curling wreaths they gambol on the tide,
Now bound aloft, now down the billow glide:
Their tracks awhile the hoary waves retain,
That burn in sparkling trails along the main—
These fleetest coursers of the finny race,
When threat'ning clouds th' ethereal vault deface,
Their route to leeward still sagacious form,
To shun the fury of th' approaching storm.
III. Fair Candia now no more, beneath her lee,
Protects the vessel from th' insulting sea;
Round her broad arms, impatient of control,
Rous'd from the secret deep, the billows roll:
Sunk were the bulwarks of the friendly shore,
And all the scene an hostile aspect wore.
The flattering wind, that late with promis'd aid
From Candia's bay th' unwilling ship betray'd,
No longer fawns beneath the fair disguise,
But like a ruffian on his quarry flies:
Tost on the tide she feels the tempest blow,
And dreads the vengeance of so fell a foe—
As the proud horse, with costly trappings gay,
Exulting, prances to the bloody fray;
Spurning the ground, he glories in his might,
But reels tumultuous in the shock of fight:
E'en so, caparison'd in gaudy pride,
The bounding vessel dances on the tide. [grew,
Fierce and more fierce the gath'ring tempest
South and by west, the threat'ning demon blew:
Auster's resistless force all air invades,
And ev'ry rolling wave more ample spreads.

[12] The ropes used to truss up a sail to the yard or mast whereto it is attached, are, in a general sense, called brails.

[13] A rope is always attached to the edges of the sails, to strengthen, and prevent them from rending: those parts of it which are on the perpendicular or sloping edges, are called leech ropes, that, at the bottom, the foot rope, and that on the top, or upper edge, the head rope. Robands, or rope bands, are small pieces of rope, of a sufficient length to pass two or three times about the yards, in order to fix to them the upper edges of the respective great sails: the robands for this purpose are passed through the eyelet holes under the head rope.

[14] The braces are here slackened, because the lee-brace confining the yard, the tack could not come down until the braces were cast off. The chess-tree, called by the French taquet d'amure, consists of a perpendicular piece of wood, fastened with iron bolts, on each side the ship: in the upper part of the chess-tree is a large hole through which the tack is passed; and when the clue, or lower corner, of the sail comes down to it, the tack is said to be aboard. Taught, the roide of the French, and dicht of the Dutch sailors, implies the state of being extended, or stretched out. Tally, is a word applied to the operation of hauling the sheets aft, toward the ship's stern. To belay is to fasten.

The ship no longer can her top-sails bear;
No hopes of milder weather now appear.
Bowlines and halyards are cast off again,
Clue-lines haul'd down, and sheets let fly amain:
Embrail'd each top-sail, and by braces squar'd,
The seamen climb aloft and man each yard;
They furl'd the sails, and pointed to the wind
The yards, by rolling tackles [15] then confin'd,
While o'er the ship the gallant boatswain flies;
Like a hoarse mastiff through the storm he cries,
Prompt to direct th' unskilful still appears,
Th' expert he praises, and the timid cheers.
Now some, to strike top-gallant-yards [16] attend,
Some, trav'llers [17] up the weather-back-stays [18] send,
At each mast-head the top-ropes [19] others bend.
The parrels [20], lifts [21], and clue-lines soon are gone,
Topp'd and unrigg'd, they down the back-stays run;
The yards secure along the booms [22] were laid,
And all the flying ropes aloft belay'd.
Their sails reduc'd and all the rigging clear,
Awhile the crew relax from toils severe;
Awhile their spirits with fatigue opprest,
In vain expect th' alternate hour of rest—
But with redoubling force the tempests blow,
And wat'ry hills in dread succession flow:
A dismal shade o'ercasts the frowning skies,
New troubles grow; fresh difficulties rise;
No season this from duty to descend,
All hands on deck must now the storm attend.
His race perform'd, the sacred lamp of day
Now dipt in western clouds his parting ray:
His languid fires, half lost in ambient haze,
Refract along the dusk a crimson blaze;
Till deep immerg'd the sick'ning orb descends,
And cheerless Night o'er Heav'n her reign extends.

Sad evening's hour, how diff'rent from the past!
No flaming pomp, no blushing glories cast,
No ray of friendly light is seen around;
The Moon and stars in hopeless shade are drown'd.
The ship no longer can whole courses [23] bear,
To reef them now becomes the master's care;
The sailors summon'd aft all ready stand,
And man th' enfolding brails at his command:
But here the doubtful officers dispute,
Till skill and judgment prejudice confute:
For Rodmond, to new methods still a foe,
Would first, at all events, the sheet let go;
To long-tried practice obstinately warm
He doubts conviction, and relies on form.
This Albert and Arion disapprove,
And first to brail the tack up firmly move:
" *The watchful seaman, whose sagacious eye*
On sure experience may with truth rely,
Who from the reigning cause foretels th' effect,
This barb'rous practice ever will reject;
For, flutt'ring loose in air, the rigid sail
Soon flits to ruins in the furious gale;
And he, who strives the tempest to disarm,
Will never first embrail the lee yard-arm."
So Albert spoke; to windward, at his call,
Some seamen the clue-garnet stand to haul—[24]
The tack 's ease'd off; while the involving clue
Between the pendent blocks ascending flew,
The sheet and weather-brace they now stand by [25],
The lee clue-garnet, and the bunt-lines ply:
Then, all prepar'd, *Let go the sheet!* he cries—
Loud rattling, jarring, through the blocks it flies!
Shiv'ring at first, till by the blast impell'd
High o'er the lee yard-arm the canvass swell'd;
By spilling-lines [26] embrac'd, with brails confin'd,
It lies at length unshaken by the wind.
The fore-sail then secur'd with equal care,
Again to reef the main-sail they repair;
While some above the yard o'er-haul the tye,
Below, the down-haul tackle others ply [27],
Jears [28], lifts and brails, a seaman each attends,
And down the mast its mighty yard descends:

[15] The rolling tackle, is an assemblage of blocks or pullies, through which a rope is passed, until it becomes four-fold, in order to confine the yard close down to leeward when the sail is furled, that the yard may not gall the mast, from the rolling of the ship. Gaskets are platted ropes to wrap round the sails when furled.

[16] It is usual to send down the top-gallant yards on the approach of a storm. They are the highest yards that are rigged in a ship.

[17] Travellers are slender iron rings, encircling the back-stays, and used to facilitate the hoisting or lowering of the top-gallant yards, by confining them to the back-stays, in their ascent or descent, so as to prevent them from swinging about by the agitation of the vessel.

[18] Back-stays are long ropes, extending from the right and left side of the ship to the topmast-heads, which they are intended to secure, by counteracting the effort of the wind upon the sails.

[19] Top-ropes are the cords by which the top-gallant yards are hoisted up from the deck, or lowered again in stormy weather.

[20] The parrel, which is usually a moveable band of rope, is employed to confine the yard to its respective mast.

[21] Lifts are ropes extending from the head of any mast to the extremities of its particular yard, to support the weight of the latter; to retain it in balance; or to raise one yard-arm higher than the other, which is accordingly called topping.

[22] Any masts or yards lying on the deck in reserve, to supply the place of others which may be carried away by distress of weather.

[23] The courses are generally understood to be the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, which are the largest and lowest sails on their several masts: the term is however sometimes taken in a larger sense.

[24] The tack is always fastened to windward: accordingly as soon as it is cast loose, and the clue-garnet hauled up, the weather-clue of the sail immediately mounts to the yard; and this operation must be carefully performed in a storm, to prevent the sail from splitting or being torn to pieces by shivering.

[25] It is necessary to pull in the weather-brace whenever the sheet is cast off, to preserve the sail from shaking violently.

[26] The spilling-lines, which are only used on particular occasions in tempestuous weather, are employed to draw together and confine the belly of the sail, when it is inflated by the wind over the yard.

[27] The violence of the wind forces the yard so much outward from the mast on these occasions, that it cannot easily be lowered so as to reef the sail, without the application of a tackle to haul it down on the mast. This is afterwards converted into rolling-tackle. See note [15], above.

[28] Jears are the same to the main-sail, fore-sail, and mizen, as the halyards (note [5], p. 396) are to all the inferior sails. The tye is the upper part of the jears.

ı lower'd sufficient they securely brace,
ix the rolling tackle in its place;
reef-lines [29] and their earings now prepar'd,
ıting on pliant shrouds they man the yard:
n th' extremes appear two able hands,
o inferior skill this task demands—
indward, foremost, young Arion strides,
ee yard-arm the gallant boatswain rides:
earing to its cringle first they bend,
reef-band then along the yard extend;
circling earings round th' extremes entwin'd,
ıter and by inner turns they bind;
reef-lines next from hand to hand receiv'd,
ıgh eyelet-holes and roban-legs were reev'd;
olding reefs in plaits inroll'd they lay,
ıd the worming lines, and ends belay.
dst thou, Arion! held the leeward post
e on the yard by mountain billows tost,
ıps oblivion o'er our tragic tale
then for ever drawn her dusky veil;
uling Heav'n prolong'd thy vital date,
er ills to suffer, and relate.
r, while aloft the order those attend
ırl the mainsail, or on deck descend;
[30], up-surging with stupendous roll,
stant ruin seems to doom the whole:
nds, secure your hold! Arion cries—
nes all dreadful! down the vessel lies
buried sideways; while, beneath it tost,
seamen off the lee yard-arm are lost:
with resistless fury from their hold,
in their struggling arms the yard enfold;
in to grapple flying ropes they try,
opes, alas! a solid gripe deny:
: on the midnight surge with panting breath
cry for aid, and long contend with death;
o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
lown they sink in everlasting sleep—
t of pow'r to help, their comrades see
rretched victims die beneath the lee,
fruitless sorrow their lost state bemoan,
ıps, a fatal prelude to their own!
dark suspense on deck the pilots stand,
an determine on the next command:
gh still they knew the vessel's armed side
netrable to the clasping tide;
gh still the waters by no secret wound
sage to her deep recesses found;
unding evils yet they ponder o'er,
rm, a dang'rous sea, and leeward shore!

Reef-lines, are only used to reef the main-sail
ore-sail. Shrouds, so called from the Saxon
, consist of a range of thick ropes stretching
wards from the mast heads, to the right and
des of a ship, in order to support the masts,
nable them to carry sail; they are also used
ıpe ladders, by which seamen ascend, or
nd, to execute whatever is wanting to be done
the sails and rigging. Reef-band, consists of
e of canvass sewed across the sail, to strengthen
he place where the eyelet holes of the reefs
rmed. The outer-turns of the earing serve
end the sail along its yard; the inner-turns
nployed to confine its head-rope close to its
e.
A sea is the general term given by sailors to an
ıous wave; and hence, when such a wave
over the deck, the vessel is said to have
d a sea.

"Should they, though reef'd, again their sails extend,
Again in shiv'ring streamers they may rend;
Or, should they stand, beneath th' oppressive strain
The down-press'd ship may never rise again;
Too late to weather [31] now Morea's land,
And drifting fast on Athens' rocky strand"—
Thus they lament the consequence severe,
Where perils unallay'd by hope appear:
Long pond'ring in their minds each fear'd event,
At last to furl the courses they consent;
That done, to reef the mizen next agree,
And try [32] beneath it, sidelong in the sea.
Now down the mast the yard they low'r away,
Then jears and topping-lift [33] secure belay;
The head, with doubling canvass fenc'd around,
In balance near the lofty peak they bound;
The reef enwrapp'd, th' inserted knittles ty'd,
The halyards throt and peak are next apply'd,
The order given, the yard aloft they sway'd,
The brails relax'd, the extended sheet belay'd;
The helm its post forsook, and, lash'd a-lee [34],
Inclin'd the wayward prow to front the sea.
IV. When sacred Orpheus on the Stygian coast,
With notes divine deplor'd his consort lost;
Though round him perils grew in fell array,
And fates and furies stood to bar his way;
Not more advent'rous was th' attempt, to move
Th' infernal powers with strains of heavenly love,
Than mine, in ornamental verse to dress
The harshest sounds that terms of art express:
Such arduous toil sage Dædalus endur'd
In mazes, self-invented, long immur'd,
Till Genius her superior aid bestow'd,
To guide him through that intricate abode—
Thus, long imprison'd in a rugged way
Where Phœbus' daughters never aim'd to stray,
The Muse, that tun'd to barb'rous sounds her string,
Now spreads, like Dædalus, a bolder wing;
The verse begins in softer strains to flow,
Replete with sad variety of woe.
As yet amid this elemental war,
Where Desolation in his gloomy car
Triumphant rages round the starless void,
And Fate on ev'ry billow seems to ride;
Nor toil, nor hazard, nor distress appear
To sink the seamen with unmanly fear:
Though their firm hearts no pageant-honour boast,
They scorn the wretch that trembles at his post;
Who from the face of danger strives to turn,
Indignant from the social hour they spurn:
Though now full oft they felt the raging tide
In proud rebellion climb the vessel's side;

[31] To weather a shore, is to pass to the windward of it, which at this time is prevented by the violence of the storm.

[32] To try, is to lay the ship with her side nearly in the direction of the wind and sea, with the head somewhat inclined to the windward; the helm being laid a-lee to retain her in that position.

[33] The topping-lift, which tops the upper end of the mizen-yard. This line and the six following describe the operation of reefing and balancing the mizen. The reef of this sail is towards the lower end, the knittles being small short lines used in the room of points for this purpose: they are accordingly knotted under the foot-rope, or lower edge of the sail.

[34] Lashed a-lee, is fastened to the lee side.

Though ev'ry rising wave more dreadful grows,
And in succession dire the deck o'erflows;
No future ills unknown their souls appall,
They know no danger, or they scorn it all:
But e'en the gen'rous spirits of the brave
Subdu'd by toil, a friendly respite crave;
They, with severe fatigue alone oppprest,
Would fain indulge an interval of rest.
Far other cares the master's mind employ,
Approaching perils all his hopes destroy:
In vain he spreads the graduated chart,
And bounds the distance by the rules of art;
Across the geometric plane expands
The compasses to circumjacent lands;
Ungrateful task! for, no asylum found,
Death yawns on ev'ry leeward shore around—
While Albert thus, with horrid doubts dismay'd,
The geometric distances survey'd;
On deck the watchful Rodmond cries aloud,
Secure your lives! grasp ev'ry man a shroud—
Rous'd from his trance, he mounts with eyes aghast;
When o'er the ship, in undulation vast,
A giant surge down rushes from on high,
And fore and aft dissever'd ruins lie:
As when, Britannia's empire to maintain,
Great Hawke descends in thunder on the main,
Around the brazen voice of battle roars,
And fatal lightnings blast the hostile shores;
Beneath the storm their shatter'd navies groan;
The trembling deep recoils from zone to zone—
Thus the torn vessel felt th' enormous stroke,
The boats beneath the thund'ring deluge broke;
Torn from their planks the cracking ring-bolts drew,
And gripes and lashings all asunder flew;
Companion, binacle, in floating wreck,
With compasses and glasses strew'd the deck;
The balanc'd mizen, rending to the head,
In flutt'ring fragments from its bolt-rope fled;
The sides convulsive shook on groaning beams,
And, rent with labour, yawn'd their pitchy seams.
They sound the well[35], and, terrible to hear!
Five feet immers'd along the line appear;
At either pump they ply the clanking brake[36],
And, turn by turn, th' ungrateful office take:
Rodmond, Arion and Palemon here
At this sad task all diligent appear—
As some strong citadel begirt with foes
Tries long the tide of ruin to oppose,
Destruction near her spreads his black array,
And Death and Sorrow mark his horrid way;
Till, in some destin'd hour, against her wall
In tenfold rage the fatal thunders fall;
It breaks! it bursts before the cannonade!
And following hosts the shatter'd domes invade:
Her inmates long repel the hostile flood,
And shield their sacred charge in streams of blood:
So the brave mariners their pumps attend,
And help incessant, by rotation, lend;
But all in vain! for now the sounding cord
Updrawn, an undiminish'd depth explor'd.
Nor this severe distress is found alone,
The ribs opprest by pond'rous cannon groan;
Deep rolling from the wat'ry volume's height,
The tortur'd sides seem bursting with their weight—
So reels Pelorus with convulsive throes,
When in his veins the burning earthquake glows;
Hoarse through his entrails roars th' infernal flame,
And central thunders rend his groaning frame—
Accumulated mischiefs thus arise,
And Fate, vindictive, all their skill defies:
For this, one remedy is only known,
From the torn ship her metal must be thrown;
Eventful task! which last distress requires,
And dread of instant death alone inspires:
For, while intent the yawning decks to ease
Fill'd ever and anon with rushing seas,
Some fatal billow, with recoiling sweep,
May whirl the helpless wretches in the deep.
No season this for counsel or delay;
Too soon th' eventful moments haste away!
Here Perseverance, with each help of art,
Must join the boldest efforts of the heart;
These only now their misery can relieve,
These only now a dawn of safety give:
While o'er the quiv'ring deck from van to rear
Broad surges roll in terrible career,
Rodmond, Arion, and a chosen crew,
This office in the face of death pursue;
The wheel'd artillery o'er the deck to guide,
Rodmond descending claim'd the weather-side;
Fearless of heart the chief his orders gave,
Fronting the rude assaults of ev'ry wave—
Like some strong watch tow'r nodding o'er the deep,
Whose rocky base the foaming waters sweep,
Untam'd he stood; the stern aërial war
Had mark'd his honest face with many a scar;
Meanwhile Arion, traversing the waist[37],
The cordage of the leeward-guns unbrac'd
And pointed crows beneath the metal plac'd—
Watching the roll, their forelocks they withdrew,
And from their beds the reeling cannon threw;
Then, from the windward battlements unbound,
Rodmond's associates wheel'd th' artillery round,
Pointed with iron fangs, their bars beguile
The pond'rous arms across the steep defile;
Then, hurl'd from sounding hinges o'er the side,
Thund'ring they plunge into the flashing tide.
The ship, thus eased, some little respite finds
In this rude conflict of the seas and winds—
Such ease Alcides felt when, clogg'd with gore,
Th' envenom'd mantle from his side he tore,
When, stung with burning pain, he strove too late
To stop the swift career of cruel fate;
Yet then his heart one ray of hope procur'd,
Sad harbinger of sevenfold pangs endur'd—
Such, and so short, the pause of woe she found!
Cimmerian darkness shades the deep around,
Save when the lightnings in terrific blaze
Deluge the cheerless gloom with horrid rays:
Above, all Ether, fraught with scenes of woe,
With grim destruction threatens all below;
Beneath, the storm-lash'd surges furious rise,
And wave uproll'd on wave assails the skies;
With ever-floating bulwarks they surround
The ship, half swallow'd in the black profound.

[35] The well is an apartment in the ship's hold, serving to enclose the pumps. It is sounded by dropping a measured iron rod down into it by a long line. Hence the increase or diminution of the leaks are easily discovered.

[36] The brake is the lever or handle of the pump, by which it is wrought.

[37] The waist of a ship of this kind is an hollow space, of about five feet in depth, contained between the elevations of the quarter-deck and forecastle, and having the upper deck for its base, or platform.

ceaseless hazard and fatigue oppprest,
and anguish ev'ry heart possest;
le with sweeping inundation o'er
-beat ship the booming waters roar,
'd beneath by her capacious womb,
ge their ancient station to resume;
et ambushes, their force to prove,
i many a winding channel first they rove;
i'ring fury, like the fever'd blood,
i her dark veins they roll a rapid flood:
nrelenting thus the leaks they found,
t'ring pumps with clanking strokes resound;
each leaping valve, by toil subdu'd,
gh bull-hide must ever be renew'd:
iking hearts unusual horrours chill,
n their weary limbs thick dews distil;
f light their dying hope redeems,
t with some new woe each moment teems.
the chief th' instructive chart extends,
the figur'd plane attentive bends;
he motion of each orb was known
eels around the Sun's refulgent throne;
, alas! his science nought avails,
ops unequal, and experience fails:
rent traverses, since twilight made,
e hydrographic circle laid;
the graduated arch contain'd,
e of lee-way [38], seven points, remain'd—
e discover'd by the rules of art,
terrours shook the master's heart
n th' immediate line of drift, be found
red isle, with rocks and breakers bound,
nera [39], distant only now
'ning leagues beneath the leeward bow:
those destructive shallows tost,
less bark with all her crew was lost;
still appears, that danger o'er,
p St. George, and rocky Gardalor.
i the pilots of their hopeless state
iful consultation long debate—
e perplexing doubts her chiefs appall
me proud city verges to her fall,
fin glares around, and pale Affright
i her councils in the dead of night.
n'd trophies o'er their concave spread,
ed pillars rais'd aloft their head:
the queen of shade around them threw
on wing, disastrous to the view!
the scene with whirlwind, hail, and show'r;
elancholy rul'd the fearful hour:
tremendous roll'd the flashing tide,
ate on ev'ry billow seem'd to ride—

Enclos'd with ills, by peril unsubdu'd,
Great in distress the master-seaman stood!
Skill'd to command; deliberate to advise;
Expert in action; and in council wise—
Thus to his partners, by the crew unheard,
The dictates of his soul, the chief referr'd:
"Ye faithful mates! who all my troubles share,
Approv'd companions of your master's care!
To you, alas! 'twere fruitless now to tell
Our sad distress, already known too well:
This morn with fav'ring gales the port we left,
Though now of ev'ry flatt'ring hope bereft:
No skill nor long experience could forecast
Th' unseen approach of this destructive blast;
These seas, where storms at various seasons blow,
No e signing winds nor certain omens know.
The hour, th' occasion, all your skill demands,
A leaky ship, embay'd by dang'rous lands!
Our bark no transient jeopardy surrounds,
Groaning she lies beneath unnumber'd wounds:
'Tis ours the doubtful remedy to find,
To shun the fury of the seas and wind;
For in this hollow swell, with labour sore,
Her flank can bear the bursting floods no more.
One only shift, though desp'rate, we must try,
And that, before the boist'rous storm to fly:
Then less her sides will feel the surges pow'r,
Which thus may soon the found'ring hull devour.
'Tis true, the vessel and her costly freight
To me consign'd, my orders only wait;
Yet, since the charge of ev'ry life is mine,
To equal votes our counsels I resign—
Forbid it, Heaven! that, in this dreadful hour,
I claim the dang'rous reins of purblind Power!
But should we now resolve to bear away,
Our hopeless state can suffer no delay:
Nor can we, thus bereft of ev'ry sail,
Attempt to steer obliquely on the gale;
For then, if broaching sideway to the sea,
Our dropsy'd ship may founder by the lee;
Vain all endeavours then to bear away,
Nor helm, nor pilot, would she more obey."
He said: the list'ning mates with fix'd regard,
And silent rev'rence, his opinion heard;
Important was the question in debate,
And o'er their counsels hung impending Fate.
Rodmond, in many a scene of peril try'd,
Had oft the master's happier skill descry'd;
Yet now, the hour, the scene, th' occasion known,
Perhaps with equal right preferr'd his own:
Of long experience in the naval art,
Blunt was his speech, and naked was his heart;
Alike to him each climate, and each blast,
The first in danger, in retreat the last:
Sagacious, balancing th' oppos'd events,
From Albert his opinion thus dissents—
"Too true the perils of the present hour,
Where toils succeeding toils our strength o'erpow'r!
Our bark, 'tis true, no shelter here can find,
Sore shatter'd by the ruffian seas and wind:
Yet where with safety can we dare to scud
Before this tempest, and pursuing flood?
At random driven, to present death we haste,
And one short hour perhaps may be our last:
Though Corinth's gulf extend along the lee,
To whose safe ports appears a passage free,
Yet think! this furious unremitting gale
Deprives the ship of ev'ry ruling sail;
And if before it she directly flies,
New ills enclose us, and new dangers rise:

: lee-way, or drift, which in this place are
ous terms, is the movement by which a
riven sideways at the mercy of the wind and
i she is deprived of the government of the
helm.

onera, a small island in the Archipelago, to
'. of Milo: there is an open space of sea to
i and south of it; but in every other direc-
islands at no great distance. Falconer, in
, prefixed to the second edition, marked a
cks throughout the E. and S. E. coast of
d. The small and steep island of St.
situated to the S. W. of Cape Colonna, at
ce of the gulf of Egina. Gardalor lies off
of Attica, between Cape Colonna and
no.

Here Falconera spreads her lurking snares,
There distant Greece her rugged shelves prepares;
Our hull, if once it strikes that iron coast,
Asunder bursts, in instant ruin lost;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew,
Beyond relief, are doom'd to perish too:
Such mischiefs follow if we bear away,
O safer that sad refuge—to delay!
" Then of our purpose this appears the scope,
To weigh the danger with the doubtful hope:
Though sorely buffetted by ev'ry sea,
Our hull unbroken long may try a-lee;
The crew, though harass'd much with toils severe,
Still at their pumps, perceive no hazards near:
Shall we incautious then the danger tell,
At once their courage and their hope to quell?
Prudence forbids! this southern tempest soon
May change its quarter with the changing Moon;
Its rage, though terrible, may soon subside,
Nor into mountains lash th' unruly tide:
These leaks shall then decrease—the sails once more
Direct our course to some relieving shore."
Thus while he spoke, around from man to man
At either pump a hollow murmur ran:
For while the vessel through unnumber'd chinks,
Above, below, th' invading water drinks,
Sounding her depth they ey'd the wetted scale,
And lo! the leaks o'er all their pow'rs prevail:
Yet at their post, by terrours unsubdu'd,
They with redoubling force their task pursu'd.
And now the senior pilots seem'd to wait
Arion's voice, to close the dark debate;
Not o'er his vernal life the rip'ning Sun
Had yet progressive twice ten summers run:
Slow to debate, yet eager to excel,
In thy sad school, stern Neptune! taught too well:
With lasting pain to rend his youthful heart,
Dire Fate in venom dipt her keenest dart;
Till his firm spirit, temper'd long to ill,
Forgot her persecuting scourge to feel:
But now the horrours that around him roll,
Thus rous'd to action his rekindling soul:
" Can we, delay'd in this tremendous tide,
A moment pause what purpose to decide?
Alas! from circling horrours thus combin'd,
One method of relief alone we find:
Thus water-logg'd, thus helpless to remain
Amid this hollow, how ill-judg'd! how vain!
Our sea-breacht vessel can no longer bear
The floods, that o'er her burst in dread career;
The lab'ring hull already seems half fill'd
With water through an hundred leaks distill'd;
Thus drench'd by ev'ry wave, her riven deck
Stript and defenceless, floats a naked wreck;
At ev'ry pitch th' o'erwhelming billows bend
Beneath their load the quiv'ring bowsprit's end;
A fearful warning! since the masts on high
On that support with trembling hope rely;
At either pump our seamen pant for breath,
In dire dismay, anticipating death;
Still all our pow'rs th' increasing leaks defy,
We sink at sea, no shore, no haven nigh:
One dawn of hope yet breaks athwart the gloom
To light and save us from a wat'ry tomb,
That bids us shun the death impending here,
Fly from the following blast, and shoreward steer.
" 'Tis urg'd indeed, the fury of the gale
Precludes the help of ev'ry guiding sail;
And, driven before it on the wat'ry waste,
To rocky shores and scenes of death we haste;
But, haply, Falconèra we may shun,
And long to Grecian coasts is yet the run:
Less harass'd then, our scudding ship may bear
Th' assaulting surge repell'd upon her rear,
And ere as soon that tempest may decay
When steering shoreward,—wherefore thus delay!
Should we at last be driven by dire decree
Too near the fatal margin of the sea,
The hull dismasted there awhile may ride,
With lengthen'd cables, on the rag'ing tide;
Perhaps kind Heav'n, with interposing pow'r,
May curb the tempest ere that dreadful hour;
But here ingulf'd and foundering, while we stay
Fate hovers o'er, and marks us for her prey."
He said: Palemon saw with grief of heart
The storm prevailing o'er the pilot's art;
In silent terrour and distress involv'd,
He heard their last alternative resolv'd:
High beat his bosom—with such fear subdu'd,
Beneath the gloom of some enchanted wood,
Oft in old time the wand'ring swain explor'd
The midnight wizards, breathing rites abhorr'd;
Trembling approach'd their incantations fell,
And chill'd with horrour heard the songs of Hell.
Arion saw, with secret anguish mov'd,
The deep affliction of the friend he lov'd,
And all awake to friendship's genial heat
His bosom felt consenting tremours beat:
Alas! no season this for tender love,
Far hence the music of the myrtle grove—
He tried with soft persuasion's melting lore
Palemon's fainting courage to restore;
His wounded spirit heal'd with friendship's balm,
And bade each conflict of the mind be calm.
Now had the pilots [40] all th' events revolv'd,
And on their final refuge thus resolv'd—
When, like the faithful shepherd, who beholds
Some prowling wolf approach his fleecy folds,
To the brave crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The dreadful purpose Albert thus directs:
" Unhappy partners in a wayward fate!
Whose courage now is known perhaps too late;
Ye! who unmov'd behold this angry storm
In conflict all the rolling deep deform,
Who, patient in adversity, still bear
The firmest front when greatest ills are near;
The truth, though painful, I must now reveal,
That long in vain I purpos'd to conceal:
Ingulf'd, all help of art we vainly try
To weather leeward shores, alas! too nigh:
Our crazy bark no longer can abide
The seas, that thunder o'er her batter'd side;
And, while the leaks a fatal warning give
That in this raging sea she cannot live,
One only refuge from despair we find—
At once to wear and scud before the wind:
Perhaps e'en then to ruin we may steer,
For rocky shores beneath our lee appear;
But that 's remote, and instant death is here:
Yet there, by Heav'n's assistance, we may gain
Some creek or inlet of the Grecian main;
Or, shelter'd by some rock, at anchor ride
Till with abating rage the blast subside:
But if, determin'd by the will of Heav'n,
Our helpless bark at last ashore is driv'n,
These councils follow'd, from a wat'ry grave
Our crew perhaps amid the surf may save—

[40] The master and the mates. Falconer often uses this word in an improper or unusual sense.

first, let all our axes be secur'd
: masts and rigging from aboard;
ıe quarters bind each plank and oar
:tween the vessel and the shore:
:t cordage too must be convey'd
and to the weather-rails belay'd:
'ho haply reach alive the land,
led lines may fasten on the strand,
loud thund'ring on the leeward shore,
aloof, we hear the breakers roar:
ıe terrible event prepar'd,
and aft to starboard every yard;
ır masts swim lighter on the wave,
the broken rocks our seamen save;
ward turn the stem, that every mast
:ward fall as from the vessel cast—
her side once more the billows bound,
: rigging till she strikes the ground;
you hear aloft the dreadful shock
:s her bottom on some pointed rock,
:t of our sailors must descend
:rous business of the deck to tend;
:t the hatches off, and ev'ry stay
fast'ning landyard cut away,
atings, booms, and rafts to leeward cast;
redoubled strokes attack each mast,
ant lumber may sustain you o'er
shelves and ledges to the shore:
ur firmest succour, to the last
:urely on each faithful mast!
eat the danger, and the task severe,
ot to the tyranny of fear;
ıt slavish yoke your souls subdue,
ope! to life itself adieu!
r among you some have oft beheld
ound train, by Rapine's lust impell'd,
ıd's cruel coast impatient stand,
wanderers wreck'd upon their strand:
le their savage office they pursue,
to death the helpless plunder'd crew,
ı'd from ev'ry horrour of the main,
ıeir mercy, but implor'd in vain:
not this, a crime to Greece unknown,
lhounds all her circling shores disown;
ıgh by barb'rous Tyranny oppprest,
affliction with the wretch distrest:
ts, by cruel Fate inur'd to grief,
friendless stranger yield relief."
nscious horrour struck, the naval band
or a while their native land;
d the sleeping vengeance of the laws
forgot her guardian sailor's cause.
ile the master's voice again they heard,
with filial duty, all rever'd:
: remains—but now a trusty band
at the pumps industrious stand;
: with us the rest attend to wear,
l seamen to the helm repair—
Eternal Power! whose awful sway
revere, and roaring seas obey!
reme assistance we rely;
supplicate, if doom'd to die!
s storm is sent with healing breath
ıb'ring shores to scourge disease and death:
ı thine unerring laws to trust,
great Lord! 'whatever is, is just'."
; and, with consenting rev'rence fraught,
ı join'd his prayer in silent thought:
ctual eye, serenely bright!
t objects with prophetic light—

Thus in a land, that lasting wars oppress,
That groans beneath misfortune and distress;
Whose wealth to conquering armies falls a prey,
Till all her vigour, pride, and fame decay;
Some bold sagacious statesman, from the helm,
Sees desolation gathering o'er his realm;
He darts around his penetrating eyes,
Where dangers grow, and hostile unions rise;
With deep attention marks th' invading foe,
Eludes their wiles and frustrates ev'ry blow,
Tries his last art the tott'ring state to save,
Or in its ruins find a glorious grave.

Still in the yawning trough the vessel reels,
Ingulf'd beneath two fluctuating hills;
On either side they rise, tremendous scene!
A long dark melancholy vale between[41]:

[41] That the reader who is unacquainted with the manœuvres of navigation, may conceive a clearer idea of a ship's state when trying, and of the change of her situation to that of scudding, I have quoted a part of the explanation of those articles as they appear in the Dictionary of the Marine.

Trying is the situation in which a ship lies nearly in the trough or hollow of the sea in a tempest, particularly when it blows contrary to her course.

In trying as well as in scudding, the sails are always reduced in proportion to the increase of the storm, and in either state, if the storm is excessive, she may have all her sails furled; or be, according to the sea-phrase, under bare poles.

The intent of spreading a sail at this time is to keep the ship more steady, and to prevent her from rolling violently, by pressing her side down in the water; and also to turn her head towards the source of the wind, so that the shock of the seas may fall more obliquely on her flank, than when she lies along the trough of the sea, or in the interval between two waves. While she lies in this situation, the helm is fastened close to the leeside, to prevent her, as much as possible, from falling to leeward. But as the ship is not then kept in equilibrio by the operation of her sails, which at other times counterbalance each other at the head and stern, she is moved by a slow but continual vibration, which turns her head alternately to windward and to leeward, forming an angle of thirty or forty degrees in the interval. That part where she stops in approaching the direction of the wind, is called her coming to; and the contrary excess of the angle to leeward, is called her falling off.

Veering, or wearing, (see line 35 of right hand col. p. 401, and line 56 of right hand col. p. 402,) as used in the present sense, may be defined, the movement by which a ship changes her state from trying to that of scudding, or, of running before the direction of the wind and sea.

It is an axiom in natural philosophy, "that every body will persevere in a state of rest, or of moving uniformly in a right line, unless it be compelled to change its state by forces impressed: and that the change of motion is proportional to the moving force impressed, and made according to the right line in which that force acts."

Hence it is easy to conceive how a ship is compelled to turn into any direction by the force of the wind, acting upon any part of her length in lines parallel to the plane of the horizon. Thus in the act of veering, which is a necessary consequence of this invariable principle, the object of

The balanc'd ship now forward, now behind,
Still felt th' impression of the waves and wind,
And to the right and left by turns inclin'd;
But Albert from behind the balance drew,
And on the prow its double efforts threw.
The order now was giv'n to *bear away!*
The order giv'n, the timoneers obey:
Both stay-sail sheets to mid-ships were convey'd,
And round the foremast on each side belay'd;
Thus ready, to the halyards they apply,
They hoist! away the flitting ruins fly:
Yet Albert new resources still prepares,
Conceals his grief, and doubles all his cares—
"*Away there! lower the mizen-yard on deck,*"
He calls, "*and brace the foremost yards aback!*"
His great example ev'ry bosom fires,
New life rekindles and new hope inspires.
While to the helm unfaithful still she lies,
One desperate remedy at last he tries— [*stay,*
"*Haste! with your weapons cut the shrouds and*
And hew at once the mizen-mast away!"
He said: to cut the girding stay they run,
Soon on each side the sever'd shrouds are gone:
Fast by the fated pine bold Rodmond stands,
Th' impatient axe hung gleaming in his hands;
Brandish'd on high, it fell with dreadful sound,
The tall mast groaning felt the deadly wound;
Deep gash'd beneath, the tott'ring structure rings,
And crashing, thund'ring, o'er the quarter swings:
Thus, when some limb, convuls'd with pangs of death,
Imbibes the gangrene's pestilential breath,
Th' experienc'd artist from the blood betrays
The latent venom, or its course delays:
But, if th' infection triumphs o'er his art,
Tainting the vital stream that warms the heart,
To stop the course of death's inflaming tides
Th' infected member from the trunk divides.

CANTO III.

The scene is extended from that part of the lago which lies ten miles to the northward conera, to Cape Colona in Attica.

THE TIME ABOUT SEVEN HOURS; FROM ONE, EIGHT IN THE MORNING.

ARGUMENT.

I. Reflections on the beneficial influence of p Diffidence of the author...II. Wreck of the mast cleared away...Ship veers before the labours hard...Different stations of the ...Appearance of the island of Falcone Excursion to the adjacent nations of Gr nowned in antiquity...Athens...Socrates, Aristides....Solon....Corinth....its archite Sparta...Leonidas...Invasion by Xerxes...I. ...Epaminondas...Present state of the Sp Arcadia...Former happiness and fertility... sent distress the effect of slavery...Ithaca ses and Penelope...Argos and Mycen memnon...Macronisi...Lemnos...Vulcan... Apollo and Diana...Troy...Sestos...Lean Hero...Delphos...Temple of Apollo...Par The Muses...IV. Subject resumed...Ad the spirits of the storm...A tempest accor with rain, hail, and meteors...Darknes night, lightning and thunder...Day-br George's cliffs open upon them...The ship danger passes the island of St. George... of Athens appears...Helmsman struck b lightning...Ship laid broadside to the Bowsprit, foremast, and main-topmast away...Albert, Rodmond, Arion, and I

the seaman is to reduce the action of the wind on the ship's hind part, and to receive its utmost exertion on her fore part, so that the latter may be pushed to leeward. This effect is either produced by the operation of the sails, or by the impression of the wind on the masts and yards. In the former case the sails on the hind part of the ship are either furled or arranged nearly parallel to the direction of the wind, which then glides ineffectually along their surfaces; at the same time the foremost sails are spread abroad, so as to receive the greatest exertion of the wind. The fore part accordingly yields to this impulse, and is put in motion; and this motion, necessarily conspiring with that of the wind, pushes the ship about as much as is requisite to produce the desired effect.

But when the tempest is so violent as to preclude the use of sails, the effort of the wind operates almost equally on the opposite ends of the ship, because the masts and yards situated near the head and stern serve to counterbalance each other, in receiving its impression. The effect of the helm is also considerably diminished, because the headway, which gives life and vigour to all its operations, is at this time feeble and ineffectual. Hence it becomes necessary to destroy this equilibrium which subsists between the masts and the yards before and behind, and to throw the balance forward to prepare for veering. If this cannot be effected by the arrangement of the yards on the masts, and it becomes absolutely necessary to veer, in order to save the ship from destructi line 20 of left'hand col. of this page) the mast must be cut away, and even the mai if she still remains incapable of answer helm by turning her prow to leeward.

Scudding is that movement in naviga which a ship is carried precipitately before pest. See line 56 of right hand col. p. 402

As a ship flies with amazing rapidity t the water, whenever this expedient is put i tice, it is never attempted in a contrary wi less when her condition renders her inca sustaining the mutual effort of the wind an any longer on her side, without being ex the most imminent danger.

A ship either scuds with a sail extended fore-mast, or, if the storm is excessive, any sail, which in the sea-phrase is called s under bare poles.

The principal hazards incident to scudd generally, a sea striking the ship's stern; ficulty of steering, which perpetually exp to the danger of broaching-to; and the sufficient sea-room. A sea which strikes th violently may shatter it to pieces, by wh ship must inevitably founder. By broac suddenly, she is threatened with losing masts and sails, or being immediately over and for want of sea-room, she is expose dangers of being wrecked on a lee-shore.

: to save themselves on the wreck of the
ıast...The ship parts asunder...Death of Al-
and Rodmond...Arion reaches the shore...
Palemon expiring on the beach...his dying
ess to Arion, who is led away by the humane
es.

ɴ in a barbarous age, with blood defil'd,
man savage roam'd the gloomy wild;
ullen Ignorance her flag display'd,
ıpine and Revenge her voice obey'd;
ɔn the shores of light the Muses came
rk and solitary race to tame,
r of lawless passions to control,
: in tender sympathy the soul;
ırt's remote recesses to explore,
ıch its springs when prose avail'd no more:
ıdling spirit caught th' empyreal ray,
ɔw'd congenial with the swelling lay;
from the chaos of primeval night,
: fair Truth and Reason sprung to light.
great Mæonides, in rapid song,
ınd'ring tide of battle rolls along,
ıvish'd bosom feels the high alarms,
the burning pulses beat to arms;
War's terrific glory to display,
: the theme of ev'ry epic lay:
en his strings with mournful magic tell
ire distress Laertes' son befel,
ains, meand'ring through the maze of woe,
red sympathy the heart o'erflow; [springs,
ough the boundless realms of thought he
:arth upborne on Pegasean wings,
listant poets, trembling as they view
ıward flight, the dazzling track pursue;
gic voice, that rouses and delights,
and guides to climb Olympian heights:
ılas! through scenes bewilder'd stray,
n the light of his unerring ray;
all unus'd the wayward path to tread,
ıg I wander with prophetic dread.
in vain the bold Mæonian lyre
the numbers fraught with living fire,
indeed that mournful harp of yore
he sad wanderer lost upon the shore;
e he lightly sketch'd the bold design,
ls more joyless, more severe are mine;
'er that scene his genius swiftly ran,
ient only to a nobler plan:
perplex'd in labyrinths of art,
ıize and blazon ev'ry part;
t with plaintive numbers to display,
ain th' events in regular array;
hard the task to sing in varied strains,
till unchang'd the same sad theme remains:
l it draw compassion's melting tear
dred miseries, oft beheld too near!
dred wretches, oft in ruin cast
on's strand beneath the wintry blast;
the pangs, the complicated woe,
ıvest sons, her guardian sailors know;
'ry breast should sigh at our distress—
re the summit of my hop'd success!
, my theme through mazes I pursue,
nor Mæonides, nor Maro knew.
while the mast, in ruins dragg'd behind,
d th' impression of the helm and wind;
unded serpent, agoniz'd with pain,
ails his mangled volume on the plain:

But now, the wreck dissever'd from the rear,
The long reluctant prow began to veer:
While round before th' enlarging wind it falls,
"Square fore and aft the yards [1]," the master calls,
"You, timoneers, her motion still attend,
For on your steerage all our lives depend:
So, steady [2]! meet her! watch the curving prow,
And from the gale directly let her go."
"*Starboard again!*" the watchful pilot cries,
"*Starboard!*" th' obedient timoneer replies:
Then back to port, revolving at command,
The wheel [3] rolls swiftly through each glowing hand.
The ship no longer, found'ring by the lee,
Bears on her side th' invasions of the sea;
All lonely o'er the desert waste she flies,
Scourg'd on by surges, storms, and bursting skies:
As when enclosing harponeers assail
In Hyberborean seas the slumb'ring whale,
Soon as their javelins pierce his scaly side,
He groans, he darts impetuous down the tide;
And rack'd all o'er with lacerating pain,
He flies remote beneath the flood in vain—
So with resistless haste the wounded ship
Scuds from the chasing waves along the deep;
While, dash'd apart by her dividing prow,
Like burning adamant the waters glow;
Her joints forget their firm elastic tone,
Her long keel trembles, and her timbers groan:
Upheav'd behind her in tremendous height
The billows frown, with fearful radiance bright;
Now quiv'ring o'er the topmost wave she rides,
While deep beneath th' enormous gulf divides;
Now launching headlong down the horrid vale,
Becalm'd, she hears no more the howling gale;
Till up the dreadful height again she flies,
Trembling beneath the current of the skies:
As that rebellious angel, who from Heav'n
To regions of eternal pain was driv'n,
When dreadless he forsook the Stygian shore
The distant realms of Eden to explore;
Here, on sulphureous clouds sublime upheav'd,
With daring wing th' infernal air he cleav'd;
There, in some hideous gulf descending prone,
Far in the void abrupt of night was thrown—
E'en so she climbs the briny mountain's height,
Then down the black abyss precipitates her flight:
The masts, about whose tops the whirlwinds sing,
With long vibration round her axle swing.
To guide the wayward course amid the gloom
The watchful pilots different posts assume:
Albert and Rodmond on the poop appear,
There to direct each guiding timoneer;
While at the bow the watch Arion keeps,
To shun what cruisers wander o'er the deeps:
Where'er he moves Palemon still attends,
As if on him his only hope depends;
While Rodmond, fearful of some neighb'ring shore,
Cries, ever and anon, "*Look out afore!*"
Thus o'er the flood four hours she scudding flew,
When Falconera's rugged cliffs they view
Faintly along the larboard bow descried,
As o'er its mountain tops the lightnings glide;

[1] To square the yards, in this place, is meant to arrange them directly athwart the ship's length.

[2] Steady, is the order to steer the ship according to the line on which she advances at that instant, without deviating to the right or left thereof.

[3] In all large ships the helm is managed by a wheel.

High o'er its summit, through the gloom of night,
The glimm'ring watch-tower cast a mournful light:
In dire amazement rivetted they stand,
And hear the breakers lash the rugged strand—
But scarce perceiv'd, when past the beam it flies,
Swift as the rapid eagle cleaves the skies:
That danger past reflects a feeble joy,
But soon returning fears their hope destroy:
As in th' Atlantic ocean, when we find
Some Alp of ice driv'n southward by the wind,
The sultry air all sick'ning pants around,
In deluges of torrid ether drown'd;
Till when the floating isle approaches nigh,
In cooling tides th' aërial billows fly:
Awhile deliver'd from the scorching heat,
In gentler tides our feverish pulses beat!
Such transient pleasure, as they pass'd this strand,
A moment bade their throbbing hearts expand;
Th' illusive meteors of a lifeless fire,
Too soon they kindle, and too soon expire.

III. Say, Memory! thou from whose unerring tongue
Instructive flows the animated song,
What regions now the scudding ship surround?
Regions of old, through all the world renown'd;
That, once the poet's theme, the Muses' boast,
Now lie in ruins, in oblivion lost!
Did they, whose sad distress these lays deplore,
Unskill'd in Grecian or in Roman lore,
Unconscious pass along each famous shore?
They did: for in this desert, joyless soil,
No flow'rs of genial science deign to smile;
Sad Ocean's genius, in untimely hour,
Withers the bloom of ev'ry springing flow'r;
For native tempests here, with blasting breath,
Despoil, and doom the vernal buds to death;
Here Fancy droops, while sullen clouds and storm
The gen'rous temper of the soul deform:
Then, if among the wand'ring naval train,
One stripling, exil'd from th' Aonian plain,
Had e'er, entranc'd in Fancy's soothing dream,
Approach'd to taste the sweet Castalian stream;
(Since those salubrious streams, with pow'r divine,
To purer sense the soften'd soul refine)
Sure he, amid unsocial mates immur'd,
To learning lost, severer grief endur'd;
In vain might Phœbus' ray his mind inspire,
Since Fate with torrents quench'd the kindling fire:
If one this pain of living death possest,
It dwelt supreme, Arion! in thy breast;
When, with Palemon watching, in the night
Beneath pale Cynthia's melancholy light,
You oft recounted those surrounding states,
Whose glory Fame with brazen tongue relates.

Immortal Athens first, in ruin spread,
Contiguous lies at Port Liono's head;
Great source of science! whose immortal name
Stands foremost in the glorious roll of Fame;
Here godlike Socrates and Plato shone,
And firm to truth eternal honour won;
The first in virtue's cause his life resign'd,
By Heav'n pronounc'd the wisest of mankind;
The last proclaim'd the spark of vital fire,
The soul's fine essence, never could expire;
Here Solon dwelt, the philosophic sage
That fled Pisistratus' vindictive rage;
Just Aristides here maintain'd the cause,
Whose sacred precepts shine through Solon's laws:
Of all her tow'ring structures, now alone
Some columns stand, with mantling weeds o'ergrown:
The wand'ring stranger near the port descries
A milk-white lion of stupendous size,
Of antique marble; hence the haven's name,
Unknown to modern natives whence it came.

Next, in the gulf of Eagia, Corinth lies,
Whose gorgeous fabrics seem'd to strike the skies;
Whom, though by tyrant victors oft subdu'd,
Greece, Egypt, Rome, with admiration view'd:
Her name, for architecture long renown'd,
Spread like the foliage which her pillars crown'd;
But now, in fatal desolation laid,
Oblivion o'er it draws a dismal shade.

Then further westward, on Morea's land,
Fair Misitra! thy modern turrets stand:
Ah! who, unmov'd with secret woe, can tell
That here great Lacedæmon's glory fell;
Here once she flourish'd, at whose trumpet's sound
War burst his chains, and nations shook around;
Here brave Leonidas from shore to shore
Through all Achaia bade her thunders roar:
He, when imperial Xerxes from afar
Advanc'd with Persia's sumless hosts to war,
Till Macedonia shrunk beneath his spear,
And Greece all shudder'd as the chief drew near;
He, at Thermopylæ's decisive plain,
Their force oppos'd with Sparta's glorious train;
Tall Œta saw the tyrant's conquer'd bands
In gasping millions bleed on hostile lands:
Thus vanquish'd, haughty Asia heard thy name,
And Thebes and Athens sicken'd at thy fame;
Thy state, supported by Lycurgus' laws,
Gain'd, like thine arms, superlative applause;
E'en great Epaminondas strove in vain
To curb thy spirit with a Theban chain:
But ah! how low that free-born spirit now!
Thy abject sons to haughty tyrants bow;
A false, degenerate, superstitious race
Invest thy region, and its name disgrace.

Not distant far, Arcadia's blest domains
Peloponnesus' circling shore contains:
Thrice happy soil! where, still serenely gay,
Indulgent Flora breath'd perpetual May;
Where buxom Ceres bade each fertile field
Spontaneous gifts in rich profusion yield;
Then, with some rural nymph supremely blest,
While transport glow'd in each enamour'd breast,
Each faithful shepherd told his tender pain,
And sung of sylvan sports in artless strain;
Soft as the happy swain's enchanting lay
That pipes among *the shades of Endermay:*
Now, sad reverse! Oppression's iron hand
Enslaves her natives, and despoil's her land;
In lawless rapine bred, a sanguine train
With midnight ravage scour th' uncultur'd plain.

Westward of these, beyond the Isthmus, lies
The long-sought isle of Ithacus the wise;
Where fair Penelope, of him depriv'd,
To guard her honour endless schemes contriv'd;
She, only shielded by a stripling son,
Her lord Ulysses long to Ilion gone,
Each bold attempt of suitor-kings repell'd,
And undefil'd her nuptial contract held;
True to her vows, and resolutely chaste,
Met arts with art, and triumph'd at the last.

Argos, in Greece forgotten and unknown,
Still seems her cruel fortune to bemoan;
Argos, whose monarch led the Grecian hosts
Across th' Ægean main to Dardan coasts:
Unhappy prince! who on a hostile shore
Fatigue and danger ten long winters bore;

n to native realms restor'd at last,
:he harvest of thy labours past,
ınd a perjur'd friend, and faithless wife,
rific'd to impious lust thy life:
Arcadia stretch these desert plains,
the land a gloomy tyrant reigns.
Macronisi is adjacent seen,
dverse winds detain'd the Spartan queen;
n, in arms combin'd, the Grecian host,
geance fir'd, invaded Phrygia's coast;
n so long they labour'd to destroy
turrets of imperial Troy;
ven by Juno's rage, the hapless dame,
f heart, from ruin'd Ilion came:
an image bears of Parian stone,
it fabric, but of date unknown.
ıst from this appears th' immortal shore
red Phœbus and Diana bore,
brough all th' Ægean seas renown'd,
ast the rocky Cyclades surround;
ıus honour'd, and by Greece rever'd,
w'd groves e'en distant Persia fear'd:
a desert unfrequented land,
n footstep marks the trackless sand.
: to the north, by Asia's western bound,
nos stands, with rising marble crown'd;
ı her rage, avenging Juno hurl'd
Vulcan from th' ethereal world:
eternal anvils first he rear'd;
g'd by Cyclopean art, appear'd
, that shook the skies with dire alarms,
a'd by skill divine, immortal arms;
th this crippled wretch, the foul disgrace
g scandal of th' empyreal race,
k liv'd the beauteous queen of love;
sensations heavenly bosoms move?
rd of this appears the Dardan shore,
e th' imperial towers of Ilium bore,
ı Troy! renown'd in ev'ry clime
the long records of succeeding time;
protecting gods from Heav'n descend
hy royal bulwarks to defend:
hiefs unnumber'd in her cause were slain,
: the gods and heroes fought in vain!
ge of perfidious Helen's shame
ht was involv'd in Grecian flame;
by Time's deep ploughshare harrow'd o'er,
of sacred Troy is found no more:
of her proud fabrics now remains,
and vines enrich her cultur'd plains;
mander laves the verdant shore,
r, oft o'erflow'd with hostile gore.
remov'd from Ilion's famous land
r-view appears the Thracian strand,
auteous Hero, from the turret's height,
her crescent each revolving night;
eam directed lov'd Leander o'er
g Hellespont from Asia's shore:
ated hour, on Thracia's coast
er lover's lifeless body tost;
her bosom agony severe,
sad gazing, pour'd th' incessant tear;
n'd with anguish, frantic with despair,
ıer swelling breast, and tore her hair;
Leander's name in vain she cried,
llong plung'd into the parting tide:
ng tide receiv'd the lovely maid,
lly from the strand its freight convey'd.
t of Thrace, beyond th' Ægean main,
om Ocean lies the Delphic plain:
The sacred oracle of Phœbus there
High o'er the mount arose, divinely fair!
Achaian marble form'd the gorgeous pile,
August the fabric! elegant its style!
On brazen hinges turn'd the silver doors,
And chequer'd marble pav'd the polish'd floors;
The roof, where storied tablature appear'd,
On columns of Corinthian mould was rear'd;
Of shining porphyry the shafts were fram'd,
And round the hollow dome bright jewels flam'd:
Apollo's priests before the holy shrine
Suppliant pour'd forth their orisons divine,
To front the Sun's declining ray 'twas plac'd,
With golden harps and branching laurels grac'd:
Around the fane, engrav'd by Vulcan's hand,
The Sciences and Arts were seen to stand;
Here Æsculapius' snake display'd his crest,
And burning glories sparkled on his breast;
While from his eye's insufferable light
Disease and Death recoil'd in headlong flight:
Of this great temple, through all time renown'd,
Sunk in oblivion, no remains are found.

Contiguous here, with hallow'd woods o'erspread,
Renown'd Parnassus lifts its honour'd head;
There roses blossom in eternal spring,
And strains celestial feather'd warblers sing:
Apollo, here, bestows th' unfading wreath;
Here zephyrs aromatic odours breathe,
They o'er Castalian plains diffuse perfume
Where round the scene perennial laurels bloom;
Fair daughters of the Sun, the sacred Nine!
Here wake to ecstasy their harps divine,
Or bid the Paphian lute mellifluous play,
And tune to plaintive love the liquid lay;
Their numbers ev'ry mental storm control,
And lull to harmony th' afflicted soul;
With heav'nly balm the tortur'd breast compose,
And soothe the agony of latent woes:
The verdant shades that Helicon surround,
On rosy gales seraphic tunes resound;
Perpetual summers crown the happy hours,
Sweet as the breath that fans Elysian flow'rs:
Hence pleasure dances in an endless round,
And love and joy, ineffable, abound.

IV. Stop wand'ring thought! methinks I feel
their strains
Diffuse delicious languor through my veins:
Adieu ye flow'ry vales, and fragrant scenes,
Delightful bow'rs, and ever vernal greens!
Adieu ye streams! that o'er enchanted ground
In lucid maze th' Aonian hill surround;
Ye fairy scenes! where Fancy loves to dwell,
And young Delight, for ever, oh, farewell!
The soul with tender luxury you fill,
And o'er the sense Lethean dews distil—
Awake, O Memory! from th' inglorious dream,
With brazen lungs resume the kindling theme;
Collect thy pow'rs, arouse thy vital fire,
Ye spirits of the storm, my verse inspire!
Hoarse as the whirlwinds that enrage the main
In torrent pour along the swelling strain.

Now, through the parting wave impetuous bore,
The scudding vessel stemm'd th' Athenian shore;
The pilots, as the waves behind her swell,
Still with the wheeling stern their force repel;
For this assault should either quarter[4] feel
Again to flank the tempest she might reel:

[4] The quarter is the hinder part of a ship's side, or that part which is near the stern.

The steersmen ev'ry bidden turn apply,
To right, and left, the spokes alternate fly—
Thus, when some conquer'd host retreats in fear,
The bravest leaders guard the broken rear;
Indignant they retire, and long oppose
Superior armies that around them close;
Still shield the flanks, the routed squadrons join,
And guide the flight in one continued line:
Thus they direct the flying bark before
Th' impelling floods, that lash her to the shore:
High o'er the poop th' audacious seas aspire,
Uproll'd in hills of fluctuating fire;
With lab'ring throes she rolls on either side,
And dips her gunnels in the yawning tide;
Her joints unhing'd in palsied languors play,
As ice-flakes part beneath the noon-tide ray:
The gale howls doleful through the blocks and shrouds,
And big rain pours a deluge from the clouds;
From wintry magazines that sweep the sky,
Descending globes of hail impetuous fly;
High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom portentous meteors blaze;
Th' ethereal dome, in mournful pomp array'd,
Now buried lies beneath impervious shade,
Now, flashing round intolerable light,
Redoubles all the horrour of the night—
Such terrour Sinai's trembling hill o'erspread,
When Heav'n's loud trumpet sounded o'er its head:
It seem'd, the wrathful Angel of the wind
Had all the horrours of the skies combin'd,
And here, to one ill-fated ship oppos'd,
At once the dreadful magazine disclos'd:
And lo! tremendous o'er the deep he springs,
Th' inflaming sulphur flashing from his wings;
Hark! his strong voice the dismal silence breaks,
Mad Chaos from the chains of Death awakes:
Loud, and more loud, the rolling peals enlarge,
And blue on deck the fiery tides discharge;
There all aghast the shivering wretches stood,
While chill suspense and fear congeal'd their blood;
Wide bursts in dazzling sheets the living flame,
And dread concussion rends th' ethereal frame;
Sick Earth convulsive groans from shore to shore,
And Nature shuddering feels the horrid roar.
Still the sad prospect rises on my sight,
Reveal'd in all its mournful shade and light;
E'en now my ear with quick vibration feels
Th' explosion burst in strong rebounding peals;
Swift through my pulses glides the kindling fire,
As lightning glances on th' electric wire:
Yet ah! the languid colours vainly strive
To bid the scene in native hues revive.
But lo! at last, from tenfold darkness born,
Forth issues o'er the wave the weeping Morn:
Hail, sacred vision! who, on orient wings,
The cheering dawn of light propitious brings!
All Nature smiling hail'd the vivid ray
That gave her beauties to returning day,
All but our ship! which, groaning on the tide,
No kind relief, no gleam of hope descried;
For now in front her trembling inmates see
The hills of Greece emerging on the lee—
So the lost lover views that fatal morn
On which, for ever from his bosom torn,
The maid ador'd resigns her blooming charms,
To bless with love some happier rival's arms;
So to Eliza dawn'd that cruel day
That tore Æneas from her sight away,
That saw him parting never to return,
Herself in funeral flames decreed to burn.
O yet in clouds, thou genial source of light!
Conceal thy radiant glories from our sight,
Go, with thy smile adorn the happy plain,
And gild the scenes where health and pleasure reign:
But let not here, in scorn, thy wanton beam
Insult the dreadful grandeur of my theme.
While shoreward now the bounding vessel flies,
Full in her van St. George's cliffs arise;
High o'er the rest a pointed crag is seen,
That hung projecting o'er a mossy green,
Huge breakers on the larboard bow appear,
And full a-head its eastern ledges bear:
To steer more eastward Albert still commands,
And shun, if possible, the fatal strands—
Nearer and nearer now the danger grows,
And all their skill relentless Fates oppose;
For while more eastward they direct the prow,
Enormous waves the quivering deck o'erflow;
While, as she wheels, unable to subdue
Her sallies, still they dread her broaching-to [5]:
Alarming thought! for now no more a-lee
Her trembling side could bear the mountain'd sea,
And if pursuing waves she scuds before,
Headlong she runs upon the frightful shore;
A shore, where shelves and hidden rocks abound,
Where Death in secret ambush lurks around:
Not half so dreadful to Æneas' eyes
The straits of Sicily were seen to rise,
When Palinurus from the helm descry'd
The rocks of Scylla on his eastern side,
While in the west, with hideous yawn disclos'd,
His onward path Charybdis' gulf oppos'd;
The double danger he alternate view'd,
And cautiously his arduous track pursu'd:
Thus, while to right and left destruction lies,
Between th' extremes the daring vessel flies:
With terrible irruption bursting o'er
The marble cliffs, tremendous surges roar;
Hoarse through each winding creek the tempest raves,
And hollow rocks repeat the groan of waves:
Should once the bottom strike this cruel shore,
The parting ship that instant is no more;
Nor she alone, but with her all the crew
Beyond relief are doom'd to perish too:
But haply she escapes the dreadful strand,
Though scarce her length in distance from the land;
Swift as the weapon quits the Scythian bow
She cleaves the burning billows with her prow,
And forward hurrying with impetuous haste,
Borne on the tempest's wings, the isle she past:
With longing eyes, and agony of mind,
The sailors view this refuge left behind;
Happy to bribe with India's richest ore
A safe accession to that barren shore—
When in the dark Peruvian mine confin'd,
Lost to the cheerful commerce of mankind,
The groaning captive wastes his life away,
For ever exil'd from the realms of day,

[5] Broaching-to, is a sudden and involuntary movement in navigation, wherein a ship, whilst scudding or sailing before the wind, unexpectedly turns her side to windward. It is generally occasioned by the difficulty of steering her, or by some disaster happening to the machinery of the helm. See the last note of the second canto.

ı pangs his bosom agonize
distant light he rolls his eyes!
road, Sun, in his diurnal way
.ll beside his vivid ray,
rlorn, the victim pines in vain
e never shall possess again.
ıw Athenian mountains they descry,
surge Colonna frowns on high,
le columns, long by time defac'd,
l on the lofty cape are plac'd;
l by fair Devotion, to sustain
es Tritonia's sacred fane,
beach in murd'rous form appears,
.l of all their hopes and fears:
now in wild amazement see
ruin rise beneath the lee;
heir minds elaps'd all dangers past,
h terrour they behold the last:
ıile wing'd with ruin from on high
rent cloud the ragged lightnings fly,
k glancing on the nerves of light,
ıale helmsman with eternal night:
ho heard a piteous groan behind,
h compassion, gaz'd upon the blind;
ıround his sad companions crowd,
ı' unhappy victim to the shroud:
loft, my gallant friend!" he cries;
ruccour on the mast relies."
ereft of half its vital force,
subdu'd the wild unbridled course;
abandon'd wheel Arion came
empestuous sallies to reclaim:
while the dread event draws nigh,
impatient o'er the waves to fly;
ıer on!—Thus, issuing from afar,
the Sun some blazing star,
ıels attraction's kindling force,
ard with accelerated course.
ent fraught with fate approaches fast!
ging sailors climb each quiv'ring mast;
longer now must stem the land,
! a starboard!" is the last command:
suppliant voice to Heav'n applies,
rift wheeling to the westward flies;
rs, on the foremast who depend,
platform of the top ascend:
t! for, while the plunging prow
eadlong in the wave below,
by wat'ry weight the bowsprit bends,
ove the stem deep-crashing rends:
bow the floating ruins lie;
st totters unsustain'd on high:
e ship, forelifted by the sea,
ıll fabric backward o'er her lee;
e general wreck, the faithful stay
ıain-topmast by the cap away:
the mast, the seamen strive in vain
stile floods their vessel to regain;
alas! they buffet long the wave,
t life, though sinking in the grave;
ıusted, and bereft of strength,
they yield to cruel Fate at length;
waters close around their head,
ır ever, number'd with the dead!
ı remain the weather shrouds embrace,
nourn their lost companions' case;
h terrour at th' approaching doom,
their breasts alone has room:
Rodmond, and Palemon, near
Arion, on the mast appear;

E'en they, amid th' unspeakable distress,
In ev'ry look distracting thoughts confess,
In ev'ry vein the refluent blood congeals,
And ev'ry bosom mortal terrour feels;
Begirt with all the horrour of the main
They view'd th' adjacent shore, but view'd in vain:
Such torments in the drear abodes of Hell,
Where sad Despair laments with rueful yell,
Such torments agonize the damned breast,
That sees remote the mansions of the blest:
It comes! the dire catastrophe draws near,
Lash'd furious on by Destiny severe:
The ship hangs hovering on the verge of death,
Hell yawns, rocks rise, and breakers roar beneath!
O yet confirm my heart, ye pow'rs above!
This last tremendous shock of Fate to prove;
The tottering frame of Reason yet sustain,
Nor let this total havoc whirl my brain:
Since I, all trembling in extreme distress,
Must still the horrible result express.
In vain, alas! the sacred Shades of yore
Would arm the mind with philosophic lore:
In vain they'd teach us, at the latest breath,
To smile serene amid the pangs of death:
Immortal Zeno's self would trembling see
Inexorable Fate beneath the lee;
And Epictetus at the sight, in vain
Attempt his stoic firmness to retain;
Had Socrates, for godlike virtue fam'd,
And wisest of the sons of men proclaim'd,
Spectator of such various horrours been,
E'en he had stagger'd at this dreadful scene.
In vain the cords and axes were prepar'd,
For every wave now smites the quivering yard;
High o'er the ship they throw a dreadful shade,
Then on her burst in terrible cascade;
Across the founder'd deck o'erwhelming roar,
And foaming, swelling, bound upon the shore.
Swift up the mounting billow now she flies,
Her shatter'd top half-buried in the skies;
Borne o'er a latent reef the hull impends,
Then thund'ring on the marble crags descends:
Her pond'rous bulk the dire concussion feels,
And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels—
Again she plunges! hark! a second shock
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock:
Down on the vale of Death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shudd'ring cast their eyes
In wild despair; while yet another stroke,
With strong convulsion rends the solid oak:
Ah, Heav'n!—behold her crashing ribs divide!
She loosens, parts, and spreads in ruin o'er the tide.
Oh were it mine with sacred Maro's art
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,
Like him the smooth and mournful verse to dress
In all the pomp of exquisite distress;
Then, too severely taught by cruel Fate,
To share in all the perils I relate,
Then might I, with unrivall'd strains, deplore
Th' impervious horrours of a leeward shore.
As o'er the surf the bending mainmast hung,
Still on the rigging thirty seamen clung:
Some on a broken crag were struggling cast,
And there by oozy tangles grappled fast;
Awhile they bore th' o'erwhelming billows' rage,
Unequal combat with their Fate to wage;
Till all benumb'd, and feeble, they forego
Their slipp'ry hold, and sink to shades below:
Some, from the main yard-arm impetuous thrown
On marble ridges, die without a groan:

Three with Palemon on their skill depend,
And from the wreck on oars and rafts descend;
Now on the mountain-wave on high they ride,
Then downward plunge beneath th' involving tide;
Till one, who seems in agony to strive,
The whirling breakers heave on shore alive:
The rest a speedier end of anguish knew,
And prest the stony beach—a lifeless crew!
Next, O unhappy chief! th' eternal doom
Of Heaven decreed thee to the briny tomb:
What scenes of misery torment thy view!
What painful struggles of thy dying crew!
Thy perish'd hopes all buried in the flood
O'erspread with corses, red with human blood!
So pierc'd with anguish hoary Priam gaz'd,
When Troy's imperial domes in ruin blaz'd;
While he, severest sorrow doom'd to feel,
Expir'd beneath the victor's murdering steel—
Thus with his helpless partners to the last,
Sad refuge! Albert grasps the floating mast.
His soul could yet sustain this mortal blow,
But droops, alas! beneath superior woe;
For now strong Nature's sympathetic chain
Tugs at his yearning heart with pow'rful strain:
His faithful wife, for ever doom'd to mourn
For him, alas! who never shall return,
To black Adversity's approach expos'd,
With want and hardships unforeseen enclos'd;
His lovely daughter, left without a friend
Her innocence to succour and defend,
By youth and indigence set forth a prey
To lawless Guilt, that flatters to betray—
While these reflections rack his feeling mind,
Rodmond, who hung beside, his grasp resign'd;
And, as the tumbling waters o'er him roll'd,
His outstretch'd arms the master's legs enfold:
Sad Albert feels their dissolution near,
And strives in vain his fetter'd limbs to clear,
For Death bids ev'ry clinching joint adhere:
All faint, to Heav'n he throws his dying eyes,
And, "*Oh protect my wife and child!*" he cries—
The gushing streams roll back th' unfinish'd sound,
He gasps! and sinks amid the vast profound.
Five only left of all the shipwreck'd throng
Yet ride the mast which shoreward drives along;
With these Arion still his hold secures,
And all assaults of hostile waves endures:
O'er the dire prospect as for life he strives,
He looks if poor Palemon yet survives—
"Ah wherefore, trusting to unequal art,
Didst thou, incautious! from the wreck depart?
Alas! these rocks all human skill defy,
Who strikes them once, beyond relief must die:
And now sore wounded, thou perhaps art tost
On these, or in some oozy cavern lost:"
Thus thought Arion; anxious gazing round
In vain, his eyes no more Palemon found—
The demons of destruction hover nigh,
And thick their mortal shafts commission'd fly:
When now a breaking surge, with forceful sway,
Two, next Arion, furious tears away;
Hurl'd on the crags, behold they gasp, they bleed!
And, groaning, cling upon th' elusive weed;
Another billow bursts in boundless roar!
Arion sinks! and Memory views no more.
Ha! total night and horrour here preside,
My stunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide;
It is their funeral knell! and, gliding near,
Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear:
But lo! emerging from the wat'ry grave
Again they float incumbent on the wave,
Again the dismal prospect opens round
The wreck, the shore, the dying, and the drown'd!
And see! enfeebled by repeated shocks,
Those two, who scramble on th' adjacent rocks,
Their faithless hold no longer can retain,
They sink o'erwhelm'd! and never rise again.
Two with Arion yet the mast uphore,
That now above the ridges reach'd the shore;
Still trembling to descend, they downward gaze
With horrour pale, and torpid with amaze:
The floods recoil! the ground appears below!
And life's faint embers now rekindling glow;
Awhile they wait th' exhausted waves' retreat,
Then climb slow up the beach with hands and feet—
O Heav'n! deliver'd by whose sov'reign hand
Still on destruction's brink they shudd'ring stand,
Receive the languid incense they bestow,
That damp with death appears not yet to glow;
To THEE each soul the warm oblation pays
With trembling ardour of unequal praise;
In ev'ry heart dismay with wonder strives,
And hope the sicken'd spark of life revives,
Her magic pow'rs their exil'd health restore
Till horrour and despair are felt no more.
Rous'd by the blust'ring tempest of the night,
A troop of Grecians mount Colonna's height;
When, gazing down with horrour on the flood,
Full to their view the scene of ruin stood—
The surf with mangled bodies strew'd around,
And those yet breathing on the sea-wash'd ground:
Though lost to science and the nobler arts,
Yet Nature's lore inform'd their feeling hearts;
Straight down the vale with hast'ning steps they hied,
Th' unhappy sufferers to assist, and guide.
Meanwhile those three escap'd beneath, explore
The first advent'rous youth who reach'd the shore:
Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpless, on the tangly beach he lay—
It is Palemon! oh, what tumults roll
With hope and terrour in Arion's soul;
"*If yet unhurt he lives again to view*
His friend, and this sole remnant of our crew,
With us to travel through this foreign zone,
And share the future good or ill unknown?"
Arion thus; but ah, sad doom of Fate!
That bleeding Memory sorrows to relate;
While yet afloat, on some resisting rock
His ribs were dash'd, and fractur'd with the shock:
Heart-piercing sight! those cheeks so late array'd
In beauty's bloom, are pale with mortal shade;
Distilling blood his lovely breast o'erspread,
And clogg'd the golden tresses of his head:
Nor yet the lungs by this pernicious stroke
Were wounded, or the vocal organs broke.
Down from his neck, with blazing gems array'd,
Thy image, lovely Anna! hung portray'd;
Th' unconscious figure, smiling all serene,
Suspended in a golden chain was seen:
Hadst thou, soft maiden! in this hour of woe
Beheld him writhing from the deadly blow,
What force of art, what language could express
Thine agony, thine exquisite distress?
But thou, alas! art doom'd to weep in vain
For him thine eyes shall never see again.
With dumb amazement pale, Arion gaz'd,
And cautiously the wounded youth uprais'd;
Palemon then, with equal pangs opprest,
In faltering accents thus his friend addrest:

d from destruction late so nigh,
se fatal influence doom'd I lie;
exil'd to this last retreat
ppy! thus decreed to meet?
ike what yester-morn enjoy'd,
opes! for ever now destroy'd;
, far beyond all healing pow'r,
, and this his final hour:
breakers, where in vain I strove,
off from fortune, life, and love!
nes must soon present my sight,
-buried yet in tenfold night—
d father of a wretched son,
aternal prudence has undone;
emembrance of this blinded care
ny head with anguish and despair:
ects from avarice arise;
Nature's voice, and vainly wise,
vere endeavours to control
assions that inspire the soul:
ACRED POWER! whose law connects
hain of causes and effects,
hast'ning ministers of rage
harp remorse his feeble age:
on! who with these the last
ew survive the SHIPWRECK past—
mourn, those friendly tears restrain,
dying moments keener pain!
may soon thy wand'ring steps restore,
hence, to England's distant shore;
, th' unwilling messenger of Fate,
ragic story first relate;
ip's generous ardour then suppress,
fatal cause of my distress;
horrid incident sustain
'd tale to aggravate his pain:
member well my last request
reigns for ever in my breast;
prove a father and a friend,
maid to succour and defend—
it implor'd with parting breath,
friend him at his hour of death!
lovely Anna shouldst thou tell
timely end thy friend befel;
dismal scene soft Pity's veil,
ouch the lamentable tale:
love, inviolably true,
o diminution ever knew;
ht image, pendent on my neck,
n rescu'd from the wreck;
say, when panting in the wave,
ife and this alone to save.
, that flutt'ring hastens to be free,
train of thoughts impart to thee,
vain; the chilling ice of death
blood, and choaks the stream of breath;
quits her comfortless abode,
at long, unknown, eternal road—
rce of ever-living Light!
weary wand'rer in her flight;
ward to that peaceful shore,
pain, and death prevail no more.
ou some tale of hapless love shalt hear,
om Pity's eye the melting tear;
hearts, by mutual passion join'd,
orrow, and despair consign'd;
swell the tides of social woe,
afflicted bosom they o'erflow,
ry dictates, this sad Shipwreck te",
tress thy wretched friend befel:

Then, while in streams of soft compassion drown'd,
The swains lament, and maidens weep around;
While lisping children, touch'd with infant fear,
With wonder gaze, and drop th' unconscious tear;
Oh! then this moral bid their souls retain,
ALL THOUGHTS OF HAPPINESS ON EARTH ARE VAIN!"
The last faint accents trembled on his tongue
That now inactive to the palate clung;
His bosom heaves a mortal groan he dies!
And shades eternal sink upon his eyes.
As thus defac'd in death Palemon lay,
Arion gaz'd upon the lifeless clay;
Transfix'd he stood; with awful terrour fill'd,
While down his cheek the silent drops distill'd:
"O ill-starr'd votary of unspotted truth!
Untimely perish'd in the bloom of youth;
Should e'er thy friend arrive on Albion's land,
He will obey, though painful, thy command;
His tongue the dreadful story shall display,
And all the horrours of this dismal day:
Disastrous day! what ruin hast thou bred,
What anguish to the living and the dead!
How hast thou left the widow all forlorn;
And ever doom'd the orphan child to mourn,
Through life's sad journey hopeless to complain:
Can sacred Justice these events ordain?
But, O my soul! avoid that wondrous maze
Where Reason, lost in endless errour, strays;
As through this thorny vale of life we run,
Great CAUSE of all effects, THY WILL BE DONE!"
Now had the Grecians on the beach arriv'd,
To aid the helpless few who yet surviv'd:
While passing, they behold the waves o'erspread
With shatter'd rafts and corses of the dead;
Three still alive, benumb'd and faint they find,
In mournful silence on a rock reclin'd:
The gen'rous natives, mov'd with social pain,
The feeble strangers in their arms sustain;
With pitying sighs their hapless lot deplore,
And lead them trembling from the fatal shore.

OCCASIONAL ELEGY,

IN WHICH THE PRECEDING NARRATIVE IS CONCLUDED.

THE scene of death is clos'd! the mournful strains
Dissolve in dying languor on the ear;
Yet Pity weeps, yet Sympathy complains,
And dump Suspense awaits o'erwhelm'd with fear:

But the sad Muses with prophetic eye
At once the future and the past explore;
Their harps Oblivion's influence can defy,
And waft the spirit to th' eternal shore—

Then, O Palemon! if thy shade can hear
The voice of Friendship still lament thy doom,
Yet to the sad oblations bend thine ear,
That rise in vocal incense o'er thy tomb:

From young Arion first the news receiv'd
With terrour, pale unhappy Anna read;
With inconsolable distress she griev'd,
And from her cheek the rose of beauty fled:

In vain, alas! the gentle virgin wept,
Corrosive anguish nipt her vital bloom;
O'er her soft frame diseases sternly crept,
And gave the lovely victim to the tomb:

A longer date of woe, the widow'd wife
Her lamentable lot afflicted bore;
Yet both were rescu'd from the chains of life
Before Arion reach'd his native shore:

The father unrelenting phrenzy stung,
Untaught in Virtue's school distress to bear;
Severe Remorse his tortur'd bosom wrung,
He languish'd, groan'd, and perish'd in despair.

Ye lost companions of distress, adieu!
Your toils, and pains, and dangers are no more;
The tempest now shall howl unheard by you,
While ocean smites in vain the trembling shore;

On you the blast, surcharg'd with rain and snow,
In winter's dismal nights no more shall beat;
Unfelt by you the vertic Sun may glow,
And scorch the panting Earth with baneful heat:

No more the joyful maid, with sprightly strain,
Shall wake the dance to give you welcome home;
Nor hopeless love impart undying pain,
When far from scenes of social joy you roam;

No more on yon wide wat'ry waste you stray,
While hunger and disease your life consume,
While parching thirst, that burns without allay,
Forbids the blasted rose of health to bloom;

No more you feel Contagion's mortal breath,
That taints the realms with misery severe,
No more behold pale Famine, scatt'ring death,
With cruel ravage desolate the year:

The thund'ring drum, the trumpet's swelling strain
Unheard, shall form the long embattled line:
Unheard, the deep foundations of the main
Shall tremble, when the hostile squadrons join:

Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still molest
The wand'ring vassals of the faithless deep;
Oh! happier now escap'd to endless rest,
Than we, who still survive to wake and weep:

What though no funeral pomp, no borrow'd tear,
Your hour of death to gazing crowds shall tell;
Nor weeping friends attend your sable bier,
Who sadly listen to the passing bell;

The tutor'd sigh, the vain parade of woe,
No real anguish to the soul impart;
And oft, alas! the tear that friends bestow,
Belies the latent feelings of the heart:

What though no sculptur'd pile your name displays,
Like those who perish in their country's cause;
What though no epic Muse in living lays
Records your dreadful daring with applause;

Full oft the flatt'ring marble bids renown
With blazon'd trophies deck the spotted name;
And oft, too oft, the venal Muses crown
The slaves of Vice with never-dying fame—

Yet shall Remembrance from Oblivion's veil
Relieve your scene, and sigh with grief sincere;
And soft Compassion at your tragic tale
In silent tribute pay her kindred tear.

A POEM,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS FREDERIC PRINCE OF WALES.

From the big horrour of war's hoarse alarms,
And the tremendous clang of clashing arms,
Descend, my Muse! a deeper scene to draw
(A scene will hold the list'ning world in awe[1])
Is my intent: Melpomene inspire,
While, with sad notes, I strike the trembling lyre!
And may my lines with easy motion flow,
Melt as they move, and fill each heart with woe:
Big with the sorrow it describes, my song,
In solemn pomp, majestic, move along.
Oh! bear me to some awful silent glade
Where cedars form an unremitting shade;
Where never track of human feet was known;
Where never cheerful light of Phœbus shone;
Where chirping linnets warble tales of love,
And hoarser winds howl murm'ring through the grove;
Where some unhappy wretch aye mourns his doom,
Deep melancholy wand'ring through the gloom;
Where solitude and meditation roam,
And where no dawning glimpse of hope can come;
Place me in such an unfrequented shade,
To speak to none but with the mighty dead:
T' assist the pouring rains with brimful eyes,
And aid hoarse howling Boreas with my sighs.
When Winter's horrours left Britannia's isle,
And Spring in blooming verdure 'gan to smile;
When rills, unbound, began to purl along,
And warbling larks renew'd the vernal song;
When sprouting roses, deck'd in crimson dye,
Began to bloom,.....
Hard fate! then, noble Fred'ric, didst thou die:
Doom'd by inexorable Fate's decree,
Th' approaching Summer ne'er on Earth to see;
In thy parch'd vitals burning fevers rage,
Whose flame the virtue of no herbs asswage;
No cooling med'cine can its heat allay,
Relentless Destiny cries, "No delay."
Ye pow'rs! and must a prince so noble die?
(Whose equal breathes not under th' ambient sky:)
Ah! must he die, then, in youth's full-blown prime,
Cut by the scythe of all-devouring Time?
Yes, Fate has doom'd! his soul now leaves its weight,
And all are under the decree of Fate;
Th' irrevocable doom of Destiny
Pronounc'd, "All mortals must submissive die."
The princes wait around with weeping eyes,
And the dome echoes all with piercing cries:
With doleful noise the matrons scream around,
With female shrieks the vaulted roofs rebound:
A dismal noise! Now one promiscuous roar
Cries, "Ah! the noble Fred'ric is no more!"
The chief reluctant yields his latest breath;
His eye-lids settle in the shades of death:
Dark sable shades present before each eye,
And the deep vast abyss, eternity!
Through perpetuity's expanse he springs;
And o'er the vast profound he shoots on wings:
The soul to distant regions steers her flight,
And sails incumbent on inferior night:
With vast celerity she shoots away,
And meets the regions of eternal day,
To shine for ever in the heav'nly birth,
And leave the body here to rot on Earth.

[1] By awe, here, is meant attention.

y patriots round it wait,
royal hero's timeless fate.
ey move, a mournful band!
p they march along the strand:
f, interr'd in youthful bloom,
ary regions of the tomb.
sta's pallid visage flow
ls with unaffected woe:
pless, see pale Britain mourn,
! forsaken and forlorn!
hands her bleeding breast she beats;
frowning, grim Destruction threats.
h heart-felt grief, she rends her hair,
piercing cries th' echoing air.
ou mourn thy patriot's timeless end,
tron, and thy merchant's friend.
all pity thy full-flowing grief?
w deign to give thy poor relief?
rts, whose bounty now shall flow,
ience to promote, bestow?
ect thee from the hostile frown,
r'd Just return his own?
l oppression who shall guard
nd the threat'ning ruin ward?
noble Briton's gone,
re in ceaseless woe to moan!
olation hangs around,
rs o'er the trembling ground:
Spring droops her enamell'd head,
her, and her flow'rs all fade:
leaves already drop away;
iving herbs with pale decay:
es, see! o'er the blasted heath,
nd beneath the weight of death:
expansive gloom, the lightnings play,
r mutters through th' aërial way:
ls the pangs, the storms renew,
ith fatal haste, the baleful yew.
avert the threat'ning horrid weight,
prop Britannia's sinking state!
r o'er young George's soul;
sdom all his deeds control!
eur in each action shine,
l declare the youth divine.
ee him shine a glorious star,
e, but terrible in war!
region does his praise resound,
emble at his name around!
ugh ev'ry distant kingdom rung,
n of the race from whence he
ng:
e, in volumes curls on high,
heaps, and blacken all the sky:
s fame, methinks, is hurl'd
miring venerating world.
ed wand'rer, on his way,
bsence of all-cheering day;
m his friends and native home,
glimpse does glimmer through the
n:
breathes, each sigh his latest breath,
meditation, pits of death:
chimeras fill his soul,
d dying, ev'ry step control.
east there breaks a purple gleam,
vanish as a fleeting dream.
the Sun first shoots his ray,
ffulgent on th' illumin'd day;
t then in the flam'ing rays,
ost within th' excessive blaze.

ODE

ON THE DUKE OF YORK'S SECOND DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND AS REAR ADMIRAL.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE ROYAL GEORGE.

Again the royal streamers play!
To glory Edward hastes away;
Adieu, ye happy silvan bowers,
Where Pleasure's sprightly throng await!
Ye domes, where regal Grandeur towers
In purple ornaments of state!
Ye scenes where Virtue's sacred strain
Bids the tragic Muse complain!
Where Satire treads the comic stage,
To scourge and mend a venal age;
Where music pours the soft, melodious lay,
And melting symphonies congenial play!
Ye silken sons of Ease, who dwell
In flowery vales of Peace, farewell!
In vain the goddess of the myrtle grove
Her charms ineffable displays;
In vain she calls to happier realms of love,
Which Spring's unfading bloom arrays:
In vain her living roses blow,
And ever-vernal pleasures grow;
The gentle sports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful shore:
Arcadian ease no longer charms,
For war and fame alone can please.
His throbbing bosom beats to arms,
To war the hero moves, through storms and wintry [seas

CHORUS.

The gentle sports of youth no more
Allure him to the peaceful shore,
For war and fame alone can please;
To war the hero moves, through storms and wintry [seas.

Though Danger's hostile train appears
To thwart the course that Honour steers;
Unmov'd he leads the rugged way,
Despising peril and dismay:
His country calls; to guard her laws,
Lo! every joy the gallant youth resigns;
Th' avenging naval sword he draws,
And o'er the waves conducts her martial lires:
Hark! his sprightly clarions play;
Follow where he leads the way!
The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
Tell the deeps their master's come.

CHORUS.

Hark! his sprightly clarions play,
Follow where he leads the way!
The piercing fife, the sounding drum,
Tell the deeps their master's come.

Thus Alcmena's warlike son
The thorny course of Virtue run,
When, taught by her unerring voice,
He made the glorious choice:
Severe, indeed, th' attempt he knew,
Youth's genial ardours to subdue:
For Pleasure, Venus' lovely form assum'd;
Her glowing charms, divinely bright,
In all the pride of beauty bloom'd,
And struck his ravish'd sight.

Transfix'd, amaz'd,
Alcides gaz'd:
Enchanting grace
Adorn'd her face,
And all his changing looks confest
Th' alternate passions in his breast:
Her swelling bosom half reveal'd,
Her eyes that kindling raptures fir'd,
A thousand tender pains instill'd,
A thousand flatt'ring thoughts inspir'd:
Persuasion's sweetest language hung
In melting accent on her tongue:
Deep in his heart, the winning tale
Infus'd a magic power;
She prest him to the rosy vale,
And show'd th' Elysian bower:
Her hand, that trembling ardours move,
Conducts him blushing to the blest alcove:
Ah! see, o'erpower'd by Beauty's charms,
And won by Love's resistless arms,
The captive yields to Nature's soft alarms!

CHORUS.

Ah! see, o'erpower'd by Beauty's charms,
And won by Love's resistless arms,
The captive yields to Nature's soft alarms!

Assist, ye guardian powers above!
From ruin save the son of Jove!
By heavenly mandate Virtue came,
And check'd the fatal flame:
Swift as the quivering needle wheels,
Whose point the magnet's influence feels,
Inspir'd with awe,
He, turning, saw
The nymph divine
Transcendent shine;
And, while he view'd the godlike maid,
His heart a sacred impulse sway'd:
His eyes with ardent motion roll,
And love, regret, and hope, divide his soul.
But soon her words his pain destroy,
And all the numbers of his heart,
Return'd by her celestial art,
Now swell'd to strains of nobler joy.
Instructed thus by Virtue's lore,
His happy steps the realms explore
Where guilt and errour are no more:
The clouds that veil'd his intellectual ray,
Before his breath dispelling, melt away:
Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

CHORUS.

Broke loose from Pleasure's glittering chain,
He scorn'd her soft inglorious reign:
Convinc'd, resolv'd, to Virtue then he turn'd,
And in his breast paternal glory burn'd.

So when on Britain's other hope she shone,
Like him the royal youth she won:
Thus taught, he bids his fleet advance
To curb the power of Spain and France:
Aloft his martial ensigns flow,
And hark! his brazen trumpets blow!
The wat'ry profound,
Awak'd by the sound,
All trembles around:
While Edward o'er the azure fields
Fraternal wonder wields:
High on the deck behold he stands,
And views around his floating bands
In awful order join:
They, while the warlike trumpet's strain
Deep sounding, swells along the main,
Extend th' embattled line.
Then Britain triumphantly saw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vast ocean give law.

CHORUS.

Then Britain triumphantly saw
His armament ride
Supreme on the tide,
And o'er the vast ocean give law.

Now with shouting peals of joy,
The ships their horrid tubes display,
Tier over tier in terrible array,
And wait the signal to destroy:
The sails all burn to engage:
Hark! hark! their shouts arise,
And shake the vaulted skies!
Exulting with bacchanal rage.
Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine!
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign!

CHORUS.

Then, Neptune, the hero revere,
Whose power is superior to thine!
And, when his proud squadrons appear,
The trident and chariot resign!

Albion, wake thy grateful voice!
Let thy hills and vales rejoice:
O'er remotest hostile regions
Thy victorious flags are known;
Thy resistless martial legions
Dreadful move from zone to zone;
Thy flaming bolts unerring roll,
And all the trembling globe control:
Thy seamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can subdue:
To thy great trust
Severely just,
All dissonant strife they disclaim:
To meet the foe,
Their bosoms glow;
Who only are rivals in fame.

CHORUS.

Thy seamen, invincibly true,
No menace, no fraud, can subdue:
All dissonant strife they disclaim,
And only are rivals in fame.

For Edward tune your harps, ye Nine!
Triumphant strike each living string,
For him, in ecstasy divine,
Your choral Io Pæans sing!

n your festive concerts breathe!
n your flowery garlands wreathe!
e! O wake the joyful song!
: fauns of the woods,
: nymphs of the floods,
musical current prolong!
ans, that dance on the plain,
well the grand chorus accord!
ons, that sport on the main,
ting, acknowledge your lord!
the wild numbers combin'd,
t floating proclaim
admiral's name,
iphony roll on the wind!

CHORUS.

te! O wake the joyful song!
ylvans, that dance on the plain,
ritons, that sport on the main,
musical current prolong!

ile consenting Britons praise,
se votive measures deign to hear!
ee my Muse awakes her lays,
ee th' unequal viol plays,
: tribute of a soul sincere.
ou, illustrious chief, refuse
icense of a nautic Muse!
whom shall Neptune's sons complain,
hose arms unrivall'd rule the main?
on my grateful breast
avour is imprest:
y son of wealth or fame
: a royal patron came!
s youth, whose vital page
id lengthen'd tale of woe,
uthless Fate, impelling tides of rage,
: on wave in dire succession flow,
ring stars and titled names unknown,
r'd his suit to thee alone.
ale your sacred pity mov'd;
, consented, and approv'd.
i my strings, ye blest Pierian quire!
rapture every happy line!
kindle with Promethean fire!
ll each note with energy divine.
ore to plaintive sounds of woe
ie vocal numbers flow!
the chief to whom I sing
yet ordain auspicious days,
ike the lyre with nobler lays,
ie to war the nervous string.
, untaught in Neptune's school,
all the powers of genius he possess,
disciplin'd by classic rule,
daring pencil can display
it that thunders on the watery way,
ll its horrid incidents express:
iy Muse, these warlike strains belong!
thy hope, and patron of thy song.

CHORUS.

ny Muse, these warlike strains belong!
thy hope, and patron of thy song.

THE FOND LOVER,

A BALLAD.

A NYMPH of ev'ry charm possess'd,
That native virtue gives,
Within my bosom all confess'd,
In bright idea lives.
For her my trembling numbers play
Along the pathless deep,
While sadly social with my lay
The winds in concert weep.

If beauty's sacred influence charms
The rage of adverse Fate,
Say why the pleasing soft alarms
Such cruel pangs create?
Since all her thoughts by sense refin'd,
Unartful truth express,
Say wherefore sense and truth are join'd
To give my soul distress?

If when her blooming lips I press,
Which vernal fragrance fills,
Through all my veins the sweet excess
In trembling motion thrills;
Say whence this secret anguish grows,
Congenial with my joy?
And why the touch, where pleasure glows,
Shou'd vital peace destroy?

If when my fair, in melting song,
Awakes the vocal lay,
Not all your notes, ye Phocian throng,
Such pleasing sounds convey;
Thus wrapt all o'er with fondest love,
Why heaves this broken sigh?
For then my blood forgets to move,
I gaze, adore, and die.

Accept, my charming maid, the strain
Which you alone inspire;
To thee the dying strings complain
That quiver on my lyre.
O! give this bleeding bosom ease,
That knows no joy but thee;
Teach me thy happy art to please,
Or deign to love like me.

THE DEMAGOGUE.

BOLD is th' attempt, in these licentious times,
When with such towering strides Sedition climbs,
With sense or satire to confront her power,
And charge her in the great decisive hour:
Bold is the man, who, on her conquering day,
Stands in the pass of Fate to bar her way:
Whose heart, by frowning Arrogance unaw'd,
Or the deep-lurking snares of specious Fraud,
The threats of Giant-faction can deride,
And stem, with stubborn arm, her roaring tide.
For him unnumber'd brooding ills await,
Scorn, malice, insolence, reproach, and hate:
At him, who dares this legion to defy,
A thousand mortal shafts in secret fly:
Revenge, exulting with malignant joy,
Pursues th' incautious victim to destroy:

And Slander strives, with unrelenting aim,
To spit her blasting venom on his name:
Around him Faction's harpies flap their wings,
And rhyming vermin dart their feeble stings:
In vain the wretch retreats, while in full cry,
Fierce on his throat the hungry blood-hounds fly.
Encios'd with perils thus the conscious Muse,
Alarm'd, though undismay'd, her danger views.
Nor shall unmanly terrour now control
The strong resentment struggling in her soul;
While Indignation, with resistless strain,
Pours her full deluge through each swelling vein.
By the vile fear that chills the coward breast,
By sordid caution is her voice suppressed,
While Arrogance, with big theatric rage,
Audacious struts on Pow'r's imperial stage;
While o'er our country, at her dread command,
Black Discord, screaming, shakes her fatal brand:
While, in defiance of maternal laws,
The sacrilegious sword Rebellion draws;
Shall she at this important hour retire,
And quench in Lethe's wave her genuine fire?
Honour forbid! she fears no threat'ning foe,
When conscious Justice bids her bosom glow:
And while *she* kindles the reluctant flame,
Let not the prudent voice of Friendship blame!
She feels the sting of keen Resentment goad,
Though guiltless yet of Satire's thorny road.
Let other Quixotes, frantic with renown,
Plant on their brows a tawdry paper crown!
While fools adore, and vassal-bards obey,
Let the great Monarch Ass through Gotham bray!
Our poet brandishes no mimic sword,
To rule a realm of dunces self-explor'd:
No bleeding victims curse his iron sway;
Nor murder'd reputation marks his way.
True to herself, unarm'd, the fearless Muse
Through Reason's path her steady course pursues:
True to herself advances, undeterr'd
By the rude clamours of the savage herd.
As some bold surgeon, with inserted steel,
Probes deep the putrid sore, intent to heal;
So the rank ulcers that our Patriot load,
Shall she with caustic's healing fires corrode.
Yet ere from patient slumber Satire wakes,
And brandishes th' avenging scourge of snakes;
Yet ere her eyes, with lightning's vivid ray,
The dark recesses of his heart display;
Let Candour own th' undaunted pilot's power,
Felt in severest Danger's trying hour!
Let Truth consenting, with the trump of Fame,
His glory, in auspicious strains, proclaim!
He bade the tempest of the battle roar,
That thunder'd o'er the deep from shore to shore.
How oft, amid the horrours of the war,
Chain'd to the bloody wheels of Danger's car,
How oft my bosom at thy name has glow'd,
And from my beating heart applause bestow'd;
Applause, that, genuine as the blush of youth
Unknown to guile, was sanctify'd by truth!
How oft I blest the Patriot's honest rage,
That greatly dar'd to lash the guilty age;
That, rapt with zeal, pathetic, bold, and strong,
Roll'd the full tide of eloquence along;
That Power's big torrent brav'd with manly pride,
And all Corruption's venal arts defy'd!
When from afar those penetrating eyes
Beheld each secret hostile scheme arise;
Watch'd every motion of the faithless foe,
Each plot o'erturn'd, and baffled every blow:
A fond enthusiast, kindling at thy name,
I glow'd in secret with congenial flame;
While my young bosom, to deceit unknown,
Believ'd all real virtue thine alone.
Such then he seem'd, and such indeed might be,
If Truth with Errour ever could agree!
Sure Satire never with a fairer hand
Portray'd the object she design'd to brand.
Alas! that Virtue should so soon decay,
And Faction's wild applause thy heart betray!
The Muse with secret sympathy relents,
And human failings, as a friend, laments:
But when those dangerous errours, big with fate,
Spread discord and distraction through the state,
Reason should then exert her utmost power
To guard our passions in that fatal hour.
There was a time, ere yet his conscious heart
Durst from the hardy path of Truth depart,
While yet with generous sentiment it glow'd,
A stranger to Corruption's slippery road;
There was a time our Patriot durst avow
Those honest maxims he despises now.
How did he then his country's wounds bewail,
And at the insatiate German vulture rail!
Whose cruel talons Albion's entrails tore,
Whose hungry maw was glutted with her gore!
The mists of errour, that in darkness held
Our reason, like the Sun, his voice dispell'd.
And lo! exhausted, with no power to save,
We view Britannia panting on the wave;
Hung round her neck, a millstone's pond'rous weight
Drags down the struggling victim to her fate!
While horrour at the thought our bosom feels,
We bless the man this horrour who reveals.
But what alarming thoughts the heart amaze,
When on this Janus' other face we gaze;
For, lo! possest of Power's imperial reins,
Our chief those visionary ills disdains!
Alas! how soon the steady Patriot turns!
In vain this change astonish'd England mourns!
Her vital blood, that pour'd from every vein,
So late, to fill th' accurs'd Westphalian drain,
Then ceas'd to flow; the vulture now no more
With unrelenting rage her bowels tore.
His magic rod transforms the bird of prey!
The millstone feels the touch, and melts away!
And, strange to tell, still stranger to believe,
What eyes ne'er saw, and heart could ne'er conceive,
At once, transplanted by the sorceror's wand,
Columbian hills in distant Austria stand!
America, with pangs before unknown,
Now with Westphalia utters groan for groan:
By sympathy she fevers with her fires,
Burns as she burns, and as she dies expires.
From maxims long adopted thus he flew,
For ever changing, yet for ever true;
Swoln with success, and with applause inflam'd,
He scorn'd all caution, all advice disclaim'd;
Arm'd with war's thunder, he embrac'd no more
Those patriot principles maintain'd before.
Perverse, inconstant, obstinate, and proud,
Drunk with ambition, turbulent and loud,
He wrecks us headlong on that dreadful strand
He once devoted all his powers to brand!
Our hapless country views with weeping eyes,
On every side, o'erwhelming horrours rise;
Drain'd of her wealth, exhausted of her power,
And agoniz'd as in the mortal hour;
Her armies wasted with incessant toils,
Or doom'd to perish in contagious soils,

some needy royal plunderer's throne,
to fall in battles not their own.
mous debt at home, though long o'er-
charg'd,
vous burthens annually enlarg'd:
rith increasing taxes to the ground,
, like vampires, every bleeding wound:
'ith severe distress th' industrious poor,
the ruthless landlord to the door.
hus our land her hapless fate bemoans
and with inward sorrow groans;
eck'd with tinsel trophies of renown,
l with sores, with anguish bending down,
ome impious parricide appear,
es to make this anguish more severe?
xist, so much his country's foe,
r wounds with fresh effusion flow?
; to him in vain she lifts her eyes,
elentless hears her piercing sighs!
of front, impatient of control,
her onward to Destruction's goal!
ntent on curst Westphalia's shore
profusion to exhaust her store,
his pompous fulminations brand,
tremble at the sight of land:
w wars the public eye he turns,
peril, and at reason spurns;
with danger, by distress assail'd,
d courage, and o'er skill prevail'd;
ring in the storm himself had brew'd,
at last its horrours to elude.
ched shift must still protect his name,
guiltless head transfer his shame:
ing modest Diffidence oppose
dvice, that golden time he chose;
big surges threaten'd to o'erwhelm
ingloriously forsook the helm.
th' events collected to relate,
actions recapitulate.
assum'd, by mean perfidious art,
iot tenets foreign to his heart:
is country's fond applauses swell'd,
iself forward into power, and held
n principles which he alone,
nk and wanton with success, could own;
er interest and abus'd her trust;
to prayers, forsook her in disgust;
c mummery, and most vile grimace,
gh the city with a woeful face,
ss, a Patriot out of place!
generous prince, and in the day
skulks, because he cannot sway!
climes embroils him with allies!
home the flames of Discord rise!
es! from Hell th' exulting Fury
brings!
Destruction sailing on her wings!
scream an hundred harpies fell!
l demons shriek with hideous yell!
e, in mortal venom dipt on high,
the deadliest shafts of Satire fly,
rchill brandishes his clumsy club,
unloads his excremental tub,
ere Entick, awkward and unclean,
is native dust, a worm obscene!
unnumber'd wings, from van to rear,
nameless buzzing drones appear:
dark cells the angry insects swarm,
little sting attempt to arm.
V.

Here *Chaplains* [1], *Privileges* [1], moulder round,
And feeble *Scourges* [1], rot upon the ground:
Here hungry Kenrick strives, with fruitless aim,
With Grub-street slander to extend his name:
At Bruin flies the slavering, snarling cur,
But only fills his famish'd jaws with fur.
Here Baldwin spreads th' assassinating cloke,
Where lurking Rancour gives the secret stroke;
While gorg'd with filth, around this senseless block,
A swarm of spider-bards obsequious flock:
While his demure Welch goat, with lifted hoof,
In *Poet's-Corner* hangs each flimsy woof;
And frisky grown, attempts, with awkward prance,
On Wit's gay theatre to bleat and dance.
Here, seiz'd with iliac passion, mouthing Leech,
Too low, alas! for Satire's whip to reach,
From his black entrails, Faction's common sewer,
Disgorges all her excremental store.
With equal pity and regret the Muse
The thundering storms that rage around her views;
Impartial views the tides of Discord blend,
Where lordly rogues for power and place contend;
Were not her patriot-heart with anguish torn,
Would eye th' opposing chiefs with equal scorn.
Let Freedom's deadliest foes for freedom bawl,
Alike to her who govern or who fall!
Aloof she stands, all unconcern'd and mute,
While the rude rabble bellow, "Down with Bute!"
While villany the scourge of Justice bilks,
Howl on, ye ruffians! "Liberty and Wilkes."
Let some soft mummy of a peer, who stains
His rank, some sodden lump of ass's brains,
To that abandon'd wretch his sanction give;
Support his slander, and his wants relieve!
Let the great hydra roar aloud for Pitt,
And power and wisdom all to him submit!
Let proud Ambition's sons, with hearts severe,
Like parricides, their mother's bowels tear!
Sedition her triumphant flag display,
And in embodied ranks her troops array!
While coward Justice, trembling on her seat,
Like a vile slave descends to lick her feet!
Nor here let Censure draw her awful blade,
If from her theme the wayward Muse has stray'd!
Sometimes th' impetuous torrent, o'er its mounds
Redundant bursting, swamps th' adjacent grounds;
But rapid, and impatient of delay,
Through the deep channel still pursues its way.
Our pilot now retir'd, no pleasure knows,
But every man and measure to oppose;
Like *Æsop*'s cur, still snarling and perverse,
Bloated with envy, to mankind a curse,
No more at council his advice will lend,
But with all others who advise contend:
He bids distraction o'er his country blaze,
Then, swelter'd with revenge, retreats to Hayes [2]:

[1] Certain poems intended to be very satirical; but, alas! we refer our reader to the Reviews.

[2] After reflecting on the various events by which this extraordinary person is characterised, we cannot resist the temptation of quoting a few anecdotes from Machiavel, relative to a man of a very similar complexion and constitution, who was also distinguished by a train of incidents pretty nearly resembling those we have mentioned above; although he possibly never anticipated the similitude of fortune and character that might happen between him and any of his progeny. Speaking of

Swallows the pension; but, aware of blame,
Transfers the proffer'd peerage to his dame.
The felon thus of old, his name to save,
His pilfer'd mutton to a brother gave. [know
But should some frantic wretch, whom all men
To Nature and humanity a foe,
Deaf to the widow's moan and orphan's cry,
And dead to shame and friendship's social tie;
Should such a miscreant, at the hour of death,
To thee his fortunes and domains bequeath;
With cruel rancour wresting from his heirs
What Nature taught them to expect as theirs;
Would'st thou with this detested robber join,
Their legal wealth to plunder and purloin?
Forbid it, Heaven! thou canst not be so base,
To blast thy name with infamous disgrace!
The Muse who wakes, yet triumphs o'er thy hate,
Dares not so black a thought anticipate:
By Heaven, the Muse her ignorance betrays;
For while a thousand eyes with wonder gaze,
Though gorg'd and glutted with his country's store,
The vulture pounces on the shining ore;
In his strong talons gripes the golden prey,
And from the weeping orphan bears away.
The great, th' alarming deed is yet to come,
That, big with fate, strikes Expectation dumb.
O! patient, injur'd England, yet unveil
Thy eyes, and listen to the Muse's tale,
That true as honour, unadorn'd with art,
Thy wrongs in fair succession shall impart!
Ere yet the desolating god of war
Had crush'd pale Europe with his iron car,
Had shook her shores with terrible alarms,
And thunder'd o'er the trembling deep, "To arms!"

the government of Florence, our historian informs us, that "Luca Pitt, a bold and resolute man, being now made gonsalionere of justice,—having entered upon his office, was very importunate with the people to appoint a balia; but perceiving it was to no purpose, he not only treated those that were members of the council with great insolence, and called them opprobrious names, but threatened them, and soon after put his threats in execution: for having filled the palace with armed men, on the eve of St. Lorenzo, in the month of August 1453, he called the people together into the Piazza, and there compelled them, by force of arms, to do that which they would not so much as hear of before. Pitt had also very rich presents, not only from Cosimo and the signiory, but from all the principal citizens, who vied with each other in their generosity to him; so that it was thought he had above twenty thousand ducats given him at that time; after which he became so popular, that the city was no longer governed by Cosimo di Medici, but by Luca Pitt. This inspired him with vanity. —After this he had recourse to very extraordinary means; for he not only extorted more and greater presents from the chief citizens, but also made the commonalty supply him with workmen and artificers," Machiavel's Hist. Florence. This has an unlucky resemblance to a certain great person's driving through the city with borrowed horses, and being offered to have his horses unyoked, and his chariot drawn by his good friends the mob. We shall, in due time and place, give some account of the fall of Mr. Luca Pitt, and the contempt with which, after some particular events, he was universally regarded.

In climes remote, beyond the setting Sun,
Beyond th' Atlantic wave, his rage begun.
Alas! poor country, how with pangs unknown
To Britain did thy filial bosom groan!
What savage armies did thy realms invade,
Unarm'd, and distant from maternal aid!
Thy cottages with cruel flames consum'd,
And the sad owner to destruction doom'd;
Mangled with wounds, with pungent anguish torn,
Or left to perish naked and forlorn!
What carnage reek'd upon thy ruin'd plain!
What infants bled! what virgins shriek'd in vain!
In ev'ry look distraction seem'd to glare,
Each heart was rack'd with horrour and despair.
To Albion then, with groans and piercing cries,
America lift up her dying eyes;
To generous Albion pour'd forth all her pain,
To whom the wretched never wept in vain.
She heard, and instant to relieve her flew,
Her arm the gleaming sword of vengeance drew;
Far o'er the ocean wave her voice was known,
That shook the deep abyss from zone to zone:
She bade the thunder of the battle glow,
And pour'd the storm of lightning on the foe;
Nor ceas'd till, crown'd with victory complete,
Pale Spain and France lay trembling at her feet.

[3] Although our author has no present inclination to enter into political controversy, yet he cannot avoid citing an article from one of the modern dictionaries, which in some measure is connected with this part of his subject, and exhibits a view of the fidelity and gratitude of our fellow-subjects in America.

We are informed in the article referred to, that a "cartel in the marine is a ship provided in time of war to exchange the prisoners of any two hostile powers; also to carry any particular request or proposal from the one to the other: for this reason she is particularly commanded to carry no cargo or arms, only a single gun for firing signals.

"Our honest Americans, however, who have so sorely grieved of late for paying a small part of the great taxes of this country, although demanded for their own particular protection, made not only no scruple to disobey and despise this regulation of cartels during the late war, but, on the contrary, gave continual supplies of provisions to our enemies in the West Indies, and thereby recovered them, and recruited their fallen spirits, at a time when they were gasping under the weight of our arms. With so much address, indeed, did these oppressed and unfortunate traders conduct this scheme, that ten or twelve cartels being laden at the same time with beef, pork, bread, flour, &c. sailed together for the French islands, and, in order to evade the strict examination of our ships of war, were provided with a guardian privateer, equipped by the same expert owners, to seize their own vessels, and direct their course to the places of their first destination; but if they were examined by our ships of war, to an English port. But this clumsy trick did not long escape the vigilance of our naval officers, who found that the fellows sent abroad, by way of commanders or prize-masters, were utterly ignorant, and incapable of piloting any ship; and of consequence only sent to elude their scrutiny.

"The most bare-faced piece of effrontery, however, that was ever committed of this kind, was

sars dispell'd, and all her foes remov'd,
ile grounds industriously improv'd,
rns with trade, with fleets her harbours
rown'd,
nty smiling on her plains around;
st with all that commerce could supply,
regards with jealous eye,
ker'd heart, the *parent*, who so late
tch'd her gasping from the jaws of Fate;
r, with wars for her begun, relax'd,
ievous aggravated burthens tax'd,
sures wasted by a hungry brood
orants, that suck her vital blood;
r of *her* demands that tribute due,
m alone th' avenging sword she drew.
: had America the just request
, when kindling in her faithless breast
ent glows, enrag'd sedition burns,
the mandate of our laws she spurns!
et hate, incapable of shame
nde, incenses to a flame,
our power, bids insurrection rise,
ur honour, and our laws defies;
her coasts is heard th' audacious roar,
d shall rule America no more!"
s on Britain's shore th' alarm was heard,
ignation in her look appear'd;
to punish, she her scourge withheld
r perfidious sons who thus rebell'd:
ig with anguish, now with rage assail'd,
in her soul at last prevail'd,
d not to draw her penal steel
Persuasion made her last appeal.
ow the great decisive hour drew nigh,
er darling *patriot* cast her eye;

His voice like thunder will support her cause,
Enforce her dictates, and sustain her laws;
Rich with her spoils, his sanction will dismay,
And bid th' insurgents tremble and obey.
He comes!—but where, th' amazing theme to hit,
Discover language or ideas fit? [ger,
Splay-footed words, that hector, bounce, and swag-
The sense to puzzle, and the brain to stagger?
Our *patriot* comes! with frenzy fir'd, the Muse
With allegoric eye his figure views!
Like the grim portress of hell-gate he stands,
Bellona's scourge hangs trembling in his hands!
Around him, fiercer than the ravenous shark,
"A cry of hell-hounds' never-ceasing bark!"
And lo! th' enormous giant to bedeck,
A golden millstone hangs upon his neck!
On him Ambition's vulture darts her claws,
And with voracious rage his liver gnaws.
Our *patriot* comes!—the buckles of whose shoes
Not Cromwell's self was worthy to unloose.
Repeat his name in thunder to the skies!
Ye hills fall prostrate, and ye vales arise!
Through Faction's wilderness prepare the way!
Prepare, ye listening senates, to obey!
The idol of the mob, behold him stand,
The alpha and omega of the land!
Methinks I hear the bellowing *demagogue*
Dumb-sounding declamations disembogue,
Expressions of immeasurable length,
Where pompous jargon fills the place of strength;
Where fulminating, rumbling eloquence,
With loud theatric rage, bombards the sense;
And words, deep rank'd in horrible array,
Exasperated metaphors convey!

ig an armed vessel, fitted in Philadelphia, ese illegal cartels. She was commanded tleman, whom the majority of the mer- . that city join'd to oppose and distress. ployed a crew of ruffians, who seized his enly, in the most unwarranted and lawless and brought her up in triumph to the en she had only five men aboard: and so e was their hatred to the commander, as obliged to leave the country precipi- s being in danger of his life."

cannot be a stronger confirmation of the the above account, than the following let- r. Pitt:

a letter from Mr. Secretary Pitt to the Governors and Councils in North America, ; to the flag of truce trade.

"Whitehall, August 24, 1760.

entlemen,

commanders of his majesty's forces and North America and the West Indies have ed certain and repeated intelligences of and most pernicious trade carried on by subjects in North America and the West well to the French islands as to the French its on the continent in America, and par- to the rivers Mobile and Mississippi; by enemies, to the great reproach and de- f government, are supplied with provi- l other necessaries; whereby they are y, if not alone, enabled to sustain and his long and expensive war. And it fur- earing, that large sums of bullion are sent by the king's subjects to the above places, in return whereof commodities are taken, which interfere with the product of the British colonies themselves, in open contempt of the authority of the mother-country, as well as the most manifest prejudice of the manufactures and trade of Great Britain: in order, therefore, to put the most speedy and effectual stop to such flagitious practices, so utterly subversive of all laws, and so highly repugnant to the well-being of this kindgdom:

"It is his majesty's express will and pleasure, that you do forthwith make the strictest and most diligent inquiry into the state of this dangerous and ignominious trade; and that you do use every means in your power to detect and discover persons concerned either as principals or accessaries therein; and that you do take every step authorised by law to bring all such heinous offenders to the most exemplary and condign punishment: and you will, as soon as may be, and from time to time transmit to me, for the king's information, full and particular accounts of the progress you shall have made in the execution of this his majesty's commands, to the which the king expects that you pay the most exact obedience. And you are further to use your utmost endeavours to trace out and investigate the various artifices and evasions by which the dealers in this iniquitous intercourse find means to cover their criminal proceedings, and to elude the law; in order that from such lights due and timely considerations may be had what further provision may be necessary to restrain an evil of such extensive and pernicious consequences. I am, &c."

With these auxiliaries, drawn up at large,
He bids enrag'd Sedition beat the charge;
From England's sanguine hope his aid withdraws,
And lists to *guide* in Insurrection's cause.
And lo! where, in her sacrilegious hand,
The parricide lifts high her burning brand!
Go, while she yet suspends her impious aim,
With those infernal lungs arouse the flame!
Though England merits not her least regard,
Thy friendly voice gold boxes shall reward!
Arise, embark! prepare thy martial car,
To lead her armies and provoke the war!
Rebellion wakes, impatient of delay,
The signal her black ensigns to display[4].
.....

To thee, whose soul, all steadfast and serene,
Beholds the tumults that distract our scene;
And, in the calmer seats of wisdom plac'd,
Enjoys the sweets of sentiment and taste;
To thee, O *Marius!* whom no factions sway,
Th' impartial Muse devotes her honest lay!
In her fond breast no prostituted aim,
Nor venal hope, assumes fair Friendship's name:
Sooner shall *Churchill's* feeble meteor-ray,
That led our foundering *demagogue* astray,
Darkling to grope and flounce in Errour's night,
Eclipse great *Mansfield's* strong meridian light,
Than shall the change of fortune, time, or place,
Thy generous friendship in my heart efface!
O! whether wandering from thy country far,
And plung'd amid the murdering scenes of war;
Or in the blest retreat of Virtue laid,
Where Contemplation spreads her awful shade;
If ever to forget thee I have power,
May Heaven desert me at my latest hour!
Still Satire bids my bosom beat to arms,
And throb with irresistible alarms.
Like some full river charg'd with falling show'rs,
Still o'er my breast her swelling deluge pours.
But Rest and Silence now, who wait beside,
With their strong flood-gates bar th' impetuous tide.
.....

ON THE

UNCOMMON SCARCITY OF POETRY

IN THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER LAST, (1755.)

BY I. W. A SAILOR.

The springs of Helicon can Winter bind,
And chill the fervour of a poet's mind?
What though the low'ring skies and driving storm
The scenes of Nature wide around deform,
The birds no longer sing, nor roses blow,
And all the landscape lies conceal'd in snow;
Yet rigid Winter still is known to spare
The brighter beauties of the lovely fair:
Ye lovely fair, your sacred influence bring,
And with your smiles anticipate the Spring.
Yet what avails the smiles of lovely maids,
Or vernal suns that glad the flow'ry glades;
The wood's green foliage, or the varying scene
Of fields and lawns, and gliding streams between,
What, to the wretch whom harder fates ordain,
Through the long year to plough the stormy main!
No murmuring streams, no sound of distant sheep,
Or song of birds invite his eyes to sleep:
By toil exhausted, when he sinks to rest,
Beneath his sun-burnt head no flow'rs are prest:
Down on his deck his fainting limbs are laid,
No spreading trees dispense their cooling shade,
No zephyrs round his aching temples play,
No fragrant breezes noxious heats allay.
The rude rough wind which stern Æolus sends,
Drives on in blasts, and while it cools, offends.
He wakes, but hears no music from the grove;
No varied landscape courts his eye to rove.
O'er the wide main he looks to distant skies,
Where nought but waves on rolling waves arise;
The boundless view fatigues his aching sight,
Nor yields his eye one object of delight.
No "female face divine" with cheering smiles,
The ling'ring hours of dang'rous toil beguiles.
Yet distant beauty oft his genius fires,
And oft with love of sacred song inspires.
Ev'n I, the least of all the tuneful train,
On the rough ocean try this artless strain,
Rouse then, ye bards, who happier fortunes prove,
And tune the lyre to nature or to love.

DESCRIPTION OF A NINETY GUN SHIP,

[FROM THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, MAY, 1759.]

Amidst a wood of oaks with canvass leaves,
Which form'd a floating forest on the waves,
There stood a tow'r, whose vast stupendous size
Rear'd its huge mast, and seem'd to gore the skies,
From which a bloody pendant stretch'd afar
Its comet-tail, denouncing ample war;
Two younger giants[1] of inferior height
Display'd their sporting streamers to the sight:

[4] Luca Pitt continued at Florence, presuming upon his late alliance, and the promises which Pietro had made him; ..... But amongst all the changes that ensued upon this revolution, nothing was more remarkable than the case of Luca Pitt, who soon began to experience the difference betwixt prosperity and adversity, betwixt living in authority and falling into disgrace. His house, which used to be crowded with swarms of followers and dependants, was now as unfrequented as a desert; and his friends and relations were not only afraid of being seen with him, but durst not even salute him if they met him in the street; some of them having been deprived of their honours, others of their estates, and all of them threatened.

The magnificent palaces which he had begun to build were abandoned by the workmen; the services he had formerly done to any one were requited with injuries and abuse; and the honours he had conferred, with infamy and taunts. Many who had made him valuable presents, now came to demand them again, as only lent; and others, who before used to flatter and extol him to the skies, in these circumstances, loaded him with contumely and reproaches of ingratitude and violence; so that he heartily repented, though too late, that he had not followed Nicolo Soderini's advice, and preferred an honourable death to a life of ignominy and contempt. Mach. Hist. Flor.

[1] Fore and mizen masts.

elow, another island rose,
ritannia's thunder on her foes:
immense, like Ætna, she surveys
rest, the lesser Cyclades:
gold, in lustre like the Sun,
ith regal luxury she shone,
ealth, luxuriant in her pride,
gilded mass exulting ride!
is prow divides the silver waves,
ooze her radiant sides she laves,
to stern, her wondrous length survey,
auteous Venus from the sea;
with naval drapery engrav'd,
mic warriors, who the tempest brav'd;
ge fierce defied the lashing surge,
ride the emblematic scourge.
is figures, lo! her stern displays,
a Pharos [3] of distinguish'd blaze;
shines a star of brightest form,
er way, and light her through the storm:

[3] Her poop lanthorn.

See dread engagements pictur'd to the life,
See admirals maintain the glorious strife:
Here breathing images in painted ire,
Seem for their country's freedom to expire;
Victorious fleets the flying fleets pursue,
Here strikes a ship, and there exults a crew:
A frigate here blows up with hideous glare,
And adds fresh terrours to the bleeding war.
But leaving feigned ornaments, behold!
Eight hundred youths of heart and sinew bold,
Mount up her shrouds, or to her tops ascend,
Some haul her braces, some her foresail bend;
Full ninety brazen guns her port-holes fill,
Ready with nitrous magazines to kill,
From dread embrazures formidably peep,
And seem to threaten ruin to the deep;
On pivots fix'd, the well-rang'd swivels lie,
Or to point downward, or to brave the sky;
While peteraroes swell with infant rage,
Prepar'd, though small, with fury to engage.
Thus arm'd, may Britain long her state maintain,
And with triumphant navies rule the main.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Fœlix ille, quem, semotum longe e strepitu et popularibus
undis, interdum molli rus accipit umbra!

RAPIN.

Silvestrem tenui musam meditabor avena.

THE

LIFE OF CUNNINGHAM.

BY MR. CHALMERS.

only account we have of Mr. Cunningham appeared originally in the London ine for 1773, from which it has been repeatedly copied without acknowledg-

was born in 1729, in Dublin, where his father and mother, both descendants of ı parents, then resided. His father was a wine-cooper, and becoming enriched rize in the lottery, commenced wine-merchant, and failed. The little education ıthor received was from a Mr. Clarke, who was master of the grammar-school of y of Drogheda; and when his father's affairs became embarrassed, he was re- to Dublin, where he produced many of his lesser poems at a very early age. At een he wrote a farce, entitled, Love in a Mist, which was acted for several nights blin in the year 1747. Garrick is said to have been indebted to this farce for the or plot of his Lying Valet.

: success of his little drama procured him the freedom of the theatre, to which came immoderately attached, and, mistaking inclination for ability, commenced without one essential qualification either natural or acquired, if we except a knack sonating the mock French character, in which he is said to have been tolerable. ıssion for the stage, however, predominated so strongly, that without any intima- f his intentions, he left his family and embarked for England, where he obtained arious and unprofitable employment in various companies of strolling comedians. ent want made him at length sensible of his imprudence, but pride prevented his ı to his friends; and the death of his father, in circumstances of distress, probably ciled him to a way of life which he could not now exchange for a better. About ar 1761 we find him a performer at Edinburgh, under the direction of Mr. Love, ıere he published his Elegy on a Pile of Ruins, which, although obviously an ion of Gray's Elegy, contains many passages conceived in the true spirit of /, and obtained considerable reputation. He soon afterwards borrowed five stanzas this Elegy, and placed them in his Elegiac Ode on the Death of his late Majesty, tance of taking freedom with a recent poem for which it is not easy to account. g his theatrical engagement at Edinburgh, although insignificant as an actor, he of some value to the manager, by furnishing prologues and other occasional sses, which were much applauded.

out this time he received an invitation from certain booksellers in London, who sed to engage him in such works of literature as might procure him a more easy

and honourable employment than he had hitherto followed. He repaired accordingly to the metropolis, but was disappointed in the promised undertaking by the bankruptcy of the principal person concerned in it, and, after a short stay, was glad to return to his friends in the north.

This was the only effort he ever made to emerge from the abject situation in which youthful imprudence had originally placed him. But with this state, says his biographer, he appeared by no means dissatisfied. Competence and obscurity were all he desired. He had no views of ambition; and indolence had possessed him so entirely, that he never made a second attempt. In a letter to a friend, he describes himself in these terms: "You may remember my last expedition to London. I think I may be convinced by it that I am not calculated for the business you mention. Though I scribble (but a little neither) to amuse myself, the moment I consider it as my duty it would cease to be an amusement, and I should of consequence be weary on't. I am not enterprizing: and tolerably happy in my present situation."

In 1762 he published The Contemplatist, but with less success than his Elegy. This is indeed the worst of all his productions, and was censured with much force of ridicule by a writer in the Monthly Review. It abounds with glittering and absurd conceits, and had it been published now, might have been mistaken for a satire on the maukish namby-pamby stuff which the author of The Baviad and Mæviad has chastised with equal justice and humour. It may here be mentioned that in 1765 he published Fortune, an Apologue, in which there are some poetical beauties, particularly the description of avarice, but not much consistency of plan; and in the following year collected his poems into a volume, which was honoured by a numerous list of subscribers.

For some time, he was a performer in Mr. Digges's company at Edinburgh, and on that gentleman's quitting Scotland, returned to Newcastle upon Tyne, a spot which had been his residence for many years, and which he considered as his home. Here and in the neighbouring towns he earned a scanty subsistence. Although his mode of life was not of the reputable kind, his blameless and obliging conduct procured him many friends, and in their society he passed his days without any effort to improve his situation. Yet in the verses he wrote about three weeks before he died, it appears that he was not quite so contented as his biographer has represented.

A few months before his death, being incapable of any theatrical exertion, he was removed to the house of his friend, Mr. Slack of Newcastle, who with great kindness received him under his roof, and paid every attention to him which his state required. After lingering some time under a nervous disorder, during which he burnt all his papers, he died on the 18th of September, 1773, and was buried in St. John's church yard, Newcastle. On a tomb-stone erected to his memory is the following inscription:

Here lie the remains of
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.
Of his excellence
As a pastoral poet,
His works will remain a monument
For ages
After this temporary tribute of esteem
Is in dust forgotten.
He died in Newcastle, Sept. 18, 1773,
Aged 44.

Although Cunningham cannot be admitted to a very high rank among poets, he may be allowed to possess a considerable share of genius. His poems have a peculiar sweetness and elegance; his sentiments are generally natural, and his language simple, and appropriate to his subject, except in some of his longer pieces, where he accumulates epithets that appear to be laboured, and are sometimes uncouth compounds, either obsolete or unauthorized. As he contemplated Nature with a fond and minute attention, and had familiarized his mind to rural scenes and images, his pastorals will probably continue to be his most favoured efforts. He has informed us that Shenstone, with whose correspondence he was honoured, encouraged him to cultivate this species of poetry. His Landscape is a cluster of beauties which every reader must feel, but such as only a very accurate observer of nature could have grouped with equal effect. His fables are ingenious, and his lyric pieces were at one time in very high estimation, and certainly cannot suffer by a comparison with their successors on the stage and public gardens. His love-verses and his tributes of affection bespeak considerable ardour, with sometimes an attempt at conceits to which he seems to have been led by imitation. If he does not often move the passions, he always pleases the fancy, and his works have lost little of the popularity with which they were originally favoured.

A

CARD FROM THE AUTHOR,

TO

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

REMOTENESS of situation, and some other circumstances, have hitherto eprived the author of that happiness he might receive from seeing Mr. 'arrick.

'Tis the universal regard his character commands, occasions this address.

It may be thought by many, (at a visit so abrupt as this is) that something ighly complimentary should be said on the part of the intruder; but accord- ıg to the ideas the author has conceived of Mr. Garrick's delicacy and good ense, a single period in the garb of flattery would certainly offend him.

He therefore takes his leave;—and after having stept (perhaps a little too ırward) to offer his tribute of esteem, respectfully retires.

NEWCASTLE,
Aug. 1771.

Languid is the landscape round,
  Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
  Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
  Now the warblers' throats in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
  Brighten'd by the beams of noon!

EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays
  Free;—(the furrow'd task is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
  Burnish'd by the setting Sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
  Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill
  Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the ploughmen go,
  (To the smoking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
  Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
  Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
  See the rooks returning home!

As the lark, with vary'd tune,
  Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent Moon,
  Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now the hermit Howlet peeps
  From the barn, or twisted brake:
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
  Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
  Playful from its bosom springs;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
  Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
  O'er the path divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
  With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
  And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
  Bid the setting Sun adieu.

THE CONTEMPLATIST:

A NIGHT PIECE.

Nox erat .....
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres.

The queen of Contemplation, Night,
  Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
  Her silver-vested train.

'Tis strange, the many marshall'd stars,
  That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
  A silence so profound!

A kind, a philosophic calm,
  The cool creation wears!
And what day drank of dewy balm,
  The gentle night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
  The feather'd race how still!
How quiet now the gamesome kid,
  That gambol'd round the hill!

The sweets, that, bending o'er their banks,
  From sultry day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
  And scent the western wind.

The Moon, preceded by the breeze
  That bade the clouds retire,
Appears amongst the tufted trees,
  A phœnix nest on fire.

But soft—the golden glow subsides!
  Her chariot mounts on high!
And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides
  Pale regent of the sky!

Where Time, upon the wither'd tree
  Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
  And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
  Its branches brav'd the sky!
Thus, at the touch of ruthless Time,
  Shall youth and vigour die.

I 'm lifted to the blue expanse!
  It glows serenely gay!
Come, Science, by my side, advance,
  We 'll search the milky way.

Let us descend—the daring flight
  Fatigues my feeble mind;
And Science, in the maze of light,
  Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
  That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours.——How like the vague desires
  That cheat the heart of man!

But there 's a friendly guide!——a flame,
  That, lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
  The hermit's osier shed.

Among the russet shades of night,
  It glances from afar!
And darts along the dusk; so bright,
  It seems a silver star!

In coverts, (where the few frequent)
  If Virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus, the little lamp, Content,
  Gives lustre to her cell.

oth that rapid river slides
ssive to the deep!
pies, pendent o'er its sides,
charm'd the waves to sleep.

's intoxicated sons!
olent! ye gay!
—for as the river runs,
ings its trackless way.

nching grove of dusky green
als the azure sky;
re a starry space between
es the darken'd eye.

ur, thus, with shades impure,
s sacred Truth behind:
etimes, through the deep obscure,
irsts upon the mind.

d her sister Silence reign,
ock the shepherd's fold;
—I hear a lamb complain,
st upon the wold!

e herds, that hunt for prey,
resisting prize!
ig trod a devious way,
ttle rambler dies.

ss is the virgin's lot,
pleasure once misguides:
irried from the halcyon cot,
Innocence presides——

ions, a relentless train!
r the victim run:
s the paths of peace in vain,
quer'd——and undone.

ht the little insects blaze,
willows shade the way:
as if their painted rays
emulate the day!

, the pigmy sons of Pow'r
ce their vain parade!
tter in the darken'd hour,
ke the glow-worms fade!

serenity of night,
tle clouds deform!
r host that shone so bright,
behind a storm!

y elements engage!
(an ivied bower!)
e rough wind's noisy rage,
ields me from the shower.

our, thus, of rushing fate,
earnt to render vain:
t Integrity 's her seat,
ul will sit serene.

from some greedy vault,
t that cloister'd gloom,
and 'tis a solemn thought!
upon the tomb.
. XIV.

The tomb!——the consecrated dome!
The temple rais'd to Peace!
The port, that to its friendly home
Compels the human race!

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the night;
An emblematic bed!
That offers to the mental sight,
The temporary dead.

From hence, I 'll penetrate, in thought,
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught,
To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace——(the little chaos past!)
The gracious Moon restor'd!
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest roar'd!

The nightingale, a welcome guest!
Renews her gentle strains;
And Hope, (just wand'ring from my breast)
Her wonted seat regains.

Yes——when yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies, like these,
Give vigour to the mind.

THE

THRUSH AND PIE:

A TALE.

Conceal'd within an hawthorn bush,
We 're told, that an experienc'd Thrush
Instructed, in the prime of spring,
Many a neighbouring bird to sing.
She caroll'd, and her various song
Gave lessons to the list'ning throng:
But (the entangling boughs between)
'Twas her delight to teach unseen.
At length, the little wond'ring race
Would see their fav'rite face to face;
They thought it hard to be deny'd,
And begg'd that she 'd no longer hide.
O'er-modest, worth's peculiar fault,
Another shade the tut'ress sought;
And loth to be too much admir'd,
In secret from the bush retir'd.
An impudent, presuming Pie,
Malicious, ignorant, and sly,
Stole to the matron's vacant seat,
And in her arrogance elate,
Rush'd forward—with—" My friends, you see
The mistress of the choir in me.

Here, be your due devotion paid,
I am the songstress of the shade."
A Linnet, that sat list'ning nigh,
Made the impostor thus reply:
"I fancy, friend, that vulgar throats
Were never form'd for warbling notes:
But if these lessons came from you,
Repeat them in the public view;
That your assertions may be clear,
Let us behold as well as hear."
The length'ning song, the soft'ning strain,
Our chatt'ring Pie attempts in vain,
For to the fool's eternal shame,
All she could compass was a *scream*.
The birds, enrag'd, around her fly,
Nor shelter nor defence is nigh.
The caitiff wretch, distress'd—forlorn!
On every side is peck'd and torn;
Till for her vile, atrocious lies,
Under their angry beaks she dies.
Such be his fate, whose scoundrel claim
Obtrudes upon a neighbour's fame.
Friend E——n [1], the tale apply,
You are—yourself—the chatt'ring Pie:
Repent, and with a conscious blush,
Go make atonement to the Thrush [2].

PALEMON:

A PASTORAL.

PALEMON, seated by his fav'rite maid,
The sylvan scenes, with ecstasy, survey'd;
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,
For Daphne had been absent half the day:
Dar'd by Palemon for a pastoral prize,
Reluctant, in his turn, Alexis tries.

PALEMON.

This breeze by the river how charming and soft!
How smooth the grass carpet! how green!
Sweet, sweet sings the lark! as he carols aloft,
His music enlivens the scene!
A thousand fresh flow'rets unusually gay
The fields and the forests adorn;
I pluck'd me some roses, the children of May,
And could not find one with a thorn.

ALEXIS.

The skies are quite clouded, too bold is the breeze,
Dull vapours descend on the plain;
The verdure 's all blasted that cover'd yon trees,
The birds cannot compass a strain:
In search for a chaplet my temples to bind,
All day as I silently rove,
I can't find a flow'ret (not one to my mind)
In meadow, in garden, or grove.

PALEMON.

I ne'er saw the hedge in such excellent bloom,
The lambkins so wantonly gay;
My cows seem to breathe a more pleasing perfume,
And brighter than common the day:
If any dull shepherd should foolishly ask,
So rich why the landscapes appear?
To give a right answer, how easy my task!
Because my sweet Phillida's here.

ALEXIS.

The stream that so muddy moves slowly along
Once roll'd in a beautiful tide;
It seem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a song,
But Daphne sat then by my side.
See, see the lov'd maid, o'er the meadows she
Quite alter'd already the scene!
How limpid the stream is! how gay the blue s
The hills and the hedges how green!

[1] A Y—shire bookseller, who pirated an edition of the Pleasing Instructor.

[2] The compiler, and reputed authoress of the original essays in that book.

THE

HAWTHORN BOWER.

PALEMON, in the hawthorn bower,
With fond impatience lay;
He counted every anxious hour
That stretch'd the tedious day.
The rosy dawn, Pastora nam'd,
And vow'd that she 'd be kind;
But, ah! the setting Sun proclaim'd
That women's vows are—wind.

The fickle sex, the boy defy'd;
And swore, in terms profane,
That Beauty in her brightest pride
Might sue to him in vain.
When Delia from the neighb'ring glade
Appear'd in all her charms,
Each angry vow Palemon made
Was lost in Delia's arms.

The lovers had not long reclin'd
Before Pastora came:
"Inconstancy," she cry'd, "I find
In every heart 's the same;
For young Alexis sigh'd and prest,
With such bewitching power,
I quite forgot the wishing guest
That waited in the bower.

THE

ANT AND CATERPILLAR,

A FABLE.

As an Ant, of his talents superiorly vain,
Was trotting, with consequence, over the plai
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cry'd——"Bless your good worship wherever
go;
I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
I pay my respects with an hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt and impertinent pri
"Begone, you vile reptile," his *antship* replie
"Go—go and lament your contemptible stat
But first——look at me,——see my limbs
complete;

ll my motions with freedom and ease,
ward and forward, and turn when I please;
e (grown weary) you shocking essay!
you thus from me——crawl out of my
ay."
eptile insulted, and vext to the soul,
wards, and hid himself close in his hole;
are, determin'd to end his distress,
t him abroad in a butterfly's dress.
ng the proud Ant, as repassing the road,
l from the harvest, and tugging his load)
on a violet bank he beheld,
esture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd;
age expanded—'twas rare to behold
a mixture of purple and gold.
nt, quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
w with respect, and was trudging away.
friend," says the Butterfly——"don't be
urpris'd,
as the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd;
I can mount, in the sun-beams I play,
u must, for ever, drudge on in your way."

MORAL.

, though to day he's o'erloaded with sorrow,
r above those that oppress'd him——to
orrow.

PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

on the banks by the stream,
ip'd for the shepherds too long:
t me, ye Muses, a theme,
e glory may brighten my song!
' bade me stick to my strain,
asons too lofty rehearse;
n befits not a swain,
hillis loves pastoral verse.

, though a beautiful red,
faded to Phillis's bloom;
breeze from the bean-flower bed
r breath 's but a feeble perfume:
-drop so limpid and gay,
loose on the violet lies;
brighten'd by Phœbus's ray,
s lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

pluck'd in full pride,
shness with her's to compare;
lishly thought (till I try'd)
ow'ret was equally fair.
rydon, could you mistake?
fault be with sorrow confest,
l the white swans on the lake
ftness might rival her breast.

nus I went on in her praise,
hyllis pass'd sportive along:
s, I covet no bays,
nil'd——a reward for my song!

author intends the character of Pan for Mr. Shenstone, who favoured him with a two, advising him to proceed in the pas-
nner.

I find the god Pan 's in the right,
No fame 's like the fair-ones' applause!
And Cupid must crown with delight
The shepherd that sings in his cause.

POMONA:

A PASTORAL.

ON THE CIDER BILL BEING PASSED.

From orchards of ample extent,
Pomona 's compell'd to depart;
And thus, as in anguish she went,
The goddess unburthen'd her heart:

"To flourish where Liberty reigns,
Was all my fond wishes requir'd;
And here I agreed with the swains
To live till their freedom expir'd.

"Of late you have number'd my trees,
And threaten'd to limit my store:
Alas—from such maxims as these,
I fear that your freedom 's no more.

"My flight will be fatal to May:
For how can her gardens be fine:
The blossoms are doom'd to decay,
(The blossoms, I mean, that were mine.)

"Rich Autumn remembers me well:
My fruitage was fair to behold;
My pears—how I ripen'd their swell!
My pippins!—were pippins of gold!

"Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs!
She droops as she furrows the soil;
A nectar I shake from my boughs,
A nectar that softens my toil.

"When Bacchus began to repine,
With patience I bore his abuse;
He said that I plunder'd the vine,
He said that I pilfer'd his juice.

"I know the proud drunkard denies
That trees of my culture should grow:
But let not the traitor advise;
He comes from the climes of your foe.

"Alas! in your silence I read
The sentence I 'm doom'd to deplore:
'Tis plain the great Pan has decreed,
My orchard shall flourish no more."

The goddess flew off in despair;
As all her sweet honours declin'd:
And Plenty and Pleasure declare,
They 'll loiter no longer behind.

MAY-EVE:

OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

The silver Moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.

To beds of state go, balmy Sleep,
('Tis where you've seldom been)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till Morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We 'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love:
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight Fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we 'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

KITTY FELL.

The courtly bard, in verse sublime,
May praise the toasted belle;
A country maid (in careless rhyme)
I sing—my Kitty Fell!

When larks forsake the flow'ry plain,
And Love's sweet numbers swell,
My pipe shall join the morning strain,
In praise of Kitty Fell.

Where woodbines twist their fragrant shade,
And noontide beams repel,
I 'll rest me on the tufted mead,
And sing of Kitty Fell.

When moon-beams dance among the boughs
That lodge sweet Philomel,
I 'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
And pant for Kitty Fell.

The pale-faced pedant burns his books;
The sage forsakes his cell:
The soldier smooths his martial looks,
And sighs for Kitty Fell.

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot,
In gilded courts to dwell;
I 'd leave them for a lonely cot
With Love and Kitty Fell.

THYRSIS.

The pendent forest seem'd to nod,
In drowsy fetters bound;
And fairy elves in circles trod
The daisy-painted ground:
When Thyrsis sought the conscious grove,
Of slighted vows to tell,
And thus (to soothe neglected love)
Invok'd sad Philomel:

"The stars their silver radiance shed,
And silence charms the plain;
But where 's my Philomela fled,
To sing her love-lorn strain?
Hither, ah, gentle bird, in haste
Direct thy hov'ring wing:
The vernal green 's a dreary waste,
Till you vouchsafe to sing.

"So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow,
(Thy warbling song distrest!)
The tear that tells the lover's woe
Falls cold upon my breast.
To hear sad Philomel complain,
Will soften my despair;
Then quickly swell the melting strain,
And soothe a lover's care."

"Give up all hopes, unhappy swain,"
A list'ning sage reply'd,
"For what can constancy obtain,
From unrelenting pride?"
The shepherd droop'd—the tyrant Death
Had seiz'd his trembling frame;
He bow'd, and with departing breath
Pronounc'd Zaphira's name.

CLARINDA.

Clarinda's lips I fondly press'd,
While rapture fill'd each vein;
And as I touch'd her downy breast,
Its tenant slept serene.

So soft a calm, in such a part,
Betrays a peaceful mind;
Whilst my uneasy, flutt'ring heart,
Would scarcely be confin'd.

A stubborn oak the shepherd sees,
Unmov'd, when storms descend;
But, ah! to ev'ry sporting breeze,
The myrtle bough must bend.

FANNY OF THE DALE.

Let the declining damask rose
With envious grief look pale;
The summer bloom more freely glows
In Fanny of the Dale.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
Or scents the morning gale;
Can such a vernal fragrance yield,
As Fanny of the Dale?

ed belles, at court rever'd,
feless, cold, and stale:
t their beauties, when compar'd
'anny of the Dale!

ws bind Pastora's brows,
d advances fail:
on pays his warmest vows
my of the Dale.

nest truth, at last, succeed,
tless love prevail;
ppy cou'd he tune his reed,
'anny of the Dale!

A SONG.

SENT TO CHLOE WITH A ROSE.

TUNE—THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

y flower that blows,
unheeded by,
nchanting rose
'd my wand'ring eye,
l every breeze,
anton'd o'er the stream,
led through the trees,
t the morning beam.

hat beauteous maid,
rance can't excel,
e celestial shade
mask charmer fell:
r balmy sweets,
e's breast she pours,
n of Beauty greets
ntle Queen of Flowers,

STANZAS

THE FORWARDNESS OF SPRING.

... tibi, flores, plenis
ferunt nymphæ calathis. Virg.

re's fresh bosom, by verdure unbound,
Winter blooms lovely as Spring:
rets (how fragrant!) rise wantonly round,
mmer's wing'd choristers sing!

he young monarch of Britain's blest isle,
ves with gay blossoms are grac'd!
rose peeps forth with an innocent smile,
wslips crowd forward in haste.

gentle Flora, the nymphs of your train
h woodlands, to gather each sweet:
b, of young roses, the dew-spangled plain,
ew the gay spoils at his feet.

lets of laurel, in verdure the same,
rge, oh ye virgins, entwine! [came,
quest's own temples these ever-greens
se from the brows of the Nine!

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem implies)
What glory to George shall belong!
What Miltons, (the other) what Addisons rise,
To make him immortal in song!

To a wreath of fresh oak, England's emblem of power!
Whose honours with time shall increase!
Add a fair olive sprig, just unfolding its flow'r,
Rich token of concord and peace!

Next give him young myrtles, by Beauty's bright queen
Collected—the pride of the grove!
How fragrant their odour! their foliage how green!
Sweet promise of conjugal love!

Let Gaul's captive lilies, cropt close to the ground,
As trophies of conquest be ty'd:
The virgins all cry, "There's not one to be found!
Out-bloom'd by his roses—they dy'd."

Ye foes of Old England, such fate shall ye share,
With George, as our glories advance— [despair,
Through envy you'll sicken,—you'll droop—you'll
And die—like the lilies of France.

ON

THE APPROACH OF MAY.

The virgin, when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows;
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs:
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above!
We shepherds that dwell on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of Love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine:
The pinks by the rivulet side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide:
For May is the mother of Love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array!
And if the wing'd foresters sing,
Their music is taught them by May.
The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And murmuring seems to repeat
That May is the mother of Love.

The goddess will visit you soon,
Ye virgins be sportive and gay:
Get your pipes, oh ye shepherds! in tune,
For music must welcome the May.
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguish remove,
Let him tell her soft tales, and he 'll find
That May is the mother of Love.

THE VIOLET.

Shelter'd from the blight, ambition,
  Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition,
  Laughing on the tufted bank.

On my robes (for emulation)
  No variety 's imprest:
Suited to an humble station,
  Mine 's an unembroider'd vest.

Modest though the maids declare me,
  May in her fantastic train,
When Pastora deigns to wear me,
  Ha'n't a flow'ret half so vain.

THE NARCISSUS.

As pendent o'er the limpid stream
  I bow'd my snowy pride,
And languish'd in a fruitless flame,
  For what the Fates deny'd;
The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass,
  With such an angel air,
I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
  And lov'd the rival fair.

Ye Fates, no longer let me pine,
  A self-admiring sweet,
Permit me, by your grace divine,
  To kiss the fair-one's feet:
That if by chance the gentle maid
  My fragrance should admire,
I may,—upon her bosom laid,
  In sister sweets expire.

THE MILLER.

A BALLAD.

In a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill and some meadows—a freehold estate,
A well-meaning miller by labour supplies
Those blessings, that grandeur to great ones denies:
No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His constant companions are Health and Content;
Their lordships in lace may remark, if they will,
He 's honest, though daub'd with the dust of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,
He springs from his cottage as jocund as May;
He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair:
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great,
No fraud or ambition his bosom e'er fill,
Contented he works, if there 's grist for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his homespun array,
At church he 's the loudest to chant or to pray;
He sits to a dinner of plain English food,
Though simple the pudding, his appetite 's good.
At night, when the priest and exciseman are go
He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill;
No monarch more blest than the man of the mil

A LANDSCAPE.

Rura mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus amne
Vi

Now that Summer's ripen'd bloom
  Frolics where the Winter frown'd,
Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
  We command the landscape round.

Nature in the prospect yields
  Humble dales, and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths,—and fields
  Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Goats upon that frowning steep,
  Fearless, with their kidlings browse!
Here a flock of snowy sheep!
  There an herd of motley cows!

On the uplands, every glade
  Brightens in the blaze of day;
O'er the vales, the sober shade
  Softens to an evening grey.

Where the rill, by slow degrees,
  Swells into a crystal pool,
Shaggy rocks and shelving trees
  Shoot to keep the waters cool.

Shiver'd by a thunder-stroke,
  From the mountain's misty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,
  Near the farm-house, forms a bridge.

On her breast the sunny beam
  Glitters in meridian pride;
Yonder as the virgin stream
  Hastens to the restless tide:——

Where the ships by wanton gales
  Wafted, o'er the green waves run,
Sweet to see their swelling sails
  Whiten'd by the laughing Sun!

High upon the daisied hill,
  Rising from the slope of trees,
How the wings of yonder mill
  Labour in the busy breeze!——

Cheerful as a summer's morn,
  (Bouncing from her loaded pad)
Where the maid presents her corn,
  Smirking, to the miller's lad.

O'er the green a festal throng
  Gambols, in fantastic trim!
As the full cart moves along,
  Hearken——'tis their harvest hymn!

Linnets on the crowded sprays
  Chorus,—and the wood-larks rise,
Soaring with a song of praise,
  Till the sweet notes reach the skies.

s in extended sheets
ı the cliffs, dividing, break:
the hills the water meets,
ng in a silver lake!

is languid flocks, the swain,
ne sunbeams sore opprest,
ıg on the wat'ry plain,
ghs it with his glowing breast.

the mantling willows nod,
ı the green bank's slopy side,
, with his well-thrown rod,
y an angler breaks the tide!

isles, with osiers drest,
y a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds!
ı wild bird hides her nest,
r'd in yon crackling reeds.

il'd prattlers, as they pass
ıeir nestlings in the rock,
; on the liquid glass,
ı to kiss the mimick'd flock.

the stone cross lifts its head,
y a saint and pilgrim hoar,
hill was wont to tread,
foot, in the days of yore.

an of a sacred well,
'd beneath yon reverend shades,
ne, in that shatter'd cell,
y an hermit told his beads.

mists surround the heath
re the gothic dome appears,
e trembling groves beneath,
ring with a load of years.

) the contrasted scene,
re, beyond these hoary piles,
pon the rising green,
y an attic building smiles!

l gardens—grots—and groves,
mingling shade and light;
en'd vistas, green alcoves,
to give the eye delight.

ts—villages, and spires,
ter'd on the landscape lie,
e distant view retires,
ing in an azure sky.

MELODY.

OME as convey'd by sparrows,
: and Beauty cross'd the plains,
of little pointed arrows
: dispatch'd among the swains:
much our shepherds dread him,
iler of their peace profound)
ıs scudding fawns they fled him,
hted, though they felt no wound.

Now the wanton god grown slier,
And for each fond mischief ripe,
Comes disguis'd in Pan's attire,
Tuning sweet an oaten pipe:
Echo, by the winding river,
Doubles his delusive strains:
While the boy conceals his quiver,
From the slow-returning swains.

As Palemon, unsuspecting,
Prais'd the sly musician's art,
Love, his light disguise rejecting,
Lodg'd an arrow in his heart:
Cupid will enforce your duty,
Shepherds, and would have you taught,
Those who timid fly from Beauty,
May by Melody be caught.

DELIA.

A PASTORAL.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride
Her glossy plumage laves,
And sailing down the silver tide,
Divides the whisp'ring waves:
The silver tide, that wand'ring flows,
Sweet to the bird must be!
But not so sweet—blithe Cupid knows,
As Delia is to me.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
On yonder fruit-tree sung,
And still the pendent nest she view'd,
That held her callow young:
Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart
The genial brood must be;
But not so dear (the thousandth part!)
As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brow surround
Were natives of the dale;
Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
Before their sweets grew pale!
My vital bloom would thus be froze,
If luckless torn from thee;
For what the root is to the rose,
My Delia is to me.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
So white the beauteous pair!
The birds to Delia I 'll bestow,
They 're like her bosom fair!
When, in their chaste connubial love,
My secret wish she 'll see;
Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
May Delia share with me.

THE SYCAMORE SHADE.

A BALLAD.

T'OTHER day as I sat in the sycamore shade,
Young Damon came whistling along,
I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!
And my heart caper'd up to my tongue:

"Silly heart," I cry'd, "fie! What a flutter is here!
Young Damon designs you no ill;
The shepherd 's so civil, you 've nothing to fear,
Then prythee, fond urchin, lie still."

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
One kiss he demanded—No more!
But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
I could not begrudge him a score;
My lambkins I 've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
Many times as we play'd on the hill;
But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
Nor would the found urchin lie still.

When the Sun blazes fierce, to the sycamore shade
For shelter, I 'm sure to repair;
And, virgins, in faith I 'm no longer afraid,
Although the dear shepherd be there:
At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
My heart may rebound if it will;
There 's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
I 'll die ere I bid it lie still.

DAMON AND PHILLIS.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Donec gratus eram, &c. Hor.

DAMON.

When Phillis was faithful, and fond as she 's fair,
I twisted young roses in wreaths for my hair;
But ah! the sad willow 's a shade for my brows,
For Phillis no longer remembers her vows!
To the groves with young Colin the shepherdess flies,
While Damon disturbs the still plains with his sighs.

PHILLIS.

Bethink you, false Damon, before you upbraid,
When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yesterday stray'd,
Through the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis forgot!
And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot;
A swain so deceitful no damsel can prize;
'Tis Phœbe, not Phillis, lays claim to your sighs.

DAMON.

Like summer 's full season young Phœbe is kind,
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind!
The sweets of contentment her cottage adorn,
She 's fair as the rose-bud, and fresh as the morn!
She smiles like Pomona—These smiles I 'd resign,
If Phillis were faithful, and deign'd to be mine.

PHILLIS.

On the tabor young Colin so prettily plays,
He sings me sweet sonnets, and writes in my praise!
He chose me his true-love last Valentine-day,
When birds sat like bridegrooms all pair'd on the spray;
Yet I 'd drive the gay shepherd far, far from my mind,
If Damon, the rover, were constant and kind.

DAMON.

Fine folks, my sweet Phillis, may revel and range,
But fleeting 's the pleasure that 's founded on change!
In the villager's cottage such constancy springs,
That peasants with pity may look down on kings.
To the church then let 's hasten, our transports to bind,
And Damon will always prove faithful and kind.

PHILLIS.

To the church then let 's hasten, our transports to bind,
And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind.

THE WARNING.

Young Colin once courted Myrtilla the prude,
If he sigh'd or look'd tender, she cry'd he was rude;
Though he begg'd with devotion, some ease for his pain,
The shepherd got nothing but frowns and disdain.
Fatigu'd with her folly, his suit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female should fetter him more.

He strove with all caution to 'scape from the net,
But Chloe soon caught him,—a finish'd coquet!
She glanc'd to his glances, she sigh'd to his sighs,
And flatter'd his hope—in the language of eyes.
Alas for poor Colin! when put to the test,
Himself and his passion prov'd both but her jest.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the snare;
By Fanny—gay, young, unaffected, and fair;
When she found he had merit, and love took his part,
She dally'd no longer—but yielded her heart.
With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree,
And now are as happy—as happy can be.

As the rose-bud of beauty soon sickens and fades,
The prude and coquet are two slighted old maids;
Now their sweets are all wasted,—too late they repent,
For transports untasted, for moments misspent!
Ye virgins, take warning, improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.

HOLIDAY GOWN.

In holiday gown, and my new fangled hat,
Last Monday I tript to the fair;
I held up my head, and I 'll tell you for what,
Brisk Roger I guess'd wou'd be there:
He woos me to marry whenever we meet,
There 's honey sure dwells on his tongue!
He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,
I 'd wed—if I were not too young.

Fond Sue, I 'll assure you, laid hold on the boy,
(The vixen wou'd fain be his bride)
Some token she claim'd, either ribbon or toy,
And swore that she 'd not be decoy'd:
A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green,
Pert Susan was cruelly stung;
I hate her so much, that, to kill her with spleen,
I 'd wed—if I were not too young.

:r'd such soft pretty things in mine ear!
:er'd, he promis'd, and swore!
kets he gave me, such laces and geer,
rust me,—my pockets ran o'er:
ads he bought me, the best he cou'd find,
eetly their burthen he sung;
h! he 's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
l—if I were not too young.

was just setting, 'twas time to retire,
ottage was distant a mile)
be gone—Roger bow'd like a 'squire,
nded me over the stile:
ie threw round me—love laugh'd in his eye,
me the meadows among,
est me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
—for I was not too young.

DAPHNE:

A SONG.

r, Daphne, I admire
aces in thine eyes;
coyness kills desire,
mish'd passion dies.
ious years I 've sigh'd in vain,
uld my vows prevail;
the rigours of disdain,
orn'd my amorous tale.

lia cry'd, "How senseless she,
as such vows refus'd;
pon giv'n his heart to me,
been kinder us'd.
's a fool that pines and dies
ie a woman 's coy;
le bliss that one denies,
sand will enjoy."

rming words, so void of art,
ing rapture gave;
gh the maid subdu'd my heart,
'd to be a slave:
condemn'd, shall Daphne prove;
blest without restraint,
veet calendar of love
lia stands—a saint.

CORYDON:

A PASTORAL.

HE MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

ieepherds, we 'll follow the hearse,
see our lov'd Corydon laid:
sorrow may blemish the verse,
t a sad tribute be paid.

l'd him the pride of the plain;
:h he was gentle and kind!
'd on his elegant strain
aces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never wou'd rifle their cell.

Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.

No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring,
Salutes the gay season no more.

His Phillis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd——they envy'd his lays,
But which of them equal'd his song?

Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus——let me break it in twain.

DAMON AND PHŒBE.

When the sweet rosy morning first peep'd from the skies,
A loud singing lark bade the villagers rise;
The cowslips were lively—the primroses gay,
And shed their best perfumes to welcome the May:
The swains and their sweethearts all rang'd on the green,
Did homage to Phœbe—and hail'd her their queen.

Young Damon step'd forward: he sung in her praise,
And Phœbe bestow'd him a garland of bays:
"May this wreath," said the fair-one, "dear lord of my vows,
A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows:"
The swains and their sweethearts that danc'd on the green,
Approv'd the fond present of Phœbe their queen.

'Mongst lords and fine ladies, we shepherds are told,
The dearest affections are barter'd for gold;
That discord in wedlock is often their lot,
While Cupid and Hymen shake hands in a cot:
At the church with fair Phœbe since Damon has been,
He 's rich as a monarch—she 's blest as a queen.

A PASTORAL HYMN TO JANUS.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE QUEEN.

Te primum pia thura rogent—te vota salutent,
..... te colat omnis honos. Mart. ad Janum.

To Janus, gentle shepherds! raise a shrine:
His honours be divine!
And as to mighty Pan with homage bow:
To him, the virgin troop shall tribute bring;
Let him be hail'd like the green-liveried Spring,
Spite of the wintry storms that stain his brow.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of May,
Glides wantonly away:
But January, in his rough-spun vest,
Boasts the full blessings that can never fade,
He that gave birth to the illustrious maid,
Whose beauties make the British monarch blest!

Could the soft Spring with all her sunny showers,
The frolic nurse of flowers!
Or flaunting Summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,
Could they produce a finish'd sweet so rare:
Or from his golden stores, a gift so fair,
Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supply'd?

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay
As the white-hawthorn'd May!
The laughing goddess of the Spring disown'd,
Her rosy wreath shall on his brows appear,
Old Janus, as he leads, shall fill the year,
And the less fruitful Autumn be dethron'd.

Above the other months supremely blest,
Glad Janus stands confest!
He can behold with retrospective face
The mighty blessings of the year gone by:
Where, to connect a monarch's nuptial tie,
Assembled ev'ry glory, ev'ry grace!

When he looks forward on the flatt'ring year,
The golden hours appear,
As in the sacred reign of Saturn, fair:
Britain shall prove from this propitious date,
Her honours perfect, victories complete,
And boast the brightest hopes, a British heir.

The above little poem was written on supposition that her majesty's birth-day was *really* in the month of January.

AN INSCRIPTION

ON THE HOUSE AT MAVIS-BANK, NEAR EDINBURGH, SITUATED IN A GROVE.

Parva domus! nemerosa quies!
Sis tu, quoque nostris
Hospitium, laribus, subsidiumque diu!
Flora tuas ornet postes, Pomonaque mensas!
Conferat ut varias fertilis hortus opes!
Et volucres pictæ cingentes voce canora,
Retia sola canent quæ sibi tendit amor!
Floriferi colles, dulces mihi sæpe recessus
Dent, atque hospitibus gaudia plena meis!
Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel sero senes
Seroque terrenas experiare vices!
Integra reddantur quæ plurima sæcula rod
Detur, et ut senio pulchrior eniteas.

THE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

Peace has explor'd this sylvan scene,
She courts your calm retreat,
Ye groves of variegated green,
That grace my genial seat!
Here, in the lap of lenient ease,
(Remote from mad'ning noise)
Let me delude a length of days,
In dear domestic joys!

Long may the parent queen of flow'rs
Her fragrance here display!
Long may she paint my mantling bow'rs,
And make my portals gay!
Nor you—my yellow gardens, fail
To swell Pomona's hoard!
So shall the plenteous, rich regale—
Replenish, long, my board!

Pour through the groves your carols clear,
Ye birds, nor bondage dread:
If any toils entangle here,
'Tis those which Love hath spread.
Where the green hill so gradual slants,
Or flowery glade extends,
Long may these fair, these fav'rite haunts
Prove social to my friends!

May you preserve perpetual bloom,
My happy halcyon seat!
Or if fell Time denounce thy doom,
Far distant be its date!
And when he makes, with iron rage,
Thy youthful pride his prey,
Long may the honours of thy age
Be reverenc'd in decay!

ANOTHER INSCRIPTION

ON THE SAME HOUSE.

Hanc in gremio resonantis sylvæ
Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu,
Cæterisque ruris honoribus,
Undique renidentem villam,
Non magnificam——non superbam;
At qualen vides,
Commodam, mundam, genialem
Naturæ parem, socians artem.
Sibi, suisque
Ad vitam placide,
Et tranquille agendum
Designavit, instruxitque.
D. I. C.

IMITATED.

e deep bosom of my grove
sweet recess survey!
e birds, with elegies of love,
ike vocal every spray.
pot, with woods—with waters crown'd,
he rural honours blooming round!

little, but commodious seat
here Nature weds with Art)
to the EYE superbly great,
beauties charm the HEART.
the happy founder and his race
full days in harmony and peace!

CONTENT.

A PASTORAL.

lands and mountains, rude, barren, and
er'd and weary'd I roam, [bare,
young shepherdess sees my despair,
ds me—o'er lawns—to her home:
eaves from rich Ceres her cottage had
own'd,
ushes were strew'd on her floor,
ment, sweet woodbines crept wantonly
k'd the sod seats at her door. [round,

urselves down to a cooling repast,
uits! and she cull'd me the best;
own from my guard by some glances she
ly stole into my breast! [cast,
soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,
gins, her voice was divine!)
ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
e me, fond shepherd—I'm thine."

as so modest, her aspect so meek!
le, yet sweet, were her charms!
e ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
k'd the dear maid in my arms.
d together we tend a few sheep,
by yon prattler, the stream,
n her bosom, I sink into sleep,
age still softens my dream.

we range o'er the slow rising hills,
ed with pastoral views,
the rock whence the streamlet distils,
int out new themes for my Muse.
or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
msel 's of humble descent;
ger, PEACE, is well known for her sire,
epherds have nam'd her CONTENT.

CORYDON AND PHILLIS.

A PASTORAL.

had in clusters crept close by the grove,
from the rigours of day;
is herself, in a woodbine alcove,
the fresh violets lay:
ng, it seems, had been stole from its dam,
Cupid and Hymen a plot)
rdon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
at this critical spot.

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet maid with surprise;
"Ye gods, if so killing," he cry'd, "when she sleeps,
I 'm lost when she opens her eyes!
To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
I 'll onwards, my lambkin to trace:"
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For love had him nail'd to the place.

"Hush, hush'd be these birds, what a bawling they keep!"
He cry'd, "you 're too loud on the spray,
Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer 's asleep?
You 'll wake her as sure as 'tis day:
How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!
Her cheek he mistakes for the rose;
I 'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid
My boldness would break her repose."

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
"Kind shepherd," she said, "you mistake;
I laid myself down just to rest me a while,
But trust me, have still been awake:"
The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
He plac'd himself close by her side,
And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.

AN

ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa!
Janus Vitalis.

Omnia, tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit.
Seneca.

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands,
O'er barren heaths, and cultivated plains;
The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half buried, there, lie many a broken bust,
And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by Time;
And many a cherub, there, descends in dust
From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frighted at the sound
Of fragments, tumbling from the tow'rs on high,
Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where rev'rend shrines in gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle, or the noxious night-shade spreads;
And ashlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
Through the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet!
Sits musing on a monumental stone,
And points to the MEMENTO at her feet.

Soon as sage ev'ning check'd day's sunny pride,
I left the mantling shade in moral mood;
And seated by the maid's sequester'd side,
Sigh'd, as the mould'ring monuments I

Inexorably calm, with silent pace
Here Time has pass'd—What ruin marks his way!
This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
In vain; and Melody her song sublime:
In vain, Philosophy, with maxims wise,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, though not mov'd to spare,
Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tott'ring tow'rs with twisted ivy ty'd.

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
That terminates the view, yon cloister'd way!
In the crush'd wall, a time-corroded cross,
Religion like, stands mould'ring in decay!

Where the mild Sun, through saint-encypher'd glass,
Illum'd with mellow light yon dusky isle,
Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

And Piety, with mystic-meaning beads,
Bowing to saints on every side inurn'd,
Trod oft the solitary path that leads
Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

Through the grey grove, between those with'ring trees,
'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears:

Low levell'd in the dust her darling 's laid!
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety dissuade,
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest,
Where, mould'ring in the niche, his statue stands;
Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie;
As trac'd among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken Fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain,
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
That Honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And Chivalry stood marshal'd by his side!

Though to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desp'rate foe;
Though deem'd invincible, the conqueror, Time,
Levell'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a soft'ning sound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord, dwell;
And where Society sat sweetly crown'd,
Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
Sweet-singing at the silver-working loom.

The traveller 's bewilder'd on a waste;
And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!
In the deep dust their barren beauties hide:
Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry!

Though his rich hours in revelry were spent,
With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
And the sweet brow of Beauty, still unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;
Not to be stay'd by masque or midnight roar!
Nor shall a pulse among that mould'ring dust
Beat wanton at the smiles of Beauty more!

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract, but for a day, precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the sacred Nine
Soothe, with his melody, insatiate Death!

No—though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around;
Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of Fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

What then avails Ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
The schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom?
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
"Philip! remember, thou 'rt no more than man.

"Though glory spread thy name from pole to pole:
Though thou art merciful, and brave, and just;
Philip, reflect, thou 'rt posting to the goal,
Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust!"

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd)
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd;

And as he rode, high in his regal car
In all the purple pride of conquest drest;
Conspicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial vest:

While thus the herald cry'd—"This son of Pow'r,
This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,
May, in the space of one revolving hour,
Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud!"

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd,
Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And say, while Memory weeps the blood-stain'd field,
Where lies the chief, and where the common man?

Vain then are pyramids, and motto'd stones,
And monumental trophies rais'd on high!
For Time confounds them with the crumbling bones,
That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasant's head,
Soft as the lord's beneath the labour'd tomb?
Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay bed,
Than t'other in the wide vault's dreary womb?

Hither, let Luxury lead her loose-rob'd train;
Here flutter Pride, on purple-painted wings:
And from the moral prospect learn—how vain
The wish, that sighs for sublunary things!

A SONG.

He that Love hath never try'd,
Nor had Cupid for his guide,
Cannot hit the passage right
To the palace of delight.

What are honours, regal wealth,
Florid youth, and rosy health?
Without Love his tribute brings,
Impotent, unmeaning things!

Gentle shepherds, persevere,
Still be tender, still sincere;
Love and Time, united, do
Wonders, if the heart be true.

SAPPHO'S HYMN TO VENUS

IMITATED.

Hail! (with eternal beauty blest!
O'er Heav'n and Earth ador'd!)
Hail, Venus! 'tis thy slave's request,
Her peace may be restor'd:
Break the fond bonds, remove the rankling smart,
And bid thy tyrant son from Sappho's soul depart.

Once you descended, queen of love,
At Sappho's bold desire,
From the high roofs of sacred Jove,
Thy ever glorious sire!
I saw thy dusky pinion'd sparrows bear
Thy chariot, rolling light, through the rejoicing air.

No transient visit you design'd,
Your wanton birds depart;
And with a look, divinely kind,
That sooth'd my flutt'ring heart:
"Sappho," say you, "what sorrow breaks thy rest?
How can I give relief to thy conflicting breast?

"Is there a youth severely coy,
My fav'rite would subdue?
Or has she lost some wand'ring boy,
To plighted vows untrue?
Spread thy soft nets, the rambler shall return,
And with new lighted flames, more fond, more fiercely burn.

"Thy proffer'd gifts though he deride,
And scorn thy glowing charms,
Soon shall his every art be try'd
To win thee to his arms:
Though he be now as cold as virgin snow,
The victim, in his turn, shall like rous'd Ætna glow."

Thee, goddess, I again invoke,
These mad desires remove!
Again I 've felt the furious stroke
Of irresistless love:
Bid gentle peace to Sappho's breast return,
Or make the youth she loves with mutual ardour burn.

IMITATIONS FROM ANACREON.

ODE LVIII.

As I wove, with wanton care,
Fillets for a virgin's hair,
Culling for my fond design
What the fields had fresh and fine:
Cupid,—and I mark'd him well,
Hid him in a cowslip bell;
While he plum'd a pointed dart,
Fated to inflame the heart.
Glowing with malicious joy,
Sudden I secur'd the boy;
And, regardless of his cries,
Bore the little frighted prize
Where the mighty goblet stood,
Teeming with a rosy flood.
"Urchin," in my rage I cry'd,
"What avails thy saucy pride?
From thy busy vengeance free,
Triumph now belongs to me!
Thus—I drown thee in my cup;
Thus—in wine I drink thee up."
Fatal was the nectar'd draught
That to murder Love I quaff'd,
O'er my bosom's fond domains
Now the cruel tyrant reigns:
On my heart's most tender strings,
Striking with his wanton wings,
I'm for ever doom'd to prove
All the insolence of love.

ODE IX.

THE DOVE.

"Tell me," said I, "my beauteous Dove
(If an ambassadress from Love)
Tell me, on what soft errand sent,
Thy gentle flight is this way bent?
"Ambrosial sweets thy pinions shed
As in the quivering breeze they spread!"
"A message," says the bird, "I bear
From fond Anacreon to the fair;
A virgin of celestial grace!
The Venus of the human race!
"Me, for an hymn, or amorous ode,
The Paphian Venus once bestow'd
To the sweet bard; for whom I'd fly
Unwearied to the furthest sky.
"Through the soft air he bade me glide,
(See, to my wing his billet 's ty'd)
And told me, 'twas his kind decree,
When I return'd, to set me free.
"'Twould prove me but a simple bird
To take Anacreon at his word:
Why should I hide me in the wood,
Or search for my precarious food,

When I 've my master's leave to stand
Cooing upon his friendly hand;
When I can be profusely fed
With crumbs of his ambrosial bread,
And, welcom'd to his nectar bowl,
Sip the rich drops that fire the soul;
Till, in fantastic rounds I spread
My fluttering pinions o'er his head?
"Or if he strike the trembling wire,
I perch upon my fav'rite lyre;
Till, lull'd into luxuriant rest,
Sleep steals upon my raptur'd breast.
"Go, stranger—to your business—go,
I've told you all you wish'd to know:
Go, stranger,—and I think you 'll say,
This prattling Dove 's an arrant Jay."

THE DANCE.

Hark! the speaking strings invite,
Music calls us to delight:
See the maids in measures move,
Winding like the maze of love.
As they mingle, madly gay,
Sporting Hebe leads the way.
On each glowing cheek is spread
Rosy Cupid's native red;
And from ev'ry sparkling eye
Pointed darts at random fly.
Love, and active Youth, advance
Foremost in the sprightly dance.
As the magic numbers rise,
Through my veins the poison flies;
Raptures, not to be express'd,
Revel in my throbbing breast.
Jocund as we beat the ground,
Love and Harmony go round.
Every maid (to crown his bliss)
Gives her youth a rosy kiss;
Such a kiss as might inspire
Thrilling raptures—soft desire
Such Adonis might receive,
Such the queen of beauty gave,
When the conquer'd goddess strove
(In the conscious myrtle grove)
To inflame the boy with love.
Let not pride our sports restrain,
Banish hence the prude, Disdain!
Think—ye virgins, if you 're coy,
Think—ye rob yourselves of joy;
Every moment you refuse,
So much ecstasy you lose:
Think—how fast these moments fly:
If you should too long deny,
Love and Beauty both will die.

ODE XIV.

Why did I with Love engage!
Why provoke his mighty rage!
True it is, the wand'ring child
Met me with an aspect mild,
And besought me, like a friend,
At his gentle shrine to bend.
True, from my mistaken pride,
Due devotion was deny'd,
Till (because I would not yield)
Cupid dar'd me to the field.
Now I'm in my armour clasp'd,
Now the mighty lance is grasp'd,
But an *Achilleian* spear
Would be ineffectual here,
While the poison'd arrows fly
Hot, as lightning from the sky.
Wounded, through the woods I run,
Follow'd still by Beauty's son,
Arrows in malignant showers
Still the angry urchin pours;
Till, exhausting all his store,
(When the quiver yields no more)
See the god—a living dart,
Shoots *himself* into my heart.
Freedom I must, now, resign,
Victory, oh Love, is thine!
What can outward actions win
When the battle burns within!

Fill me that capacious cup,
Fill it, to the margin up;
From my veins the thirsty day
Quaffs the vital strength away.

Let a wreath my temples shield,
Fresh from the enamell'd field;
These declining roses bow,
Blasted by my sultry brow.

Flow'rets, by their friendly aid,
From the sunbeams form a shade:
Let me from my heart require,
(Glowing with intense desire)
Is there, in the deepest grove,
Shelter from the beams of Love?

ODE XXXIII.

TO THE SWALLOW.

Soon as summer glads the sky,
Hither, gentle bird, you fly;
And with golden sunshine blest,
Build your pretty plaster'd nest.
When the seasons cease to smile,
(Wing'd for Memphis or the Nile)
Charming bird, you disappear
Till the kind succeeding year.
Like the Swallow, Love, depart!
Respite for a while my heart.
No, he 'll never leave his nest,
Tyrant tenant of my breast!
There a thousand wishes try
On their callow wings to fly;
There you may a thousand tell,
Pertly peeping through the shell:
In a state unfinish'd, rise
Thousands of a smaller size.
Till their noisy chirpings cease,
Never shall my heart have peace.
Feather'd ones the younglings feed,
Till mature they 're fit to breed;
Then, to swell the crowded store,
They produce their thousands more:
Nor can mighty numbers count
In my breast their vast amount.

THE PICTURE:

A TALE.

r, at my lord's command,
by a curious hand:
rs in the nice *vertû*
ip set the piece to view,
eir connoisseurships tell,
he work was finish'd well.
says the loudest, "on my word,
likeness, good my lord;
plain, for speak I must,
ounce one feature just."
fort straight was made,
ortraiture essay'd;
s were again besought,
liver what he thought.
nan the first"—the critics bawl;
a mouth! how *monstrous* small!
e cheeks—how lank and thin!
a most prepost'rous chin!"
nstrance made in vain,
ys the painter, "once again,
d lord vouchsafes to sit)
nore successful hit:
o morrow deign to call,
e a piece to please you all."
r comes—a picture 's plac'd
se spurious sons of Taste——
inions all agree,
vilest of the three.
to confute your envious pride,
ip from the canvass cry'd)
that it is my real face,
n could no resemblance trace:
you by a lucky trick,
d your GENIUS to the quick.
judgment—justice—sense,
retending varlets—hence."
noisseurs depart in haste,
detected—and disgrac'd.

THE WITCH:

A TALE.

that from her ebon chair
l destruction through the air,
all-commanding will,
tumultuous ocean still:
an incantation fell,
cording Druids tell)
e round Moon, whose radiant light
e sober noon of night,
domain she held above,
dark, infernal grove.
me," the goddess cry'd, "a cause,
disturb my sacred laws?
y train,—yon wand'ring host!
e trembling stars are lost!
he celestial regions wide,
ey range without a guide!
n our confusion, may
is old detested sway."
' says the Witch, "severely crost,
my fav'rite squirrel 's lost:
Search——for I' ll have creation torn,
If he 's not found before the morn."
Soon as the impious charge was giv'n—
From the tremendous stores of Heaven,
Jove with a bolt——revengeful!——red!
Struck the detested monster dead.
If there are slaves to pity blind,
With power enough to plague mankind,
That for their own nefarious ends
Tread upon Freedom and her friends,
Let 'em beware the Witch's fate!
When their presumption 's at the height,
Jove will his angry powers assume,
And the curs'd miscreants meet their doom.

REPUTATION:

AN ALLEGORY.

To travel far as the wide world extends,
Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,
Virtue set forth, with two selected friends,
Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

As they went on, in their intended round,
Talent first spoke, "My gentle comrades, say,
Where each of you may probably be found,
Should accident divide us on the way.

"If torn (she added) from my lov'd allies,
A friendly patronage I hope to find,
Where the fine arts from cultivation rise,
And the sweet Muse hath harmoniz'd mankind."

Says Virtue, "Did Sincerity appear,
Or meek-ey'd Charity among the great;
Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
'Tis among these I 'd seek for my retreat.

"Could I find patriots, for the public weal
Assiduous, and without their selfish views;
Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,
'Tis among those my residence I 'd choose.

"In glitt'ring domes let Luxury reside;
I must be found in some sequester'd cell,
Far from the paths of Avarice or Pride,
Where homebred Happiness delights to dwell."

"Ye may be trac'd, my gentle friends, 'tis true,
But who," says Reputation, "can explore
My slipp'ry steps?——Keep, keep *me* in your view,
If I'm once lost, you 'll never find me more."

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY:

A FABLE.

At day's early dawn a gay Butterfly spied
A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his bride:
She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
And tenderly told him—he need not despair.
Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers will do,
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.
It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a rose passes quickly away,
And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;
Nor did he revisit his bride, till the Sun
Had less than one-fourth of his journey to run.
The Rose thus reproach'd him—"Already so cold!
How feign'd, O you false one, the passion you told!
'Tis an age since you left me:" she meant a few hours;
But such we 'll suppose the fond language of flowers:
"I saw when you gave the base violet a kiss:
How—how could you stoop to a meanness like this?
Shall a low, little wretch, whom we Roses despise,
Find favour, O Love! in my Butterfly's eyes?
On a tulip, quite tawdry, I saw your fond rape,
Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape:
Dull daffodils too were with ardour address'd,
And poppies, ill-scented, you kindly caress'd."
The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a sneer,
"That you 're first to complain, I commend you, my dear!
But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
And if I 'm inconstant, I copy from you.
I saw the boy Zephirus rifle your charms,
I saw how you simper'd and smil'd in his arms;
The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown,
You favour'd besides—O dishonour!—a drone;
Yet worse—'tis a crime that you must not deny,
Your sweets were made common, false Rose, to a fly."

MORAL.

This law, long ago, did Love's providence make,
That ev'ry coquet should be curs'd with a rake.

THE SHEEP AND THE BRAMBLE-BUSH:

A FABLE.

A THICK-TWISTED brake, in the time of a storm,
Seem'd kindly to cover a sheep:
So snug, for a while, he lay shelter'd and warm,
It quietly sooth'd him asleep.

The clouds are now scatter'd—the winds are at peace;
The sheep to his pasture inclin'd:
But, ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friend, who the thicket of law never try'd,
Consider before you get in;
Though judgment and sentence are pass'd on your side,
By Jove, you 'll be fleec'd to the skin.

THE FOX AND THE CAT.

A FABLE.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travell'd one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way:
"'Tis great," says the Fox, "to make justice our guide!"
"How godlike is mercy!" Grimalkin reply'd.
Whilst thus they proceeded,—a wolf from the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rush'd forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seiz'd for his supper an innocent sheep.
"In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
When mutton 's at hand," says the wolf, "I must eat."
Grimalkin 's astonish'd,—the Fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.
"What a wretch," says the Cat,—"'tis the vilest of brutes:
Does he feed upon flesh, when there 's herbage——and roots?"
Cries the Fox—"While our oaks give us acorns so good,
What a tyrant is this, to spill innocent blood!"
Well, onward they march'd, and they moralis'd still,
Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by a mill;
Sly Renard survey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (spite of morals) a pullet his prize.
A mouse too, that chanc'd from her covert to stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secur'd as her prey.
A spider that sat in her web on the wall,
Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall;
She cry'd—"Of such murders how guiltless am I!"
So ran to regale on a new taken fly.

MORAL.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, though we practise the same.

HYMEN.

WHEN Chloe, with a blush, comply'd
To be the fond Nicander's bride,
His wild imagination ran
On raptures never known by man.
How high the tides of fancy swell,
Expression must despair to tell.
A painter call'd,——Nicander cries,
Descending from the radiant skies,
"Draw me a bright, a beauteous boy,
The herald of connubial joy!
Draw him with all peculiar care,
Make him beyond Adonis fair;
Give to his cheeks a roseate hue,
Let him have eyes of heav'nly blue,
Lips soft'ning in nectarious dew;
A lustre o'er his charms display,
More glorious than the beams of day.
Expect, sir, if you can succeed,
A premium for a prince indeed."
His talents straight the painter try'd,
And ere the nuptial knot was ty'd,
A picture in the noblest taste
Before the fond Nicander plac'd.
The lover thus arraign'd his skill,
"Your execution 's monstrous ill!
A different form my fancy made;
You 're quite a bungler at the trade.
Where is the robe's luxuriant flow?
Where is the cheek's celestial glow?
Where are the looks so fond and free?
'Tis not an Hymen, sir, for me."
The painter bow'd—with this reply,
"My colours an't, your honour, dry;
When time has mellow'd ev'ry tint,
'Twill please you—or the deuce is in 't:
I 'll watch the happy change, and then
Attend you with my piece again."
In a few months the painter came
With a performance—(still the same:)

way,"—the husband cry'd,
ited cause to chide:
l all excesses shun;
re overdone!
uch ardour in that eye,
n the cheeks too high!
e a lascivious play,
s too loosely gay.
whole, this piece, for me,
it—far too free."
thus—"The faults you find
your capricious mind;
evoted slave,
tions, sir, you gave;
repell'd the flame,
iment the same.
e is design'd to prove
f precarious love.
xt stair-case rais'd on high,
a curious eye;
steps you proceed,
plish'd piece indeed!
unt some paces higher,
e that don't expire?"
the human mind,
railties of mankind,
ance charm'd our eyes,
nt—droops—and dies.

FORTUNE:

AN APOLOGUE.

FABULA NARRATUR.

enators, in sage debate
licity, were settling laws,
oar, that shook the sacred gate,
attention to inquire the cause.

retch, the loudest of his race,
garniture of grief array'd,
to the high imperial place,
ive justice, Jupiter!"—he bray'd.

of innocence allow'd
et Fortune persecutes me still;
olves, and all the murd'ring crowd,
patronage can rob and kill.

'd horse (he never toil'd so hard!)
friendship from his owner finds;
gence,—(a rough reward!)
d by a race of paltry hinds."

provender compell'd to feed!
pavement ev'ry night my bed!
Fortune never yet decreed
comforts of a well-thatch'd shed.

nseemly 's my irreverent hide!
visit, thus uncouthly drest?
legance the dame deny'd,
er fav'rites are too oft caress'd.

'irtue, sacred Jove, be kind!
e's tyranny pronounce me free!
er if she says she 's blind,
pitiously sees all—but me."
/.

The plaintiff could articulate no more:
His bosom heav'd a most tremendous groan!
The race of long-ear'd wretches join'd the roar,
Till Jove seem'd tott'ring on his high-built throne.

The monarch, with an all-commanding sound,
(Deepen'd like thunder through the rounds of space)
Gave order—"That dame Fortune should be found,
To answer, as she might, the plaintiff's case."

Soldiers and citizens, a seemly train!
And lawyers and physicians, sought her cell:
With many a schoolman—but their search was vain:
Few can the residence of Fortune tell.

Where the wretch Avarice was wont to hide
His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare;
'Twas rumour'd that dame Fortune did reside,
And Jove's ambassadors were posted there.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments drest,
A feeble porter at the gate they found:
Doubled with wretchedness—with age distrest,
And on his wrinkled forehead Famine frown'd.

"Mortals avaunt," (the trembling spectre cries)
"Ere you invade those sacred haunts, beware!
To guard lord Avarice from rude surprise,
I am the centinel—my name is Care.

"Doubts, Disappointments, Anarchy of Mind,
These are the soldiers that surround his hall:
And ev'ry fury that can lash mankind,
Rage, Rancour, and Revenge attend his call.

"Fortune's gone forth, you seek a wand'ring dame,
A settled residence the harlot scorns:
Curse on such visitants, she never came,
But with a cruel hand she scatter'd thorns!

"To the green vale, yon shelt'ring hills surround,
Go forward, you 'll arrive at Wisdom's cell:
Would you be taught where Fortune may be found,
None can direct your anxious search so well."

Forward they went, o'er many a dreary spot:
(Rough was the road, as if untrod before)
Till from the casement of a low-roof'd cot
Wisdom perceiv'd them, and unbarr'd her door.

Wisdom (she knew of Fortune but the name)
Gave to their questions a serene reply:
"Hither," she said, "if e'er that goddess came,
I saw her not—she pass'd unnotic'd by.

"Abroad with Contemplation oft I roam,
And leave to Poverty my humble cell:
She 's my domestic, never stirs from home,
If Fortune has been here, 'tis she can tell.

"The matron eyes us from yon mantling shade,
And see her sober footsteps this way bent!
Mark by her side a little rose-lipp'd maid,
'Tis my young daughter, and her name's Content."

As Poverty advanc'd with lenient grace, [h
"Fortune," she cry'd, "hath never yet b
But Hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,
Tells me, her highness may, in time, appe

"Felicity, no doubt, adorns their lot,
On whom her golden bounty beams divine!
Yet though she never reach our rustic cot,
Patience will visit us—we sha'n't repine."

After a vast (but unavailing) round,
The messengers, returning in despair,
On an high hill a fairy mansion found,
And hop'd the goddess, Fortune, might be there.

The dome, so glitt'ring, it amaz'd the sight,
('Twas adamant, with gems encrusted o'er)
Had not a casement to admit the light,
Nor could Jove's deputies descry the door.

But eager to conclude a tedious chase,
And anxious to return from whence they came,
Thrice they invok'd the Genius of the place,
Thrice utter'd, awfully, Jove's sacred name.

As Echo from the hill announc'd high Jove,
Illusion and her fairy dome withdrew:
(Like the light mists by early sunbeams drove)
And Fortune stood reveal'd to public view.

Oft for that happiness high courts deny'd,
To this receptacle dame Fortune ran:
When harass'd, it was here she us'd to hide,
From the wild suits of discontented man.

Prostrate, the delegates their charge declare,
(Happy the courtier that salutes her feet!)
Fortune receiv'd them with a flatt'ring air,
And join'd them till they reach'd Jove's judgment seat.

Men of all ranks at that illustrious place [keen:
Were gather'd; though from diff'rent motives
Many—to see dame Fortune's radiant face,
Many—by radiant Fortune to be seen.

Jove smil'd, as on a fav'rite he esteems,
He gave her, near his own, a golden seat:
Fair Fortune 's an adventurer, it seems,
The deities themselves are glad to greet.

"Daughter," says Jupiter, "you 're sore accus'd!
Clamour incessantly reviles your name!
If by the rancour of that wretch abus'd,
Be confident, and vindicate your fame.

"Though pester'd daily with complaints from man,
Through this conviction I record them not—
Let my kind providence do all it can,
None of that species ever lik'd his lot.

"But the poor quadruped that now appeals!
Can wanton cruelty the weak pursue!
Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
And all his wretchedness he lays to you."

"Ask him, high Jupiter," reply'd the dame,
"In what he has excell'd his long-ear'd class?
Is Fortune (a divinity) to blame
That she descends not to regard——an ass?"

Fame enter'd in her rolls the sage reply;
The dame, defendant, was discharg'd with grace!
"Go"—(to the plaintiff) said the sire, "and try
By merit to surmount your low-born race,

"Learn from the lion to be just and brave,
Take from the elephant instruction wise;
With gracious breeding like the horse behave,
Nor the sagacity of hounds despise.

"These useful qualities with care imbibe,
For which some quadrupeds are justly priz'd:
Attain those talents that adorn each tribe,
And you 'll no longer be a wretch despis'd."

A MAN TO MY MIND.

(WROTE AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.)

Since wedlock 's in vogue, and stale virgins despis'd,
To all batchelors greeting, these lines are premis'd;
I 'm a maid that would marry, but where shall I find
(I wish not for fortune) a man to my mind?

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and lace;
Not the 'squire that can wake to no joys but the chase;
Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind:
Neither this—that—nor t' other 's the man to my mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, that topes world without end,
Not the drone, who can't relish his bottle and friend;
Not the fool, that 's too fond; nor the churl that 's unkind:
Neither this—that—nor t' other 's the man to my mind.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or merit;
Not the flash, that 's all fury without any spirit;
Not the fine master Fribble, the scorn of mankind;
Neither this—that—nor t' other 's the man to my mind.

But the youth in whom merit and sense may conspire,
Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should admire;
In whose heart love and truth are with honour combin'd:
This—this—and no other 's the man to my mind.

WITH A PRESENT.

Let not the hand of Amity be nice!
Nor the poor tribute from the heart disclaim;
A trifle shall become a pledge of price,
If Friendship stamps it with her sacred name.

The little rose that laughs upon its stem,
One of the sweets with which the gardens teem,
In value soars above an eastern gem,
If tender'd as the token of esteem.

Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,
Such as your merits might demand—their due!
Then should the golden tribute of your friend
Rival the treasures of the rich Peru.

FANCY:

NG IN A PANTOMIME ENTERTAINMENT.

leads the fetter'd senses
ives to her fond control;
nay have rich pretences,
tis Fancy fires the soul.

'ond the bounds of meaning
y flies, a fairy queen!
wit and worth disdaining,
the prize to Harlequin.

irgin 's false, forgive her,
y was your only foe:
laths the dart and quiver,
tis Fancy twangs the bow.

LOVE AND CHASTITY:

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

igh mount[1], whence sacred groves depend,
l her virgin troop descend;
the buskin'd maids with active care
ess of the daily chase prepare,
e nymph steps forward from the throng,
exulting, swells the jovial song.

AIR.

th springs aloft at the loud sounding horn,
d from soft Slumber's embrace;
ings an hymn to salute the sweet Morn,
iles on the nymphs of the chase:
of fell Cupid no bosom profanes,
our disturbs our delight,
with fresh vigour we sweep o'er the plains,
ep with contentment all night.

RECIT.

our rouse the slighted god of Love:
dignant, to the sacred grove:
myrtles wreath his golden hair,
ings perfume the wanton air;
s fill'd with darts his fell designs declare.
blush o'erspread Diana's face,
ceeds—she stops the springing chase,
forbids the boy the consecrated place.

AIR.

disturber of the heart,
these sacred shades depart:
's a blooming troop disdains
and his fantastic chains.
s of the silver bow,
and chaste as virgin snow,
not at thy feeble fires,
on god of wild desires!

RECIT.

revenge divide Love's little breast,
s the angry goddess he addrest:

[1] Mount Latmos.

AIR.

Virgin snow does oft remain
Long unmelted on the plain,
Till the glorious god of day
Smiles, and wastes its pride away.
What is Sol's meridian fire
To the darts of strong desire!
Love can light a raging flame
Hotter than his noontide beam.

RECIT.

Now, through the forest's brown-embower'd ways,
With careless steps the young Endymion strays:
His form erect!—loose flows his lovely hair,
His glowing cheeks like youthful Hebe's fair!
His graceful limbs with ease and vigour move,
His eyes—his ev'ry feature form'd for love:
Around the list'ning woods attentive hung,
Whilst thus, invoking sleep, the shepherd sung:

AIR.

Where the pebbled streamlet glides,
Near the wood-nymph's rustic grot,
If the god of sleep resides,
Or in Pan's sequester'd cot:
Hither if he 'll lightly tread,
Follow'd by a gentle dream,
We 'll enjoy this grassy bed,
On the bank beside the stream.

RECIT.

As on the painted turf the shepherd lies,
Sleep's downy curtain shades his lovely eyes;
And now a sporting breeze his bosom shows,
As marble smooth, and white as Alpine snows:
The goddess gaz'd, in magic softness bound;
Her silver bow falls useless to the ground!
Love laugh'd, and, sure of conquest, wing'd a dart
Unerring, to her undefended heart.
She feels in ev'ry vein the fatal fire,
And thus persuades her virgins to retire:

AIR.

Ye tender maids be timely wise!
Love's wanton fury shun!
In flight alone your safety lies,
The daring are undone!

Do blue-ey'd doves, serenely mild,
With vultures fell engage!
Do lambs provoke the lion wild,
Or tempt the tiger's rage!

No, no, like fawns, ye virgins fly,
To secret cells remove;
Nor dare the doubtful combat try
'Twixt Chastity and Love.

AMPHITRION.

RECITATIVE.

Amphitrion and his bride, a godlike pair!
He brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair;
On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
With matchless splendour held the nuptial feast:
Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rang,
Enraptur'd, thus, the happy hero sung:

AIR.

Was mighty Jove descending,
In all his wrath divine,
Enrag'd at my pretending
To call this charmer mine:
His shafts of bolted thunder
With boldness I 'd deride;
Not Heav'n itself can sunder
The hearts that love has ty'd.

RECIT.

The thunderer heard,—he look'd with vengeance down,
Till Beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown.
The magic impulse of Alcmene's eyes
Compell'd the conquer'd god to quit his skies;
He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her charms,
And punish'd HIS presumption in HER arms.

AIR.

He deserves sublimest pleasure,
Who reveals it not, when won:
Beauty 's like the miser's treasure;
Boast it—and the fool 's undone!

Learn by this, unguarded lover,
When your secret sighs prevail,
Not to let your tongue discover
Raptures that you should conceal.

ANACREON.

ODE XIX. IMITATED.

OLD Earth, when in a tippling vein,
Drinks torrents of ambrosial rain,
Which the tall trees, by heat opprest,
Drink from her kind maternal breast:

Lest angry Ocean should be dry,
The river-gods their stores supply:
The monarch of the glowing day
Drinks large potations from the sea:

And the pale empress of the night
Drinks from his orb propitious light:
All—all things drink—abstemious sage!
Why should not we our thirst assuage?

NEWCASTLE BEER.

WHEN Fame brought the news of Great Britain's success,
And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat;
Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express,
To summon the deities all to a treat:
Blithe Comus was plac'd
To guide the gay feast,
And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer;
Yet vow'd, to his thinking,
For exquisite drinking,
Their nectar was nothing to Newcastle beer.

The great god of war, to encourage the fun,
And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
Sent a message that moment to Moor's [1] for a tun
Of stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best:
No gods—they all swore,
Regal'd so before,
With liquor so lively, so potent, and clear:
And each deified fellow
Got jovially mellow,
In honour, brave boys, of our Newcastle beer.

Apollo perceiving his talents refine,
Repents he drank Helicon water so long:
He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical Nine,
And gave the gay board an extempore song:
But ere he began,
He toss'd off his can:
There 's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear:
Then sang with great merit,
The flavour and spirit,
His godship had found in our Newcastle beer.

'Twas stingo like this made Alcides so bold,
It brac'd up his nerves, and enliven'd his pow'rs;
And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.
The horrible crew
That Hercules slew,
Were Poverty—Calumny—Trouble—and Fear:
Such a club would you borrow,
To drive away sorrow,
Apply for a jorum of Newcastle beer.

Ye youngsters, so diffident, languid, and pale,
Whom love, like the cholic, so rudely infests;
Take a cordial of this, 'twill probatum prevail,
And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts:
Dull whining despise,
Grow rosy and wise,
Nor longer the jest of good fellows appear;
Bid adieu to your folly,
Get drunk and be jolly,
And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle beer.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom physic prescribes,
Whom bolus and potion have harass'd to death!
Ye wretches, whom Law and her ill-looking tribes
Have hunted about till you 're quite out of breath!
Here 's shelter and ease,
No craving for fees,
No danger,—no doctor,—no bailiff is near!
Your spirits this raises,
It cures your diseases,
There 's freedom and health in our Newcastle beer.

THE TOAST:

A CATCH.

GIVE THE TOAST—my good fellow, be jovial and gay,
And let the brisk moments pass jocund away!
HERE 'S THE KING—take your bumpers, my brave British souls,
Who guards your fair freedom should crown your full bowls,
LET HIM LIVE—long and happy, see Lewis brought down,
And taste all the comforts, no cares of a crown

[1] Moor's, at the sign of the Sun, Newcastle.

HREE-PART CATCH.

(the rich blessing kind Nature be-

sorrows, or lighten the load)
-the rich nectar this bottle contains
esh rapture shall roll through our

nd carousing this liquor divine,
) the god that first cultur'd the vine.

ON

— B——T'S BIRTH-DAY.

ity on Grandeur wait?
in the pageantry of show?
tt'ring gewgaws of the great
born happiness bestow?

benevolent, humane,
rectitude supremely blest,
arts of multitudes shall reign,
gay star ne'er blaz'd upon his

ren of the hoary North,
day that saw your patron born;
irtues, and whose public worth,
h seats of royalty adorn.

STANZAS

AY AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND,
E BENEFIT OF THE CORSICANS.

d with an unpitying eye
few (with patriotic fire)
ed—and resolv'd to die,
independent rights entire?
selves, the servile Gauls would

fetters, half mankind.

age that, to night, you 've paid
and her ever sacred laws,
'ring at her altar made,
our hearts beat nobly in her cause.
edom, O vouchsafe to smile,
ages, on this favourite isle!

ughs of Liberty expand,
ar'd by the brave and free!
l be that impious hand,
branch from this illustrious tree!
our's to make her verdure thrive,
ots of Liberty alive.

, her ripening fruits of gold,
om perpetually for thee!
want a dragon, as we 're told
ce, the fam'd Hesperian tree!
for your imperial sake,
res, eternally awake.

THE RESPITE.

A PASTORAL.

Ah, what is 't to me that the grasshopper sings!
  Or what, that the meadows are fair!
That (like little flow'rets, if mounted on wings)
  The butterflies flaunt it in air!
Ye birds, I 'll no longer attend to a lay;
  Your haunts in the forest resign!
Shall you, with your true loves, be happy all day,
  Whilst I am divided from mine?

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite,
  We twisted a blooming alcove;
And oft has my Damon, with smiles of delight,
  Declar'd it the mantle of Love.
The roses that crept to our mutual recess,
  And rested among the sweet boughs,
Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do less,
  For Damon is false to his vows.

This oak has for ages the tempest defy'd,
  We call it—the king of the grove;
He swore, a light breeze should its centre divide,
  When he was not true to his love:
Come, come, gentle Zephyr, in justice descend,
  His falsehood you 're bound to display;
This oak and its honours you 'll easily rend,
  For Damon has left me——a day.

The shepherd rush'd forth from behind the thick [tree,
  Prepar'd to make Phillida blest,
And, clasping the maid, from an heart full of glee,
  The cause of his absence confest:
High raptures, 'twas told him by masters in love,
  Too often repeated, would cloy; [prove,
And respites——he found were the means to im-
  And lengthen the moments of joy.

AN

IRREGULAR ODE ON MUSIC.

Cease, gentle sounds, nor kill me quite,
With such excess of sweet delight!
Each trembling note invades my heart,
And thrills through every vital part;
  A soft—a pleasing pain
  Pursues my heated blood through ev'ry vein;
  What—what does the enchantment mean?
Ah! give the charming magic o'er,
My beating heart can bear no more.

  Now wild with fierce desire,
  My breast is all on fire!
  In soften'd raptures, now, I die!
Can empty sound such joys impart!
Can music thus transport the heart,
  With melting ecstasy!
O art divine! exalted blessing!
Each celestial charm expressing!
  Kindest gift the gods bestow!
  Sweetest good that mortals know!

When seated in the verdant shade
(Like tuneful Thyrsis) Orphéus play'd,
  The distant trees forsake the wood,
  The list'ning beasts neglect their food.

To hear the heav'nly sound;
The Dryads leave the mountains,
The Naiads quit the fountains,
And in a sprightly chorus dance around.

To raise the stately walls of ancient Troy,
Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ;
See what soft harmony can do!
The moving rocks the sound pursue,
Till in a large collected mass they grew:
Had Thyrsis liv'd in these remoter days,
His were the chaplet of immortal bays!
Apollo's harp unknown!
The shepherd had remain'd of song
The deity alone.

FROM

A TRUANT TO HIS FRIENDS.

'Tis not in cells, or a sequester'd cot,
The mind and morals properly expand;
Let youth step forward to a busier spot,
Led by Discretion's cool, conducting hand.

To learn some lessons from the schools of man,
(Forgive me!) I forsook my darling home;
Not from a light, an undigested plan,
Nor from a youthful appetite to roam.

In your affections—(let resentment fly!)
Restore me to my long-accustom'd place;
Receive me with a kind, forgiving eye,
And press me in the parent's fond embrace.

TO

THE AUTHOR OF POEMS.

WRITTEN BY NOBODY [1].

Advance to fame—advance reveal'd!
Let conscious worth be bold:
Why have you lain so long conceal'd,
And hid Peruvian gold?

Dan Phœbus did with joy discern
Your genius brought to light:
And many a Somebody should learn,
From Nobody to write.

A BIRTH-DAY ODE:

PERFORMED AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

RECITATIVE.

Hark—how the soul of music reigns,
As when the first great birth of Nature sprung,
When Chaos burst his massy chains,
'Twas thus the cherubs sung:

AIR.

Hail—hail, from this auspicious morn
Shall British glories rise!
Now are the mighty treasures born,
That shall Britannia's fame adorn,
And lift her to the skies.

RECIT.

Let George's mighty banners spread,
His lofty clarions roar;
Till warlike Echo fills with dread
The hostile Gallic shore.

AIR.

Mark—how his name with terrour fills!
The magic sound Rebellion kills,
And brightens all the northern hills,
Where pallid treasons dwell;
The monster shall no more arise,
Upon the ground she panting lies!
Beneath his, William's, foot she dies,
And now, she sinks to Hell.

RECIT.

Haste—let Ierne's harp be newly strung,
And after mighty George be William sung.

AIR.

Talk no more of Grecian glory,
William stands the first in story:
He, with British ardour glows!
See—the pride of Gallia fading!
See—the youthful warrior leading
Britons, vengeful, to their foes!

RECIT.

Fair is the olive-branch Hibernia boasts,
Nor shall the din of war disturb her coasts;
While Stanhope smiles, her sons are blest,
In native loyalty confest!

AIR.

See—O see, thrice happy isle!
See what gracious George bestow'd;
Twice [2] have you seen a Stanhope smile,
These are gifts become a god!

How the grateful island glows!
Stanhope's name shall be rever'd;
Whilst by subjects, and by foes,
Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd.

CHORUS.

Like Persians to the rising Sun,
Respectful homage pay;
At George's birth our joys begun:
Salute the glorious day!

THE BROKEN CHINA.

Soon as the Sun began to peep,
And gild the morning skies,
Young Chloe from disorder'd sleep
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

[1] J. Robertson, an actor belonging to the York company.

[2] Earl of Chesterfield, and earl of Harrington, both successively lords lieutenant of Ireland.

ı Sylph, the wanton sprite
ited on her still,
her all the tedious night
ionary ill.

ck of Fate is surely nigh,"
'd the tim'rous maid:
these horrid dreams imply?
id can't be dead!"

her Cupid by his name,
of some mishap;
is tail, her Cupid came,
p'd into her lap.

ıe best of brittle ware
ptuous table grac'd:
emblems of the fair,
eous order plac'd!

boil'd, and all prepar'd
he morning treat,
, the country beau, appear'd,
ring, took his seat.

tting on, of that and this,
d revers'd her cup;
ed by the forfeit kiss,
ıpkin turn'd it up.

port he demands the prize;
rly it was won!
a frown the fair denies:
ts to draw him on!

ıt prove himself polite,
ı case as this;
strives with all his might
the forfeit kiss.

trove—O dire to tell!
with grief I must)
urn'd—the china fell,
f painted dust!

ırport of my dream!"
afflicted cry'd,
'd (I confess my shame)
ishness and pride!

kiss, or two, or three,
ief could be found!
been more frank and free,
ı had been sound."

TO MR. ———.

'tis granted, you flutter in love,
per and dance with the fair;
dvances, 'tis your's to give place;
, and at distance revere:
the sweet maid with your jargon of

de as you manner alone;
your compliment—your tie—and your

at the end of your song.

For folly and fashion you barter good sense,
(If sense ever fell to your share)
'Tis enough you could pert *petit maitre* commence,
Laugh—loiter—and lie with an air.
No end you can answer, affections you 've none,
Made only for prattle and play;
Like a butterfly, bask'd for a while in the Sun,
You 'll die undistinguish'd away.

ON

THE LATE ABSENCE OF MAY.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1771.)

The rooks in the neighbouring grove
For shelter cry all the long day;
Their huts in the branches above
Are cover'd no longer by May:
The birds that so cheerfully sung,
Are silent, or plaintive each tone!
And, as they chirp, low, to their young,
They want of their goddess bemoan.

No daisies, on carpets of green,
O'er Nature's cold bosom are spread!
Not a sweet-briar sprig can be seen,
To finish this wreath for my head:
Some flow'rets, indeed, may be found,
But these neither blooming nor gay;
The fairest still sleep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of May.

December, perhaps, has purloin'd
Her rich, though fantastical geer;
With Envy the Months may have join'd,
And jostled her out of the year:
Some shepherds, 'tis true, may repine,
To see their lov'd gardens undress'd;
But I—whilst my Phillida's mine,
Shall always have May in my breast.

AN EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

SPOKE BY MR. DIGGS, AT EDINBURGH.

Say, can the garter, or the star of state,
That on the vain, or on the vicious wait,
Such emblems, with such emphasis impart,
As an insignium near the Mason's heart?
Hail sacred Masonry, of source divine,
Unerring mistress of the faultless line,
Whose plumb of Truth, with never-failing sway,
Makes the jos'd parts of Symmetry obey!
Hail! to the Craft, at whose sweet command
The gentle Arts in glad obedience stand:
Whose magic wand calls forth Grandeur's dome,
And to the form of Orders yields its place;
Who calls Creation from the womb of Earth,
And gives imperial man glorious birth.
The works of art are merely as we conduct,
Can regulate the mountain, square the mount;
Correct with care the tempest-working wind,
And guide the tide of passions where we will;
Or, if we please, make each moral rule,
And form our bridge on universal school;
Where Nature's organs have established stand,
And sense and reason, jointly, go hand in

O! may her social rules instructive spread,
Till Truth erect her long-neglected head;
Till, through deceitful Night she dart her ray,
And beam, full glorious, in the blaze of day!
Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move;
Till all the peopled world her laws approve,
And the whole human race be bound in brother's love.

PROLOGUES AND EPILOGUES.

A PROLOGUE,

SPOKE AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE AT YORK, AFTER IT WAS ELEGANTLY ENLARGED.

Once on a time his earthly rounds patrolling,
(Your heathen gods were always fond of strolling)
Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,
When night, attended by a tempest, came on;
And as the rain fell pattering, helter skelter,
The deity implor'd the hind for shelter.
Philemon plac'd his godship close beside him,
While goody Baucis made the fire that dry'd him;
With more benevolence than one that 's richer,
He spread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher;
And, fond to give his guest a meal of pleasure,
Sung a rough song, in his rude country measure.
Jove was so pleas'd with these good-natur'd sallies,
Philemon's cot he conjur'd to a palace.
Taste, like great Jupiter, came here to try us,
(Oft from the boxes we perceiv'd her spy us)
Whether she lik'd us and our warm endeavours,
Whether she found that we deserv'd her favours,
I know not: but 'tis certain she commanded
Our humble theatre should be expanded.
The orders she pronounc'd were scarcely ended,
But, like Philemon's house, the stage extended:
And thus the friendly goddess bids me greet ye;
'Tis in that circle [*pointing to the boxes*] she designs to meet ye:
Pedants would fix her residence with heathens,
But she prefers old York to Rome or Athens.

A PROLOGUE,

SPOKE AT THE OPENING AN ELEGANT LITTLE THEATRE AT WHITBY.

From Shakspeare—Jonson—Congreve—Rowe—and others—
The laurel'd list, the true Parnassian brothers!
Hither we 're sent, by their supreme direction,
To court your favour, and to claim protection.
Our hopes are flatter'd with the fair's compliance;
Beauty and Wit were always in alliance!
Their mutual sway reforms the rude creation,
And Taste 's determin'd by their approbation.
The tragic Muse presents a stately mirror,
Where Vice surveys her ugly form with terrour:
And as the fiend departs—abash'd—discarded—
Imperial Virtue 's with the palm rewarded.
The comic glass, from modern groups collected,
Shows fops and fools of every class—dissected:
It marks the fair coquet's unfaithful dealings,
And proves that haughty prudes may have their failings.
For faults that flow from habit more than nature,
We 'll blend, with honest mirth, some wholesome satire.
Now for our bark—the vessel 's tight and able!
New built!—new rigg'd!—[*Pointing to the scenes*] with canvass—mast—and cable!
Let her not sink,—or be unkindly stranded,
Before the moral freight be fairly landed!
For though with heart and hand we heave together,
'Tis your kind plaudit must command the weather:
Nor halcyon seas,—nor gentle gales attend us,
Till this fair circle with their smiles befriend us.

A PROLOGUE,

ON OPENING THE THEATRE AT WHITBY THE ENSUING SEASON.

O'er the wild waves, unwilling more to roam,
And by his kind affections call'd for home;
When the bold youth that ev'ry climate tries
'Twixt the blue bosoms—'twixt the seas and skies—
When he beholds his native Albion near,
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,
What glowing ecstasies, by Fancy drest,
What filial sentiments expand his breast!
In the full happiness he forms on shore,
Doubts—dangers—and fatigues are felt no more.
Such are the joys that in our bosoms burn!
Such the glad hopes that glow at our return!
With such warm ardours you behold us meet,
To lay, once more, our labours at your feet.
(Not without hopes your patronage will last)
We bend with gratitude for favours past.
That our light bark defy'd the rage of winter,
Rode ev'ry gale—nor started ev'n a splinter;
We bow to Beauty—('twas those smiles secur'd her)
And thank our patrons who so kindly moor'd her.
Still—still—extend your gentle cares to save her,
That she may anchor long in Whitby's—favour.

A PROLOGUE,

SPOKE IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR, ON OPENING THE NEW THEATRE AT NORTH SHIELDS.

[*Without.*

Hollo! my masters, where d'ye mean to stow us?
We 're come to see what pastime ye can show us;
Sal, step aloft—you shan't be long without me,
I 'll walk their quarter deck and look about me.
[*Enter.*

Tom and Dick Topsail are above—I hear 'em,
Tell 'em to keep a birth, and, Sal—sit near 'em:
Sal 's a smart lass—I 'd hold a butt of stingo
In three weeks' time she'd learn the playhouse lingo:
She loves your plays, she understands their meaning,
She calls 'em—moral rules made entertaining:
Your Shakspeare books, she knows 'em to a tittle;
And I, myself (at sea) have read—a little.
At London, sirs, when Sal and I were courting,
I tow'd her ev'ry night a playhouse sporting:
Mass! I could like 'em and their whole 'paratus,
But for their fiddlers and their damn'd sonatas;
Give me the merry sons of guts and rosin,
That play——God save the King, and Nancy Dawson. [*Looking about.*

hough the frigate 's not so much be-
m'd,
ugh!—'Tis clever for the size on 't:
ı treat with all that 's worth regarding
: Drury Lane or Common Garden.
[*Bell rings.*
ı signal for the lanch, I fancy:
ı, Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and Nancy[1],
have trimm'd the pleasure-barge so
y,
ınd I, and Sal, come see them nightly?
:w will do their best endeavours,
lge no labour to deserve your favours.
:e they swear can ne'er behap 'em
ld you pleas'd, and hear you—clap 'em.

AN EPILOGUE,

WICH, IN THE CHARACTER OF MRS. DEBORAH
ODCOCK, IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

ngers of a long probation,
like, she 's skill'd in penetration;
ıs conquer'd each unruly passion,
ove the rocks that others dash on;
; mellow'd with reserve and rigour,
t gravity adorns her figure,
maid, I wish the wise would tell us,
e standing jest of flirts and fellows!
ı sage! in eloquence how clever!
ıbject she can talk—for ever!
aws, can bring a sentence pat in,
ıpon occasion, lawyer's latin.
t toast, that culprit, *nobus corum*,
nd she 's demolish'd in *turrorum*.
naid 's a dragoness on duty,
: golden fruit of rip'ning beauty;
r fear the giddy sex should wander,
n in restraint by decent slander.
ıre made, 'tis easy sure to find 'em;
ct before the fair design'd them.
men, whose satire oft hath stung us,
are that may be rank'd among us.
ng suits and busy mischiefs laden,
ar exceeds the ancient maiden.
d, and the assertion 's common,
ı Physic is a mere old woman.
p that simpers o'er his tea dish,
"Indeed—Miss Deb'rah 's—quite old
ex, of undetermin'd nature, [maidish!"
ts is but a virgin *cretur*.
ert, and moral truths adjusting!
ning in the state itself disgusting;
s well as matrons bound in marriage,
rom propriety of carriage:
se, if sweet discretion guide 'em,
t though coxcombs may deride 'em;
; virtue, be she maid or wedded,
th! say——Deb'rah Woodcock said it.

OGUE TO THE MUSE OF OSSIAN;

E, ADAPTED TO THE STAGE BY D. E. BAKER,
CELEBRATED POEM OF OSSIAN, THE SON OF

tle work of nervous merit,
sleepy stage a nobler spirit;
To touch a sacred Muse, and not defile her,
This was the plan propos'd by our compiler.
Though Caution told him—the presumption 's
glaring!
Dauntless, he cry'd, "It is but nobly daring!
Can we peruse a pathos more than Attic,
Nor wish the golden measure stamp'd dramatic!
Here are no lines—in measur'd pace that trip it,
No modern scenes—so lifeless! so insipid!
Wrought by a Muse—(no sacred fire debarr'd her)
'Tis nervous! noble! 'tis true northern ardour!
"Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaiming,
(The Grecian bards no longer worth the naming)
In song, the northern tribes so far surpass us,
One of their Highland hills they 'll call Parnassus;
And from the sacred mount decrees should follow,
That Ossian was himself—the true Apollo."
Spite of this flash—this high poetic fury,
He trembles for the verdict of his jury:
As from his text he ne'er presum'd to wander,
But gives the native Ossian to your candour,
To an impartial judgment we submit him,
Condemn—or rather (if you can) acquit him.

AN

EPILOGUE TO THE MUSE OF OSSIAN.

In fond romance let Fancy reign creative!
Valour among the northern hills is native;
The northern hills, 'tis prov'd by Ossian's story,
Gave early birth to Caledonian glory;
Nor could the stormy clime, with all its rigour,
Repel, in love or war, the hero's vigour.
When honour call'd, the youth disdain'd to ponder,
And as he fought, the fav'rite maid grew fonder.
The brave, by beauty were rejected never,
For girls are gracious when the lads are clever.
If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
The bard, at home, had ev'ry power descriptive;
He swell'd the sacred song, enhance'd the story,
And rais'd the warrior to the skies of glory.
That northern lads are still unconquer'd fellows,
The foes of Britain to their cost can tell us;
The sway of northern beauty, if disputed,
Look round, ye infidels, and stand confuted:
And for your bards, the letter'd world have known
'em,
They 're such—the sacred Ossian can't disown 'em.
To prove a partial judgment does not wrong you,
And that your usual candour reigns among you,
Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,
And stamp it with the sanction of your favour.

AN EPILOGUE,

SPOKE IN THE CHARACTER OF LADY TOWNLEY, IN THE
PROVOKED HUSBAND.

At lady—let me wonder—where might a'
No matter—at a circle the polaver;
Tattle murmurs all the while she a side,
And examines my conduct to the tittle.
"A wife reclaim'd, and by an husband's vigour!
A wife with all her appetites a rogue!
Lard! the man must make a lamentable figure!
"Where was her pride? (A ev'ry spark dis
To meet, because a prudish husband prov'd

What! to prefer his dull domestic quiet,
To the dear scenes of hurricane and riot!
Parties disclaim'd, the happy rout rejected!
Because at ten she 's by her spouse expected!
Oh, hideous! how immensely out of nature!
Don't you, my dears, despise the servile creature?"
Prudence, although the company be good,
Is often heard, and sometimes understood.
Suppose, to justify my reformation,
She 'd give the circle this concise oration.
"Ye giddy group of fashionable wives,
That in continued riot waste your lives;
Did ye but see the demons that descend,
The cares convulsive that on cards attend;
The midnight spectres that surround your chairs,
(Rage reddens here—there Avarice despairs)
You 'd rush for shelter where contentment lies,
To the domestic blessings you despise.
"Or if you 've no regard to moral duty,
('Tis trite but true)—quadrille will murder beauty."
Taste is abash'd, (the culprit) I 'm acquitted,
They praise the character they lately pity'd;
They promise to reform—relinquish play,
So break the tables up at—break of day.

AN EPILOGUE,

SPOKE AT EDINBURGH, IN THE CHARACTER OF LADY FANCIFUL.

Fancy, we 're told, of parentage Italic,
And Folly, whose original is Gallic,
Set up to sale their vast misshapen daughter,
And Britain, by a large subscription, bought her.
The fertile soil grew fond of this exotic,
And nurs'd her, till her pow'r became despotic;
Till ev'ry would-be beauty in the nation
Did homage at the shrine of Affectation.
But Common-Sense will certainly dethrone her,
And (like the fair-ones of this place) disown her.
If she attempts the dimpled smile, delightful!
The dimpled smile of Affectation 's frightful:
Mark but her bagatelles—her whine—her whimper—
Her loll—her lisp—her saunter, stare—her simper;
All outrés, all—no native charm about her,
And Ridicule would soon expire without her.
Look for a grace, and Affectation hides it;
If Beauty aims an arrow, she misguides it:
So awkwardly she mends unmeaning faces,
To Insipidity she gives——grimaces.
Without her dear coquetish arts to aid 'em,
Fine ladies would be just as—Nature made 'em,
Such sensible—sincere—domestic creatures,
The jest of modern belles, and *petit maitres*.
Safe with good sense, this circle 's not in danger,
But as the foreign phantom 's—here a stranger,
I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
And if they meet, be ready to forego her;
For trust me, ladies, she 'd deform your faces,
And with a single glance destroy the graces.

AN EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

SPOKE AT ALNWICK, IN NORTHUMBERLAND, AT A CHARITABLE BENEFIT PLAY, 1765.

To bid the rancour of Ill-fortune cease,
To tell Anxiety—I give thee peace,
To quell Adversity—or turn her darts,
To stamp fraternity on gen'rous hearts:
For these high motives—these illustrious ends,
Celestial Charity to night descends.
Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,
Softer than dew-drops to the sun-burnt glade!
She 's gracious as an unpolluted stream,
And tender as a fond young lover's dream!
Pity and Peace precede her as she flies,
And Mercy beams benignant in her eyes!
From her high residence, from realms above,
She comes, sweet harbinger of heavenly love!
Her sister's[1] charms are more than doubly bright,
From the kind cause that call'd her here to night
An artless grace the conscious heart bestows,
And on the generous cheek a tincture glows,
More lovely than the bloom that paints the vernal rose.
The lofty pyramid shall cease to live!
Fleeting the praise such monuments can give!
But Charity, by tyrant Time rever'd,
Sweet Charity, amidst his ruins spar'd,
Secures her votaries unblasted fame,
And in celestial annals saves their name.

AN EPILOGUE,

DESIGNED TO BE SPOKE AT ALNWICK, ON RESIGNING THE PLAYHOUSE TO A PARTY DETACHED FROM THE EDINBURGH THEATRE.

To Alnwick's lofty seat, a sylvan scene!
To rising hills from distance doubly green,
"Go,"—says the god of wit, "my standard bear,
These are the mansions of the great and fair[2],
'Tis my Olympus now, go spread my banners there."
Led by fond Hope, the pointed path we trace,
And thank'd our patron for the flowery place;
Here—we behold a gently waving wood!
There—we can gaze upon a wand'ring flood!
The landscape smiles!—the fields gay fragrance wear!
Soft scenes are all around—refreshful air!
Slender repast indeed, and but cameleon fare!
A troop, at certain times compell'd to shift,
And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift,
By tyrant managers a while consign'd,
To fatten on what forage they can find;
With lawless force our liberty invades,
And fain would thrust us from these fav'rite shades,
But we (since Prejudice erects her scale,
And puffs and petty artifice prevail)
To stronger holds with cool discretion run,
And leave the conquerors to be—undone.
With gratitude, still we 'll acknowledge the favours
So kindly indulg'd to our simple endeavours;
To the great and the fair we rest thankfully debtors
And wish we could say, we gave place to our betters.

[1] The countess of Northumberland, who honoured the charity with her presence.

[2] The earl and countess of Northumberland, lord and lady Warkworth, &c.

GUE TO LOVE AND FAME.

KE AT SCARBOROUGH.

[*Entering.*
thor?—Bid the wretch appear,
, and wait for judgment—*here.*
all impatient, wait;
, I say, and meet his fate!
ange, if such a piece succeeds!
rit for his vile misdeeds)
t, that his presumptuous works
l Christians into—Heathen Turks?
; an't corrected soon,
ie 'll mount us to the Moon.
ar him say—" For mercy's sake
tongue—my love and fame 's at

d me—diffident—distrest!
ake my woes a jest:
l—but why should I distrust?
s merciful as just;
l, have oft their friendship try'd,
tion is my boast—my pride."
ise, he form'd this bustling plan;
! 'tis all the moderns can:
scape, let Love and Fame survive,
sanction keep his scenes alive;
applaud we will exempt)
ardling in this hard attempt.
p to an illustrious theme,
upon the register of Fame
eyond the warmest lays!
int, when 'tis a G—nby's praise.

OGUE TO RULE A WIFE.

OKEN AT EDINBURGH.

rait that the poet drew!
lar he sets in view!
ink Heaven—the character 's un-

tive faculties we own)
s a picture from his brain,
e lady liv'd in Spain.
portrait with the sex compare,
v honours to the northern fair;
the foil, conspicuous made,
brighter from contrasting shade.
: rules our fathers form'd of old,
antiquated maxims hold;
n assert superior sway,
the angel sex obey?
o partake the throne,
: reins of power his own?
t 's gracious—that 's polite!
ty have equal right)
et, though from Fletcher's school,
and has a right to rule.
l medium may be hit,
overns, but where both submit.
rch with decent brightness burns,
female condescend by turns;
phrase, the horrid text amend,
obey,——be condescend.

A PROLOGUE,

ON REVIVING THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, AT THE TIME THE BILL HAD PASSED FOR NATURALIZING THE JEWS.

'Twixt the sons of the stage, without pensions or places,
And the vagabond Jews, are some similar cases;
Since time out of mind, or they 're wrong'd much by slander,
Both lawless, alike, have been sentenc'd to wander;
Then faith 'tis full time we appeal to the nation,
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on;
Lard, that word 's so uncouth!—'tis so irksome to speak it! [take it.
But 'tis Hebrew, I believe, and that 's taste, as I
Well—now to the point—I 'm sent here with commission,
To present this fair circle our humble petition:
But, conscious what hopes we should have of succeeding,
Without (as they phrase it) sufficiently bleeding;
And convinc'd we 've no funds, nor old gold we can rake up,
Like our good fathers—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob;
We must frankly confess we have nought to present ye,
But Shakspeare's old sterling—pray let it content ye.
This Shylock, the Jew, whom we mean to restore ye,
Was naturaliz'd oft by your fathers before ye;
Then take him to night to your kindest compassion,
For to countenance Jews is the pink of the fashion.

A PROLOGUE,

FOR SOME COUNTRY LADS, PERFORMING THE DEVIL OF A WIFE, IN THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

In days of yore, when round the jovial board,
With harmless mirth, and social plenty stor'd,
Our parent Britons quaff'd their nut-brown ale,
And carols sung, or told the Christmas tale;
In struts St. George, old England's champion knight,
With hasty steps, impatient to recite
" How he had kill'd the dragon, once in fight."
From ev'ry side—from Troy—from ancient Greece,
Princes pour in to swell the motley piece;
And while their deeds of prowess they rehearse,
The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verse.
Intent to raise this evening's cordial mirth,
Like theirs, our simple stage-play comes to birth.
Our want of art we candidly confess,
But give you Nature in her homespun dress;
No heroes here—no martial men of might!
A cobler is the champion of to night;
His strap, more fam'd than George's lance of old,
For it can tame that dragoness, a scold:
Indulgent, then, support the cobler's cause,
And though he may n't deserve it, smile applause.

A PROLOGUE,

ON OPENING THE NEW THEATRE IN NEWCASTLE, 1766.

If to correct the follies of mankind,
To mend the morals—to enlarge the mind,
To strip the self-deceiving passions bare,
With honest mirth to kill an evening's care;

If these kind motives can command applause,
For these the motley stage her curtain draws.
Does not the poet, that exists by praise,
Like to be told that he has reach'd the bays?
Is not the wretch (still trembling for his store)
Pleas'd when he grasps a glitt'ring thousand more?
Cheers not the mariner propitious seas?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees?
Lives not the lover but in hopes of bliss?
To ev'ry question we'll reply with—yes.
Suppose them gratified—their full delight
Falls short of ours on this auspicious night;
When rich in happiness—in hopes elate,
Taste has receiv'd us to our fav'rite seat.
O that the soul of action were but ours,
And the vast energy of vocal powers!
That we might make a grateful off'ring, fit
For these kind judges that in candour sit.
Before such judges, we confess with dread,
These new dominions we presume to tread;
Yet if you smile, we 'll boldly do our best,
And leave your favours to supply the rest.

AN INTRODUCTION,

SPOKE AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND, TO A PLAY PERFORMED THERE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THAT PLACE.

On widows—orphans—left, alas! forlorn,
(From the rack'd heart its every comfort torn)
Humanity, to night, confers relief,
And softens, though she can't remove their grief:
Blasted her hopes, her expectations kill'd,
The sons of Sympathy (with sorrow chill'd)
Behold the wretched matron—madly weep,
And hear her cry—"My joys are in the deep!"
To the tremendous Power that rules mankind,
Lord of the seas—the calm and boist'rous wind,
We bow, obedient, and with awe resign'd.
His ways, inscrutable, we can't explore,
No—we may wonder, but we must adore.
Happy, for ever, be the generous breast,
That feels compassion for the poor distrest;
Happy the hand that stops the sufferer's tear!
Such hands there are, and such, we find, are here.

AN ELEGIAC ODE

ON THE

DEATH OF HIS LATE MAJESTY.

Pallida mos æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
Regumque turres. Horace.

England! thy Genius, vested like Despair,
With loud distress alarms the chalky shore:
"Britons!" he cries, and rends his hoary hair,
"Britons! your much-lov'd monarch is no more!"

The sea-gods from their pearl-embroider'd beds,
Who to great George the green dominion gave,
No longer lift their coral-crowned heads,
But dive distress'd beneath the trembling wave.

Hark, how the winds, erst bounteous to his will,
That bore his thund'ring fleets to Gallia's shore,
Pause,—for a while, pathetically still,
Then let their sorrows burst in pealy roar.

The nymphs that in the sacred groves preside,
Where Britain's conqu'ring oaks eternal spring
In their embrown'd retreats their sorrows hide,
And silent mourn the venerable king.

Tenants of liberty, on Britain's plain,
With flocks enrich'd, a vast unnumber'd store!
'Tis gone, the mighty George's golden reign;
Your Pan, your great protector is no more!

The British swains, e'er whiles a blithsome throng
No more in Laughter's band, to revel been!
No more the shepherd tunes his cheerful song,
Or dances sportful on the dew-dress'd green.

Beauty, no more the toy of fashion wears,
(So late by love's designful labour drest;)
But from her brow the lustr'd diamond tears,
And with the sable cypress veils her breast.

Religion, lodg'd high on her pious pile,
Laments the fading state of crowns below;
While Melancholy fills the vaulted isle
With the slow music of heart-wounding woe.

See the detestful owl, ill-omen'd, rise!
Dragg'd, by Despair, from her sequestr'd cell;
And, by the discord of shrill shrieking cries,
Doubling the horrours of the deep-ton'd bell.

The choral Muses droop! their harps unstrung,
The lutes and laurel wreaths neglected fall!
Commerce—bestill'd her many-nation'd tongue,
Whilom so busy in her bustling hall[1]!

Behold the Virtues rang'd, a sorrowing band!
They mourn their king with grief dejected eye,
See Art and sister Science, weeping stand!
For, ah! their patron, their defender dies;

On Conquest's cheek see how the roses fail!
Grief makes, alas! the fairest blossoms bow!
And Honour's fire ethereal burns but pale,
That erst beam'd glorious on our George's brow.

The dreary paths of unrelenting Fate,
Must monarchs, mix'd with common mortals, try!
Is there no refuge for the good and great?
And must the gracious and the godlike die?

Must gilded courts be chang'd for Horrour's cave!
And sceptor'd kings, who keep the world in awe,
Conquer'd by time, and the unpitying grave,
Scarce sav'd their laurels from its rig'rous law!

Search where fell Carnage rag'd with rigour steel'd,
Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning, rag;
And say, when you've bewept the blood-stain'd field,
Which is the monarch? which the common man?

The Macedonian monarch[2], wise and good,
Bade (when the morning's rosy reign began)
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
"Philip, remember thou 'rt no more than man."

[1] The hall of commerce, the Royal Exchange.

[2] Philip, king of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great, appointed the pages of his chamber to remind him every morning, that, notwithstand-

glory spread thy name from pole to pole,
thou art merciful, and brave, and just,
lect thou 'rt posting to the goal,
mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust."

a ayails Ambition's wide-stretch'd wing!
hoolman's page, or pride of beauty's
bloom!
-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
promiscuous in the levelling tomb.

a [3], for arts and arms renown'd,
rians and Egyptians both subdu'd;
, with imperial triumphs crown'd,
when the perishable pomp he view'd.

: rode, high on his regal car,
he purple pride of Conquest drest,
ms o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
on a pendant spear his burial vest.

s the herald cry'd, "This son of Pow'r,
ladin, to whom the nations bow'd,
he space of a revolving hour,
f no other spoil but yonder shroud."

eep statesman, skill'd in great design,
or the smallest space, precarious breath?
n'd follower of the sacred Nine,
with his melody, the tyrant Death?

igh the palace bar her golden gate,
narchs plant ten thousand guards around,
and unseen, the shaft of Fate
the devoted victim to the ground.

ent retir'd, or battle's rage,
ia's sighs shall reach great Fred'ric's[4] ear;
p the sword, or shut the sophic page,
nsive pay the tributary tear.

ll the monarch weigh the moral thought,
laments the parent, friend, ally,)
nn truth, by sage Reflection taught,
pite of glory, Fred'ric's self must die.

ike the glow-worm's scarce distinguish'd
light,
hort moment glance their twinkling fires,
: 's a deathless wreath, divinely bright,
more than diamond lustre, ne'er expires.

he starry meed that Virtue ty'd
er own hands on George's gracious brow;
hall its golden beams abide,
a the bright Sun should from its orbit bow.

e sacred gift to kings confin'd,
etch, to fortune, friends, and fame unknown,
weet piety adorn his mind,
to the highest step of Glory's throne.

lory and power, he was no more than a
rtal man.
din, a famous eastern emperor, in his
nt return from the most remarkable con-
ad a shroud carried before him, while
tion was made, That the victor, after all
, could lay real claim to nothing but that
linen to wrap his body in for the tomb.
eric, king of Prussia.

The parent's face Apelles[5] prudent hides,
While Death devours the darling of his age:
Nature the pencil'd stroke of art derides,
When grief distracts with agonizing rage.

Then let the Muse her sablest curtain spread,
By Sorrow taught her nerveless pow'r to know:
When nations cry, their king, their parent's dead,
The rest is dumb, unutterable woe.

Mercy, co-partner of great George's throne,
Through the embrighted air ascendant flies,
Duteous, the peace-bestowing maid is flown
To smooth his halcyon progress to the skies.

But see a sacred radiance beams around!
That with returning hope a people cheers!
Behold you youth, with grace imperial crown'd,
How awful! yet how lovely in his tears!

Mark how his bosom heaves the filial sigh!
He droops distress'd like a fair frost-chill'd flower,
Till Glory, from her radiant sphere on high,
Hails him to hold the reins of regal Power.

The sainted sire to realms of bliss remov'd,
Like the fam'd phenix from his pyre shall spring
Another George, as gracious, as belov'd,
As good, and glorious, as the parent king.

HORACE. ODE X. BOOK IV.

IMITATED.

Chloe, my most tender care,
Always coy, and always fair,
Should unwish'd-for languor spread
O'er that beauteous white and red;
Should these locks, that sweetly play
Down these shoulders, fall away,
And that lovely bloom, that glows
Fairer than the fairest rose,
Should it fade, and leave thy face
Spoil'd of every killing grace:
Should your glass the charge betray,
Thus, my fair, you 'd weeping say,
"Cruel gods! does beauty fade?
Now warm desires my breast invade;
And why, while blooming youth did glow,
Was this heart as cold as snow?"

SENT TO MISS BELL H——,

WITH A PAIR OF BUCKLES.

Happy trifles, can ye bear
Sighs of fondness to the fair;
If your pointed tongues can tell,
How I love my charming Bell?
Fondly take a lover's part,
Plead the anguish of my heart.

[5] Apelles finding it impossible to express with his pencil the distress of Agamemnon, while his daughter Iphigenia was offered as a sacrifice, painted him with a veil spread over his face.

Go—ye trifles—gladly fly,
(Gracious in my fair-one's eye)
Fly—your envy'd bliss to meet;
Fly, and kiss the charmer's feet.
Happy there, with waggish play,
Though you revel day by day,
Like the donor, ev'ry night,
(Robb'd of his supreme delight)
To subdue your wanton pride,
Useless, you 'll be thrown aside.

TO CHLOE,

ON A CHARGE OF INCONSTANCY.

How can Chloe think it strange,
Time should make a lover change?
Time brings all things to an end,
Courage can't the blow defend.
See, the proud aspiring oak
Falls beneath the fatal stroke:
If on Beauty's cheek he preys,
Straight the rosy bloom decays:
Joy puts out his lambent fires,
And at Time's approach—expires.
How can Chloe think it strange,
Time should make a lover change?

INCANTATION.

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND, IN A NEW PANTOMIME.

RECITATIVE.—HECATE.

From the dark, tremendous cell,
Where the fiends of magic dwell,
Now the Sun hath left the skies,
Daughters of Enchantment, rise.

AIR.

[*The Witches appear.*

Welcome from the shades beneath!
Welcome to the blasted heath!
Where the spectre and the sprite
Glide along the glooms of night.
Beldams!—with attention keen,
Wait the wish of Harlequin:
Many a wonder must be done
For my first, my fav'rite son.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Many a wonder shall be done,
Hecate, for your fav'rite son.

FORTUNE TO HARLEQUIN.

IN A PANTOMIME.

From my favour, sense rejected,
Fools by Fortune are protected:
Fortune, Harlequin, hath found you,
Happiness will hence surround you.
Should a thousand ills enclose you,
Quick contrivance this [1] bestows you!
Valour makes the fair adore you;
This [2] shall drive your foes before you.

Gold 's the mighty source of pleasure!
Take this purse of magic treasure;
Go—for while my gifts befriend you,
Joy and jollity attend you.

ACROSTIC.

" P-ray tell me," says Venus, one day
Graces,
(O-n a visit they came, and had just ta'
" L-et me know why of late I can ne'er s
faces:
L-adies, nothing, I hope, happen'd here to
Y-ou've had compliment cards ev'ry day
ye."

S-ays Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious
ing, [a-br
" U-uderhand, dear mamma, there 's some
T-here 's a fair-one at Lincoln, so finish'd a
T-hat your loves and your graces all swe
their duty." [thus
" O-n my life," says dame Venus, " I 'll
N-ow I think on 't, last night, some one c
Miss Sutton."

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. SLEI

OF STOCKTON.

Much lov'd, much honour'd, much la
Sleigh!
The kindred Virtues had expir'd with thee,
Were it ordain'd the daughters of the sky,
Like the frail offspring of the Earth, could
Trembling they stand at thy too early doo
And mingling tears to consecrate thy tomb.

ACROSTIC.

W-here no ripen'd summer glows,
I-n the lap of northern snows;
D-eserts gloomy, cold, and drear,
(O-nly let the nymph be there)
W-reaths of budding sweets would wear.

M-ay would every fragrance bring,
A-ll the vernal bloom of spring:
D-ryads, deck'd with myrtles green,
D-ancing, would attend their queen:
E-very flower that Nature spreads,
R-ising where the charmer treads!

ON THE DEATH OF LORD GRAN

For private loss the lenient tear may flow,
And give a short, (perhaps) a quick relie
While the full heart, o'ercharg'd with publi
Must labour through a long, protracted

A hat. A sword.

roke ('twas like the lightning's blast)
Albion can't enough deplore;
, think on all his triumphs past,
—your warrior is——alas! no more.

: told, respects the conq'ror's tree,
h the laurel grove with caution flies:
ıow vain must that assertion be,
ı laurels when a Granby dies!

'E DEATH OF MR. ———

OF SUNDERLAND.

Sorrow,—go attending sighs,
ıe natives of the northern shore,
' lov'd, the man they honour'd, dies,
y's first steward—is no more.

he poor a friendly patron find?
elieve them from their loads of pain?
ft a feeling heart behind,
—good—so tenderly humane?

rvives his darling offspring—young,
paths of Virtue, steady—sure!
. lesson from his parent's tongue,
) remember) think upon my poor."

A PETITION

IPFUL FREE MASONS, DELIVERED FROM THE LADY, AT A COMEDY COUNTENANCED BY UNITY.

is bold to interrupt your meeting,
female world I wait you—greeting:
[*Curtsies.*
can advance a thousand reasons,
ıem hope to be received as Masons:
ret,—not one hint expressing,
ngue—O husbands, there's a blessing!
ns the Mason's sole foundation,
he fair be barr'd from—installation?
e us weak, indeed you wrong us;
pphos too, you'll find among us;
ers—think, and graciously admit us;
sirs, we 'll gloriously acquit us:
ıer, and more cautious, teach us,
ne that your instructions reach us:
late, and every foul miscarriage,
ı the sphere of modern marriage,
(if I 've a grain of penetration)
eat lady's not being made a Mason.
en, to brotherhood receive us,
re're convinc'd, will never leave us.

AN ODE

BIRTH DAY OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

, virumquè cano. Virg.

RECIT.

s than the comet's blaze,
the starry region strays;
From Zembla to the torrid zone,
The mighty name of Prussia's known.

AIR.

Be banish'd from the books of Fame,
Ye deeds in distant ages done;
Lost and inglorious is the name
Of Hannibal, or Philip's son:
Could Greece, or conquering Carthage sing
A hero great as Prussia's king!

Where restless Envy can't explore,
Or flatter'd Hope presume to fly;
Fate bade victorious Fred'ric soar,
For laurels that can never die.
Could Greece, &c.

His rapid bolts tremendous break,
Through nations arm'd in dread array,
Swift as the furious blasts that shake
The bosom of the frighted sea.
Could Greece, &c.

In vain, to shake the throne of Jove,
With impious rage, the giants try'd;
'Gainst Fred'ric's force the nations strove
In vain—their haughty legions dy'd.
Could Greece, &c.

While Prudence guides his chariot wheels,
Through Virtue's sacred paths they roll;
Immortal Truth his bosom steels,
And guards him glorious to the goal.
Could Greece, &c.

The vengeful lance Britannia wields,
In consort with her brave ally,
Saves her fair roses in the fields,
Where Gaul's detested lilies die.
Wreaths of eternal friendship spring,
'Twixt mighty George and Prussia's king.

The jocund bowl let Britons raise,
And crown the jovial board with mirth;
Fill—to great Frederic's length of days,
And hail the hero's glorious birth—
Could Greece, or conquering Carthage sing
A chieftain fam'd like Prussia's king?

AN ODE,

COMPOSED FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE LATE GENERAL LORD BLAKENEY.

The Muses' harps, by Concord strung!
Loud let them strike the festal lay,
Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongue,
To hail her hero's natal day.
Arise, paternal glory rise,
And lift your Blakeney to the skies!

Behold his warlike banners wave!
Like Britain's oak the hero stands:
The shield—the shelter of the brave!
The guardian o'er the British bands;
Arise, paternal, &c.

He wrests the wreath from Richlieu's [1] brows,
Which Fraud or Faction planted there;
France to the gallant hero bows,
And Europe's chiefs his name revere.
Arise, paternal, &c.

With partial conquest on their side!
The sons of Gaul—a pageant crew!
Rank, but inglorious in their pride,
To Blakeney, and his vanquish'd few.
Arise, paternal, &c.

Hibernia [2], with maternal care,
His labour'd statue lifts on high:
Be partial, Time!—the trophy spare,
That Blakeney's name may never die!
Arise, paternal glory, rise!
And lift your Blakeney to the skies!

ON A VERY YOUNG LADY.

See how the buds and blossoms shoot:
How sweet will be the summer fruit!
Let us behold the infant rose;
How fragrant when its beauty blows!
The morning smiles, serenely gay;
How bright will be the promis'd day!
Contemplate next the charming maid,
In early innocence array'd!
If, in the morning of her years,
A lustre so intense appears,
When time shall point her noon-tide rays,
When her meridian charms shall blaze,
None but the eagle-ey'd must gaze.

A SONNET:

ADDRESSED TO MISS S———.

When Flora decks the mantling bowers,
In elegant array,
And scatters all her opening flowers,
A compliment to May!
With glowing joy my bosom beats;
I gaze delighted round,
And wish to see the various sweets
In one rich nosegay bound.
'Tis granted—and their bloom display'd,
To bless my wond'ring view;
I see them all—my beauteous maid,
I see them all in—you.

ANACREON. ODE V.

IMITATED.

THE ROSE.

Shed roses in the sprightly juice,
Prepar'd for every social use!
So shall the earthly nectar prove
A draught for all-imperial Jove.
Ourselves, with rosy chaplets bound,
Shall sing, and set the goblet round.

Thee, ever gentle Rose, we greet;
We worship thee, delicious sweet!
For though by mighty gods caress'd,
You deign to make us mortals blest.
The Cupids, and the Graces fair,
With myrtle sprigs adorn their hair;
And nimbly strike celestial ground,
Eternal roses blooming round.
Bring us more sweets, ere these expire,
And reach me that harmonious lyre;
Gay Bacchus, Jove's convivial son,
Shall lead us to his fav'rite ton:
Among the sporting youths and maids,
Beneath the vine's auspicious shades,
For ever young—for ever gay,
We 'll dance the jovial hours away.

MOSCHUS. IDYLLIUM VII.

(AS TRANSLATED BY DR. BROOME.)

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Hail, golden star, of ray serene!
Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian queen!
O Hesper! glory of the night,
Diffusing through the gloom, delight!
Whose beams, all other stars outshine,
As much as silver Cynthia, thine:
O guide me, speeding o'er the plain,
To him I love, my shepherd swain;
He keeps the mirthful feast, and soon
Dark shades will cloud the splendid Moon.
Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,
Nor the lone traveller of gold:
Love is my crime: O! lend thy ray
To guide a lover on her way.
May the bright star of Venus prove
The gentle harbinger of Love!

*** To this Idyllium (translated by Dr. Broome) the author owns himself indebted for a hint, from which the following Pastoral proceeds.

A PASTORAL.

Where the fond Zephyr through the woodbine plays,
And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling bow'r,
Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays
Impatient—for 'tis past—the promis'd hour!

Lend me thy light, O ever-sparkling star!
Bright Hesper! in thy glowing pomp array'd,
Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,
And beam protection on a wand'ring maid.

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,
And pass, unnotic'd, from malignant sight,
This dreary waste, full resolute I try,
And trust my footsteps to the shades of night.

The Moon has slipp'd behind an envious cloud,
Her smiles, so gracious, I no longer view;
Let her remain behind that envious shroud,
My hopes, bright Hesperus, depend on you.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast;
I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee:
Hear, then, what Love and Innocence request,
And shed your kindest influence on me.

[1] Richlieu, commander of the expedition against Port Mahon.

[2] A statue was erected in Dublin to the memory of general Blakeney, who was a native of Ireland.

enus loves—first twinkler of the sky,
ırt her star—in golden radiance gay!
istresses cast a pitying eye,
me—for, alas! I've lost my way.

darling of my soul—my love!
sion can't the mighty rapture tell:
me to the bosom of the grove:
, gentle star—kind Hesperus, farewell!

TO CHLOE,

IN AN ILL HUMOUR.

sweet maid, and endeavour
quer that pride in thy breast;
n haughty behaviour
off thy charms to the best.

, when calm, may delight you,
uld a bold tempest arise,
s enrag'd would affright you:
ojects of awful surprise!

when good humour diffuses
as o'er the face of a fair;
ure his heart a man loses,
rowns turn love to despair.

EPIGRAMS, &c.

AN EPIGRAM.

of the modern great
awney with his budget,
as in a car of state,
er forc'd to trudge it.

y shall receive the praise
hip would parade for;
or for his dapple greys,
ner's shoes are paid for.

ANOTHER.

ll, whose eyes were just closing in death,
nted the chalks on the door;
" cry'd the wretch, " let me give up my
: will soon rub out my score." [breath,

iliffs," cries Doll, " (how I 'll hamper
aw be no longer delay'd, [this cheat!)
: heard of that fellow call'd Fate,
l—d he sha'n't die till I 'm paid."

N MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

Richard, " Churchill 's dead;"
ard, " Tom, you lie,
r the report hath spread,
s cannot die."

A POSTSCRIPT.

st Tom G——d! get rid of a scold,
e, the plague of his life!
to take down his lion of gold,
up his brazen-fac'd wife.

l of the Golden Lion, an inn in York-

EPIGRAPH FOR DEAN SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

EXECUTED BY MR. P. CUNNINGHAM, STATUARY IN DUBLIN.

Say, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None—'tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

EPIGRAM.

Could Kate for Dick compose the Gordian string,
The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring!
A loving wife, obedient to her vows,
Is bound in duty to exalt her spouse.

APOLLO TO MR. C—— F,——

ON HIS BEING SATIRIZED BY AN IGNORANT PERSON.

Whether he 's worth your spleen or not,
You 've ask'd me to determine:
I wish my friend a nobler lot
Than that of trampling vermin.

A blockhead can't be worth our care,
Unless that we 'd befriend him:
As you 've some common sense to spare,
I 'll pay what you may lend him.

ON SEEING J. C——FT, ESQ. ABUSED IN A NEWSPAPER.

When a wretch to public notice
Would a man of worth defame;
Wit, as threadbare as his coat is,
Only shows his want of shame.

Busy, pert, unmeaning parrot!
Vilest of the venal crews!
Go—and in your Grub-street garret,
Hang yourself and paltry Muse.

Pity too the meddling sinner
Should for hunger hang or drown:
F——x, (he must not want a dinner)
Send the scribbler half a crown.

VERSES,

WRITTEN ABOUT THREE WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Dear lad, as you run o'er my rhyme,
And see my long name at the end,
You 'll cry—" And has Cunningham time
To give so much verse to his friend?"

'Tis true, the reproof (though severe)
Is just from the letters I owe;
But blameless I still may appear,
For nonsense is all I bestow.

However, for better for worse,
As Damons their Chloes receive,
Ev'n take the dull lines I rehearse—
They 're all a poor friend has to give.

The Drama and I have shook hands,
We 've parted, no more to engage;
Submissive I met her commands—
For nothing can cure me of age.

My sunshine of youth is no more!
My mornings of pleasure are fled!
'Tis painful my fate to endure—
A pension supplies me with bread!

Dependant at length on the man
Whose fortunes I struggled to raise!
I conquer my pride as I can—
His charity merits my praise!

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the supply—
His kindness exceeds my desert,
And often suppresses a sigh.

But like the old horse in the song,
I 'm turn'd on the common to graze—
To Fortune these changes belong,
And contented I yield to her ways!

She ne'er was my friend; through the day
Her smiles were the smiles of deceit—
At noon she 'd her favours display,
And at night let me pine at her feet.

No longer her presence I court,
No longer I shrink at her frowns!
Her whimsies supply me with sport—
And her smiles I resign to the clowns!

Thus lost to each worldly desire,
And scorning all riches—all fame,
I quietly hope to retire
When Time shall the summons proclaim.

I 've nothing to weep for behind!
To part with my friends is the worst!
Their numbers, I grant, are confin'd;
But you are, still, one of the first.

THE

POEMS

OF

JAMES GRAINGER, M.D.

THE

LIFE OF GRAINGER,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

AMES GRAINGER was born at Dunse, a small town in the southern part of Scotland, out the year 1723. His father, a native of Cumberland, and once a man of considerable operty, had removed to Dunse, on the failure of some speculations in mining, d there filled a post in the excise.

His son, the subject of this memoir, after receiving such education as his native place forded, went to Edinburgh, where he was apprenticed to Mr. Lawder, a surgeon, d had an opportunity of studying the various branches of medical science, which ere then begun to be taught by the justly celebrated founders of the school of edicine in that city.

Having qualified himself for such situations as are attainable by young men whose rcumstances do not permit them to wait the slow returns of medical practice at home, first served as surgeon to lieut.-general Pulteney's regiment of foot, during e rebellion (of 1745) in Scotland, and afterwards went in the same capacity to ermany, where that regiment composed part of the army under the earl of Stair. 'ith the reputation and interest which his skill and learning procured abroad, he came ver to England at the peace of Aix la Chapelle, sold his commission, and entered upon ractice, as a physician, in London.

In 1753, he published the result of his experience in some diseases of the army, in a lume, written in Latin, entitled *Historia Febris Anomalæ Batavæ annorum* 1746, '47, 1748, &c. In this work he appears to advantage as an acute observer of the enomena of disease, and as a man of general learning, but what accession he had been le to make to the stock of medical knowledge was unfortunately anticipated in sir hn Pringle's recent and very valuable work on the diseases of the army.

During his residence in London, his literary talents introduced him to the acquaintance f many men of genius, particularly of Shenstone, Dr. Percy, now bishop of Dromore, lover, Dr. Johnson, sir Joshua Reynolds, and others who, by Mr. Boswell's compreensive biography, are now known to have composed Dr. Johnson's society, and it is o small praise that every member of it regarded Dr. Grainger with affection.

He was first known as a poet by his Ode on Solitude, which has been

praised, and never beyond its merits, but professional success is seldom promoted by the reputation of genius. Grainger's practice was insufficient to employ his days or to provide for them, and he is said to have accepted the office of tutor to a young gentleman who settled an annuity upon him: nor did he disdain such literary employment as the booksellers suggested. Smollet, in the course of a controversy which will be noticed hereafter, accuses him of working for bread in the lowest employments of literature, and at the lowest prices. This, if it be not the loose assertion of a calumniator, may perhaps refer to the assistance he gave in preparing the second volume of Maitland's History of Scotland, in which he was employed by Andrew Millar, who has seldom been accused of bargaining with authors for the lowest prices. Maitland had left materials for the volume, and as Grainger's business was to arrange them, and continue the work as nearly as possible in Maitland's manner and style, much fame could not result from his best endeavours.

In 1758, he published a translation of the Elegies of Tibullus, begun during the hours he snatched from business or pleasure, when in the army; and finished in London, where he had more leisure, and the aid and encouragement of his literary friends. This work involved him in the unpleasant contest with Smollet to which we have just referred. Its merits were canvassed in the Critical Review with much severity. The notes are styled "a huge farrago of learned lumber, jumbled together to very little purpose, seemingly calculated to display the translator's reading, rather than to illustrate the sense and beauty of the original." The Life of Tibullus, which the translator prefixed, is said to contain "very little either to inform, interest, or amuse the reader." With respect to the translation, "the author has not found it an easy task to preserve the elegance and harmony of the original." Instances of harshness and inelegance are quoted, as well as of the use of words which are not English, or not used by good writers, as *noiseless*, *redoubtable*, *feud*, *&c.* The author is likewise accused of deviating not only from the meaning, but from the figures of the original.

Of these objections some are groundless and some are just, yet even the latter are by no means characteristic of the whole work, but *exceptions*, which a critic of more candour would have had a right to state, after he had bestowed the praise due to its general merit. In this review, however, although unqualified censure was all the critic had in view, no personal attack is made on the author, nor are there any allusions to his situation in life.

This appeared in the Critical Review for December 1758. In the subsequent number for January 1759, the reviewer takes an opportunity, as if answering a correspondent, to retract his objection against the word *noiseless*, because it is found in Shakspeare, but observes very fairly that the authority of Shakspeare or Milton will not justify an author of the present times for introducing harsh or antiquated words. He acknowledges himself likewise to blame in having omitted to consult the *errata* subjoined (prefixed) to Dr. Grainger's performance, where some things are corrected which the reviewer mentioned as inaccuracies in the body of the work. But this acknowledgment, so apparently candid, is immediately followed by a wretched attempt at wit, in these words:

"Whereas one of the owls belonging to the proprietor of the M(on)thly R(evie)w, which answers to the name of Grainger, hath suddenly broke from his mew, where he used to hoot in darkness and peace, and now screeches openly in the face of day, we shall take the first opportunity to chastise this troublesome owl, and drive him back to his original obscurity."

The allusion here is to Dr. Grainger's Letter to Tobias Smollett, M. D. occasioned by his criticism on a late translation of Tibullus, a performance some parts of which every friend to the author must wish had not been published. In this letter, however, Grainger, after quoting a passage from the plan or prospectus of the Critical Review, in which the authors promise to revive the true spirit of criticism, to act without prejudice, &c. &c. endeavours to prove, that they have forfeited their word, by notoriously departing from the spirit of just and candid criticism, by introducing gross partialities and malevolent censures. And these assertions, which are certainly not without foundation, are intermixed with reflections on Dr. Smollett's loose novels, and insinuations that his partialities arise from causes not very honourable to the character of an independent reviewer.

But whatever truth may be in all this, the letter was an unwise and hasty production, written in the moment of the strongest irritation. The review appeared in December, and the letter in January. There was no time to cool, and I suspect, no opportunity taken of consulting his friends, who could have told him that nothing was to be gained by an exchange of personalities with Smollett. The latter required no great length of time or consideration to prepare an answer, which appeared accordingly in the review for February, and in which every insinuation or accusation is introduced that could tend to lessen Dr. Grainger in the eyes of the public, both as a writer and as a man. Yet the objections which Grainger took are by no means satisfactorily answered, and the review is still liable to the suspicion of partiality. No reader of candour, or of taste, can peruse the translation, without allowing that the author deserved praise not only for the attempt but for the elegant manner in which he has, in general, transmitted the tender sentiments of Tibullus into our language. But this the reviewer has wholly overlooked, confining himself to the censure of a few defects, part of which he has not proved to be so, and part were typographical errours.

It has been supposed that some personal animosity prompted Smollett to such hostility, but of what nature, or excited by what provocation, is not known. All we can learn from the letter and the answer is, that the parties were once upon friendly terms, but that mutual respect had now ceased. One circumstance, indeed, we find, which may account for much of Smollet's animosity. He supposed Grainger to be one of the Monthly reviewers, and this was provocation enough to the mind of a man who from the commencement of the Critical Review took every opportunity, whether in his way or not, of reviling the proprietor and writers of that journal. As the latter seldom deigned to notice these attacks, no better reason, I am afraid, can be assigned for Smollett's conduct than the jealousy of rival merit and success, in both which respects the Monthly Review had a decided superiority.

Whether Grainger was a Monthly reviewer is not an unimportant question to one who is collecting the materials of his literary life; yet his biographers have hastily subscribed to Smollett's assertion without examining the Review in question. The article of his Tibullus in the Monthly Review may convince any person that Grainger could have little or no interest or influence with the proprietors. Although written with the decency and urbanity which distinguished that journal, it has nothing of partiality or kindness; the reader is left to judge from the specimens extracted, and what praise we find is bestowed with that faint reluctance, which is more blasting to the hopes of an author than open hostility.—Even the opinion of the Monthly reviewer on Grainger's Letter to Smollett, is expressed with the brevity of one who wishes not to interfere in the contest. "Dr.

Although it is impossible to deny Grainger the credit of poetical genius, it must e be regretted that where he wished most to excel, he was most unfortunate in the cho of a subject. The effect of his Sugar-Cane, either as to pleasure or utility, must local. Connected as an English merchant may be with the produce of the West Indi it will not be easy to persuade the reader of English poetry to study the cultivation the sugar-plant, merely that he may add some new imagery to the more ample sto which he can contemplate without study or trouble. In the West Indies this po might have charms, if readers could be found; but what poetical fancy can dwell the economy of canes and copper-boilers, or find interest in the transactions of plant and sugar-brokers?

His invocations to his Muse are so frequent and abrupt, that "the assembled wits sir Joshua Reynolds's" might have found many passages as ludicrous as that whi excited their mirth. The solemnity of these invocations excites expectation which ge rally ends in disappointment, and at best the reader's attention is bespoke without bei rewarded. He is induced to look for something grand, and is told of a contrivan for destroying monkies, or a recipe to poison rats. He smiles to find the sla called by the happy poetical name of *swains*, and the planters urged to devotion!

The images in this poem are in general low, and the allusions, where the poet woul be minutely descriptive, descend to things little and familiar. Yet this is in some me sure forced upon him. His Muse sings of matters so new and uncouth to her, that i is impossible "her heavenly plumes" should escape being "soiled." What Muse, i deed, could give a receipt for a compost of "weeds, mould, dung, and stale," or lively description of the symptoms and cure of the yaws, and preserve her elegance purity?

But what lessens the respect of the reader for the poem in general, is the object often repeated, so unpoetical and unphilosophical, *wealth*. Yet this, too, is a nece sary evil arising from the choice of subject, for although our author frequently says,

..... the planter, if he wealth desire .....

it would be difficult to find many instances of planters who desired any thing else. I all his appeals to that class on the treatment of slaves, he has no persuasion more stro than self-interest, and he has no consolation to give the slaves, but that, in his opinio they are happier than those who dig the mines.

Where, however, he quits the plain track of mechanical instructions, we have m of those effusions of fancy which will yet preserve this poem in our collections. T description of the hurricane and of the earthquake are truly grand, and heightened b circumstances of horrour that are new to Europeans. The episode of Montano, in th first book, arrests the attention very forcibly, and many of the occasional reflectio are elegant and pathetic; nor ought the tale of Junio and Theana to be omitted in a li of the beauties of this poem.

The Ode to Solitude, already noticed, and the ballad of Bryan and Pereene, a sufficient to attest our author's claim to poetical honours. The translation of Tibull which is added to the present collection, will give equal proofs of classical taste a learning.

POEMS

OF

JAMES GRAINGER, M. D.

SOLITUDE.

AN ODE.

DE, romantic maid,
· by nodding towers you tread,
desert's trackless gloom,
the yawning tomb,
Andes' clifted side,
e's coy source abide,
om your half-year's sleep,
iew the thawing deep,
ple dawn of day,
ble wastes survey [1];
e, again I woo,
'our steps pursue.

it himself surveying,
shadow playing,
elbowing Insolence,
ic, puff'd Pretence,
ough a trumpet speaks,
ud peals that breaks,
a fopling's face
me and place)
Dissension blowing,
-bred Flattery, bowing,
f neck, Grimace's leer,
nsure's artful sneer,
kins steep'd in blood,
ce, Solitude.

n bent with years,
ue void of fears,
e, wood-nymph shy,
ercing eye,
: on moss reclin'd,
t scans the mind,

Rapt earth-gazing Revery,
Blushing artless Modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air,
Full-ey'd Truth with bosom bare,
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

You with the tragic Muse retir'd [2]
The wise Euripides inspir'd,
You taught the sadly-pleasing air
That Athens sav'd from ruins bare [3].
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And unlock'd the springs of woe [4];
You penn'd what exil'd Naso thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you stray'd,
When Death snatch'd his long-lov'd maid [5];
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
You strew'd with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in Hagley you were seen [6],
With blood-shed eyes, and sombre mien,
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay
That wept Narcissa young and gay,
Darkness clapp'd her sable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful string,
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-fac'd Melancholy smil'd,
Drowsy Midnight ceas'd to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn,
Aside their harps ev'n seraphs flung
To hear the sweet Complaint, O Young [7].

When all Nature 's hush'd asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,

) the account of Palmyra, published
od and Dawkins, and the manner in
e struck at the sight of these mag-
y break of day.

[2] In the island of Salamis.
[3] See Plutarch in the life of Lysander.
[4] Simonides.
[5] Laura, twenty years, and ten after her death.
[6] Mason on the death of Mrs. [illegible]
[7] Night Thoughts.

Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men.
But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
By her dappled coursers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat
And the early huntsman meet,
Where as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heav'n-plum'd wings,
You mount, and Nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervours glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sun-burnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.
Till the tuneful bird of night,
From the neighb'ring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleas'd Echo to complain.

With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume,
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.

Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble;
Gold? a transient, shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man 's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your Sibyl grot repair,
On yon hanging cliff it stands
Scoop'd by Nature's salvage hands,
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress, not with age decay'd.
Where the owl still-hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I 'll sing,
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,
Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bounless microcosm 's thine.

Save me! what 's yon shrouded shade,
That wanders in the dark-brown glade?
It beckons me!—vain fears, adieu,
Mysterious ghost, I follow you.
Ah me! too well that gait I know,
My youth's first friend, my manhood's woe!
Its breast it bares! what! stain'd with blood?
Quick let me stanch the vital flood.
O spirit, whither art thou flown?
Why left me comfortless alone?
O Solitude, on me bestow
The heart-felt harmony of woe,
Such, such, as on th' Ausonian shore,
Sweet Dorian Moschus [8] trill'd of yore:

[8] See Idyll.

No time should cancel thy desert,
More, more, than Bion was [9], thou we

O goddess of the tearful eye [10],
The never-ceasing stream supply.
Let us with Retirement go
To charnels, and the house of woe,
O'er Friendship's herse low-drooping
Where the sickly tapers burn,
Where Death and nun-clad Sorrow d
And nightly ring the solemn knell.
The gloom dispels, the charnel smiles
Light flashes through the vaulted aile
Blow silky soft, thou western gale,
O goddess of the desert, hail!
She bursts from yon cliff-riven cave,
Insulted by the wintry wave;
Her brow an ivy-garland binds,
Her tresses wanton with the winds,
A lion's spoils, without a zone,
Around her limbs are careless thrown
Her right-hand wields a knotted mac
Her eyes roll wild, astride her pace;
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which she oft herself beholds.
O goddess of the desert, hail!
And softer blow, thou western gale!
Since in each scheme of life I 've fa
And dissappointment seems entail'd;
Since all on Earth I valued most,
My guide, my stay, my friend is lost
You, only you, can make me blest,
And hush the tempest in my breast.
Then gently deign to guide my feet
To your hermit-trodden seat,
Where I may live at last my own,
Where I at last may die unknown.
I spoke, she twin'd her magic ray,
And thus she said, or seem'd to say:
"Youth, you 're mistaken, if you think
In shades a med'cine for a troubled mind;
Wan Grief will haunt you wheresoe'er you
Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet fl
There pale Inaction pines his life away,
And, satiate, curses the return of day:
There naked Frenzy, laughing wild with p
Or bares the blade, or plunges in the mai
There Superstition broods o'er all her fear
And yells of demons in the Zephyr hears.
But if a hermit you 're resolv'd to dwell,
And bid to social life a last farewell;
'Tis impious——
God never made an independent man,
'Twould jar the concord of his general pla
See every part of that stupendous whole,
'Whose body Nature is, and God the soul
To one great end, the general good, consp
From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, fi
Should man through Nature solitary roam
His will his sovereign, every where his hor
What force would guard him from the lio
What swiftness wing him from the panthe
Or should Fate lead him to some safer sh
Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roa

[9] Alluding to the death of a friend.

[10] Dr. Grainger has here evidently l
from Dr. Warton's Ode to Fancy, which
lished several years before the present po

ɔeral Nature all her charms bestows,
e, birds sing, flowers bloom, and water flows,
t thou think he 'd revel on the store,
he care of Heav'n, nor ask for more?
waters flow'd, flowers bloom'd, and Phœbus
ione,
n, he 'd murmur that he was alone.
, the Maker on the human breast
f kindred, country, man, imprest;
l life to better, aid, adorn,
per faculties each mortal 's born.
gh Nature's works the ruling mind declare,
deserve inquiry's serious care,
(whate'er Misanthropy may say)
eams in man with most unclouded ray.
ots it thee to fly from pole to pole,
r the Sun, and with the planets roll?
ots through space's furthest bourns to roam,
O man, a stranger art at home?
w thyself, the human mind survey,
the pleasure will the toil repay.
spiration plans his manner'd lays,
omer's crown; and, Shakspeare, hence thy
ays.
, the pride of Athens, and the shame,
and wisest of mankind became.
y only, practise what you know,
, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
to's olive wreath the bays entwine:
o in study, should in practice shine.
s the learned lord of Hagley's shade [11],
an so much by mossy fountains laid,
arous'd, he stems Corruption's course,
tes the senate with a Tully's force?
eedom gasp'd beneath a Cæsar's feet,
blic Virtue might to shades retreat;
e she breathes, the least may useful be,
edom, Britain, still belongs to thee,
man's ungrateful, or though Fortune frown;
ward of worth a song, or crown?
unrecompens'd are Virtue's pains,
en [12] lives, and bounteous Brunswick reigns.
condition disappointments wait,
e hut, and force the guarded gate.
repine, though early Friendship bleed.
e, the world, and all its cares [illegible] fried.
, Adversity 's the child of God;
leaven approves of most, [illegible] feel her rod.
ooth old Ocean and each storm 's asleep.
nsance may plough the [illegible] deep;
the demons of the tempest rave.
st conduct the vessel through the wave.
, what good man [illegible]
ld not wish [illegible]
Virtue triumphs over Fate,
can [illegible]
his maxim [illegible]
ht of virtue [illegible]
when old age has [illegible] head,
emory fails, and [illegible] feet,
y [illegible] the [illegible]
r aloof the human [illegible]
I [illegible]
e pangs of age and [illegible]

d Lyttelton.
ph Allen, [illegible] of Bath.
[illegible] Sidney [illegible] in Tower Hill, [illegible]
r, 1641.
of the accusers of Socrates.

BRYAN AND PEREENE,

A WEST INDIAN BALLAD,

FOUNDED ON A REAL FACT, THAT HAPPENED IN THE ISLAND OF ST. CHRISTOPHER'S ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO.

The north-east wind did briskly blow,
  The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
  And so leapt overboard.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
  His heart long held in thrall,
And whoso his impatience blames,
  I wot, ne'er lov'd at all.

A long long year, one month and day,
  He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought or deed would stray,
  Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
  Right blithsome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
  He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
  That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world seldom saw,
  Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
  Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose-buds deck,
  Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
  She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
  All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
  She [illegible] impatient mind;
The crew with wonder saw the lad
  Regal the foaming flood.

Her [illegible] a [illegible] display'd,
  [illegible] gaze;
[illegible] she [illegible]
  And [illegible] the wave.

Her fair companions, one and all,
  [illegible] the strand,
[illegible]
  And [illegible] the sand.

Then through the waves [illegible] the [illegible]
  [illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] from the wave,
  [illegible]
[illegible]
  [illegible] more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
  Fetch water from the spring:
She falls, she swoons, she dies away,
  And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
  Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
  Her hapless fate 'scape you.

THE SUGAR-CANE:

A POEM.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Agredior primusque novis Helicona movere
Cantibus, et viridi nutantes vertice sylvas;
Hospita sacra ferens, nulli memorata priorum.
Manil.

PREFACE.

Soon after my arrival in the West Indies, I conceived the design of writing a poem on the cultivation of the sugar-cane. My inducements to this arduous undertaking were, not only the importance and novelty of the subject, but more especially this consideration; that, as the face of this country was wholly different from that of Europe, so whatever hand copied its appearances, however rude, could not fail to enrich poetry with many new and picturesque images.

I cannot, indeed, say I have satisfied my own ideas in this particular: yet I must be permitted to recommend the precepts contained in this poem. They are the children of truth, not of genius; the result of experience, not the productions of fancy. Thus, though I may not be able to please, I shall stand some chance of instructing the reader; which, as it is the nobler end of all poetry, so it should be the principal aim of every writer who wishes to be thought a good man.

It must, however, be observed, that, though the general precepts are suited to every climate, where the cane will grow; yet, the more minute rules are chiefly drawn from the practice of St. Christopher. Some selection was necessary; and I could adopt no modes of planting with such propriety, as those I had seen practised in that island, where it has been my good fortune chiefly to reside since I came to the West Indies.

I have often been astonished, that so little has been published on the cultivation of the sugar-cane, while the press has groaned under folios on every other branch of rural economy. It were unjust to suppose planters were not solicitous for the improvement of their art, and injurious to assert they were incapable of obliging mankind with their improvements.

And yet, except some scattered hints in Pere Labat, and other French travellers in America; an essay, by colonel Martyn of Antigua, is the only piece on plantership I have seen deserving a perusal. That gentleman's pamphlet is, indeed, an excellent performance; and to it I own myself indebted.

It must be confessed, that terms of art look awkward in poetry; yet didactic compositions cannot wholly dispense with them. Acc we find that Hesiod and Virgil, among the a with Philips and Dyer, (not to mention son poets now living in our own country) ha obliged to insert them in their poems. Thei ple is a sufficient apology for me, for in th I shall always be proud to tread.

Vos sequor, ô Graiæ gentis decus, inqu
  nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis;
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter a
Quod vos imitari aveo. .....

Yet, like them too, I have generally prefe way of description, wherever that could without hurting the subject.

Such words as are not common in E have briefly explained: because an obscu affords both less pleasure and profit to th —For the same reason, some notes ha added, which, it is presumed, will not be able to those who have never been in t Indies.

In a West India Georgic, the mention indigenous remedies, as well as diseases, avoidable. The truth is, I have rather opportunities of this nature, than avoide Medicines of such amazing efficacy, as had occasion to make trials of in these deserve to be universally known. And w in the following poem, I recommend any beg leave to be understood as a physic not as a poet.

Basseterre, Jan. 1763.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed. Invocation and address soils the cane grows best in. The gr earth. Praise of St. Christopher. The mould. Praise of Jamaica, and of Ch Columbus. The black soil mixed with gravel. Praise of Barbadoes, Nevis, an serrat. Composts may improve other so vantages and disadvantages of a level tion. Of a mountain-estate. Of a one. Advantages of proper cultivati fallowing. Of compost. Of leaving the and penning cattle on the distant can Whether yams improve the soil. Whet should be be buried in each hole, or over the piece. Cane-lands may be any time. The ridges should be ope trade-wind. The beauty of holing reg a line. Alternate holing, and the whe recommended to trial. When to pla weather the best. Rain often falls in Indies, almost without any previous sig signs of rainy weather. Of fogs round mountains. Planting described. Begin mountain-land in July: the low groun vember, and the subsequent months, The advantage of changing tops in Whether the Moon has any influence

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] have [illegible] Lucan and Pliny are the [illegible] Arrian [illegible] Greek [illegible] Philostratus's [illegible] describes a nation who made [illegible] cane-juice as a drink:

Dulces bibebant ex arundine succos.

lustrious naturalist says, Saccharum et [illegible]ert, sed laudatius India; and the Greek [illegible], in his [illegible] of the Red Sea, tells us [illegible]ghbouring nation who drank it also; his [illegible]e, μόνοι τῶν [illegible] e, however, as it was a native of the East, [illegible]t been probably cultivated there time im[illegible]al. The raw juice was doubtless first made [illegible] they afterwards boiled it into a sirup; [illegible] process of time, an inebriating spirit was [illegible]d therefrom by fermentation. This con[illegible] is confirmed by the etymology, for the word סכר is evidently derived from the שכר, which signifies an *intoxicating liquor*. [illegible]he Indians began to make the cane-juice [illegible]ar, I cannot discover; probably, it soon [illegible]s way into Europe in that form, first by [illegible] Sea, and afterwards through Persia, by [illegible]k Sea and Caspian; but the plant itself [illegible] known to Europe, till the Arabians intro[illegible] into the southern parts of Spain, Sicily, [illegible]e provinces of France which border on the [illegible]n mountains. It was also successfully [illegible]d in Egypt, and in many places on the [illegible] coast. From the Mediterranean, the Spa-

[illegible]

[illegible] made them ample amends, in which trade they continued almost without a rival for upwards of a century. At last the Dutch, in 1623, drove the Portuguese out of all the northern part of Brazil; and, during the one and twenty years they kept that conquest, those industrious republicans learned the art of making sugar. This probably inspired the English with a desire of coming in for a share of the sugar-trade, accordingly they, renouncing their chimerical search after gold mines in Florida and Guiana, settled themselves soon after at the mouth of the river Surinam, where they cultivated the cane with such success, that when the colony was ceded to the Dutch by the treaty of Breda, it maintained not less than 40,000 whites, half that number of slaves, and employed, one year with another, 15,000 ton of shipping. This cession was a severe blow to the English trade, which it did not recover for several years, though many of the Surinam planters carried their art and industry to the Leeward Islands and Jamaica, which then began to be the object of political consideration in England.

But would'st thou see huge casks, in order due,
Roll'd numerous on the bay, all fully fraught
With strong-grain'd muscovado, silvery-grey,
Joy of the planter; and if happy Fate 30
Permit a choice, avoid the rocky slope,
The clay-cold bottom, and the sandy beach.
But let thy biting axe with ceaseless stroke
The wild red cedar, the tough locust fell:
Nor let his nectar, nor his silken pods,
The sweet-smell'd cassia, or vast ceiba save.
Yet spare the guava, yet the guaiac spare;

Sugar is twice mentioned by Chaucer, who flourished in the fourteenth century; and succeeding poets, down to the middle of the last, use the epithet sugared, whenever they would express any thing uncommonly pleasing: since that time, the more elegant writers seldom admit of that adjective in a metaphorical sense; but herein perhaps they are affectedly squeamish.

Ver. 29. *Muscovado.*] The cane-juice being brought to the consistence of sirup, and, by subsequent coction, granulated, is then called muscovado, (a Spanish word probably, though not to be found in Pineda) vulgarly brown sugar; the French term it sucre brut.

Ver. 34. ..... *wild red cedar.*] There are two species of cedar commonly to be met with in the West Indies, the white and red, which differ from the cedars cultivated in the Bermudas: both are lofty, shady, and of quick growth. The white succeeds in any soil, and produces a flower which, infused like tea, is useful against fish poison. The red requires a better mould, and always emits a disagreeable smell before rain. The wood of both are highly useful for many mechanical purposes, and but too little planted.

Ver. 34. *Locust.*] This is also a lofty tree. It is of quick growth and handsome, and produces a not disagreeable fruit in a flat pod or legumen, about three inches long. It is a serviceable wood. In botanical books, I find three different names for the locust-tree; that meant here is the sil qua edulis.

Ver. 36. ..... *or vast ceiba save.*] Canoes have been scooped out of this tree, capable of holding upwards of a hundred people; and many hundreds, as authors relate, have been at once sheltered by its shade. Its pods contain a very soft short cotton, like silk: hence the English call the tree the silk-cotton-tree; and the Spaniards name its cotton lana de ceiba. It has been wrought into stockings; but its commonest use is to stuff pillows and mattresses. It might be made an article of commerce, as the tree grows without trouble, and is yearly covered with pods. An infusion of the leaves is a gentle diaphoretic, and much recommended in the small-pox. The botanical name of the ceiba is bombax; and the French call it fromager. There are two species; the stem of the one being prickly, and that of the other smooth.

Ver. 37. *Yet spare the guava.*] The Spaniards call this tree guayava. It bears a fruit as large, and of much the same shape, as a golden pippin. This is of three species, the yellow, the amazon, and the white; the last is the most delicate, but the second sort the largest: all are equally wholesome, when stewed or made into jelly or marmalade. When raw, they are supposed to generate worms. Strangers do not always at first like their flavour,

A wholesome food the ripened guava yields,
Boast of the housewife; while the guaiac grows
A sovereign antidote, in wood, bark, gum, 40
To cause the lame his useless crutch forego,
And dry the sources of corrupted love.
Nor let thy bright impatient flames destroy
The golden shaddoc, the forbidden fruit,
The white acajou, and rich sabbaca:
For, where these trees their leafy banners raise
Aloft in air, a grey deep earth abounds,
Fat, light; yet, when it feels the wounding hoe,
Rising in clods, which ripening suns and rain
Resolve to crumbles, yet not pulverize: 50
In this the soul of vegetation wakes,
Pleas'd at the planter's call, to burst on day.
Thrice happy he, to whom such fields are given!
For him the cane with little labour grows;
'Spite of the dog-star, shoots long yellow joints;

which is peculiarly strong. This, however, goes off by use, and they become exceedingly agreeable. Acosta says the Peruvian guavas surpass those of any other part of America. The bark of the tree is an astringent, and tans leather as well as that of oak. The French call the tree goyavier.

Ver. 37. ..... *yet the guaiac spare.*] The lignum-vitæ, or pockwood-tree. The virtues of every part of this truly medical tree are too well known to be enumerated here. The hardness and incorruptibility of its timber make abundant amends for the great slowness of its growth, for of it are formed the best posts for houses against hurricanes, and it is no less usefully employed in building wind-mills and cattle-mills.

Ver. 44. *The golden shaddoc.*] This is the largest and finest kind of orange. It is not a native of America, but was brought to the islands, from the East Indies, by an Englishman, whose name it bears. It is of three kinds, the sweet, the sour, and the bitter; the juice of all of them is wholesome, and the rind medical. In flavour and wholesomeness, the sweet shaddoc excels the other two, and indeed every other kind of orange, except the forbidden fruit, which scarce yields to any known fruit in the four quarters of the world.

Ver. 45. *Sabbaca.*] This is the Indian name of the avocato, avocado, avigato, or, as the English corruptly call it, alligator-pear. The Spaniards in South America name it aguacate, and under that name it is described by Ulloa. However, in Peru and Mexico, it is better known by the appellation of palta or palto. It is a sightly tree, of two species; the one bearing a green fruit, which is the most delicate, and the other a red, which is less esteemed, and grows chiefly in Mexico. When ripe, the skin peels easily off, and discovers a butyraceous, or rather a marrowy-like substance, with greenish veins interspersed. Being eat with salt and pepper, or sugar-and lime-juice, it is not only agreeable, but highly nourishing; hence sir Hans Sloane used to style it vegetable marrow. The fruit is of the size and shape of the pear named lady's-thighs, and contains a large stone, from whence the tree is propagated. These trees bear fruit but once a year. Few strangers care for it; but, by use, soon become fond of it. The juice of the kernel marks linen with a violet-colour. Its wood is soft, and consequently of little use. The French call it boise d' anise, and the tree avocat: the botanical name is persea.

ts rich juice, though deluges descend.
f an after-offspring it reject?
nd, for many a crop, will feed his mills;
supplies, nor ask from compost aid.
, green St. Christopher, thy happy soil!—
ecian Tempé, where Arcadian Pan, 61
th the Graces, tun'd his sylvan pipe,
nute Attention hush'd each charmed rill;
rple Enna, whose irriguous lap,
with each fruit of taste, each flower of smell,
Proserpine, delighted, sought;
, blest isle, with thee.—Though no soft sound
oral stop thine echos e'er awak'd;
tur'd poet, lost in holy trance,
eams arrested with enchanting song: 70

Yet virgins, far more beautiful than she
Whom Pluto ravish'd, and more chaste, are thine:
Yet probity, from principle, not fear,
Actuates thy sons, bold, hospitable, free:
Yet a fertility, unknown of old,
To other climes denied, adorns thy hills;
Thy vales, thy dells adorns.—O might my strain
As far transcend the immortal songs of Greece,
As thou the partial subject of their praise! 79
Thy fame should float familiar through the world:
Each plant should own thy cane her lawful lord;
Nor should old Time, song stops the flight of Time,
Obscure thy lustre with his shadowy wing.
Scarce less impregnated, with ev'ry power
Of vegetation, is the red brick-mould,
That lies on marly beds.—The renter, this
Can scarce exhaust; how happy for the heir!
Such the glad soil, from whence Jamaica's sons
Derive their opulence: thrice fertile land,
"The pride, the glory of the sea-girt isles, 90
Which, like to rich and various gems, inlay

60. .....*green St. Christopher.*] This beautiful
tile island, and which, in Shakspeare's
may justly be styled

precious stone set in the silver sea,

eventeenth degree N. L. It was discovered
great Christopher Columbus, in his second
1493, who was so pleased with its appear-
nat he honoured it with his christian name.
others pretend that appellation was given
an imaginary resemblance between a high
in in its centre, now called Mount Misery,
abulous legend of the Devil's carrying St.
pher on his shoulders. But, be this as it
e Spaniards soon after settled it, and lived
ble harmony with the natives for many
aud, as their fleets commonly called in
and from America for provision and water,
tlers, no doubt, reaped some advantage
eir situation. By Templeman's Survey, it
eighty square miles, and is about seventy
circumference. It is of an irregular ob-
are, and has a chain of mountains, that
th and north almost from the one end of it
ther, formerly covered with wood, but now
-plantations reach almost to their summits,
nd all the way, down their easy declining
the sea. From these mountains some
ke their rise, which never dry up; and
e many others which, after rain, run into
but which, at other times, are lost before
ch it. Hence, as this island consists of
n-land and valley, it must always make a
crop; for when the low grounds fail, the
supply that deficiency; and, when the
n canes are lodged, (or become watery
much rain) those in the plains yield sur-
. Nor are the plantations here only sea-
their sugar sells for more than the sugar
other of his majesty's islands; as their
cannot be refined to the best advantage,
a mixture of St. Kitts' muscovado. In the
art of the island, which runs out towards
re several ponds, which in dry weather
e into good salt; and below Mount Misery
l solfaterre and collection of fresh water,
gitive negroes often take shelter, and
heir pursuers. Not far below is a large
ich affords good pasture, water, and wood;
e approaches thereto were fortified, which
done at a moderate expense, it would be
inaccessible. The English, repulsing the
es and Spaniards who opposed them, be-

gan to plant tobacco here A. D. 1623. Two years after, the French landed in St. Christopher on the same day that the English settlers received a considerable reinforcement from their mother-country; and, the chiefs of both nations, being men of sound policy, entered into an agreement to divide the island between them: the French retaining both extremities, and the English possessing themselves of the middle parts of the island. Some time after both nations erected sugar-works, but there were more tobacco, indigo, coffee, and cotton plantations, than sugar ones, as these require a much greater fund to carry them on than those other. All the planters, however, lived easy in their circumstances; for, though the Spaniards, who could not bear to be spectators of their thriving condition, did repossess themselves of the island, yet they were soon obliged to retire, and the colony succeeded better than ever. One reason for this was, that it had been agreed between the two nations, that they should here remain neutral, whatever wars their mother-countries might wage against each other in Europe. This was a wise regulation for an infant settlement; but, when king James abdicated the British throne, the French suddenly rose, and drove out the unprepared English by force of arms. The French colonists of St. Christopher had soon reason, however, to repent their impolitic breach of faith; for the expelled planters, being assisted by their countrymen from the neighbouring isles, and supported by a formidable fleet, soon recovered, not only their lost plantations, but obliged the French totally to abandon the island. After the treaty of Ryswick, indeed, some few of those among them, who had not obtained settlements in Martinico and Hispaniola, returned to St. Christopher: but the war of the partition soon after breaking out, they were finally expelled, and the whole island was ceded in sovereignty to the crown of Great Britain, by the treaty of Utrecht. Since that time, St. Christopher has gradually improved, and it is now at the height of perfection. The Indian name of St. Christopher is Liamuiga, or the Fertile Island.

Ver. 71. *Yet virgins, far more beautiful.*] The inhabitants of St. Christopher look whiter, are less sallow, and enjoy finer complexions, than any of the dwellers on the other islands. Sloane.

The unadorned bosom of the deep,"
Which first Columbus' daring keel explor'd.
Daughters of Heaven, with reverential awe,
Pause at that godlike name; for not your flights
Of happiest fancy can outsoar his fame.
Columbus, boast of science, boast of man!
Yet, by the great, the learned, and the wise,
Long held a visionary; who, like thee,
Could brook their scorn; wait seven long years at court, 100
A selfish, sullen, dilatory court;
Yet never from thy purpos'd plan decline?
No god, no hero, of poetic times,
In Truth's fair annals, may compare with thee!
Each passion, weakness of mankind, thou knew'st,
Thine own concealing; firmest base of power:
Rich in expedients; what most adverse seem'd,
And least expected, most advanc'd thine aim.
What storms, what monsters, what new forms of death,
In a vast ocean, never cut by keel, 110
And where the magnet first its aid declin'd;
Alone, unterrified, didst thou not view?
Wise legislator, had the Iberian king
Thy plan adopted, murder had not drench'd
In blood vast kingdoms; nor had hell-born Zeal,
And hell-born Avarice, his arms disgrac'd.
Yet, for a world, discover'd and subdu'd,

Ver. 111. *And where the magnet.*] The declension of the needle was discovered, A. D. 1492, by Columbus, in his first voyage to America; and would have been highly alarming to any, but one of his undaunted and philosophical turn of mind.

This century will always make a distinguished figure in the history of the human mind; for, during that period, printing was invented, Greek learning took refuge in Italy, the Reformation began, and America was discovered.

The island of Jamaica was bestowed on Columbus, as some compensation for his discovery of the new world; accordingly his son James settled, and planted it, early (A. D. 1509) the following century. What improvements the Spaniards made therein is no where mentioned; but had their industry been equal to their opportunities, their improvements should have been considerable; for they continued in the undisturbed possession of it till the year 1596, when sir Anthony Shirley, with a single man of war, took and plundered St. Jago de la Vega, which then consisted of 2000 houses. In the year 1635, St. Jago de la Vega was a second time plundered by 500 English from the Leeward islands, though that capital, and the fort, (which they also took) were defended by four times their number of Spaniards. One and twenty years afterwards, the whole island was reduced by the forces sent thither by Oliver Cromwell, and has ever since belonged to England. It is by far the largest island possessed by the English in the West Indies. Sir Thomas Modyford, a rich and eminent planter of Barbadoes, removed to Jamaica A. D. 1660, to the great advantage of that island, for he instructed the young English settlers to cultivate the sugar-cane; for which, and other great improvements which he then made them acquainted with, king Charles, three years afterwards, appointed him governor thereof, in which honourable employment he continued till the year 1669.

What meed had'st thou? With toil, disease, worn out,
Thine age was spent soliciting the prince,
To whom thou gav'st the sceptre of that world. 120
Yet, blessed spirit, where enthron'd thou sit'st,
Chief 'mid the friends of man, repine not thou:
Dear to the Nine, thy glory shall remain
While winged Commerce either ocean ploughs;
While its lov'd pole the magnet coyly shuns;
While weeps the guaiac, and while joints the cane.
Shall the Muse celebrate the dark deep mould,
With clay or gravel mix'd?—This soil the cane
With partial fondness loves; and oft surveys
Its progeny with wonder.—Such rich veins 130
Are plenteous scatter'd o'er the sugar-isles:
But chief that land, to which the bearded fig,
Prince of the forest, gave Barbadoes name:

Ver. 132. ..... *the bearded fig.*] This wonderful tree, by the Indians called the banian-tree; and by the botanists ficus indica, or bengalicnsis, is exactly described by Q. Curtius, and beautifully by Milton in the following lines:

The fig-tree, not that kind renown'd for fruit,
But such as at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar and Decan spreads her arms;
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground,
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade,
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between.
There oft the Indian herdsman, shunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his pasturing herds
At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.

What year the Spaniards first discovered Barbadoes is not certainly known; this however is certain, that they never settled there, but only made use of it as a stock-island in their voyages to and from South America, and the islands; accordingly we are told, when the English first landed there, which was about the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, they found in it an excellent breed of wild hogs, but no inhabitants. In the year 1627, Barbadoes, with most of the other Caribbee islands, were granted by Charles I. to the earl of Carlisle, that nobleman agreeing to pay to the earl of Marlborough, and his heirs, a perpetual annuity of 300*l.* per annum, for his waving his claim to Barbadoes, which he had obtained, by patent, in the preceding reign. The adventurers to whom that nobleman parcelled out this island, at first cultivated tobacco; but, that not turning out to their advantage, they applied, with better success, to cotton, indigo, and ginger. At last, some cavaliers of good fortune transporting themselves thither, and introducing the sugar-cane (A. D. 1647) probably from Brazil, in ten years time the island was peopled with upwards of 30,000 whites, and twice that number of Negroes, and sent yearly very considerable quantities of sugar to the mother-country. At the Restoration, king Charles II. bought off the claim of the Carlisle family; and, in consideration of its then becoming a royal instead of a proprietary government, the planters gave the crown 4½ per cent on their sugars; which duty still continues, although the island is said to be less able to pay it now than it was a hundred years ago. It is upwards of 20 miles long, and in some places almost 14 broad.

vis, justly for its hot baths fam'd:
ezy Mountserrat, whose wondrous springs
like Medusa's head, whate'er they touch,
hardness; boast this fertile glebe.
gh such the soils the Antillean cane
ely loves; yet other soils abound,
urt may tutor to obtain its smile. 140
ll the experienc'd Muse that art recite?
d will fertilize stiff barren clay?
y unites the light, the porous mould,
each breeze? And how the torpid nymph
ank pool, so noisome to the smell,
solicited, by wily ways,
her humid train, and, prattling, run
e reviving slopes? Or shall she say
ebes, ungrateful to each other art,
nial treasures ope to fire alone? 150
he different composts, which the cold
ic gladness warm? The torrid, which
ing coolness win? The sharp saline,
est subdue? Which mollify the sour?
e, if Fate low level land assign,
cobering, and of sable hue,
a the hill; be parsimony thine.
gh this year when constant showers descend;
edy gale, thy sturdy numerous stock,
suffice to grind thy mighty canes: 160
, with rueful eye, for many a year,

134. *Chief Nevis.*] This island, which does tain many fewer square miles than St. her, is more rocky, and almost of a circular It is separated from that island by a chan- above one mile and a half over, and lies to d. Its warm bath possesses all the medical es of the hot well at Bristol, and its water, operly bottled, keeps as well at sea, and is greeable to the palate. It was for many e capital of the Leeward island govern- nd, at that period, contained both more nd blacks than it does at present, often g 3000 men. The English first settled D. 1628. Sixty-two years afterwards, the wn was almost wholly destroyed by an ake; and, in 1706, the planters were well- ned by the French, who carried off their ntrary to capitulation. It must have been ed in Columbus's second voyage, A. D

135. *And breezy Mountserrat.*] This island, es about 30 miles to the south-west of Anti- ot less famous for its solfaterre (or volcano) petrifying spring, than for the goodness of s. Being almost circular in its shape, it ontain much less land than either Nevis or stopher. It is naturally strong, so that e French made descents thereon, in king and queen Anne's time, they were always with considerable loss. It was settled by at adventurer sir Thomas Warner, A. D. o sent thither some of his people from St. her, for that purpose. In the beginning of of Charles II. the French took it, but it red, A. D. 1667, by the treaty of Breda. land, the Roman catholics, who behaved n our enemies attempted to conquer it, ny privileges, and of course are more s there, than in any other of the English islands. Its capital is called Plymouth. s discovered it in his second voyage.

Shalt view thy plants burnt by the torch of day;
Hear their parch'd wan blades rustle in the air;
While their black sugars, doughy to the feel,
Will not ev'n pay the labour of thy swains.
Or, if the mountain be thy happier lot,
Let prudent foresight still thy coffers guard.
For though the clouds relent in nightly rain,
Though thy rank canes wave lofty in the gale:
Yet will the arrow, ornament of woe, 170
(Such monarchs oft-times give) their jointing stint;
Yet will winds lodge them, ravening rats destroy,
Or troops of monkeys thy rich harvest steal.
The Earth must also wheel around the Sun,
And half perform that circuit; ere the bill
Mow down thy sugars: and though all thy mills,
Crackling, o'erflow with a redundant juice;
Poor tastes the liquor; coction long demands,
And highest temper, ere it saccharize;
A meagre produce. Such is Virtue's meed, 180
Alas, too oft in these degenerate days.
Thy cattle likewise, as they drag the wain,
Charg'd from the beach; in spite of whips and shouts,
Will stop, will pant, will sink beneath the load;
A better fate deserving.....
Besides, thy land itself is insecure:
For oft the glebe, and all its waving load,
Will journey, force'd off by the mining rain;
And, with its faithless burden, disarrange
Thy neighbour's vale. So Markley-hill of old, 190
As sung thy bard, Pomona, (in these isles
Yet unador'd) with all its spreading trees,
Full fraught with apples, chang'd its lofty site.
But, as in life, the golden mean is best;
So happiest he whose green plantation lies
Nor from the hill too far, nor from the shore.
Planter, if thou with wonder wouldst survey
Redundant harvests, load thy willing soil;
Let sun and rain mature thy deep-hoed land,
And old fat dung co-operate with these. 200
Be this great truth still present to thy mind;
The half well-cultur'd far exceeds the whole,
Which lust of gain, unconscious of its end,
Ungrateful vexes with unceasing toil.
As, not indulg'd, the richest lands grow poor;
And Liamuiga may, in future times,
If too much urg'd, her barrenness bewail:
So cultivation, on the shallowest soil,
O'erspread with rocky cliffs, will bid the cane,
With spiry pomp, all bountifully rise. 210
Thus Britain's flag, should discipline relent,

Ver. 170. *Yet will the arrow.*] That part of the cane which shoots up into the fructification, is called by planters its arrow, having been probably used for that purpose by the Indians. Till the arrow drops, all additional jointing in the cane is supposed to be stopped.

Ver. 179. *And highest temper.*] Shell, or rather marble quick-lime, is so called by the planters: without this, the juice of the cane cannot be concreted into sugar, at least to advantage. See Book III. With quick-lime the French join ashes as a temper, and this mixture they call enyvrage. It is hoped the reader will pardon the introduction of the verb saccharize, as no other so emphatically expressed the author's meaning; for some chymists define sugar to be a native salt, and others a soap.

Ver. 206. *And Liamuiga.*] The Caribbean name of St. Christopher.

Spite of the native courage of her sons,
Would to the lily strike: ah, very far,
Far be that woful day: the lily then
Will rule wide ocean with resistless sway;
And to old Gallia's haughty shore transport
The lessening crops of these delicious isles.
Of composts shall the Muse descend to sing,
Nor soil her heavenly plumes? The sacred Muse
Nought sordid deems, but what is base; nought fair
Unless true Virtue stamp it with her seal. 221
Then, planter, wouldst thou double thine estate;
Never, ah never, be asham'd to tread
Thy dung-heaps, where the refuse of thy mills,
With all the ashes, all thy coppers yield,
With weeds, mould, dung, and stale, a compost form,
Of force to fertilize the poorest soil.
But, planter, if thy lands lie far remote,
And of access are difficult; on these,
Leave the cane's sapless foliage: and with pens 230
Wattled (like those the Muse hath ofttimes seen
When frolic Fancy led her youthful steps
In green Dorchestria's plains) the whole enclose:
There well thy stock with provender supply;
The well-fed stock will soon that food repay.
Some of the skilful teach, and some deny,
That yams improve the soil. In meagre lands
'Tis known the yam will ne'er to bigness swell;
And from each mould the vegetable tribes,
However frugal, nutriment derive: 240
Yet may their sheltering vines, their dropping leaves,
Their roots dividing the tenacious glebe,
More than refund the sustenance they draw.
Whether the fattening compost, in each hole,
'Tis best to throw, or, on the surface spread;
Is undetermin'd: trials must decide.
Unless kind rains and fostering dews descend,
To melt the compost's fertilizing salts;
A stinted plant, deceitful of thy hopes,
Will from those beds slow spring where hot dung lies: 250
But, if 'tis scatter'd generously o'er all,
The cane will better bear the solar blaze;
Less rain demand; and, by repeated crops,
Thy land improv'd, its gratitude will show.
Enough of composts, Muse; of soils, enough:
When best to dig, and when inhume the cane;
A task how arduous! next demands thy song.
It not imports beneath what sign thy hoes
The deep trough sink, and ridge alternate raise:
If this from washes guard thy gemmy tops; 260
And that arrest the moisture these require.

Yet, should the site of thine estate permit,
Let the trade-wind thy ridges ventilate;
So shall a greener, loftier cane arise,
And richest nectar in thy coppers foam.
As art transforms the savage face of things,
And order captivates the harmonious mind;
Let not thy Blacks irregularly hoe:
But, aided by the line, consult the site
Of thy demesnes; and beautify the whole. 270
So when a monarch rushes to the war,
To drive invasion from his frighted realm;
Some delegated chief the frontier views,
And to each squadron, and brigade, assigns
Their order'd station: soon the tented field
Brigade and squadron, whiten on the sight;
And fill spectators with an awful joy.
Planter, Improvement is the child of Time;
What your sires knew not, ye their offspring know;
But hath your art receiv'd Perfection's stamp? 280
Thou can'st not say.—Unprejudic'd, then learn
Of ancient modes to doubt, and new to try:
And if Philosophy, with Wisdom, deign
Thee to enlighten with their useful lore;
Fair fame and riches will reward thy toil.
Then say, ye swains, whom wealth and fame inspire,
Might not the plough, that rolls on rapid wheels,
Save no small labour to the hoe-arm'd gang?
Might not the culture taught the British hinds,
By Ceres' son, unfailing crops secure; 290
Though neither dung nor fallowing lent their aid?
The cultur'd land recalls the devious Muse;
Propitious to the planter be the call:
For much, my friend, it thee imports to know
The meetest season to commit thy tops,
With best advantage, to the well-dug mould.
The task how difficult, to cull the best
From thwarting sentiments; and best adorn
What Wisdom chooses, in poetic garb!
Yet, Inspiration, come: the theme unsung, 300
Whence never poet cropt one bloomy wreath;
In vast importance to my native land,
Whose sweet idea rushes on my mind,
And makes me 'mid this paradise repine;
Urge me to pluck, from Fancy's soaring wing,
A plume to deck Experience' hoary brow.
Attend.—The son of Time and Truth declares,
Unless the low-hung clouds drop fatness down,
No bunching plants of vivid green will spring,
In goodly ranks, to fill the planter's eye. 310
Let then Sagacity, with curious ken,
Remark the various signs of future rain.
The signs of rain, the Mantuan bard hath sung
In loftiest numbers; friendly to thy swains,
Once fertile Italy: but other marks
Portend the approaching shower, in these bel climes.
Short sudden rains, from Ocean's ruffled bed,
Driven by some momentary squalls, will oft
With frequent heavy bubbling drops, down fall;
While yet the Sun, in cloudless lustre, shines: 320
And draw their humid train o'er half the isle.

Ver. 237. *The yams improve the soil.*] The botanical name of this plant is dioscoria. Its leaves, like those of the water-melon, or gourd, soon mantle over the ground where it is planted. It takes about eight months to come to perfection, and then is a wholesome root, either boiled or roasted. They will sometimes weigh one and an half, or two pounds, but their commonest size is from six ounces to nine. They cannot be kept good above half a year. They are a native of South America, the West Indies, and of most parts of Guinea.

Ver. 260. ..... *gemmy tops.*] The summit of the cane being smaller-jointed as well as softer, and consequently having more gems, from whence the young sprouts shoot, is properer for planting than any other part of it. From one to four junks, each about a foot long, are put in every hole. Where too many junks are planted in one hole, the canes may be numerous, but can neither become vigorous nor yield such a quantity of rich liquor as the otherwise would. In case the young shoots do appear above ground in four or five weeks, the deficiencies must be supplied with new tops.

Ver. 290. *By Ceres' son.*] Jethro Tull, esq. greatest improver in modern husbandry.

Unhappy he! who journeys then from home,
No shade to screen him. His untimely fate
His wife, his babes, his friends, will soon deplore;
Unless hot wines, dry clothes, and friction's aid,
His fleeting spirits stay. Yet not even these,
Nor all Apollo's arts, will always bribe
The insidious tyrant, Death, thrice tyrant here:
Else good Amyntor, him the graces lov'd,
Wisdom caress'd, and Themis call'd her own, 330
Had liv'd by all admir'd, had now perus'd
"These lines, with all the malice of a friend."
Yet future rains the careful may foretell:
Mosquitos, sand-flies, seek the shelter'd roof,
And with fell rage the stranger-guest assail,
Nor spare the sportive child; from their retreats
Cockroaches crawl displeasingly abroad:

Ver. 334. *Mosquitos.*] This is a Spanish word, signifying a gnat, or fly. They are very troublesome, especially to strangers, whom they bite unmercifully, causing a yellow coloured tumour, attended with excessive itching. Ugly ulcers have often been occasioned by scratching those swellings, in persons of a bad habit of body. Though natives of the West Indies, they are not less common in the coldest regions; for Mr. Maupertuis takes notice how troublesome they were to him and his attendants on the snowy summit of certain mountains within the arctic circle. They, however, chiefly love shady, moist, and warm places. Accordingly they are commonest to be met with in the corners of rooms, towards evening, and before rain. They are so light, as not to be felt when they pitch on the skin; and, as soon as they have darted in their proboscis, fly off, so that the first intimation one has of being bit by them, is the itching tumour. Warm lime-juice is its remedy. The mosquito makes a humming noise, especially in the night-time.

Ver. 334. ..... *sand-flies.*] This insect the Spaniards call mosquitilla, being much smaller than the mosquito. Its bite is like a spark of fire, falling on the skin, which it raises into a small tumour accompanied with itching. But if the sand-fly causes a sharper and more sudden pain than the mosquito, yet it is a more honourable enemy, for remaining upon the skin after the puncture, it may easily be killed. Its colour is grey and black, striped. Lemon-juice or first runnings cure its bite.

Ver. 337. *Cockroaches crawl.*] This is a large species of the chafer, or scaribæus, and is a most disagreeable as well as destructive insect. There is scarce any thing which it will not devour, and wherever it has remained for any time, it leaves a nauseous smell behind it. Though better than an inch long, their thickness is no ways correspondent, so that they can insinuate themselves almost through any crevice, &c. into cabinets, drawers, &c. The smell of cedar is said to frighten them away; but this is a popular mistake, for I have often killed them in presses of that wood. There is a species of cockroach, which, on account of a beating noise which it makes, especially in the night, is called the drummer. Though larger, it is neither of so burnished a colour, nor so quick in its motions as the common sort, than which it is also less frequent, and not so pernicious; yet both will nibble peoples toe-ends, especially if not well washed, and have sometimes occasioned uneasy sores there. They are natives of a warm climate. The French call them ravets.

These, without pity, let thy slaves destroy;
(Like Harpies, they defile whate'er they touch)
While those, the smother of combustion quells. 340
The speckled lizard to its hole retreats,
And black crabs travel from the mountain down;
Thy ducks their feathers prune; thy doves return,
In faithful flocks, and, on the neighbouring roof,
Perch frequent; where, with pleas'd attention, they
Behold the deepening congregated clouds,
With sadness, blot the azure vault of Heaven.
Now, while the shower depends, and rattle loud
Your doors and windows, haste, ye housewives, place
Your spouts and pails; ye Negroes, seek the shade,
Save those who open with the ready hoe 351
The enriching water-course: for, see, the drops,
Which fell with slight aspersion, now descend
In streams continuous on the laughing land.
The coyest Naiads quit their rocky caves,
And, with delight, run brawling to the main;
While those, who love still visible to glad
The thirsty plains from never-ceasing urns,
Assume more awful majesty, and pour,
With force resistless, down the channel'd rocks, 360
The rocks, or split, or hurried from their base,
With trees, are whirl'd impetuous to the sea:
Fluctuates the forest; the torn mountains roar:
The main itself recoils for many a league,
While its green face is chang'd to sordid brown.
A grateful freshness every sense pervades;
While beats the heart with unaccustom'd joy:
Her stores fugacious Memory now recalls;
And Fancy prunes her wings for loftiest flights.
The mute creation share the enlivening hour; 370
Bounds the brisk kid, and wanton plays the lamb.
The drooping plants revive; ten thousand blooms,

Ver. 341. *The speckled lizard.*] This is meant of the ground-lizard, and not of the tree-lizard, which is of a fine green colour. There are many kinds of ground lizards, which, as they are common in the hot parts of Europe, I shall not describe. All of them are perfectly innocent. The Caribbeans used to eat them; they are not inferior to snakes as a medicated food. Snuff forced into their mouth soon convulses them. They change colour, and become torpid; but, in a few hours, recover. The guana, or rather iguana, is the largest sort of lizard. This, when irritated, will fly at one. It lives mostly upon fruit. It has a saw-like appearance, which ranges from its head all along its back, to its tail. The flesh of it is esteemed a great delicacy. The first writers on the lues venerea, forbid its use to those who labour under that disease. It is a very ugly animal. In some parts of South America, the alligator is called iguana.

Ver. 342. *And black crabs.*] Black land-crabs are excellent eating; but as they sometimes will occasion a most violent cholera morbus, (owing, say planters, to their feeding on the mahoe-berry) they should never be dressed till they have fed for some weeks in a crab-house, after being caught by the Negroes. When they moult, they are most delicate; and then, it is believed, never poison. This however is certain, that at that time they have no gall, but, in its stead, the petrifaction called a crabs-eye is found. As I have frequently observed their great claws (with which they severely bite the unwary) of very unequal sizes, it is probable these regenerate when broke off by accident, or otherwise.

Which, with their fragrant scents, perfume the air,
Burst into being; while the canes put on
Glad Nature's liveliest robe, the vivid green.
But chief, let fix'd Attention cast his eye
On the capt mountain, whose high rocky verge
The wild fig canopies, (vast woodland king,
Beneath thy branching shade a banner'd host
May lie in ambush!) and whose shaggy sides, 380
Trees shade, of endless green, enormous size,
Wondrous in shape, to botany unknown,
Old as the deluge.—There, in secret haunts,
The watery spirits ope their liquid court;
There, with the wood-nymphs, link'd in festal band,
(Soft airs and Phœbus wing them to their arms)
Hold amorous dalliance. Ah, may none profane,
With fire, or steel, their mystic privacy:
For there their fluent offspring first see day,
Coy infants sporting; silver-footed dew 390
To bathe by night thy sprouts in genial balm;
The green-stol'd Naiad of the tinkling rill,
Whose brow the fern-tree shades: the power of rain
To glad the thirsty soil on which, arrang'd,
The gemmy summits of the cane await
Thy Negro-train, (in linen lightly wrapt)
Who now that painted Iris girds the sky,
(Aerial arch, which Fancy loves to stride!)
Disperse, all-jocund, o'er the long-hoed land.
The bundles some untie; the wither'd leaves,
Others strip artful off, and careful lay, 401
Twice one junk, distant in the amplest bed:
O'er these, with hasty hoe, some lightly spread
The mounded interval, and smooth the trench:
Well-pleas'd, the master-swain reviews their toil;
And rolls, in fancy, many a full-fraught cask.
So, when the shield was forg'd for Peleus' son;
The swarthy Cyclops shar'd th' important task:
With bellows, some reviv'd the seeds of fire;
Some, gold, and brass, and steel, together fus'd 410
In the vast furnace; while a chosen few,
In equal measures lifting their bare arms,
Inform the mass; and, hissing in the wave,
Temper the glowing orb: their sire beholds,
Amaz'd, the wonders of his fusile art.
While Procyon reigns yet fervid in the sky;
While yet the fiery Sun in Leo rides;
And the Sun's child, the mail'd anana, yields
His regal apple to the ravish'd taste;
And thou green avocato, charm of sense, 420
Thy ripened marrow liberally bestow'st;
Begin the distant mountain-land to plant:

Ver. 393. *Whose brow the fern-tree.*] This only grows in mountainous situations. Its stem shoots up to a considerable height, but it does not divide into branches, till near the summit, where it shoots out horizontally, like an umbrella, into leaves, which resemble those of the common fern. I know of no medical uses whereto this singularly beautiful tree has been applied, and indeed its wood, being spongy, is seldom used to economical purposes. It, however, serves well enough for building mountain-huts, and temporary fences for cattle.

Ver. 418. ..... *the mail'd anana.*] This is the pine-apple, and needs no description; the cherimoya, a South American fruit, is by all, who have tasted both, allowed to surpass the pine, and is even said to be more wholesome. The botanical name of the pine-apple is bromelia. Of the wild pine-apple, or ananas bravo, hedges are made in South America. It produces an inferior sort of fruit.

So shall thy canes defy November's cold,
Ungenial to the upland young; so best,
Unstinted by the arrow's deadning power,
Long yellow joints shall flow with generous juice.
But, till the lemon, orange, and the lime,
Amid their verdant umbrage, countless glow
With fragrant fruit of vegetable gold;
Till yellow plantanes bend the unstain'd bough 490
With crooked clusters, prodigally full;
Till Capricorn command the cloudy sky;
And moist Aquarius melt in daily showers,
Friend to the cane-isles; trust not thou thy tops,
Thy future riches, to the low-land plain:
And if kind Heaven, in pity to thy prayers,
Shed genial influence; as the Earth absolves
Her annual circuit, thy rich ripen'd canes
Shall load thy waggons, mules, and Negro-train.
But chief thee, planter, it imports to mark 440
(Whether thou breathe the mountain's humid air,
Or pant with heat continual on the plain)
What months relent, and which from rain are free.
In different islands of the ocean-stream,
Even in the different parts of the same isle,
The seasons vary; yet attention soon
Will give thee each variety to know.
This once observ'd; at such a time inhume
Thy plants, that, when they joint, (important age,
Like youth just stepping into life) the clouds 450
May constantly bedew them: so shall they
Avoid those ails, which else their manhood kill.
Six times the changeful Moon must blunt her horns,
And fill with borrowed light her silvery urn;
Ere thy tops, trusted to the mountain-land,
Commence their jointing; but four moons suffice
To bring to puberty the low-land cane.
In plants, in beasts, in man's imperial race,
An alien mixture meliorates the breed;
Hence canes, that sickened dwarfish on the plain,
Will shoot with giant-vigour on the hill. 461
Thus all depends on all; so God ordains.
Then let not man for little selfish ends,
(Britain, remember this important truth!)
Presume the principle to counteract
Of universal love; for God is love,
And wide creation shares alike his care.
'Tis said by some, and not unletter'd they,
That chief the planter, if he wealth desire,
Should note the phases of the fickle Moon. 470
On thee, sweet empress of the night, depend
The tides; stern Neptune pays his court to thee;
The winds, obedient at thy bidding, shift,
And tempests rise or fall; even lordly man,
Thine energy controls.—Not so the cane;
The cane its independency may boast,
Though some less noble plants thine influence own.
Of mountain-lands economy permits
A third, in canes of mighty growth to rise:
But, in the low-land plain, the half will yield 480
Though not so lofty, yet a richer cane,
For many a crop; if seasons glad the soil.
While rolls the Sun from Aries to the Bull,
And till the Virgin his hot beams inflame;
The cane, with richest, most redundant juice,
Thy spacious coppers fills. Then manage so,
By planting in succession, that thy crops
The wond'ring daughters of the main may waft

Ver. 482. ..... *if seasons glad the soil.*] Long-continued and violent rains are called seasons in the West Indies.

r's shore, ere Libra weigh the year:
hy merchant cheerful credit grant, 490
earn'd opulence thy cares repay.
lds thus planted; to secure the canes
goat's baneful tooth; the churning boar;
ves; from fire or casual or design'd;
herbage to thy toiling herds
thou afford; and the spectators charm
uteous prospects: let the frequent hedge
n plantation, regular, divide.
mes, with lemons, let thy fences glow,
o sense; now children of this clime: 500
and there let oranges erect
pely beauties, and perfume the sky.
lelightful blooms the logwood-hedge,
ood to coction yields a precious balm,
n the flux: endemial ail,
ise have I to weep thy fatal sway.—
is just, and man must not repine.
the ricinus unnoted pass;
e cholic's deathful pangs thou dread'st,
its luscious nut. The acasse, 510

10. ..... *now children of this clime.*] It is that oranges, lemons, and limes were in-into America by the Spaniards; but I am ined to believe they are natural to the cli-'he Spaniards themselves probably had the from the Saracens, for the Spanish noun whence the English word orange, is plainly

13. ..... *the logwood-hedge.*] Linnæus's name seful tree is hæmotoxylon, but it is better physicians by that of lignum compechense. s, as a medicine, and properties as an in-n dying, need not to be enumerated in this t makes a no less strong than beautiful the West Indies, where it rises to a consi-eight.

18. ..... *Nor shall the ricinus.*] This shrub is y called the physic-nut. It is generally nto three kinds, the common, the French, Spanish, which differ from each other in es and flowers, if not in their fruit or seeds. t from which the castor-oil is extracted is d ricinus, though it has no resemblance to e former, in leaves, flowers, or seeds. In ular they all agree, viz. in their yielding or expression a purgative or emetic oil. niards name these nuts avellanas purga-nce Ray terms them avellanæ purgatrices By roasting they are supposed to lose heir virulency, which is wholly destroyed, people, by taking out a leaf-like substance be found between the lobes. The nut ex-walnut, or even an almond, in sweetness, three or four of them will operate briskly and down. The French call this useful decinier. That species of it which bears like flowers is named bellyach by the ns; and its ripe seeds are supposed to be gainst melancholy.

10. ..... *The acasse.*] Acacia. This is a thorn; the juice of the root is supposed to ous. Its seeds are contained in a pod or It is of the class of the syngenesia. No t juice is extracted from it. Its trivial cashaw. Tournefort describes it in his the Levant. Some call it the holy thorn, s sweet-brier. The half-ripe pod affords a

With which the sons of Jewry, stiff-neck'd race,
Conjecture says, our God-Messiah crown'd;
Soon shoots a thick impenetrable fence,
Whose scent perfumes the night and morning sky,
Though baneful be its root. The privet too,
Whose white flowers rival the first drifts of snow
On Grampia's piny hills, (O might the Muse
Tread, flush'd with health, the Grampian hills again!)
Emblem of innocence, shall grace my song.
Boast of the shrubby tribe, carnation fair, 520
Nor thou repine, though late the Muse record
Thy bloomy honours. Tipt with burnish'd gold,
And with imperial purple crested high,
More gorgeous than the train of Juno's bird,
Thy bloomy honours oft the curious Muse
Hath seen transported: seen the humming bird,
Whose burnish'd neck bright glows with verdant gold;
Least of the winged vagrants of the sky,
Yet dauntless as the strong-pounc'd bird of Jove;
With fluttering vehemence attack thy cups, 530
To rob them of their nectar's luscious store.
But if with stones thy meagre lands are spread;
Be these collected, they will pay thy toil:
And let Vitruvius, aided by the line,
Fence thy plantations with a thick-built wall.
On this lay cuttings of the prickly pear;

strong cement; and the main stem, being wounded, produces a transparent gum, like the Arabic, to which trees this bears a strong resemblance.

Ver. 515. ..... *The privet.*] Ligustrum. This shrub is sufficiently known. Its leaves and flowers make a good gargle in the aphthæ, and ulcered throat.

Ver. 520. ..... *carnation fair.*] This is indeed a most beautiful flowering shrub. It is a native of the West Indies, and called, from a French governor, named Depoinci, poinciana. If permitted, it will grow twenty feet high; but, in order to make it a good fence, it should be kept low. It is always in blossom. Though not purgative, it is of the senna kind. Its leaves and flowers are stomachic, carminative, and emmenagogue. Some authors name it cauda pavonis, on account of its inimitable beauty; the flowers have a physicky smell. How it came to be called doodle-doo I know not; the Barbadians more properly term it flower fence. This plant grows also in Guinea.

Ver. 526. ..... *seen the humming bird.*] The humming bird is called picaflore by the Spaniards, on account of its hovering over flowers, and sucking their juices, without lacerating, or even so much as discomposing their petals. Its Indian name, says Ulloa, is guinde, though it is also known by the appellation of rabilargo and lizongero. By the Caribbeeans it was called callobree. It is common in all the warm parts of America. There are various species of them, all exceeding small, beautiful, and bold. The crested one, though not so frequent, is yet more beautiful than the others. It is chiefly to be found in the woody parts of the mountains. Edwards has described a very beautiful humming bird, with a long tail, which is a native of Surinam, but which I never saw in these islands. They are easily caught in rainy weather.

Ver. 536. ..... *prickly pear.*] The botanical name of this plant is opuntia; it will grow in the barrenest soils, and on the tops of the walls, if a small portion of earth be added. There are two sorts of it, one whose fruit is roundish and sweet, the other, which

They soon a formidable fence will shoot:
Wild liquorice here its red beads loves to hang,
Whilst scandent blossoms, yellow, purple, blue,
Unhurt, wind round its shield-like leaf and spears.
Nor is its fruit inelegant of taste, 541
Though more its colour charms the ravish'd eye;
Vermeil, as youthful beauty's roseat hue;
As thine, fair Christobelle: ah, when will Fate,
That long hath scowl'd relentless on the bard,
Give him some small plantation to enclose,
Which he may call his own? Not wealth he craves,
But independence: yet if thou, sweet maid,
In health and virtue bloom; though worse betide,
Thy smile will smooth Adversity's rough brow. 550
In Italy's green bounds, the myrtle shoots
A fragrant fence, and blossoms in the Sun.
Here, on the rockiest verge of these blest isles,
With little care, the plant of love would grow.
Then to the citron join the plant of love,
And with their scent and shade enrich your isles.
Yet some pretend, and not unspecious they,
The wood-nymphs foster the contagious blast.
Foes to the Dryads, they remorseless fell 559
Each shrub of shade, each tree of spreading root,
That woo the first glad fannings of the breeze.
Far from the Muse be such inhuman thoughts;
Far better recks she of the woodland tribes,
Earth's eldest birth, and Earth's best ornament.
Ask him, whom rude necessity compels
To dare the noontide fervour, in this clime,
Ah, most intensely hot; how much he longs
For cooling vast impenetrable shade?
The Muse, alas, th' experienc'd Muse can tell:
Oft hath she travell'd, while solstitial beams 570
Shot yellow deaths on the devoted land;
Oft, oft hath she their ill-judg'd avarice blam'd,
Who, to the stranger, to their slaves and herds,
Denied this best of joys, the breezy shade.
And are there none, whom generous pity warms,
Friends to the woodland reign; whom shades delight?
Who, round their green domains, plant hedge-row trees;
And with cool cedars screen the public way?
Yes, good Montano; friend of man was he:
Him persecution, virtue's deadliest foe, 580
Drove, a lorn exile, from his native shore;
From his green hills, where many a fleecy flock,
Where many a heifer cropt their wholesome food;
And many a swain, obedient to his rule,
Him their lov'd master, their protector, own'd.
Yet, from that paradise, to Indian wilds,
To tropic suns, to fell barbaric hinds,
A poor outcast, an alien, did he roam;
His wife, the partner of his better hours, 589
And one sweet infant, cheer'd his dismal way.
Unus'd to labour; yet the orient Sun,
Yet western Phœbus, saw him wield the hoe.
At first a garden all his wants supplied,
(For Temperance sat cheerful at his board)
With yams, cassada, and the food of strength,
Thrice-wholesome tanies: while a neighbouring dell,

has more the shape of a fig, is sour. The former is sometimes eaten, but the other seldom. The French call them pomme de raquette. Both fruit and leaves are guarded with sharp prickles, and, even in the interior part of the fruit, there is one which must be removed before it is eaten. The leaves, which are half an inch thick, having a sort of pulp interposed between their surfaces, being deprived of their spines, and softened by the fire, make no bad poultice for inflammations. The juice of the fruit is an innocent fucus, and is often used to tinge guava jellies. The opuntia, upon which the cochineal insect breeds, has no spines, and is cultivated with care in South America, where it also grows wild. The prickly pear makes a strong fence, and is easily trimmed with a scimitar. It grows naturally in some parts of Spain.

Ver. 538. *Wild liquorice.*] This is a scandent plant, from which the Negroes gather what they call jumbee beeds. These are about the size of pigeon-peas, almost round, of a red colour, with a black speck on one extremity. They act as an emetic, but, being violent in their operation, great caution should be observed in using them. The leaves make a good pectoral drink in disorders of the breast. By the French it is named petit panacoco, to distinguish it from a large tree, which bears seeds of the same colours, only much bigger. This tree is a species of black ebony.

Ver. 558. ..... *contagious blast.*] So a particular species of blight is called in the West Indies. See its description in the second book.

Ver. 571. ..... *yellow deaths.*] The yellow fever, to which Europeans of a sanguine habit of body, and who exceed in drinking or exercise, are liable on their arrival in the West Indies. The French call it maladie de Siame, or more properly, la fievre des matelots. Those who have lived any time in the islands are no more subject to this disease than the Creoles, whence, however, some physicians have too hastily concluded, that it was of foreign extraction.

Ver. 595. *Cassada,*] Cassavi, cassava, is called jatropha by botanists. Its meal makes a wholesome and well-tasted bread, although its juice be poisonous. There is a species of cassada which may be eat with safety, without expressing the juice; this the French call camagnoc. The colour of its root is white, like a parsnip; that of the common kind is of a brownish red, before it is scraped. By coction the cassada juice becomes an excellent sauce for fish; and the Indians prepare many wholesome dishes from it. I have given it internally mixed with flour without any bad consequences; it did not however produce any of the salutary effects I expected. A good starch is made from it. The stem is knotty, and, being cut into small junks and planted, young sprouts shoot up from each knob. Horses have been poisoned by eating its leaves. The French name it manibot, magnoc, and manioc, and the Spaniards mandiocha. It is pretended that all creatures but man eat the raw root of the cassada with impunity; and, when dried, that it is a sovereign antidote against venomous bites. A wholesome drink is prepared from this root by the Indians, Spaniards, and Portuguese, according to Pineda. There is one species of this plant which the Indians only use, and is by them called baccacoua.

Ver. 596. *Tanies.*] This wholesome root, in some of the islands, is called edda: its botanical name is arum maximum Ægyptiacum. There are three species of tanies, the blue, the scratching, and that which is commonly roasted. The blossoms of all three are very fragrant, in a morning or evening. The young leaves, as well as the spiral stalks which support the flower, are eaten by negroes as a salad,

Nature to the soursop had resign'd)
ger, and with Raleigh's pungent plant,
alth; and gold bought better land and
aves. 599
ɔless'd his labour: now the cotton-shrub,
ith broad yellow flowers, unhurt by worms,
ıy an acre shed its whitest down:
er of rain in genial moisture bath'd
ɔ-walk, which teem'd with marrowy pods;

makes a good broth in dysenteric com-
They are seldom so large as the yam,
people think them preferable in point of

97. ....*to the soursop.*] The true Indian name
ee is suirsaak. It grows in the barrenest
ɔ a considerable height. Its fruit will
igh two pounds. Its skin is green, and
t prickly. The pulp is not disagreeable
late, being cool, and having its sweetness
l with some degree of an acid. It is one
nonas, as are also the custard, star, and
ples. The leaves of the soursop are very
ınd green. The fruit is wholesome, but
dmitted to the tables of the elegant. The
dispersed through the pulp like the guava.
peculiar flavour. It grows in the East as
he West Indies. The botanical name is
aus. The French call it petit corosol, or
bœuf, to which the fruit bears a resem-
The root, being reduced to a powder, and
ıp the nose, produces the same effect as
Taken by the mouth, the Indians pretend
ɔecific in the epilepsy.

00. *Cotton.*] The fine down, which this shrub
to envelope its seeds, is sufficiently known.
lish, Italian, and French names, evidently
ed from the Arabic algodon, as the Spa-
this day call it. It was first brought by
ians into the Levant, where it is now cul-
rith great success. Authors mention four-
f cotton, but they confound the silk-cotton
ɔeiba, among them. The flower of the
lia cotton-shrub is yellow, and campanu-
It produces twice every year. That of
is the best of any that comes from Ame-
his plant is very apt to be destroyed by a
hin a short time; bating that, it is a pro-
oduction. Pliny mentions gossipium, which
ɔmmon botanical name of cotton. It is
called zylon. Martinus, in his Philological
derives cotton from the Hebrew word קטן
r, as pronounced by the German Jews,

04. ..... *cacao walk.*] It is also called cocao
. It is a native of some of the provinces of
nerica, and a drink made from it was the
food of the Indians before the Spaniards
ıong them, who were some time in those
ere they could be prevailed upon to taste
t must be confessed, that the Indian cho-
ıd not a tempting aspect; yet I much
hether the Europeans have greatly im-
s wholesomeness, by the addition of va-
ıd other hot ingredients. The tree often
een or twenty feet high, and is straight
some. The pods, which seldom contain
thirty nuts of the size of a flatted olive,
n the stem and principal branches. The
a moist, rich, and shaded soil: hence

His coffee bath'd, that glow'd with berries, red
As Danae's lip, or, Theodosia, thine,
Yet countless as the pebbles on the shore;
Oft, while drought kill'd his impious neighbour's grove.
In time, a numerous gang of sturdy slaves,
Well-fed, well-cloth'd, all emulous to gain 610
Their master's smile, who treated them like men;
Blacken'd his cane-lands: which with vast increase,
Beyond the wish of avarice, paid his toil.
No cramps, with sudden death, surpris'd his mules;
No glander-pest his airy stables thinn'd:
And, if disorder seiz'd his Negro train,
Celsus was call'd, and pining Illness flew.
His gate stood wide to all; but chief the poor,
Th' unfriended stranger, and the sickly, shar'd
His prompt munificence: no surly dog, 620
Nor surlier Ethiop, their approach debarr'd.
The Muse, that pays this tribute to his fame,
Oft hath escap'd the Sun's meridian blaze,

those who plant cacao-walks, sometimes screen them by a hardier tree, which the Spaniards aptly term madre de cacao. They may be planted fifteen or twenty feet distant, though some advise to plant them much nearer, and perhaps wisely; for it is an easy matter to thin them, when they are past the danger of being destroyed by dry weather, &c. Some recommend planting cassada, or bananas, in the intervals, when the cacao-trees are young, to destroy weeds, from which the walk cannot be kept too free. It is generally three years before they produce good pods; but, in six years, they are in highest perfection. The pods are commonly of the size and shape of a large cucumber. There are three or four sorts of cacao, which differ from one another in the colour and goodness of their nuts. That from the Caraccas is certainly the best. None of the species grow in Peru. Its alimentary, as well as physical properties, are sufficiently known. This word is Indian.

Ver. 605. *His coffee.*] This is certainly of Arabic derivation; and has been used in the East, as a drink, time immemorial. The inhabitants about the mouth of the Red Sea were taught the use of it by the Persians, say authors, in the fifteenth century; and the coffee-shrub was gradually introduced into Arabia Felix, whence it passed into Egypt, Syria, and lastly Constantinople. The Turks, though so excessively fond of coffee, have not known it much above one hundred and fifty years; whereas the English have been acquainted therewith for upwards of an hundred, one Pasqua, a Greek, having opened a coffee-house in London about the middle of the 17th century. The famous traveller, Thevenot, introduced coffee into France. This plant is cultivated in the West Indies, particularly by the French, with great success; but the berry from thence is not equal to that from Mocha. It is a species of Arabian jasmine; the flower is particularly redolent, and from it a pleasant cordial water is distilled. It produces fruit twice every year; but the shrub must be three years old before any can be gathered. It should not be allowed to grow above six feet high. It is very apt to be destroyed by a large fly, which the French call mouche a caffe; as well as by the white grub, which they name puceron. Its medical and alimentary qualities are as generally known as those of tea.

Beneath yon tamarind-vista, which his hands
Planted; and which, impervious to the Sun,
His latter days beheld.—One noon he sat
Beneath its breezy shade, what time the Sun
His sultry vengeance from the Lion pour'd;
And calmly thus his eldest hope addrest.
"Be pious, be industrious, be humane; 630
From proud Oppression guard the labouring hind.
Whate'er their creed, God is the Sire of man,
His image they; then dare not thou, my son,
To bar the gates of mercy on mankind.
Your foes forgive, for merit must make foes;
And in each virtue far surpass your sire.
Your means are ample, Heaven a heart bestow!
So health and peace shall be your portion here;
And yon bright sky, to which my soul aspires,
Shall bless you with eternity of joy." 640
He spoke, and ere the swift-wing'd zumbadore
The mountain desert startled with his hum;
Ere fire-flies trimm'd their vital lamps; and ere
Dun Evening trod on rapid Twilight's heel:
His knell was rung; .....
And all the cane-lands wept their father lost.
Muse, yet awhile indulge my rapid course;
And I 'll unharness, soon, the foaming steeds.
If Jove descend, propitious to thy vows,
In frequent floods of rain; successive crops 650
Of weeds will spring. Nor venture to repine,
Though oft their toil thy little gang renew;
Their toil tenfold the melting heavens repay;
For soon thy plants will magnitude acquire,
To crush all undergrowth; before the Sun,
The planets thus withdraw their puny fires.
And though untutor'd, then, thy canes will shoot:
Care meliorates their growth. The trenches fill
With their collateral mould; as in a town
Which foes have long beleaguer'd, unawares 660
A strong detachment sallies from each gate,
And levels all the labours of the plain.
And now thy cane's first blades their verdure lose,
And hang their idle heads. Be these stript off;
So shall fresh sportive airs their joints embrace,
And by their dalliance give the sap to rise.
But, O beware, let no unskilful hand
The vivid foliage tear: their channel'd spouts,
Well-pleas'd, the wat'ry nutriment convey,
With filial duty, to the thirsty stem; 670
And, spreading wide their reverential arms,
Defend their parent from solstitial skies.

Ver. 624. *Tamarind-vista.*] This large, shady, and beautiful tree grows fast even in the driest soils, and lasts long; and yet its wood is hard, and very fit for mechanical uses. The leaves are smaller than those of senna, and pennated: they taste sourish, as does the pulp, which is contained in pods four or five inches long. They bear once a year. An excellent vinegar may be made from the fruit; but the Creoles chiefly preserve it with sugar, as the Spaniards with salt. A pleasant syrup may be made from it. The name is, in Arabic, tamara. The ancients were not acquainted therewith; for the Arabians first introduced tamarinds into physic; it is a native of the East as well as of the West Indies and South America, where different provinces call it by different names. Its cathartic qualities are well known. It is good in sea-sickness. The botanical name is tamarindus.

Ver. 641. ... *and ere the swift-wing'd zumbadore.*] This bird, which is one of the largest and swiftest known, is only seen at night, or rather heard; for it makes a hideous humming noise (whence its name) on the desert tops of the Andes. See Ulloa's Voyage to South America. It is also called condor. Its wings, when expanded, have been known to exceed sixteen feet from tip to tip. See Phil. Trans. No. 208.

Ver. 643. *Ere fire-flies.*] This surprising insect is frequent in Guadaloupe, &c. and all the warmer parts of America. There are none of them in the English Caribbee, or Virgin Islands.

Ver. 644. ..... *on rapid Twilight's heel.*] There is little or no twilight in the West Indies. All the year round it is dark before eight at night. The dawn is equally short.

THE SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK II.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following book having been originally addressed to William Shenstone, esq. and by him approved of; the author should deem it a kind of poetical sacrilege, now, to address it to any other. To his memory, therefore, be it sacred; as a small but sincere testimony of the high opinion the author entertained of that gentleman's genius and manners; and as the only return now, alas! in his power to make, for the friendship wherewith Mr. Shenstone had condescended to honour him.

ARGUMENT.

Subject proposed. Address to William Shenstone, esq. Of monkeys. Of rats and other vermin. Of weeds. Of the yellow fly. Of the greasy fly. Of the blast. A hurricane described. Of calms and earthquakes. A tale.

Enough of culture.—A less pleasing theme,
What ills await the ripening cane, demands
My serious numbers: these, the thoughtful Muse
Hath oft beheld, deep-pierc'd with generous woe.
For she, poor exile! boasts no waving crops;
For her no circling mules press dulcet streams;
No Negro-band huge foaming coppers skim;
Nor fermentation (wine's dread sire) for her,
With Vulcan's aid, from cane a spirit draws,
Potent to quell the madness of despair. 10
Yet, oft, the range she walks, at shut of eve;
Oft sees red lightning at the midnight-hour,
When nod the watches, stream along the sky;
Not innocent, as what the learned call
The Boreal morn, which, through the azure air,
Flashes its tremulous rays, in painted streaks,
While o'er Night's veil her lucid tresses flow:
Nor quits the Muse her walk, immers'd in thought,
How she the planter, haply, may advise;
Till tardy Morn unbar the gates of light, 20
And, opening on the main with sultry beam,
To burnish'd silver turns the blue-green wave.
Say, will my Shenstone lend a patient ear,
And weep at woes unknown to Britain's isle?

u wilt weep; for Pity chose thy breast,
ıste and Science, for their soft abode:
u wilt weep: thine own distress thou bear'st
ted; but another's melts thy soul.
ere my pipe as soft, my dittied song"
ıth as thine, my too, too distant friend, 30
ıe; my soft pipe, and my dittied song
ıush the hurricane's tremendous roar,
n each evil guard the ripening cane!
uctive, on the upland sugar-groves
nkey nation preys: from rocky heights,
: parties, they descend by night,
ting watchful sentinels, to warn
ostile steps approach, with gambols they
r the cane-grove. Luckless he to whom
ıd pertains! in evil hour, perhaps, 40
ıightless of to morrow, on a die
ırds millions; or, perhaps, reclines
ury's soft lap, the pest of wealth;
considerate, deems his Indian crops
ıply her insatiate wants supply.
these insidious droles (peculiar pest
ıuiga's hills) would'st thou defend
ving wealth; in traps put not thy trust,
r baited: treble every watch,
ll with arms provide them; faithful dogs,
sagacious, on their footsteps wait. 51
ıese attack the predatory bands;
' th' unequal conflict they decline,
attering, fling their ill-got spoils away.
ı, of late, innumerous Gallic hosts
wanton, cruel, did by stealth invade
ıceable American's domains,
lesolation mark'd their faithless rout;
ıer Albion's martial sons advanc'd,
ıe gay dastards to their forests fled, 60
t their spoils and tomahawks behind.
with less waste the whisker'd vermin race,
tless clan, despoil the low-land cane.
e to destroy, while commerce hoists the sail,
ocks abound, or tangling bushes bloom,
ılanter knows?—Yet prudence may reduce.
age then the breed of savage cats,
l the winding snake, thy foes they eat.

46. ..... *peculiar pest.*] The monkeys which
r so numerous in the mountainous parts of
istopher, were brought thither by the French
hey possessed half that island. This cir-
ınce we learn from Pere Labat, who further
s, that they are a most delicate food. The
h Negroes are very fond of them, but the
inhabitants do not eat them. They do a
leal of mischief in St. Kitts, destroying many
nd pounds sterling's worth of canes every

64. *These to destroy.*] Rats, &c. are not na-
of America, but came by shipping from
e. They breed in the ground, under loose
and bushes. Durante, a Roman, who was
ian to pope Sixtus Quintus, and who wrote
ı poem on the preservation of health, enu-
s domestic rats among animals that may be
with safety. But if these are wholesome,
ats must be much more delicate, as well as
ıourishing. Accordingly we find most field
s fond of them, and I have heard that straps
e-rats are publicly sold in the markets of
ca.

Thus, on the mangrove-banks of Guayaquil,
Child of the rocky desert, sea-like stream, 70
With studious care, the American preserves
The gallinazo, else that sea-like stream
(Whence Traffic pours her bounties on mankind)
Dread alligators would alone possess.
Thy foes, the teeth-fil'd Ibbos also love;
Nor thou their wayward appetite restrain.
Some place decoys, nor will they not avail,
Replete with roasted crabs, in every grove
These fell marauders gnaw; and pay their slaves
Some small reward for every captive foe. 80
So practise Gallia's sons; but Britons trust
In other wiles; and surer their success.
With Misnian arsenic, deleterious bane,
Pound up the ripe cassada's well-rasp'd root,
And form in pellets; these profusely spread
Round the cane-groves, where sculk the vermin breed:
They, greedy, and unweeting of the bait,
Crowd to the inviting cates, and swift devour
Their palatable death; for soon they seek

Ver. 69. ..... *mangrove-banks.*] This tree, which botanists call rizophora, grows in marshy soils, and on the sides of rivers; and, as the branches take root, they frequently render narrow streams impassable to boats. Oysters often adhere to their roots, &c. The French name of this strange water-shrub is paltuvier. The species meant here is the red mangrove.

Ver. 74. *Dread alligators.*] This dreadful animal is amphibious, and seldom lays fewer than a hundred eggs. These she carefully covers with sand. But, notwithstanding this precaution, the gallinazo (a large species of carrion-crow) conceals itself among the thick boughs of the neighbouring trees, and thus often discovers the hoard of the alligator, which she no sooner leaves, than the gallinazo souses down upon it, and greedily scraping off the sand, regales on its contents. Nor is the male alligator less an enemy to the increase of his own horrid brood, than these useful birds; for, when instinct prompts the female to let her young fry out by breaking the eggs, he never fails to accompany her, and to devour as many of them as he can: so that the mother scarce ever escapes into the river with more than five out of all her hundred. Thus providence doubly prevents the otherwise immense propagation of that voracious animal, on the banks of the river Guayaquil; for the gallinazo is not always found, where alligators are. Ulloa.

Ver. 75. ..... *teeth-fil'd Ibbos.*] Or Ebbos, as they are more commonly called, are a numerous nation. Many of them have their teeth filed, and blackened in an extraordinary manner. They make good slaves when bought young; but are, in general, foul feeders, many of them greedily devouring the raw guts of fowls: they also feed on dead mules and horses; whose carcasses, therefore, should be buried deep, that the Negroes may not come at them. But the surest way is to burn them; otherwise they will be apt, privily, to kill those useful animals, in order to feast on them.

Ver. 76. *Nor thou their wayward.*] Pere Labat says that cane-rats give those Negroes who eat them pulmonic disorders, but the good jesuit was no physician. I have been told by those who have eat them, that they are very delicate food.

The neighbouring spring; and drink, and swell,
and die. 90
But dare not thou, if life deserve thy care,
The infected rivulet taste; nor let thy herds
Graze its polluted brinks, till rolling time
Have fin'd the water, and destroy'd the bane.
'Tis safer then to mingle nightshade's juice
With flour, and throw it liberal 'mong thy canes:
They touch not this; its deadly scent they fly,
And sudden colonize some distant vale.
Shall the Muse deign to sing of humble weeds,
That check the progress of th' imperial cane? 100
In every soil, unnumber'd weeds will spring;
Nor fewest in the best: (thus oft we find
Enormous vices taint the noblest souls!)
These let thy little gang, with skilful hand,
Oft as they spread abroad, and oft they spread,
Careful pluck up, to swell thy growing heap
Of rich manure. And yet some weeds arise,
Of aspect mean, with wondrous virtues fraught:
(And doth not oft uncommon merit dwell
In men of vulgar looks, and trivial air?) 110
Such, planter, be not thou asham'd to save
From foul pollution, and unseemly rot;
Much will they benefit thy house and thee.
But chief the yellow thistle thou select,
Whose seed the stomach frees from nauseous loads;
And, if the music of the mountain-dove
Delight thy pensive ear, sweet friend to thought!
This prompts their cooing, and inflames their love.
Nor let rude hands the knotted grass profane,
Whose juice worms fly: ah, dire endemial ill!
How many fathers, fathers now no more; 121
How many orphans, now lament thy rage?
The cow-itch also save; but let thick gloves
Thine hands defend, or thou wilt sadly rue
Thy rash imprudence, when ten thousand darts,
Sharp as the bee-sting, fasten in thy flesh,
And give thee up to torture. But, unhurt,
Planter, thou may'st the humble chickweed cull;

Ver. 95. *'Tis safer then to mingle nightshade's juice.*] See the article Solanum in Newman's Chemistry published by Dr. Lewis. There is a species of East India animal, called a mungoes, which bears a natural antipathy to rats. Its introduction into the sugar-islands would, probably, effectuate the extirpation of this destructive vermin.

Ver. 114. ..... *the yellow thistle.*] The seeds of this plant are an excellent emetic; and almost as useful in dysenteric complaints as ipecacuanha. It grows every where.

Ver. 119. *Nor let rude hands the knotted grass profane.*] This is truly a powerful vermifuge; but, uncautiously administered, has often proved mortal. The juice of it clarified is sometimes given; but a decoction of it is greatly preferable. Its botanical name is spigelia.

Ver. 123. *The cow-itch also save.*] This extraordinary vine should not be permitted to grow in a cane-piece; for negroes have been known to fire the canes, to save themselves from the torture which attends working in grounds where it has abounded. Mixed with melasses, it is a safe and excellent vermifuge. Its seeds, which resemble blackish small beans, are purgative. Its flower is purple; and its pods, on which the stinging brown setæ are found, are as large as a full-grown English field-pea.

Ver. 128. Planter, thou may'st the humble chickweed.]

And that, which coyly flies th' astonish'd gra
Not the confection nam'd from Pontus' king;
Not the bless'd apple Median climes produce
Though lofty Maro (whose immortal Muse
Distant I follow, and, submiss, adore)
Hath sung its properties, to counteract
Dire spells, slow-mutter'd o'er the baneful bo
Where cruel stepdames pois'nous drugs
brew'd;
Can vie with these low tenants of the vale,
In driving poisons from th' infected frame:
For here, alas! (ye sons of Luxury mark!)
The sea, though on its bosom halcyons sleep,
Abounds with poison'd fish; whose crimson fi
Whose eyes, whose scales, bedropt with azure,
Purple, and green, in all gay Summer's pride
Amuse the sight; whose taste the palate cha
Yet Death, in ambush, on the banquet waits,
Unless these antidotes be timely given.
But say, what strains, what numbers can reci
Thy praises, vervain; or, wild liquorice, thin
For not the costly root, the gift of God,
Gather'd by those, who drink the Volga's wav
(Prince of Europa's streams, itself a sea)

There are two kinds of chickweed, which grow s
taneously in the Caribbees, and both possess
considerable virtues, particularly that which
tanists call cajacia, and which the Spaniards
phatically name erudos cobres, or snakeweed
account of its remarkable qualities against poi
ous bites. It is really of use against fish-poi
as is also the sensitive plant, which the Spani
prettily call the vergonzoza, the bashful, an
donzella, or the maiden. There are many kin
this extraordinary plant, which grow every w
in the islands and South America. The botan
name of the former is alsine, and that of the la
minosa.

Ver. 130. *Not the confection.*] This medicin
called Mithridatum, in honour of Mithridates
of Pontus; who, by using it constantly, had
cured himself from the effects of poison, in suc
manner, that, when he actually attempted to
an end to his life, by that means, he failed in
purpose. So, at least, Pliny informs us. But
happily are not obliged to believe, implicitly, w
ever that elaborate compiler has told us. W
poisons immediately operate on the nervous syst
and their effects are to be expelled by the s
this electuary is no contemptible antidote.
how many poisons do we know at present, wh
produce their effects in a different manner?
from the accounts of authors, we have reason to
persuaded, that the ancients were not much beh
us in their variety of poisons. If therefore,
king of Pontus had really intended to have
stroyed himself, he could have been at no loss
the means, notwithstanding the daily use of t
antidote.

Ver. 131. *Not the bless'd apple.*] Authors are
agreed what the apple is, to which Virgil attribu
such remarkable virtues, nor is it indeed poss
they ever should. However, we have this comf
on our side, that our not knowing it is of no det
ment to us; for as spells cannot affect us, we
at no loss for antidotes to guard against them.

Ver. 149. *For not the costly root.*] Some medic
writers have bestowed the high appellation of don
Dei on rhubarb.

' potency! Did planters know
ır virtues, not the cane itself
with greater, fonder pains preserve!
r maladies infest the cane,
o be subdu'd. The insect-tribe
ring, spread their pinions to the Sun,
Muse: nor shall their many eyes,
'd with gold, their many-colour'd down,
preserve them. In what distant clime,
esses are the plunderers hatch'd, 161
ey wafted in the liv'ng gale,
it islands? Thus, the locust-breed,
aravans, that blot the sky,
m far, and, ere bright morning dawn,
Afric sees her crop devour'd.
e cane a proper nest afford,
lapted to the yellow fly?——
in Nature's mystic lore observe,
ach plant, that drinks the golden day,
e life sustains. Thus cochinille 171
e Indian fig; and, should it harm
plant, its worth that harm repays:
e insects! no bright scarlet yield,
e British Wolfe; who now, perhaps,
and George ordain) in triumph mounts
g-built fortress, won from haughty Gaul!
no plant such luscious nectar yields,
ne cane-plant; yet, vile parricides!
ye! the parent-cane destroy. 180
ay, what remedy hath skill devis'd
is noxious foe? Thy Blacks send forth,
tachment! ere the increasing pest
too firm a lodgment! and, with care,
tainted blade, and liberal lave
d Neptune's purifying stream.
ngæan toil long time demands,
u to more advantage may'st employ:
rain thou ever didst prefer,
efer them now: the rattling shower, 190
n in constant streams, for days and nights,
wells, with nectar sweet, thy canes;
deluge, drowns thy plundering foe.
ay the planter idly fold his arms,
'My soul, take rest!" Superior ills,
no care nor wisdom can avert,
ccession rise. Ye men of Kent,
ing Eurus, with the brutal force
join'd in ruffian league, assail
'd hop-grounds; tell me what you feel,
he poor planter; when the blast, 201
e of Heaven! perdition of the isles!
s waving gold. Though well-manur'd;
though thy fields from Nature boast;
asons pour; this pestilence invades:
Too oft it seizes the glad infant throng,
Nor pities their green nonage: their broad blades,
Of which the graceful wood-nymphs erst compos'd
The greenest garlands to adorn their brows,
First pallid, sickly, dry, and wither'd show; 210
Unseemly stains succeed; which, nearer view'd
By microscopic arts, small eggs appear,
Dire fraught with reptile life; alas, too soon
They burst their filmy gaol, and crawl abroad,
Bugs of uncommon shape; thrice hideous show!
Innumerous as the painted shells, that load
The wave-worn margin of the Virgin-isles!
Innumerous as the leaves the plumb-tree sheds,
When, proud of her fecundity, she shows,
Naked, her gold fruit to the god of noon. 220
Remorseless to its youth; what pity, say,
Can the cane's age expect? In vain, its pith
With juice nectareous flows; to pungent sour,
Foe to the bowels, soon its nectar turns:
Vain every joint a gemmy embryo bears,
Alternate rang'd; from these no filial young
Shall grateful spring, to bless the planter's eye.
With bugs confederate, in destructive league,
The ants' republic joins; a villain crew,
As the waves countless that plough up the deep,
(Where Eurus reigns vicegerent of the sky, 231
Whom Rhea bore to the bright god of day)
When furious Auster dire commotions stirs:
These wind, by subtle sap, their secret way,
Pernicious pioneers! while those invest,
More firmly daring, in the face of Heaven,
And win, by regular approach, the cane.
'Gainst such ferocious, such unnumber'd bands,
What arts, what arms shall sage experience use?
Some bid the planter load the favouring gale
With pitch, and sulphur's suffocating steam, 241
Useless the vapour o'er the cane-grove flies,
In curling volumes lost; such feeble arms,
To man though fatal, not the blast subdue.
Others again, and better their success,
Command their slaves each tainted blade to pick
With care, and burn them in vindictive flames.
Labour immense! and yet, if small the pest;
If numerous, if industrious be thy gang;
At length, thou may'st the victory obtain. 250
But, if the living taint be far diffus'd,
Bootless this toil; nor will it then avail
(Though ashes lend their suffocating aid)
To bare the broad roots, and the mining swarms
Expose, remorseless, to the burning noon.
Ah! must then ruin desolate the plain?
Must the lost planter other climes explore?
Howe'er reluctant, let the hoe uproot

1. ..... *Thus cochinille.*] This is a Spa-
For the manner of propagating this
ct, see sir Hans Sloane's Natural His-
maica. It was long believed in Europe
d, or vegetable production. The bota-
e of the plant on which the cochinille
puntia maxima, folio oblongo, majore,
otusis, mollibus et innocentibus obsito,
rubris variegato. Sloane.

5. *Though seasons.*] Without a rainy sea-
igar-cane could not be cultivated to any
: for what Pliny the Elder writes of
lant may be applied to this, gaudet
toto anno bibere amat.

5. ..... *this pestilence.*] It must, how-
ever, be confessed, that the blast is less frequent in lands naturally rich, or such as are made so by well-rotted manure.

Ver. 216. ..... *the plumb-tree sheds.*] This is the Jamaica plumb-tree. When covered with fruit, it has no leaves upon it. The fruit is wholesome. In like manner, the panspan is destitute of foliage when covered with flowers. The latter is a species of jessamine, and grows as large as an apple-tree.

Ver. 231. ..... *Eurus reigns.*] The east is the centre of the trade-wind in the West Indies, which veers a few points to the north or south. What Homer says of the west wind, in his islands of the blessed, may more aptly be applied to the trade-winds.

Th' infected cane-piece; and, with eager flames,
The hostile myriads thou to embers turn: 260
Far better, thus, a mighty loss sustain,
Which happier years and prudence may retrieve;
Than risk thine all. As when an adverse storm,
Impetuous, thunders on some luckless ship,
From green St. Christopher, or Cathäy bound:
Each nautic art the reeling seamen try:
The storm redoubles: Death rides every wave:
Down by the board the cracking masts they hew;
And heave their precious cargo in the main.
Say, can the Muse, the pencil in her hand, 270
The all-wasting hurricane observant ride?
Can she, undazzled, view the lightning's glare,
That fires the welkin? Can she, unappall'd,
When all the flood-gates of the sky are ope,
The shoreless deluge stem? The Muse hath seen
The pillar'd flame, whose top hath reach'd the stars;
Seen rocky, molten fragments, slung in air
From Ætna's vext abyss; seen burning streams
Pour down its channel'd side; tremendous scenes!—
Yet not vext Ætna's pillar'd flames, that strike 280
The stars; nor molten mountains hurl'd on high;
Nor pond'rous rapid deluges, that burn
Its deeply-channel'd sides: cause such dismay,
Such desolation, Hurricane! as thou;
When the Almighty gives thy rage to blow,
And all the battles of thy winds engage.
Soon as the Virgin's charms engross the Sun;
And till his weaker flame the Scorpion feels;
But, chief, while Libra weighs th' unsteady year:
Planter, with mighty props thy dome support; 290
Each flaw repair; and well, with massy bars,
Thy doors and windows guard; securely lodge
Thy stocks and mill-points.—Then, or calms obtain;
Breathless the royal palm-tree's airiest van;
While, o'er the panting isle, the demon Heat
High hurls his flaming brand; vast, distant waves
The main drives furious in, and heaps the shore
With strange productions: or, the blue serene
Assumes a louring aspect, as the clouds 299
Fly, wild-careering, through the vault of Heaven;
Then transient birds, of various kinds, frequent
Each stagnant pool; some hover o'er thy roof;
Then Eurus reigns no more; but each bold wind,
By turns, usurps the empire of the air
With quick inconstancy;
Thy herds, as sapient of the coming storm,
(For beasts partake some portion of the sky)
In troops associate; and, in cold sweats bath'd,
Wild-bellowing, eye the pole. Ye seamen, now,
Ply to the southward, if the changeful Moon, 310
Or, in her interlunar palace hid,
Shuns Night; or, full-orb'd, in Night's forehead glows:
For, see! the mists, that late involv'd the hill,
Disperse; the midday Sun looks red; strange burs
Surround the stars, which vaster fill the eye.
A horrid stench the pools, the main emits;
Fearful the genius of the forest sighs;
The mountains moan; deep groans the cavern'd cliff.
A night of vapour, closing fast around, 319
Snatches the golden noon.—Each wind appeas'd,
The North flies forth, and hurls the frighted air:
Not all the brazen engin'ries of man,
At once exploded, the wild burst surpass.
Yet thunder, yok'd with lightning and with rain,
Water with fire, increase th' infernal din:
Canes, shrubs, trees, huts, are whirl'd aloft in air.—
The wind is spent; and "all the isle below
Is hush as death."
Soon issues forth the West, with sudden burst;
And blasts more rapid, more resistless drives: 330
Rushes the headlong sky; the city rocks;
The good man throws him on the trembling ground;
And dies the murderer in his inmost soul.
Sullen the West withdraws his eager storms.—
Will not the tempest now his furies chain?
Ah, no! as when in Indian forests, wild,
Barbaric armies suddenly retire
After some furious onset, and, behind
Vast rocks and trees, their horrid forms conceal,
Brooding on slaughter, not repuls'd; for soon 340
Their growing yell the affrighted welkin rends,
And bloodier carnage mows th' ensanguin'd plain:
So the South, sallying from his iron caves
With mightier force, renews the aërial war;
Sleep, frighted, flies; and, see! yon lofty palm,
Fair Nature's triumph, pride of Indian groves,
Cleft by the sulphurous bolt! See yonder dome,
Where grandeur with propriety combin'd,
And Theodorus with devotion dwelt; 349
Involv'd in smouldering flames.—From ev'ry rock
Dashes the turbid torrent; through each street
A river foams, which sweeps, with untam'd might,
Men, oxen, cane-lands to the billowy main.—
Pauses the wind.—Anon the savage East
Bids his wing'd tempests more relentless rave;
Now brighter, vaster coruscations flash;
Deepens the deluge; nearer thunders roll;
Earth trembles; Ocean reels; and, in her fangs,
Grim Desolation tears the shrieking isle,
Ere rosy Morn possess th' ethereal plain, 360
To pour on darkness the full flood of day.—
Nor does the Hurricane's all-wasting wrath
Alone bring ruin on its sounding wing:
Ev'n calms are dreadful, and the fiery South
Oft reigns a tyrant in these fervid isles:
For, from its burning furnace, when it breathes,
Europe and Asia's vegetable sons,
Touch'd by its tainting vapour, shrivell'd, die.
The hardiest children of the rocks repine:
And all the upland tropic plants hang down 370
Their drooping heads; show arid, coil'd, adust.
The main itself seems parted into streams,
Clear as a mirror; and, with deadly scents,
Annoys the rower; who, heart-fainting, eyes
The sails hang idly, noiseless, from the mast.
Thrice hapless he, whom thus the hand of Fate
Compels to risk th' insufferable beam!
A fiend, the worst the angry skies ordain
To punish sinful man, shall fatal seize
His wretched life, and to the tomb consign. 380
When such the ravage of the burning calm
On the stout, sunny children of the hill; [sprouts
What must thy cane-lands feel? Thy late green
Nor bunch, nor joint; but, sapless, arid, pine:
Those, who have manhood reach'd, of yellow hue,
(Symptom of health and strength) soon ruddy show;

Ver. 265. *Cathäy.*] An old name for China.

Ver. 293. ..... *stocks and mill-points.*] The sails are fastened to the mill-points, as those are to the stocks. They should always be taken down before the hurricane-season.

Ver. 314. ..... *strange burs.*] These are astral halos. Columbus soon made himself master of the signs that precede a hurricane in the West Indies, by which means he saved his own squadron; while another large fleet, whose commander despised his prognostics, put to sea, and was wrecked.

ich juice that circled in their veins,
at'ry, poor, unwholesome tastes.
, planter, are thy cane-groves burnt;
threaten'd. Muse, the manner sing.
thquakes, Nature's agonizing pangs, 391
h' astonish'd isles: the solfaterre
rth thick, blue, suffocating steams;
o temporary flame. A din,
gh the mountain's quivering rocky caves
ead crash of tumbling planets, roars.
ble thus the pillars of the globe,
ll cocoa by the fierce North blown;
or, brittle, tenements of man 399
he dread convulsion? Their dear homes
king, tottering, crashing, bursting, fall)
: fly; and, on the open plain
agony the moment wait,
. disrupture vast, the waving Earth
them in her sea-disgorging womb.
affrighted are the bestial kind.
eed quivers in each panting vein,
rs, bath'd in deluges of sweat:
herds forsake their grassy food,
orth frighted, woful, hollow sounds: 410
y trusty centinel of night,
post assign'd; and, piteous, howls.
n feels:... .....
in-waves, passing their custom'd bounds,
ul, loud incursions on the land,
elming: sudden they retreat,
whole troubled waters; but, anon,
urn, with louder, mightier force;
rocks whiten, the vext shores resound)
ore rapid, distant they retire. 420
ations lighten all the sky,
'd flames; while Thunder's awful voice,
his shrine, by night and horrour girt,
e guilty, and appals the good:
best, smote by the bolt of Heaven,
thereal flame, forget to live:
heana—Muse, her fate deplore.
oung reason dawn'd in Junio's breast,
ent him from these genial isles,
d Thames with conscious pride surveys
, soft abode of every Muse. 431
beauty soon he made his own;
m'd Isis saw him woo the Nine,
iring banks: Love tun'd his song;
eana was his only theme,
ighter, whom, in early youth,
nguish'd; and for whom he oft
l the bending cocoa's airy height,

To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
When he presented, more nectareous deem'd. 440
The sweetest sappadillas oft he brought;
From him more sweet ripe sappadillas seem'd.—
Nor had long absence yet effac'd her form;
Her charms still triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.
One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;
Nor knew, till then, sweet Sheen contain'd his all.
His taste mature approv'd his infant choice.
In colour, form, expression, and in grace,
She shone all perfect; while each pleasing art,
And each soft virtue that the sex adorns, 450
Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect strain,
Which Percy's happier pencil would demand,
Can ill describe the transports Junio felt

Solfaterre.] Volcanos are called sulolfaterres, in the West Indies. There ountainous islands in that part of the it them, and those probably will destroy e. I saw much sulphur and alum in re at Mountserrat. The stream that h it is almost as hot as boiling water, ns soon blacken silver, &c.

..... *the bending cocoa's.*] The cocoa- of the palm genus; there are se- s of them, which grow naturally in zone. The cocoa-nut tree is, by no useful as travellers have represented it. of little or no service, being spongy, wn covering of the nuts is of too rough o serve as apparel. The shell of the a good polish; and, having a handle put to it, is commonly used to drink water out of. The milk, or water of the nut, is cooling and pleasant; but, if drunk too freely, will frequently occasion a pain in the stomach. A salutary oil may be extracted from the kernel; which, if old, and eaten too plentifully, is apt to produce a shortness of breathing. A species of arrack is made from this tree in the East Indies. The largest cocoa-nut trees grow on the banks of the river Oronoko. They thrive best near the sea, and look beautiful at a distance. They afford no great shade. Ripe nuts have been produced from them in three years after planting. The nuts should be macerated in water, before they are put in the ground. Cocoa is an Indian name; the Spaniards call it also palma de las Indias; as the smallest kind, whose nuts are less than walnuts, is termed by them coquillo. This grows in Chili, and the nuts are esteemed more delicate than those of a larger size. In the Maldivy islands, it is pretended, they not only build houses of the cocoa-nut tree, but also vessels, with all their rigging; nay, and load them too with wine, oil, vinegar, black sugar, fruit, and strong water, from the same tree. If this be true, the Maldivian cocoa-nut trees must differ widely from those that grow in the West Indies. The cocoa must not be confounded with the cocoa-nut tree. That shrub grows in the hottest and moistest vales of the Andes. Its leaf, which is gathered two or three times a year, is much coveted by the natives of South America, who will travel great journeys upon a single handful of the leaves, which they do not swallow, but only chew. It is of an unpleasant taste, but, by use, soon grows agreeable. Some authors have also confounded the cocoa-nut palm with the cocoa or chocolate-tree. The French call the cocoa-nut tree cocotier. Its stem, which is very lofty, is always bent; for which reason it looks better in an orchard than in a regular garden. As one limb fades, another shoots up in the center, like a pike. The botanical name is palma indica, coccifera, angulosa.

Ver. 441. *Sappadillas.*] This is a pleasant-tasted fruit, somewhat resembling a bergamot-pear, in shape and colour. The tree which produces it is large and shady. Its leaves are of a shining green; but the flowers, which are monopetalous, are of a palish white. The fruit is coronated when ripe, and contains, in its pulp, several longish black seeds. It is wholesome. Antigua produces the best sappadillas I ever tasted. The trivial name is Spanish. Botanists call it cainito.

At this discovery: he declar'd his love;
She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.
And shall not Hymen light his brightest torch,
For this delighted pair? Ah, Junio knew,
His sire detested his Theana's house!—
Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conspir'd
To check their happy union. He resolv'd 460
(And many a sigh that resolution cost)
To pass the time, till death his sire remov'd,
In visiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
While she (and many a tear that parting drew)
Embark'd, reluctant, for her native isle.
Though learned, curious, and though nobly bent,
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
His native land to serve; no joys he found.
Yet sprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
Yet Greece, of old the seat of every Muse, 470
Of freedom, courage; yet Ausonia's clime,
His steps explor'd; where painting, music's strains,
Where arts, where laws, (Philosophy's best child)
With rival beauties, his attention claim'd.
To his just-judging, his instructed eye,
Th' all-perfect Medicean Venus seem'd
A perfect semblance of his Indian fair:
But, when she spoke of love, her voice surpass'd
Th' harmonious warblings of Italian song.
Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came,
Which briefly told him of his father's death. 481
Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven resign'd,
Soon he reach'd Albion, and as soon embark'd,
Eager to clasp the object of his love.
Blow, prosperous breezes; swiftly sail, thou Po:
Swift sail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.
In Biscay's stormy seas an armed ship,
Of force superior, from loud Charente's wave
Clapt them on board. The frighted flying crew
Their colours strike; when dauntless Junio, fir'd
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief, 491
Who on the bloody deck dealt slaughter round.
The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;
And touch'd with shame, with emulation stung,
So plied their cannon, plied their missile fires,
That soon in air the hapless thunderer blew.
Blow prosperous breezes, swiftly sail thou Po,
May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!
Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they spy,
Like clouds dim rising in the distant air. 500
Glad Eurus whistles; laugh the sportive crew;
Each sail is set to catch the favouring gale,
While on the yard-arm the harpooner sits,
Strikes the boneta, or the shark insnares:
The fring'd urtica spreads her purple form
To catch the gale, and dances o'er the waves.
Small winged fishes on the shrouds alight;
And beauteous dolphins gently play'd around.
Though faster than the tropic bird they flew,
Oft Junio cried, "Ah! when shall we see land?" 510
Soon land they made: and now in thought he clasp't
His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.
She, no less amorous, ev'ry evening walk'd
On the cool margin of the purple main,
Intent her Junio's vessel to descry.
One eve (faint calms for many a day had rag'd)
The winged demons of the tempest rose;
Thunder, and rain, and lightning's awful power.
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
Exemption from the grave; th' ethereal bolt, 520
That stretch'd her speechless, o'er her lovely head
Had innocently roll'd.
Meanwhile, impatient Junio leapt ashore,
Regardless of the demons of the storm.
Ah, youth! what woes, too great for man to bear,
Are ready to burst on thee? Urge not so
Thy flying courser. Soon Theana's porch
Receiv'd him: at his sight, the ancient slaves
Affrighted shriek, and to the chamber point:—
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant, 530
He enter'd hasty.....
Ah! what a sight for one who lov'd so well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death,
Theana lay; and yet a glimpse of joy
Play'd on her face, while with faint, faltering voice,
She thus addrest the youth, whom yet she knew.
"Welcome, my Junio, to thy native shore!
Thy sight repays this summons of my fate:
Live, and live happy; sometimes think of me:
By night, by day, you still engag'd my care; 540
And, next to God, you now my thoughts employ:
Accept of this——my little all I give;
Would it were larger"——Nature could no more
She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.
But say, what strains, what language can express
The thousand pangs which tore the lover's breast?
Upon her breathless corse himself he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haste,
Ten thousand kisses gave. He strove to speak:
Nor words he found: he clasp't her arms; 550
He sigh'd, he swoon'd, look'd up, and died away.
One grave contains this hapless, faithful pair;
And still the cane-isles tell their matchless love!

Ver. 499. *Porto Santo.*] This is one of the Madeira islands, and of course subject to the king of Portugal. It lies in 32.33 degrees of N. latitude. It is neither so fruitful nor so large as Madeira Proper, and is chiefly peopled by convicts, &c.

Ver. 504. ..... *the boneta.*] This fish, which is equal in size to the largest salmon, is only to be found in the warm latitudes. It is not a delicate food, but those who have lived for any length of time on salt meats at sea, do not dislike it. Sir Hans Sloane, in his Voyage to Jamaica, describes the method of striking them.

Ver. 504. ..... *or the shark.*] This voracious fish needs no description; I have seen them from 15 to 20 feet long. Some naturalists call it canis carharias. They have been known to follow a slave-ship from Guinea to the West Indies. They swim with incredible celerity, and are found in some of the warmer seas of Europe, as well as between the tropics.

Ver. 505. *Urtica.*] This fish the seamen call a Portuguese man of war. It makes a most beautiful appearance on the water.

Ver. 507. ..... *winged fishes.*] This extraordinary species of fish is only found in the warm latitudes. Being pursued in the water by a fish of prey called albacores, they betake themselves in shoals to flight, and in the air are often snapped up by the garayio, a sea fowl. They sometimes fall on the shrouds or decks of ships. They are well tasted, and commonly sold at Barbadoes.

Ver. 508. *Dolphins.*] This is a most beautiful fish, when first taken out of the sea; but its beauty vanishes almost as soon as it is dead.

Ver. 509. *Tropic-bird.*] The French call this bird fregate, on account of its swift flying. It is only to be met with in the warm latitudes.

E *SUGAR-CANE:*

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

ıth of January, when crop begins. nters have employment all the 'lanters should be pious. A ripe fire at midnight. Crop begun. escribed. Effects of music. Great in feeding the mill. Humanity ımed recommended. The tainted ɔt be ground. Their use. How laths and mill-points from sudden ess to the Sun, and praise of Anle-mill described. Care of mules, to which they are subject. A least liable to interruption. Comıloupe and Martinico. Praise of The necessity of a strong, clear Planters should always have a ssels, because the iron furnaces ıck, and copper vessels to melt. f throwing cold water into a thofurnace. Cleanliness and skimnmended. A boiling-house should ıpen at top, to the leeward. Conf vegetables. Sugar an essential etards its granulation. How to ıumb cane. Effects of it. Bristtemper. Various uses of Bristol nuscovado described. Bermudas ıded. The Negroes should not be drinking the hot liquor. The nd healthiness of the Negroes in oilers to be encouraged. They boil the sugar too little, nor too the sugar is of too loose a grain, oil over the teache, or last copper, settles it, and makes it boil closer. ten mix sand with their sugars. not followed by the English. A f the skimmings. Their various . Its praise. A West India prosp is finished. An address to the e more upon their estates than reasons.

---

eep distress, the heavenly Muse,
, claps her dewy wings.
n, in the howling waste,
wander'd, fearful at each step,
's, fell serpents, whelming bogs;
ıe long eminence, descries
cial life; wide-cultur'd plains,
reapers pour; he cheerly sings:
lier notes her pipe attunes,
nountains heard; to gratulate,
rols, the beginning year. 11
th of Time! in other climes,
with tempests usher'd in;
ıre thine appearance wails,
:er wields his iron mace:
iest verge of these green isles,
Though mountains heapt on mountains brave the sky,
Dares Winter, by his residence, profane.
At times the ruffian, wrapt in murky state,
Inroads will, sly, attempt; but soon the Sun, 20
Benign protector of the cane-land isles,
Repels th' invader, and his rude mace breaks.
Here, every mountain, every winding dell,
(Haunt of the Dryads; where, beneath the shade
Of broad-leaf'd China, idly they repose,
Charm'd with the murmur of the tinkling rill;
Charm'd with the hummings of the neighb'ring hive;)
Welcome thy glad approach: but chief the cane,
Whose juice now longs to murmur down the spout,
Hails thy lov'd coming; January, hail! 30
O M——! thou, whose polish'd mind contains
Each science useful to thy native isle!
Philosopher, without the hermit's spleen!
Polite, yet learned; and, though solid, gay!
Critic, whose head each beauty, fond, admires;
Whose heart each errour flings in friendly shade!
Planter, whose youth sage Cultivation taught
Each secret lesson of her sylvan school:
To thee the Muse a grateful tribute pays;
She owes to thee the precepts of her song: 40
Nor wilt thou, sour, refuse; though other cares,
The public welfare, claim thy busy hour;
With her to roam (thrice pleasing devious walk)
The ripen'd cane-piece; and, with her, to taste
(Delicious draught!) the nectar of the mill!
The planter's labour in a round revolves;
Ends with the year, and with the year begins.
Ye swains, to Heaven bend low in grateful prayer,
Worship the Almighty; whose kind-fostering hand
Hath blest your labour, and hath given the cane
To rise superior to each menac'd ill. 51
Nor less, ye planters, in devotion, sue,
That nor the heavenly bolt, nor casual spark,
Nor hand of Malice may the crop destroy.
Ah me! what numerous, deaf'ning bells, resound?
What cries of horrour startle the dull sleep?

Ver. 17. *Though mountains heapt on mountains.*] This more particularly alludes to St. Kitts; where one of the highest ridges of that chain of mountains, which run through its centre, from one end of it to the other, bears upon it another mountain, which, somewhat resembling the legendary prints of the Devil's carrying on his shoulders St. Christopher; or, as others write, of a giant, of that appellation, carrying our Saviour, in the form of a child, in the same manner, through a deep sea; gave name to this island.

Ver. 25. *Of broad-leaf'd China.*] The leaves of this medicinal tree are so large, that the Negroes commonly use them to cover the water, which they bring in pails from the mountain, where it chiefly grows. The roots of this tree were introduced into European practice soon after the venereal disease; but, unless they are fresh, it must be confessed they possess fewer virtues than either sarsaparilla or lignum vitæ. It also grows in China, and many parts of the East Indies, where it is greatly recommended in the gout, palsy, sciatica, obstructions, and obstinate head-achs: but it can surely not effect the removal of these terrible disorders; since, in China, the people eat the fresh root, boiled with their meat, as we do turnips; and the better sort there use a water distilled from it. The Spaniards call it palo de China. The botanical name is smilax.

What gleaming brightness makes, at midnight, day?
By its portentous glare, too well I see
Palemon's fate; the virtuous, and the wise!
Where were ye, watches, when the flame burst forth?
A little care had then the hydra quell'd: 61
But, now, what clouds of white smoke load the sky!
How strong, how rapid the combustion pours!
Aid not, ye winds! with your destroying breath,
The spreading vengeance.—They contemn my prayer.
Rous'd by the deaf'ning bells, the cries, the blaze,
From every quarter, in tumultuous bands,
The Negroes rush; and, 'mid the crackling flames,
Plunge, demon-like! All, all, urge every nerve:
This way, tear up those canes; dash the fire out, 70
Which sweeps, with serpent-errour, o'er the ground.
There, these hew down; their topmost branches burn:
And here bid all thy wat'ry engines play;
For here the wind the burning deluge drives.
In vain.—More wide the blazing torrent rolls;
More loud it roars, more bright it fires the pole!
And t'ward thy mansion, see, it bends its way.
Haste! far, O far, your infant-throng remove:
Quick from your stables drag your steeds and mules:
With well-wet blankets guard your cypress-roofs; 80
And where thy dried canes in large stacks are pil'd.—
Efforts but serve to irritate the flames:
Naught but thy ruin can their wrath appease.
Ah, my Palemon! what avail'd thy care,
Oft to prevent the earliest dawn of day,
And walk thy ranges at the noon of night?
What though no ills assail'd thy bunching sprouts,
And seasons pour'd obedient to thy will:
All, all must perish; nor shalt thou preserve
Wherewith to feed thy little orphan-throng. 90
Oh, may the cane-isles know few nights like this!
For now the sail-clad points, impatient, wait
The hour of sweet release, to court the gale.
The late-hung coppers wish to feel the warmth,
Which well-dried fuel from the cane imparts:
The Negro-train, with placid looks, survey
Thy fields, which full perfection have attain'd,
And pant to wield the bill: (no surly watch
Dare now deprive them of the luscious cane)
Nor thou, my friend, their willing ardour check; 100
Encourage rather; cheerful toil is light.
So from no field, shall slow-pac'd oxen draw
More frequent loaded wanes; which many a day,
And many a night shall feed thy crackling mills
With richest offerings: while thy far-seen flames,
Bursting through many a chimney, bright emblaze
The Æthiop-brow of night. And see, they pour
(Ere Phosphor his pale circlet yet withdraws,
What time grey Dawn stands tip-toe on the hill)
O'er the rich cane-grove: Muse, their labour sing.
Some bending, of their sapless burden ease 111
The yellow jointed canes, (whose height exceeds
A mounted trooper, and whose clammy round
Measures two inches full) and near the root
Lop the stem off, which quivers in their hand
With fond impatience: soon its branchy spires
(Food to thy cattle) it resigns; and soon
Its tender prickly tops, with eyes thick set,
To load with future crops thy long-hoed land.

Ver. 81. *And where thy dried canes.*] The cane-stalks which have been ground are called magoss; probably a corruption of the French word bagasse, which signifies the same thing. They make an excellent fuel.

These with their green, their pliant branches bound,
(For not a part of this amazing plant 121
But serves some useful purpose) charge the young:
Not laziness declines this easy toil;
Even lameness from its leafy pallet crawls,
To join the favour'd gang. What of the cane
Remains, and much the largest part remains,
Cut into junks a yard in length, and tied
In small light bundles, load the broad-wheel'd wane,
The mules crook-harnest, and the sturdier crew,
With sweet abundance. As on Lincoln-plains, 130
(Ye plains of Lincoln sound your Dyer's praise!)
When the lav'd snow-white flocks are numerous penn'd;
The senior swains, with sharpen'd shears, cut off
The fleecy vestment; others stir the tar;
And some impress, upon their captives' sides,
Their master's cipher; while the infant throng
Strive by the horns to hold the struggling ram,
Proud of their prowess. Nor meanwhile the jest
Light-bandied round, but innocent of ill;
Nor choral song are wanting: echo rings. 140
Nor need the driver, Æthiop authoriz'd,
Thence more inhuman, crack his horrid whip;
From such dire sounds th' indignant Muse averts
Her virgin-ear, where music loves to dwell:
'Tis malice now, 'tis wantonness of power
To lash the laughing, labouring, singing throng.
What cannot song? all nature feels its power:
The hind's blithe whistle, as through stubborn soils
He drives the shining share, more than the goad
His tardy steers impells.—The Muse hath seen, 150
When health danc'd frolic in her youthful veins,
And vacant gambols wing'd the laughing hours;
The Muse hath seen on Annan's pastoral hills,
Of theft and slaughter erst the fell retreat,
But now the shepherd's best-beloved walk:
Hath seen the shepherd, with his sylvan pipe,
Lead on his flock o'er crags, through bogs, and streams,
A tedious journey; yet not weary they,
Drawn by the enchantment of his artless song.
What cannot music?—When brown Ceres asks
The reaper's sickle; what like magic sound, 161
Puff'd from sonorous bellows by the squeeze
Of tuneful artist, can the rage disarm
Of the swart dog-star, and make harvest light?
And now thy mills dance eager in the gale;
Feed well their eagerness; but O beware!
Nor trust, between the steel-cas'd cylinders,
The hand incautious: off the member snapt
Thou 'lt ever rue; sad spectacle of woe!

Ver. 168. ..... *off the member snapt.*] This accident will sometimes happen, especially in the night: and the unfortunate wretch must fall a victim to his imprudence or sleepiness, if a hatchet do not immediately strike off the entangled member; or the mill be not instantly put out of the wind.

Pere Labat says, he was informed the English were wont, as a punishment, thus to grind their Negroes to death. But one may venture to affirm this punishment never had the sanction of law; and if any Englishman ever did grind his Negroes to death, I will take upon me to aver, he was universally detested by his countrymen.

Indeed the bare suspicion of such a piece of barbarity leaves a stain: and therefore authors cannot be too cautious of admitting into their

e, the Muse can scarce believe the tale;
who, lost to every feeling sense, 171
interest lost; their slaves desert,
mit them, generous boon! to starve
imprudence, or the hand of Heaven?
man feeds his blind, his aged steed,
s service spent his vigorous prime:
a mortal to his fellow-man,
of vanity, thy slaves are men)
ection? Muse suppress the tale.
o in bundles bind the lopt-off canes; 180
ye! who feed the tight-brac'd mill;
e parcels, far, the infected fling:
ne-juice the least admixture spoils
t, soundest; thus, in pastoral walks,
d sheep contaminates the fold.
to dung-heaps thou resign the canes,
the Sun hath burnt, or rats have gnaw'd.
mall junks reduc'd, and in huge casks
ere no cool winds blow, do thou fer-
nt:—
n from his entanglements enlarg'd 190
e spirit mounts; by Vulcan's aid
hitryte will her help deny)
rough all his winding ways pursue
ay; till in thy sparkling bowl
e dances more a friend to life,
han that Nepenthe fam'd of yore,
ydamna, Thone's imperial queen,
ve-born Helen on the banks of Nile.
d ocean, when the wind blows high,
us mariner contracts his sail; 200
hen squally bursts the speeding gale,
m ruin would'st thy points preserve,
ing canvass to the storm oppose.
faint breeze oft flags on listless wings,
lates the cocoa's airiest arch,
red Sun darts deluges of fire,
if on the gale thy crop depend)
y hopes of opulence defeat.
er of the planetary train!"
liminished of all-cheering light, 210
eauty, and heart-gladning joy!
f being, on whose water broods
c spirit, principle of life!
seasons! who in courtly pomp
y presence, and with glad dispatch,
y bidding, o'er the land and sea!
egetation, whose fond grasp
-cane displays; and whose green car
g dews, with liquid pearls adorn'd,
ng rains, and buxom genial airs 220
mphant! why, ah why so oft,
Antigua, sweetly social isle,

Nurse of each art; where Science yet finds friends
Amid this waste of waters; wept thy rage?
Then trust not, planter, to th' unsteady gale:
But in Tobago's endless forests fell
The tall tough hiccory, or calaba.
Of this, be forc'd two pillars in the ground,
Four paces distant, and two cubits high:
Other two pillars raise; the wood the same, 230
Of equal size and height. The calaba,
Than steel more durable, contemns the rain,
And Sun's intensest beam; the worm, that pest
Of mariners, which winds its fatal way
Through heart of British oak, reluctant leaves
The closer calaba.—By transverse beams
Secure the whole; and in the pillar'd frame,
Sink, artist, the vast bridge-tree's mortis'd form
Of pond'rous hiccory; hiccory time defies:
To this be nail'd three polish'd iron plates; 240
Whereon, three steel capouces, turn with ease,
Of three long rollers, twice-nine inches round,
With iron cas'd, and jagg'd with many a cogg.
The central cylinder exceeds the rest
In portly size, thence aptly captain nam'd.
To this be rivetted th' extended sweeps;
And harness to each sweep two seasoned mules:
They pacing round, give motion to the whole.
The close-brac'd cylinders with ease revolve
On their greas'd axle; and with ease reduce 250
To trash the canes thy Negroes throw between.
Fast flows the liquor through the lead-lin'd spouts;
And depurated by opposing wires,
In the receiver floats a limpid stream.
So twice five casks, with muscovado fill'd,
Shall from thy staunchions drip, ere Day's bright god
Hath in the Atlantic six times cool'd his wheels.
Wouldst thou against calamity provide?
Let a well-shingled roof, from Raleigh's land,

ny insinuation that bears hard on the
of a people.
servation affords but too many proofs,
estic slavery does not obtain, of the fatal
ces of indulged passion and revenge; but
man is the absolute property of another,
ons may perhaps receive additional ac-
nters, therefore, cannot be too much on
d against the first sallies of passion; as
nce, passion, like a favourite, will at last
endently powerful.

Amphitryte.] A mixture of sea water,
improvement in the distillation of rum.

Why hath Antigua.] This beautiful
in 16 deg. and 14 min. north latitude.

It was long uninhabited on account of its wanting fresh-water rivers; but is now more fully peopled, and as well cultivated as any of the Leeward Islands. In a seasonable year, it has made thirty thousand hogsheads of sugar. It has no very high mountains. The soil is, in general, clayey. The water of the body-ponds may be used for every purpose of life. Antigua is well fortified, and has a good militia.

Ver. 227. *Hiccory.*] This is a lofty spreading tree, of very hard wood, excellently adapted to the purposes of the mill-wright. The nut, whose shell is thick, hard, and roughish, contains an agreeable and wholesome kernel. It grows in great abundance in St. Croix, Crab-island, and Tobago.

Ver. 227. *Calaba.*] This lofty tree is commonly called mastic: it is a hard wood, and is found in the places where the hiccory grows. The flowers are yellow, and are succeeded by a fruit, which bears a distant resemblance to a shrub.

Ver. 259. ..... *Raleigh's land.*] Sir Walter Raleigh gave the name of Virginia, in honour of queen Elizabeth, to the whole of the north-east of North America, which Sebastian Cabot, a native of Bristol, (though others call him a Venetian,) first discovered, A. D. 1497, in the time of king Henry VII. by whom he was employed; but no advantages could be reaped from this discovery, on account of the various disturbances that ensued in England during the succeeding reigns, till about the year 1584, queen Elizabeth gave sir Walter Raleigh a patent for all such land, from 33 to 40

Defend thy stock from noon's inclement blaze, 260
And from night-dews; for night no respite knows.
Nor, when their destin'd labour is perform'd,
Be thou asham'd to lead the panting Muse
(The Muse, soft parent of each social grace,
With eyes of love God's whole creation views)
T' the warm pen; where copious forage strow'd,
And strenuous rubbing, renovate their strength.
So, fewer ails (alas, how prone to ails!)
Their days shall shorten; ah, too short at best!
For not, even then, my friend, art thou secure
From Fortune: spite of all thy steady care, 271
What ills, that laugh to scorn Machaon's art,
Await thy cattle! farcy's tabid form,
Joint-racking spasms, and cholic's pungent pang,
Need the Muse tell? which, in one luckless moon,
Thy sheds dispeople; when perhaps thy groves,
To full perfection shot, by day, by night,
Indesinent demand their vigorous toil.
Then happiest he, for whom the Naiads pour,
From rocky urns, the never-ceasing stream, 280
To turn his rollers with unbought dispatch.
In Karukera's rich well-water'd isle!
In Matanina! boast of Albion's arms,
The brawling Naiads for the planters toil,
Howe'er unworthy; and, through solemn scenes,
Romantic, cool, with rocks and woods between,
Enchant the senses! but, among thy swains,
Sweet Liamuiga! who such bliss can boast?
Yes, Romney, thou may'st boast; of British heart,
Of courtly manners, join'd to ancient worth: 290
Friend to thy Britain's every blood-earn'd right,
From tyrants wrung, the many or the few.
By wealth, by titles, by ambition's lure,
Not to be tempted from fair honour's path:
While others, falsely flattering their prince,
Bold disapprov'd, or by oblique surmise
Their terrour hinted, of the people arm'd;
Indignant, in the senate, he uprose,
And, with the well-urg'd energy of zeal,
Their specious, subtle sophistry disprov'd; 300
Th' importance, the necessity display'd,
Of civil armies, freedom's surest guard!
Nor in the senate didst thou only win
The palm of eloquence, securely bold;
But rear'dst thy banners, fluttering in the wind:
Kent, from each hamlet, pour'd her marshal'd swains,
To hurl defiance on the threatening Gaul.
Thy foaming coppers well with fuel feed;
For a clear, strong, continued fire improves
Thy muscovado's colour, and its grain. 310
Yet vehement heat, protracted, will consume
Thy vessels, whether from the martial mine,
Or from thine ore, bright Venus, they are drawn;
Or hammer, or hot fusion, give them form.
If prudence guides thee then, thy stores shall hold
Of well-siz'd vessels a complete supply:
For every hour, thy boilers cease to skim,
(Now Cancer reddens with the solar ray)
Defeats thy honest purposes of gain.
Nor small the risk (when piety, or chance,
Force thee from boiling to desist) to lave 321
Thy heated furnace with the gelid stream.
The chymist knows, when all-dissolving fire
Bids the metalline ore abruptly flow;
What dread explosions, and what dire effects,
A few cold drops of water will produce,
Uncautious, on the novel fluid thrown.
For grain and colour, wouldst thou win, my friend,
At every curious mart, the constant palm?
O'er all thy works let Cleanliness preside, 330
Child of Frugality; and, as the skum
Thick mantles o'er the boiling wave, do thou
The skum that mantles carefully remove.
From bloating dropsy, from pulmonic ails,
Would'st thou defend thy boilers, (prime of slaves)
For days, for nights, for weeks, for months, involv'd
In the warm vapour's all-relaxing steam;
Thy boiling-house be lofty: all atop
Open, and pervious to the tropic breeze; 339
Whose cool perflation, woo'd through many a grate,
Dispells the steam, and gives the lungs to play.
The skill'd in chemia, boast of modern arts,
Know from Experiment, the sire of Truth,
In many a plant that oil, and acid juice,
And ropy mucilage, by nature live:
These, envious, stop the much-desir'd embrace
Of the essential salts, though coction bid
Th' aqueous particles to mount in air.
'Mong salts essential, sugar wins the palm,
For taste, for colour, and for various use: 350

north latitude, as he should choose to settle with English, reserving only to the crown a fifth part of all the gold and silver which should therein be discovered, in lieu of all services. Accordingly several embarkations were fitted out from England, but all to no purpose. Some further attempts, however, were made to settle this part of the country in the succeeding reign; but it was not till the year 1620, that a regular form of government took place. Then was tobacco planted, and Negroes imported into Virginia. Since that time it has gradually improved, and does not now contain fewer than a hundred thousand white people of better condition, besides twice as many servants and slaves. The best shingles come from Egg-Harbour.

Ver. 282. *Karukera.*] The Indian name of Guadaloupe.

Ver. 283. *Matanina.*] The Caribbean name of Martinico. The Havannah had not then been taken.

Ver. 289. Romney.] The late lord Romney. C.

Ver. 312. *Thy vessels.*] The vessels, wherein the cane-juice is reduced to sugar by coction, are either made of iron or of copper. Each sort hath its advantages and disadvantages. The teache, or smallest vessel from whence the sugar is laved into the cooler, is generally copper. When it melts it can be patched; but, when the large sort of vessels, called iron-furnaces, crack, which they are too apt to do, no further use can be made of them.

Ver. 339. *Open and pervious.*] This also assists the christalization of the sugar.

Ver. 350. *For taste, for colour, and for various use.*] It were impossible, in the short limits of a note, to enumerate the various uses of sugar; and, indeed, as these are in general so well known, it is needless. A few properties of it, however, wherewith the learned are not commonly acquainted, I shall mention. In some places of the East Indies, an excellent arrac is made from the sugar-cane; and, in South America, sugar is used as an antidote against one of the most sudden, as well as fatal poisons in the world. Taken by mouth,

in the nectar of the yellowest cane,
acor, oil, and mucilage abound:
the less mature, from mountain-land,
harsh intruders so redundant float,
r so strong, as scarce to be subdued.
se, sing the ways to quell them. Some use
cane,
cane, whose juices to the tongue apply'd,
nce lock it, sudden, and constrain'd,
h to Xantippe) with distorting pain.
r is it not effectual: but wouldst thou 360
rival brokers for thy cades contend;
ior arts remain.—Small casks provide,
te with lime-stone thoroughly calcin'd,
rom the air secur'd: this Bristol sends,
l, Britannia's second mart and eye!
"to thy waters only trust for fame,"
l; nor to thy beamy diamonds trust:
gh these oft deck Britannia's lovely fair:
hose oft save the guardians of her realm.
arble-quarries claim the voice of praise, 370
rich incrusts thy Avon's banks, sweet banks!
gh not to you young Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
dely warbled his first woodland notes;
gh not your caves, while Terrour stalk'd around,
im essay to clutch the ideal sword,
drops of blood distain'd: yet, lovely banks,
u reclin'd, another tun'd his pipe;
all the Muses emulously love,
whose strains your praises shall endure,
to Sabrina speeds your healing stream. 380
stol, without thy marble, by the flame
d to whiteness, vain the stately reed
l swell with juice mellifluent; heat would soon
rongest, best-hung furnaces, consume.
ut its aid the cool-imprison'd stream,
n allow'd to view the face of day,
gh late it roam'd a denizen of air;
d steal from its involuntary bounds,
by sly windings, set itself at large. 389
hief thy lime th' experienc'd boiler loves,
ves ill-founded; when no other art
ribe to union the coy floating salts,
A proper portion of this precious dust,
Cast in the wave, (so showers alone of gold
Could win fair Danae to the god's embrace)
With nectar'd muscovado soon will charge
Thy shelving coolers, which, severely press'd
Between the fingers, not resolves; and which
Rings in the cask; and or a light-brown hue,
Or thine, more precious silvery-grey, assumes.
The fam'd Bermuda's ever-healthy isles, 401
More fam'd by gentle Waller's deathless strains,
Than for their cedars, which, insulting, fly
O'er the wide ocean; mid their rocks contain
A stone, which, when calcin'd, (experience says)
Is only second to Sabrina's lime.
While flows the juice mellifluent from the cane,
Grudge not, my friend, to let thy slaves, each morn,
But chief the sick and young, at setting day,
Themselves regale with oft-repeated draughts 410
Of tepid nectar; so shall health and strength
Confirm thy Negroes, and make labour light.
While flame thy chimneys, while thy coppers foam,
How blithe, how jocund, the plantation smiles!
By day, by night, resounds the choral song
Of glad barbarity; serene, the Sun
Shines not intensely hot; the trade-wind blows:
How sweet, how silken, is its noontide breath!
While to far climes the fell destroyer, Death,
Wings his dark flight. Then seldom pray for rain:
Rather for cloudless days thy prayers prefer;
For, if the skies too frequently relent, 422
Crude flows the cane-juice, and will long elude
The boiler's wariest skill: thy canes will spring
To an unthrifty loftiness; or, weigh'd
Down by their load, (ambition's curse) decay.
Encourage thou thy boilers; much depends
On their skill'd efforts. If too soon they strike,
Ere all the wat'ry particles have fled;
Or lime sufficient granulate the juice: 430
In vain the thick'ning liquor is effus'd;
An heterogeneous, an uncertain mass,
And never in thy coolers to condense.
Or, planter, if the coction they prolong
Beyond its stated time; the viscous wave
Will in huge flinty masses crystalize,
Which forceful fingers scarce can crumble down;
And which with its melasses ne'er will part:
Yet this, fast-dripping in nectareous drops,
Not only betters what remains, but, when 440
With art fermented, yields a noble wine,
Than which nor Gallia, nor the Indian clime,
Where rolls the Ganges, can a nobler show.

orte carent, this poison is quite innocent; but ghtest wound made by an arrow, whose point ed therewith, proves immediate death; for, ving all the blood of the body immediately heart, it forthwith bursts it. The fish and killed by these poisoned arrows (in the use of the Indians are astonishingly expert) are tly wholesome to feed on. See Ulloa and De adamine's account of the great river of Ama- It is a vegetable preparation.

. 357. *That cane.*] This, by the natives, is atically called the *dumb cane;* for a small ity of its juice being rubbed on the brim of a ng vessel, whoever drinks out of it, soon after ave his lips and tongue enormously swelled. sician, however, who wrote a short account diseases of Jamaica, in Charles the Second's recommends it both by the mouth and ex- ly, in dropsical and other cases: but I can- y I have had any experience of its efficacy se disorders. It grows wild in the mountains; y its use in sugar-making, should seem to be hat of an alcalescent nature. It grows to eet high, having, at the top, two green shin- aves, about nine inches long; and, between a small spire emerges.

Ver. 428. ..... *If too soon they strike.*] When the cane-juice is granulated sufficiently, which is known by the sugar's sticking to the ladle, and roping like a syrup, but breaking off from its edges; it is poured into a cooler, where, its surface being smoothed, the crystalization is soon completed. This is called *striking*. The general precept is to temper high, and strike low. When the muscovado is of a proper consistence, it is dug out of the cooler, and put into hogsheads; this is called *potting*. The casks being placed upon staunchions, the melasses drips from them into a cistern, made on purpose, below them, to receive it. The sugar is sufficiently cured, when the hogshead rings upon being struck with a stick; and when the two canes, which are put into every cask, show no melasses upon them, when drawn out of it.

So misers in their coffers lock that gold,
Which, if allowed at liberty to roam,
Would better them, and benefit mankind.
In the last coppers, when th' embrowning wave
With sudden fury swells; some grease immix'd,
The foaming tumult sudden will compose,
And force to union the divided grain. 450
So when two swarms in airy battle join,
The winged heroes heap the bloody field;
Until some dust, thrown upward in the sky,
Quell the wild conflict, and sweet peace restore.
False Gallia's sons, that hoe the ocean-isles,
Mix with their sugar loads of worthless sand,
Fraudful, their weight of sugar to increase.
Far be such guile from Britain's honest swains.
Such arts, awhile, th' unwary may surprise,
And benefit th' impostor; but, ere long, 460
The skilful buyer will the fraud detect,
And, with abhorrence, reprobate the name.
Fortune had crown'd Avaro's younger years
With a vast tract of land, on which the cane
Delighted grew, nor ask'd the toil of art.
The sugar-bakers deem'd themselves secure
Of mighty profit, could they buy his cades;
For whiteness, hardness, to the leeward-crop,
His muscovado gave. But, not content
With this pre-eminence of honest gain, 470
He baser sugars started in his casks;
His own, by mixing sordid things, debas'd.
One year the fraud succeeded; wealth immense
Flowed in upon him, and he blest his wiles:
The next, the brokers spurn'd th' adulterate mass,
Both on the Avon and the banks of Thame.
Be thrifty, planter, even thy skimmings save:
For, planter, know, the refuse of the cane
Serves needful purposes. Are barbecues
The cates thou lov'st? What like rich skimmings feed 480
The grunting, bristly kind? Your labouring mules
They soon invigorate: give old Baynard these,
Untir'd he trudges in his destin'd round;
Nor need the driver crack his horrid lash.
Yet, with small quantities indulge the steed,
Whom skimmings ne'er have fatten'd: else, too fond,
So gluttons use, he'll eat intemp'rate meals;
And, staggering, fall the prey of ravening sharks.
But say, ye boon companions, in what strains,
What grateful strains, shall I record the praise 490
Of their best produce, heart-recruiting rum?
Thrice wholesome spirit! well-matur'd with age,
Thrice grateful to the palate! when, with thirst,
With heat, with labour, and wan care oppress,
I quaff thy bowl, where fruit my hands have cull'd,
Round, golden fruit; where water from the spring,
Which dripping coolness spreads her umbrage round;
With hardest, whitest sugar, thrice refin'd;
Dilates my soul with genuine joy; low care
I spurn indignant; toil a pleasure seems. 500
For not Marne's flowery banks, nor Tille's green bounds,
Where Ceres with the god of vintage reigns
In happiest union; not Vigorni'an hills,
Pomona's lov'd abode, afford to man
Goblets more priz'd, or laudable of taste,
To slake parch'd thirst, and mitigate the clime.

Ver. 501. ... *Marne's flowery banks, nor Tille's.*] Two rivers in France, along whose banks the best Burgundy and Champagne grapes grow.

Yet, mid this blest ebriety, some tears,
For friends I left in Albion's distant isle,
For Johnson, Percy, White, escape mine eyes:
For her, fair auth'ress! whom first Calpe's rocks
A sportive infant saw; and whose green years 511
True genius blest with her benignest gifts
Of happiest fancy. O, were ye all here,
O, were ye here; with him, my Paeon's son!
Long-known, of worth approv'd, thrice candid soul!
How would your converse charm the lonely hour?
Your converse, where mild wisdom tempers mirth;
And charity, the petulance of wit;
How would your converse polish my rude lays,
With what new, noble images adorn? 520
Then should I scarce regret the banks of Thames,
All as we sat beneath that sand-box shade;
Whence the delighted eye expatiates wide
O'er the fair landscape; where, in loveliest forms,
Green cultivation hath array'd the land.
See! there, what mills, like giants raise their arms,
To quell the speeding gale! what smoke ascends
From every boiling house! What structures rise,
Neat though not lofty, pervious to the breeze;
With galleries, porches, or piazzas grac'd! 530
Nor not delightful are those reed-built huts,
On yonder hill, that front the rising Sun;
With plantanes, with banana's bosom'd-deep,
That flutter in the wind: where frolic goats
Butt the young Negroes, while their swarthy sires,
With ardent gladness wield the bill; and hark,
The crop is finish'd, how they rend the sky!
Nor, beauteous only shows the cultured soil,
From this cool station. No less charms the eye
That wild interminable waste of waves: 540
While on the horizon's furthest verge are seen
Islands of different shape, and different size;
While sail-clad ships, with their sweet produce fraught,
Swell on the straining sight; while near yon rock,
On which ten thousand wings with ceaseless clang
Their airies build, a waterspout descends,
And shakes mid ocean; and while there below,
That town, embower'd in the diff'rent shade
Of tamarinds, panspans, and papaws, o'er which

Ver. 510. *For her, fair auth'ress.*] Mrs. Lennox.

Ver. 522. ..... *sand box.*] So called, from the pericarpiums being often made use of for containing sand, when the seeds, which are a violent emetic, are taken out. This is a fine shady tree, especially when young; and its leaves are efficaciously applied in headachs to the temples, which they sweat. It grows fast; but loses much of its beauty by age. Its wood is brittle, and when cut emits a milky juice, which is not caustic. The sand-box thrives best in warm shady places. The Sun often splits the pericarpium, which then cracks like a pistol. It is round, flatted both above and below, and divided into a great number of regular compartments, each of which contains one seed flatted ovularly. The botanical name is hura.

Ver. 549. *Panspans.*] See the notes on book ii.

Ver. 549. *Papaws.*] This singular tree, whose fruits surround its summit immediately under the branches and leaves like a necklace, grows quicker than almost any other in the West Indies. The wood is of no use, being spongy, hollow, and herbaceous; however, the blossoms and fruit make excellent sweetmeats; but above all, the juice of

is throws her painted arch, 550
nerce toiling in each crowded street,
ırong'd street with limpid currents lav'd.
ɔugh no bird of song here charms the
e
ild minstrelsy; far, far beyond,
ral quavers of Hesperian throats!
chaste poet of the vernal woods,
rude Folly's din, delight not here
ıg eve; and though no herald-lark
his couch, high-towering to descry
:h of dawn, and hail her with his song:
nusical the tinkling lapse 561
argent rill, which Phœbus gilds
st orient rays; yet musical,
m airs that through the plantanes play,
ith wantonness their leafy scrolls;
musical the wave's hoarse sound,
s, sullen, on the distant shore;
l those little insects' hum,
round us, and to Reason's ear
ıl truths convey; while every beam 570
ıem transient tints, which vary when
their purple plumes; yet musical
rn cooing of the mountain-dove,
:o pleasing thoughtfulness the soul;
he breeze, that murmurs through yon
ss,
ıe ear with tunable delight.
ıch fair scenes adorn these blissful isles;
ıeir sons, ungrateful, roam abroad?
their opulence in other climes?
re-eminence your partial aim? ——
courts you here; the senate calls. 581
:hing slaves, attendant wait your nod:
e, unnoted, but for Folly's garb,
jargon; your dull hours ye pass,
titles, and superior wealth.
rtial ardour fire your generous veins?
: native isles: Bellona, there,
time rear'd her bloody flag; these isles
ıous arms demand; for ye are brave!
to the lute and tabour's sound 590
ic measures. O, could my weak song,
y song, like his, heaven-favoured bard,
esponding Sparta's oft-beat hosts
to glory; fire your souls
ısh ardour! for now England's swains,
of Norfolk, swains of England, thank)
ıs, to Freedom's standard fly,
invasion from their native shore:
my soul exult with conscious pride;
: those wreaths Tyrtæus gain'd of yore.

Or are ye fond of rich luxurious cates?— 591
Can aught in Europe emulate the pine,
Or fruit forbidden, native of your isles?
Sons of Apicius, say, can Europe's seas,
Can aught the edible creation yields,
Compare with turtle, boast of land and wave?
Can Europe's seas, in all their finny realms,
Aught so delicious as the Jew-fish show?
Tell me what viands, land or streams produce,
The large, black, female, moulting crab excel?
A richer flavour not wild Cambria's hills, 611
Nor Scotia's rocks with heath and thyme o'erspread,
Give to their flocks; than, lone Barbuda, you,
Than you, Anguilla, to your sheep impart.
Even Britain's vintage here, improv'd, we quaff;
Even Lusitanian, even Hesperian wines.
Those from the Rhine's imperial banks (poor Rhine!
How have thy banks been died with brother-blood?
Unnatural warfare!) strength and flavour gain
In this delicious clime. Besides, the cane, 620
Wafted to every quarter of the globe,
Makes the vast produce of the world your own.
Or rather, doth the love of Nature charm;
Its mighty love your chief attention claim?
Leave Europe; there, through all her coyest ways,
Her secret mazes, Nature is pursued:
But here, with savage loneliness, she reigns
On yonder peak, whence giddy Fancy looks,
Affrighted, on the labouring main below. 629
Heavens! what stupendous, what unnumber'd trees,
"Stage above stage, in various verdure drest,"
Unprofitable, shag its airy cliffs! [bloom,
Heavens! what new shrubs, what herbs with useless
Adorn its channel'd sides; and, in its caves
What sulphurs, ores, what earths and stones abound!
There let Philosophy conduct thy steps,
"For nought is useless made:" with candid search,
Examine all the properties of things;
Immense discoveries soon will crown your toil,
Your time will soon repay. Ah, when will cares, 640
The cares of fortune, less my minutes claim?
Then, with what joy, what energy of soul,
Will I not climb yon mountain's airiest brow!
The dawn, the burning noon, the setting Sun,

:ing rubbed upon a spit, will intenerate fowls, &c. a circumstance of great con- n a climate, where the warmth soon atever meats are attempted to be made keeping, unfit for culinary purposes. : only intenerate fresh meat; but, being salted beef, will render it easily di- Its milky juice is sometimes used to cure

It is said, that the guts of hogs would lacerated, were they to feed on the ripe, ruit. Its seed is said to be anthelmintic. cal name is papaya.

!. ..... *heaven-favoured bard.*] Glover.

. *The man of Norfolk.*] The honourable orge Townshend.

Ver. 608. *Jew-fish.*] This, though a very large, is one of the most delicate fishes that swim; being preferable to caramaw, king-fish, or camaree: some even choose it before turtle. The Jew-fish is often met with at Antigua, which enjoys the happiness of having on its coast few, if any, poisoned fishes.

Ver. 613. *Barbuda.*] This is a low, and not large stock-island, belonging to the Codrington family. Part of this island, as also two plantations in Barbadoes, were left by colonel Christopher Codrington, for building a college in Barbadoes, and converting Negroes to the Christian religion.

Ver. 614. *Anguilla.*] This island is about thirty miles long and ten broad. Though not mountainous, it is rocky, and abounds with strong passes; so that a few of its inhabitants, who are indeed expert in the use of fire-arms, repulsed, with great slaughter, a considerable detachment of French, who made a descent thereon in the war preceding the last. Cotton and cattle are its chief commodities. Many of the inhabitants are rich; the captain-general of the Leeward Islands nominates the governor and council. They have no assembly

The midnight-hour, shall hear my constant vows
To Nature; see me prostrate at her shrine!
And, O, if haply I may aught invent
Of use to mortal man, life to prolong,
To soften, or adorn; what genuine joy,
What exultation of supreme delight, 650
Will swell my raptur'd bosom. Then, when Death
Shall call me hence, I 'll unrepining go;
Nor envy conquerors their storied tombs,
Though not a stone point out my humble grave.

THE SUGAR-CANE.
BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the Genius of Africa. Address. Negroes when bought should be young and strong. The Congo-negroes are fitter for the house and trades, than for the field. The Gold-coast, but especially the Papaw-negroes, make the best field-negroes; but even these, if advanced in years, should not be purchased. The marks of a sound Negro at a Negro sale. Where the men do nothing but hunt, fish, or fight, and all field drudgery is left to the women: these are to be preferred to their husbands. The Minnahs make good tradesmen, but addicted to suicide. The Mundingos, in particular, subject to worms; and the Congas, to dropsical disorders. How salt-water, or new Negroes should be seasoned. Some Negroes eat dirt. Negroes should be habituated by gentle degrees to field labour. This labour, when compared to that in lead-mines, or of those who work in the gold and silver mines of South America, is not only less toilsome, but far more healthy. Negroes should always be treated with humanity. Praise of freedom. Of the dracunculus, or dragon-worm. Of chigres. Of the yaws. Might not this disease be imparted by inoculation? Of worms, and their multiform appearance. Praise of commerce. Of the imaginary disorders of Negroes, especially those caused by their conjurers or Obia-men. The composition and supposed virtues of a magic-phiol. Field Negroes should not begin to work before six in the morning, and should leave off between eleven and twelve; and beginning again at two, should finish before sun-set. Of the weekly allowance of Negroes. The young, the old, the sickly, and even the lazy, must have their victuals prepared for them. Of Negro-ground, and its various productions. To be fenced in, and watched. Of an American garden. Of the situation of the Negro-huts. How best defended from fire. The great Negro-dance described. Drumming, and intoxicating spirits not to be allowed. Negroes should be made to marry in their master's plantation. Inconveniences arising from the contrary practice. Negroes to be clothed once a year, and before Christmas. Praise of Louis XIV. for the Code Noir. A body of laws of this kind recommended to the English sugar colonies. Praise of the river Thames. A moon-light landscape and vision.

Genius of Afric! whether thou bestrid'st
The castled elephant; or at the source
(While howls the desert fearfully around)
Of thine own Niger, sadly thou reclin'st
Thy temples shaded by the trem'lous palm,
Or quick papaw, whose top is necklac'd round
With numerous rows of party-colour'd fruit:
Or hear'st thou rather from the rocky banks
Of Rio Grandê, or black Sanaga? 9
Where dauntless thou the headlong torrent brav'st
In search of gold, to brede thy woolly locks,
Or with bright ringlets ornament thine ears,
Thine arms and ankles: O attend my song.
A Muse that pities thy distressful state;
Who sees, with grief, thy sons in fetters bound;
Who wishes freedom to the race of man;
Thy nod assenting craves: dread Genius, come!
Yet vain thy presence, vain thy favouring nod;
Unless once more the Muses, that erewhile
Upheld me fainting in my past career, 20
Through Caribbee's cane-isles; kind condescend
To guide my footsteps, through parch'd Libya's wilds,
And bind my sun-burnt brow with other bays,
Than ever deck'd the sylvan bard before.
Say, will my Melvil, from the public care,
Withdraw one moment to the Muses' shrine?
Who smit with thy fair fame, industrious cull
An Indian wreath to mingle with thy bays,
And deck the hero, and the scholar's brow!
Wilt thou, whose mildness smooths the face of War, 30
Who round the victor-blade the myrtle twin'st,
And mak'st subjection loyal and sincere;
O wilt thou gracious hear th' unartful strain,
Whose mild instructions teach, no trivial theme,
What care the jetty African requires?
Yes, thou wilt deign to hear; a man thou art
Who deem'st nought foreign that belongs to man.
In mind and aptitude for useful toil,
The Negroes differ: Muse that difference sing.
Whether to wield the hoe, or guide the plane;
Or for domestic uses thou intend'st 41
The sunny Libyan: from what clime they spring,
It not imports; if strength and youth be theirs.
Yet those from Congo's wide-extended plains,
Through which the long Zaire winds with crystal stream,
Where lavish Nature sends indulgent forth
Fruits of high flavour, and spontaneous seeds
Of bland nutritious quality, ill bear
The toilsome field; but boast a docile mind,
And happiness of features. These, with care, 50
Be taught each nice mechanic art: or trained
To household offices: their ductile souls
With all thy care, and all thy gold repay.
But, if the labours of the field demand
Thy chief attention; and th' ambrosial cane
Thou long'st to see, with spiry frequence, shade
Many an acre: planter, choose the slave,
Who sails from barren climes; where Want alone,
Offspring of rude Necessity, compels
The sturdy native, or to plant the soil, 60
Or stem vast rivers for his daily food.
Such are the children of the Golden Coast;
Such the Papaws, of Negroes far the best:
And such the num'rous tribes, that skirt the shore,
From rapid Volta to the distant Rey.

Ver. 25. The veteran general Melvil, whom all men praise. C.

', from what coast soe'er they sail,
ld: they ever sullen prove;
lt anguish, they lament their home;
, cannot work; they never learn
nguage; they are prone to ails: 70
cide their being end.
from Afric reinforce thy gang?—
d youth their every sinew firm;
r ample eye; their tongue be red;
eir chest; their shoulders wide expand;
t their belly; clean and strong
nd legs, in just proportion rise.
l brave the fervours of the clime;
ails, that kill thy Negro-train,
ritude will long support. 80
e own, thy children's life, be dear;
rmantee, though healthy, young.
generous for the servile field;
freedom in their native land,
before dishonourable bonds:
vengeance, at the midnight hour,
seize thine unsuspecting watch,
a poniard bury in thy breast.
he men, in many a sylvan realm,
bacco, charm of sauntering minds, 90
tubes inhale; or, vacant, beat
forest; or, in war's dread ranks,
's foes affront: while, in the field,
lant rice, or yams, or lofty maize,
repel. Be these thy choice:
with the labours of the cane
niliar; while unusual toil,
rities their husbands kill.
from Minnah are of stubborn breed:
bill, or hammer, they affect, 100
rfection reach. But fly, with care,
tion; they themselves destroy.
k in all: yet, pronest they to worms,
undingo sail. When therefore such
for sturdy and laborious they,
me learned leach strong med'cines give,
climate both familiar grow.
from rise to set, in Phœbus' eye,
easing; yet, at night, they 'll sleep,
ysium; and, each day, at dawn, 110
heir couch, as blithesome as the Sun.
t more, it much imports to know.
who drink the Quanza's lucid stream,
ousand springs, are prone to bloat,
ome or in these ocean-isles:
ice art the water may subdue,
; and few, for many a year,
attain to labour for their lord.
ou secure thine Ethiop from those ails,
e of climate, change of waters breed,
sual? let Machaon draw 121
me blood, as age and sex require;
vervain, well with sempre-vive,
bowels.—These, in every hedge,
rrow.—Nor will it not conduce
chymists, in mysterious phrase,
te eagle; deadly foe to worms.
hou, my friend, with hearty food,
igestion, likest that
t home regal'd on; renovate 130
n appetites. Let gentle work,
yful exercise, amuse
g: and far be angry words;
chains; and far disheart'ning blows.
strain their eagerness; yet if
The acajou, haply, in thy garden bloom,
With cherries, or of white or purple hue,
Thrice wholesome fruit in this relaxing clime!
Safely thou may'st their appetite indulge.
Their arid skins will plump, their features shine:
No rheums, no dysenteric ails torment: 141
The thirsty hydrops flies.—'Tis even averr'd,
(Ah, did experience sanctify the fact;
How many Lybians now would dig the soil,
Who pine in hourly agonies away!)
This pleasing fruit, if turtle join its aid,
Removes that worst of ails, disgrace of art,
The loathsome leprosy's infectious bane.
There are, the Muse hath oft abhorrent seen,
Who swallow dirt; (so the chlorotic fair 150
Oft chalk prefer to the most poignant cates)
Such dropsy bloats, and to sure death consigns;
Unless restrain'd from this unwholesome food,
By soothing words, by menaces, by blows:
Nor yet will threats, or blows, or soothing words,
Perfect their cure; unless thou, Pæan, deign'st
By med'cine's pow'r their cravings to subdue.
To easy labour first inure thy slaves;
Extremes are dangerous. With industrious search,
Let them fit grassy provender collect 160
For thy keen stomach'd herds.—But when the Earth
Hath made her annual progress round the Sun,
What time the conch or bell resounds, they may
All to the cane-ground, with thy gang, repair.
Nor, Negro, at thy destiny repine,
Though doom'd to toil from dawn to setting Sun.
How far more pleasant is thy rural task,
Than theirs who sweat, sequester'd from the day,
In dark tartarean caves, sunk far beneath
The Earth's dark surface; where sulphureous flames,
Oft from their vapoury prisons bursting wild, 171
To dire explosion give the cavern'd deep,
And in dread ruin all its inmates whelm?—
Nor fateful only is the bursting flame;
The exhalations of the deep-dug mine,
Though slow, shake from their wings as sure a death.

Ver. 137. *Cherries.*] The tree which produces this wholesome fruit is tall, shady, and of quick growth. Its Indian name is acajou; hence corruptly called cashew by the English. The fruit has no resemblance to a cherry, either in shape or size; and bears, at its lower extremity, a nut (which the Spaniards name anacardo, and physicians anacardium) that resembles a large kidney-bean. Its kernel is as grateful as an almond, and more easy of digestion. Between its rinds is contained a highly caustic oil; which, being held to a candle, emits bright salient sparkles, in which the American fortune-tellers pretended they saw spirits who gave answers to whatever questions were put to them by their ignorant followers. This oil is used as a cosmetic by the ladies, to remove freckles and sun-burning; but the pain they necessarily suffer makes its use not very frequent. This tree also produces a gum not inferior to gum-arabic; and its bark is an approved astringent. The juice of the cherry stains exceedingly. The long citron, or amber-coloured, is the best. The cashew-nuts, when unripe, are of a green colour; but, ripe, they assume that of a pale olive. This tree bears fruit but once a year.

Ver. 163. *The conch.*] Plantations that have no bells, assemble their Negroes by sounding a conch-shell.

With what intense severity of pain
Hath the afflicted Muse, in Scotia, seen
The miners rack'd, who toil for fatal lead?
What cramps, what palsies shake their feeble limbs, 180
Who, on the margin of the rocky Drave,
Trace silver's fluent ore? Yet white men these!
How far more happy ye, than those poor slaves,
Who, whilom, under native, gracious chiefs,
Incas and emperors, long time enjoy'd
Mild government, with every sweet of life,
In blissful climates? See them dragg'd in chains,
By proud insulting tyrants, to the mines
Which once they call'd their own, and then despis'd!
See, in the mineral bosom of their land, 190
How hard they toil! how soon their youthful limbs
Feel the decrepitude of age! how soon
Their teeth desert their sockets! and how soon
Shaking paralysis unstrings their frame!
Yet scarce, even then, are they allow'd to view
The glorious god of day, of whom they beg,
With earnest hourly supplications, death;
Yet death slow comes, to torture them the more!
With these compar'd, ye sons of Afric, say,
How far more happy is your lot? Bland health, 200
Of ardent eye, and limb robust, attends
Your custom'd labour; and, should sickness seize,
With what solicitude are ye not nurs'd!
Ye Negroes, then, your pleasing task pursue;
And, by your toil, deserve your master's care.
When first your Blacks are novel to the hoe,
Study their humours: some, soft-soothing words;
Some, presents; and some, menaces subdue;
And some I've known, so stubborn is their kind,
Whom blows, alas! could win alone to toil. 210
Yet, planter, let humanity prevail.
Perhaps thy Negro, in his native land,
Possest large fertile plains, and slaves, and herds:
Perhaps, whene'er he deign'd to walk abroad,
The richest silks, from where the Indus rolls,
His limbs invested in their gorgeous pleats:
Perhaps he wails his wife, his children, left
To struggle with adversity: perhaps
Fortune, in battle for his country fought,
Gave him a captive to his deadliest foe: 220
Perhaps, incautious, in his native fields,
(On pleasurable scenes his mind intent)
All as he wander'd; from the neighb'ring grove,
Fell ambush dragg'd him to the hated main.
Were they even sold for crimes; ye polish'd, say!
Ye, to whom Learning opes her amplest page!
Ye, whom the knowledge of a living God
Should lead to virtue! Are ye free from crimes?
Ah pity, then, these uninstructed swains;
And still let Mercy soften the decrees 230
Of rigid Justice, with her lenient hand.
Oh, did the tender Muse possess the power,
Which monarchs have, and monarchs oft abuse:
'T would be the fond ambition of her soul
To quell tyrannic sway; knock off the chains
Of heart-debasing slavery; give to man,
Of every colour and of every clime,
Freedom, which stamps him image of his God.
Then laws, Oppression's scourge, fair Virtue's prop,
Offspring of Wisdom! should impartial reign, 240
To knit the whole in well-accorded strife:
Servants, not slaves; of choice, and not compell'd;
The Blacks should cultivate the cane-land isles.
Say, shall the Muse the various ills recount,
Which Negro-nations feel? Shall she describe
The worm that subtly winds into their flesh,
All as they bathe them in their native streams?
There, with fell increment, it soon attains
A direful length of harm. Yet, if due skill
And proper circumspection are employed, 250
It may be won its volumes to wind round
A leaden cylinder: but, O beware,
No rashness practise; else 't will surely snap,
And suddenly, retreating, dire produce
An annual lameness to the tortur'd Moor.
Nor only is the dragon worm to dread:
Fell, winged insects, which the visual ray
Scarcely discerns, their sable feet and hands
Oft penetrate; and, in the fleshy nest,
Myriads of young produce; which soon destroy 260
The parts they breed in; if assiduous care,
With art, extract not the prolific foe.
Or, shall she sing, and not debase her lay,
The pest peculiar to the Æthiop kind,
The yaw's infectious bane?—Th' infected far
In huts, to leeward, lodge; or near the main.
With heart'ning food, with turtle, and with conchs;
The flowers of sulphur, and hard niccars burnt,
The lurking evil from the blood expel,
And throw it on the surface: there in spots, 270
Which cause no pain, and scanty ichor yield,
It chiefly breaks about the arms and hips,
A virulent contagion!——When no more
Round knobby spots deform, but the disease
Seems at a pause: then let the learned leach
Give, in due dose, live-silver from the mine;
Till copious spitting the whole taint exhaust.——
Nor thou repine, though half-way round the Sun
This globe her annual progress shall absolve,
Ere, clear'd, thy slave from all infection shine. 280
Nor then be confident; successive crops
Of defedations oft will spot the skin:
These thou, with turpentine and guaiac pods,
Reduc'd by coction to a wholesome draught,
Total remove, and give the blood its balm.
Say, as this malady but once infests

Ver. 181. ..... *rocky Drave.*] A river in Hungary, on whose banks are found mines of quicksilver.

Ver. 257. ..... *winged insects.*] These, by the English, are called chigoes or chigres. They chiefly perforate the toes, and sometimes the fingers; occasioning an itching, which some people think not unpleasing, and are at pains to get, by going to the copper-holes, or mill-round, where chigres most abound. They lay their nits in a bag, about the size of a small pea, and are partly contained therein themselves. This the Negroes extract without bursting, by means of a needle, and filling up the place with a little snuff; it soon heals, if the person has a good constitution. One species of them is supposed to be poisonous; but, I believe, unjustly. When they bury themselves near a tendon, especially if the person is in a bad habit of body, they occasion troublesome sores. The South Americans call them migues.

Ver. 268. ..... *niccars.*] The botanical name of this medicinal shrub is guilandina. The fruit resembles marbles, though not so round. Their shell is hard and smooth, and contains a farinaceous nut, of admirable use in seminal weaknesses. They are also given to throw out the yaws.

f Guinea, might not skill ingraft
small-pox are happily convey'd)
nt early to thy Negro-train?
the ills which torture Libya's sons; 290
ranuize the worst. They, Proteus-like,
ptom of each malady assume;
r ev'ry mask, th' assassins kill.
ie guise of horrid spasms, they writhe
'd body, and all sense o'erpower.
, like Mania, with her head downcast,
e the wretch in solitude to pine;
, bursting from the strongest chains,
vith look terrific, not his own.
like Ague, with a shivering mien, 300
gnash fearful, and the blood runs chill:
'erment maddens in the veins,
e vigour animates the frame.
Dropsy's bloated mask they steal;
t with minings of the hectic fire."
such various mimic forms of death,
edies shall puzzled art oppose?—
th' Almighty, in each path-way hedge,
-itch grows, whose sharp unnumber'd
itings,
1 melasses, from their dens expell, 310
of death, the reptile lurking foe.
l vermifuge, in skilful hands,
-grass proves; yet, even in hands of skill,
've known it dim the visual ray
le day and night. There are who use
Experience justifies the use)
al product of the Cornish mine;
old times, ere Britain laws enjoy'd,
'd Tyrians, monarchs of the main,
ift ships convey'd to foreign realms: 320
y day, by night the northern star,
se conducted.—Mighty Commerce hail!
ie sons of Attic's sterile land,
number, laws impos'd on Greece:
they Greece alone; vast Asia's king,
rt by rich arm'd myriads, at their frown
art wither on his furthest throne.
source of population thou!
nty peasants plough the flowery plains
Enna; from the Belgian fens 330
rms of useful citizens spring up,
y thy fostering wing. Ah, where is flown
itless free-born spirit, which of old
em to shake off the tyrannic yoke
insulting king; on whose wide realms
till shone with undiminish'd beam?

9. ..... *cow-itch.*] See notes in Book II.

7. *The mineral product of the Cornish* 1-filings are a better vermifuge than tin in The western parts of Britain, and the ing isles, have been famous for this useful m the remotest antiquity; for we find bo, that the Phœnicians made frequent those parts (which they called Cassiteri- Κασσιτίδες stannum) in quest of that y, which turned out so beneficial to them, lot of that nation stranded his vessel, m show a Roman ship, that watched him, o those mines. For this public spirited was amply rewarded, says that accurate on his return to his country. The Romans, soon made themselves masters of the d shared with them in the profit of that se.

Parent of wealth! in vain coy Nature hoards
Her gold and diamonds; toil, thy firm compeer,
And industry of unremitting nerve,
Scale the cleft mountain, the loud torrent brave, 340
Plunge to the centre, and through Nature's wiles,
(Led on by skill of penetrative soul)
Her following close, her secret treasures find,
To pour them plenteous on the laughing world.
On thee Sylvanus, thee each rural god,
On thee chief Ceres, with unfailing love
And fond distinction, emulously gaze.
In vain hath Nature pour'd vast seas between
Far-distant kingdoms; endless storms in vain
With double night brood o'er them; thou dost throw,
O'er far-divided Nature's realms, a chain 351
To bind in sweet society mankind.
By thee white Albion, once a barbarous clime,
Grew fam'd for arms, for wisdom, and for laws;
By thee she holds the balance of the world,
Acknowledg'd now sole empress of the main.
Coy though thou art, and mutable of love,
There may'st thou ever fix thy wandering steps;
While Eurus rules the wide Atlantic foam!
By thee, thy favourite, great Columbus found 360
That world, where now thy praises I rehearse
To the resounding main and palmy shore;
And Lusitania's chiefs those realms explor'd
Whence Negroes spring, the subject of my song.
Nor pine the Blacks, alone, with real ills,
That baffle oft the wisest rules of art:
They likewise feel imaginary woes;
Woes no less deadly. Luckless he who owns
The slave, who thinks himself bewitch'd; and whom,
In wrath, a conjurer's snake-mark'd staff hath struck! 370
They mope, love silence, every friend avoid;
They inly pine; all aliment reject;
Or insufficient for nutrition take:
Their features droop; a sickly yellowish hue
Their skin deforms; their strength and beauty fly.
Then comes the feverish Fiend, with fiery eyes,
Whom drowth, convulsions, and whom death surround,
Fatal attendants! if some subtle slave
(Such, Obia-men are styl'd) do not engage
To save the wretch by antidote or spell. 380
In magic spells, in Obia, all the sons
Of sable Afric trust:—Ye sacred Nine!
(For ye each hidden preparation know)
Transpierce the gloom which ignorance and fraud
Have render'd awful; tell the laughing world
Of what these wonder-working charms are made.
Fern root cut small, and ty'd with many a knot;
Old teeth extracted from a white man's skull;

Ver. 370. ..... *snake-mark'd.*] The Negro-conjurers, or Obia-men, as they are called, carry about them a staff, which is marked with frogs, snakes, &c. The Blacks imagine that its blow, if not mortal, will at least occasion long and troublesome disorders. A belief in magic is inseparable from human nature, but those nations are most addicted thereto, among whom learning, and of course philosophy, have least obtained. As in all other countries, so in Guinea, the conjurers, as they have more understanding, so are they almost always more wicked than the common herd of their deluded countrymen; and as the Negro-magicians can do mischief, so they can also do good on a plantation, provided they are kept by the white people in proper subordination.

A lizard's skeleton; a serpent's head:
These mix'd with salt, and water from the spring,
Are in a phial pour'd; o'er these the leach 391
Mutters strange jargon, and wild circles forms.
Of this possest, each Negro deems himself
Secure from poison; for to poison they
Are infamously prone: and arm'd with this,
Their sable country demons they defy,
Who fearful haunt them at the midnight hour,
To work them mischief. This, diseases fly;
Diseases follow: such its wondrous power!
This o'er the threshold of their cottage hung, 400
No thieves break in; or, if they dare to steal,
Their feet in blotches, which admit no cure,
Burst loathsome out; but should its owner filch,
As slaves were ever of the pilfering kind,
This from detection screens;—so conjurers swear.
Till morning dawn, and Lucifer withdraw
His beamy chariot; let not the loud bell
Call forth thy Negroes from their rushy couch:
And ere the the Sun with midday fervour glow,
When every broom-bush opes her yellow flower;
Let thy black labourers from their toil desist: 411
Nor till the broom her every petal lock,
Let the loud bell recall them to the hoe.
But when the jalap her bright tint displays,
When the solanum fills her cup with dew,
And crickets, snakes, and lizards 'gin their coil;
Let them find shelter in their cane-thatch'd huts:
Or, if constrain'd unusual hours to toil,
(For e'en the best must sometimes urge their gang)
With double nutriment reward their pains. 420
Howe'er insensate some may deem their slaves,
Nor 'bove the bestial rank; far other thoughts
The Muse, soft daughter of Humanity!
Will ever entertain.—The Ethiop knows,
The Ethiop feels, when treated like a man;
Nor grudges, should necessity compel,
By day, by night, to labour for his lord.
Not less inhuman, than unthrifty those,
Who, half the year's rotation round the Sun,
Deny subsistence to their labouring slaves. 430
But wouldst thou see thy Negro-train increase,
Free from disorders; and thine acres clad
With groves of sugar: every week dispense
Or English beans, or Carolinian rice;
Ierne's beef, or Pensylvanian flour;
Newfoundland cod, or herrings from the main
That howls tempestuous round the Scotian isles!
Yet some there are so lazily inclin'd,
And so neglectful of their food, that thou,
Would'st thou preserve them from the jaws of Death,
Daily their wholesome viands must prepare: 440
With these let all the young, and childless old,
And all the morbid share;—so Heaven will bless,
With manifold increase, thy costly care.
Suffice not this; to every slave assign
Some mountain-ground: or, if waste broken land
To thee belong, that broken land divide.
This let them cultivate, one day, each week;
And there raise yams, and there cassada's root:
From a good demon's staff cassada sprang, 450
Tradition says, and Caribbees believe;
Which into three the white-rob'd genius broke,
And bade them plant, their hunger to repel.
There let angola's bloomy bush supply,
For many a year, with wholesome pulse their board.
There let the bonavist, his fringed pods
Throw liberal o'er the prop; while ochra bears
Aloft his slimy pulp, and help disdains.
There let potatos mantle o'er the ground;
Sweet as the cane-juice is the root they bear. 460

Ver. 410. ..... *broom-bush.*] This small plant, which grows in every pasture, may, with propriety, be termed an American clock; for it begins every forenoon at eleven to open its yellow flowers, which about one are fully expanded, and at two closed. The jalap, or marvel of Peru, unfolds its petals between five and six in the evening, which shut again as soon as night comes on, to open again in the cool of the morning. This plant is called four o'clock by the natives, and bears either a yellow or purple-coloured flower.

Ver. 415. ..... *solanum.*] So some authors name the fire-weed, which grows every where, and is the datura of Linnæus; whose virtues Dr. Stork, at Vienna, has greatly extolled in a late publication. It bears a white monopetalous flower, which opens always about sun-set.

Ver. 449. ..... *cassada.*] To an ancient Caribbean, bemoaning the savage uncomfortable life of his countrymen, a deity clad in white apparel appeared, and told him, he would have come sooner to have taught him the ways of civil life, had he been addressed before. He then showed him sharp-cutting stones to fell trees and build houses; and bade him cover them with the palm leaves. Then he broke his staff in three; which being planted, soon after produced cassada. See Ogilvy's America.

Ver. 454. ..... *angola.*] This is called pidgeon-pea, and grows on a sturdy shrub, that will last for years. It is justly reckoned among the most wholesome legumens. The juice of the leaves, dropt into the eye, will remove incipient films. The botanic name is cytisus.

Ver. 456. ..... *bonavist.*] This is the Spanish name of a plant, which produces an excellent bean. It is a parasitical plant. There are five sorts of bonavist, the green, the white, the moon-shine, the small or common, and, lastly, the black and red. The flowers of all are white and papilionaceous; except the last, whose blossoms are purple. They commonly bear in six weeks. Their pulse is wholesome, though somewhat flatulent; especially those from the black and red. The pods are flattish, two or three inches long, and contain from three to five seeds in partitional cells.

Ver. 457. ..... *ochra.*] Or ockro. This shrub, which will last for years, produces a not less agreeable, than wholesome pod. It bears all the year round. Being of a slimy and balsamic nature, it becomes a truly medicinal aliment in dysenteric complaints. It is of the malva species. It rises to about four or five feet high, bearing, on and near the summit, many yellow flowers; succeeded by green, conic, fleshy pods, channelled into several grooves. There are as many cells filled with small round seeds, as there are channels.

Ver. 459. ..... *potatos.*] I cannot positively say, whether these vines are of Indian original or not; but as in their fructification they differ from potatos at home, they probably are not European. They are sweet. There are four kinds, the red, the white, the long, and round: the juice of each may be made into a pleasant cool drink; and, being distilled, yield an excellent spirit.

oo let eddas spring in order meet,
ıdian cale, and foodful calaloo:
nint, thyme, balm, and Europe's coyer herbs,
ladsome forth, nor reprobate the clime.
tract secure, with hedges or of limes,
ıy citrons, or the shapely tree
ows at once with aromatic blooms,
lden fruit mature. To these be join'd,
ely neighbourhood, the cotton shrub;
delicious clime the cotton bursts 470
ty soils.—The coffee also plant;
ıs the skin of Albion's lovely fair
thick snowy fragrant blooms it boasts:
t thou, cocô, thy rich pods refuse;
years, and heat, and moisture they require,
stone grind them to the food of health.
, perhaps, and of thy various sorts,
ıt kind sheltering tree, thy mother nam'd,
rimson flow'rets prodigally grac'd;
re times, the enraptur'd Muse may sing:
c favour crown her present lay. 481
et some ancient, faithful slave erect
ltered mansion near; and with his dog,
ded gun, and cutlass, guard the whole:
egro-fugitives, who skulk mid rocks
rubby wilds, in bands will soon destroy
ourer's honest wealth; their loss and yours.
aps, of Indian gardens I could sing,
what bloom'd on blest Phæacia's isle,
ern climes admir'd in days of yore: 490
urope's foodful, culinary plants;
ıy Pomona's ruby-tinctur'd births;
wdy Flora's various-vested train;
be instructed to unlearn their clime,
due discipline adopt the Sun.
ıse might tell what culture will entice
en'd melon, to perfume each month;
th the anana load the fragrant board.
ıse might tell, what trees will best exclude
perable height of airiest shade") 500
ıeir vast umbrage the noon's fervent ray.
verdant mammey, first, her song should
praise:

Thee, the first natives of these ocean-isles,
Fell anthropophagi, still sacred held;
And from thy large high-flavour'd fruit abstain'd,
With pious awe; for thine high-flavoured fruit,
The airy phantoms of their friends deceas'd
Joy'd to regale on.——Such their simple creed.
The tamarind likewise should adorn her theme,
With whose tart fruit the sweltering fever loves 510
To quench his thirst, whose breezy umbrage soon
Shades the pleas'd planter, shades his children long.
Nor, lofty cassia, should she not recount
Thy woodland honours! See, what yellow flowers
Dance in the gale, and scent th' ambient air;
While thy long pods, full-fraught with nectar'd sweets,
Relieve the bowels from their lagging load.
Nor chirimoia, though these torrid isles
Boast not thy fruit, to which the anana yields
In taste and flavour, wilt thou coy refuse 520
Thy fragrant shade to beautify the scene.
But, chief of palms, and pride of Indian grove,
Thee, fair palmeto, should her song resound:
What swelling columns, form'd by Jones or Wren,
Or great Palladia, may with thee compare?
Not nice proportion'd, but of size immense,
Swells the wild fig-tree, and should claim her lay:
For, from its numerous bearded twigs proceed
A filial train, stupendous as their sire,
In quick succession; and, o'er many a rood, 530
Extend their uncouth limbs; which not the bolt
Of Heaven can scathe; nor yet the all-wasting rage
Of Typhon, or of hurricane, destroy.

461. *Eddas.*] See notes on Book I. The call this plant tayove. It produces eatable ery four months, for one year only.

462. *Indian cale.*] This green, which is a of the new world, equals any of the greens old.

462. *Caloloo.*] Another species of Indian b, no less wholesome than the preceding. with mezamby, and the Jamaica prickle- ield to no esculent plants in Europe. This ıdian name.

466. ..... *the shapely tree.*] The orange tree.

478. ..... *thy mother nam'd.*] See Book I. verse 605.

502. *Mammey.*] This is a lofty, shady, and ıl tree. Its fruit is as large as the largest and of an exquisite smell, greatly superior point of taste. Within the fruit are con- one or two large stones, which when dis- give to spirits a ratafia flavour, and there- e French call them les apricots de St. Do- : accordingly, the l'eau des noiaux, one of t West Indian cordials, is made from them. it, eaten raw, is of an aperient quality; and into sweetmeats, &c. is truly exquisite. e, contrary to most others in the new world, shoots up to a pyramidal figure: the leaves are uncommonly green; and it produces fruit but once a year. The name is Indian. The English commonly call it mammey-sapota. There are two species of it, the sweet, and the tart. The botanical name is achras.

Ver. 509. *Tamarind.*] See Book I. note to verse 625.

Ver. 513. *Cassia.*] Both this tree and its mild purgative pulp are sufficiently known.

Ver. 523. *Palmeto.*] This being the most beautiful of palms, nay, perhaps, superior to any other known tree in the world, has with propriety obtained the name of royal. The botanical name is palma maxima. It will shoot up perpendicularly to an hundred feet and more. The stem is perfectly circular; only towards the root, and immediately under the branches at top, it bulges out. The bark is smooth, and of an ash-brown colour, except at the top where it is green. It grows very fast, and the seed from whence it springs is not bigger than an acorn. In this, as in all the palm-genus, what the natives call cabbage is found; but it resembles in taste an almond, and is in fact the pith of the upper, or greenish part of the stem. But it would be the most unpardonable luxury to cut down so lovely a tree, for so mean a gratification; especially as the wild, or mountain cabbage tree, sufficiently supplies the table with that esculent. I never ride past the charming vista of royal palms on the Cayon estate of Daniel Mathew, esq. in St. Christopher, without being put in mind of the pillars of the temple of the Sun at Palmyra. This tree grows on the tops of hills, as well as in valleys; its hard cortical part makes very durable laths for houses. There is a smaller species not quite so beautiful.

Nor should, though small, the anata not be sung:
Thy purple dye, the silk and cotton fleece
Delighted drink; thy purple dye the tribes
Of northern Ind, a fierce and wily race,
Carouse, assembled; and with it they paint
Their manly make in many a horrid form,
To add new terrours to the face of war. 540
The Muse might teach to twine the verdant arch,
And the cool alcove's lofty roof adorn,
With pond'rous granadillas, and the fruit
Call'd water-lemon; grateful to the taste:
Nor should she not pursue the mountain-streams,
But pleas'd decoy them from their shady haunts,
In rills, to visit every tree and herb;
Or fall o'er fern-clad cliffs, with foaming rage;
Or in huge basons float, a fair expanse;
Or, bound in chains of artificial force, 550
Arise through sculptur'd stone, or breathing brass.—
But I 'm in haste to furl my wind-worn sails,
And anchor my tir'd vessel on the shore.

It much imports to build thy Negro-huts,
Or on the sounding margin of the main,
Or on some dry hill's gently-sloping sides,
In streets, at distance due.——When near the beach,
Let frequent coco cast its wavy shade;
'Tis Neptune's tree; and, nourish'd by the spray,
Soon round the bending stem's aerial height 560
Clusters of mighty nuts, with milk and fruit
Delicious fraught, hang clattering in the sky.
There let the bay-grape, too, its crooked limbs
Project enormous; of empurpled hue
Its frequent clusters grow. And there, if thou
Would'st make the sand yield salutary food,
Let Indian millet rear its corny reed,
Like arm'd battalions in array of war.
But, round the upland huts, bananas plant;
A wholesome nutriment bananas yield, 570
And sun-burnt labour loves its breezy shade.
Their graceful screen let kindred plantanes join,
And with their broad vans shiver in the breeze;
So flames design'd, or by imprudence caught,
Shall spread no ruin to the neighbouring roof.

Yet nor the sounding margin of the main,
Nor gently sloping side of breezy hill,
Nor streets, at distance due, imbower'd in trees;
Will half the health, or half the pleasure yield,
Unless some pitying Naiad deign to lave, 580
With an unceasing stream, thy thirsty bounds.

On festal days; or when their work is done;
Permit thy slaves to lead the choral dance,
To the wild banshaw's melancholy sound.
Responsive to the sound, head, feet, and frame
Move awkwardly harmonious; hand in hand
Now lock'd, the gay troop circularly wheels,
And frisks and capers with intemperate joy.
Halts the vast circle, all clap hands and sing;
While those distinguish'd for their heels and air,
Bound in the centre, and fantastic twine. 591
Meanwhile some stripling, from the choral ring,
Trips forth; and, not ungallantly, bestows
On her who nimblest hath the greensward beat,
And whose flush'd beauties have inthrall'd his soul,
A silver token of his fond applause.
Anon they form in ranks; nor inexpert
A thousand tuneful intricacies weave,
Shaking their sable limbs; and oft a kiss
Steal from their partners; who, with neck reclin'd,
And semblant scorn, resent the ravish'd bliss. 601
But let not thou the drum their mirth inspire;
Nor vinous spirits: else, to madness fir'd,
(What will not bacchanalian frenzy dare?)
Fell acts of blood, and vengeance they pursue.

Compel by threats, or win by soothing arts,
Thy slaves to wed their fellow slaves at home;
So shall they not their vigorous prime destroy,
By distant journeys, at untimely hours,
When muffled Midnight decks her raven-hair 610
With the white plumage of the prickly vine.

Ver. 534. *Anata.*] Or anotto, or arnotta; thence corruptly called Indian otter, by the English. The tree is about the size of an ordinary apple-tree. The French call it rocou; and send the farina home as a paint, &c. for which purpose the tree is cultivated by them in their islands. The flower is pentapetalous, of a bluish and spoon-like appearance. The yellow filaments are tipped with purplish apices. The style proves the rudiment of the succeeding pod, which is of a conic shape, an inch and a half long. This is divided into many cells, which contain a great number of small seeds, covered with a red farina.

Ver. 543. *Granadilla.*] This is the Spanish name, and is a species of the *passiflora*, or passion-flower, called by Linnæus musa. The seeds and pulp, through which the seeds are dispersed, are cooling, and grateful to the palate. This, as well as the water-lemon, bell-apple, or honeysuckle, as it is named, being parasitical plants, are easily formed into cooling arbours, than which nothing can be more grateful in warm climates. Both fruits are wholesome. The granadilla is commonly eat with sugar, on account of its tartness, and yet the pulp is viscid. Plumier calls it granadilla, latefolia, fructu maliformi. It grows best in shady places. The unripe fruit makes an excellent pickle.

Ver. 563. *Bay-grape.*] Or sea-side grape, as it is more commonly called. This is a large, crooked, and shady tree, (the leaves being broad, thick, and almost circular) and succeeds best in sandy places. It bears large clusters of grapes once a year; which, when ripe, are not disagreeable. The stones, seeds, or acini, contained in them, are large in proportion; and, being reduced to a powder, are an excellent astringent. The bark of the tree has the same property. The grapes, steeped in water and fermented with sugar, make an agreeable wine.

Ver. 567. *Indian-millet.*] Or maise. This is commonly called Guinea-corn, to distinguish it from the great or Indian-corn, that grows in the southern parts of North America. It soon shoots up to a great height, often twenty feet high, and will ratoon like the other; but its blades are not so nourishing to horses as those of the great corn, although its seeds are more so, and rather more agreeable to the taste. The Indians, Negroes, and poor white people, make many (not unsavoury) dishes with them. It is also called Turkey-wheat. The turpentine tree will also grow in the sand, and is most useful upon a plantation.

Ver. 584. *Banshaw.*] This is a sort of rude guitar, invented by the Negroes. It produces a wild pleasing melancholy sound.

Ver. 611. ..... *prickly vine.*] This beautiful white rosaceous flower is as large as the crown of one's hat, and only blows at midnight. The plant, which is prickly and attaches itself firmly to the sides of houses, trees, &c. produces a fruit, which some call wythe apple, and others with more pro-

d'st thou from countless ails preserve thy
y Negro, as the candle-weed [gang;
s his blossoms to the cloudy sky,
ist Aquarius melts in daily showers;
y vestment give, (this Wiltshire weaves)
o repel chill night's unwholesome dews:
trong coarse linen, from the Scotian loom,
off the fervours of the burning day. 619
ruly great, though from a hostile clime,
red Nine embalm; then, Muses, chant,
ful numbers, Gallic Lewis' praise:
ate murder quell'd; for laurel'd arts,
l, cherish'd in his native realm;
ne punish'd; for grim famine fed;
chicane expell'd the wrangling bar;
ıtful Themis seated on her throne:
ef, for those mild laws his wisdom fram'd,
d the Ethiop from tyrannic sway!
ıch, in these green isles which Albion claims,
ı obtain; the Muse, at midnight hour,
: brain-racking study had not ply'd:
ık in slumbers of immortal bliss,
s had listned on a fancied Thames!
ıil, old father Thames! though not from far
inging waters roll; nor countless streams,
: conspicuous, swell thy wat'ry store;
thou, no Plata, to the sea devolve
mid offerings; thou art king of streams:
d Commerce broods upon thy wave; 640

mountain-strawberry. But though it re-
the large Chili-strawberry in looks and
et being inelegant of taste, it is seldom
The botanical name is cereus scandens
The rind of the fruit is here and there
with tufts of small sharp prickles.
513. *Candle-weed.*] This shrub, which pro-
yellow flower somewhat resembling a nar-
ıakes a beautiful hedge, and blows about
er. It grows wild every where. It is said
ıretic, but this I do not know from expe-

538. *Plata.*] One of the largest rivers of
merica.

And every quarter of this sea-girt globe
To thee due tribute pays; but chief the world
By great Columbus found, where now the Muse
Beholds, transported, slow vast fleecy clouds,
Alps pil'd on Alps romantically high,
Which charm the sight with many a pleasing form.
The Moon, in virgin-glory, gilds the pole,
And tips yon tamarinds, tips yon cane-crown'd vale,
With fluent silver; while unnumbered stars
Gild the vast concave with their lively beams. 650
The main, a moving burnish'd mirrour, shines;
No noise is heard, save when the distant surge
With drowzy murmurings breaks upon the shore!—
Ah me, what thunders roll! the sky's on fire!
Now sudden darkness muffles up the pole!
Heavens! what wild scenes, before th' affrighted sense,
Imperfect swim!—See! in that flaming scroll,
Which Time unfolds, the future germs bud forth
Of mighty empires! independent realms!——
And must Britannia, Neptune's fav'rite queen,
Protect'ress of true science, freedom, arts; 659
Must she, ah! must she, to her offspring crouch?
Ah, must my Thames, old Ocean's fav'rite son,
Resign his trident to barbaric streams;
His banks neglected, and his waves unsought,
No bards to sing them, and no fleets to grace?——
Again the fleecy clouds amuse the eye,
And sparkling stars the vast horizon gild—
She shall not crouch; if Wisdom guide the helm,
Wisdom that bade loud Fame, with justest praise,
Record her triumphs! bade the lacqueying winds
Transport, to every quarter of the globe, 670
Her winged navies! bade the sceptred sons
Of Earth acknowledge her pre-eminence!—
She shall not crouch; if these cane ocean-isles,
Isles which on Britain for their all depend,
And must for ever; still indulgent share
Her fostering smile: and other isles be given,
From vanquish'd foes.—And, see, another race!
A golden era dazzles my fond sight!
That other race, that long'd-for era, hail!
THE BRITISH GEORGE NOW REIGNS, THE PATRIOT KING!
BRITAIN SHALL EVER TRIUMPH O'ER THE MAIN.

THE

POEMS

OF

SAMUEL BOYSE.

THE

LIFE OF BOYSE,

BY MR. CHALMERS.

The following account of this unhappy poet is taken chiefly from the Lives of the Poets published under the name of Cibber; from the Biographia Britannica; and from the useful notes appended to Mr. Nichols' select Collection of Poems. Some unpublished letters of Boyse in the British Museum have enabled me to correct or confirm a few particulars in all these authorities.

Samuel Boyse, the only son of Joseph Boyse, a dissenting minister of considerable eminence in Dublin[1], was born in the year 1708, and after receiving the rudiments of education in a private school in that city, was sent at the age of eighteen to the university of Glasgow. His father's intention was that he might cultivate the studies that are preparatory to entering into the ministry, but before he had resided many months at Glasgow, he contracted an attachment for a Miss Atchenson, the daughter of a tradesman in that city, and married her about a year after, probably without the consent of the parents on either side.

By this imprudent match his studies were in some measure interrupted, and his expenses increased. The family of his wife were either unwilling or unable to support their new relation, and he soon found it necessary to repair to Dublin in hopes of receiving assistance from his father. On this expedition he was accompanied by his wife and her sister, but notwithstanding this additional encumbrance, and the general levity of his conduct, his father received him with kindness, and out of the scanty and precarious income which he derived from his congregation by voluntary subscriptions, and from a small estate of eighty pounds a year in Yorkshire, endeavoured to maintain his son, and to reclaim him to the prosecution of his studies. Tenderness like this, however, which only to mention is to excite gratitude, produced no corresponding effects on our poet, who abandoned his mind and time to dissipation and idleness, without a thought of what he owed to his father or to himself. In this course, too, he was unhappily encouraged by the girl he married, who, while she imposed upon the good old man by a show of decency and even sanctity, became in fact devoid of all shame, and at length shared her

[1] His life is in the Biographia Britannica. C.

favours with other men, and that not without the knowledge of her husband, who is said to have either wanted resolution to resent her infidelity, or was reconciled by a share of the profits of his dishonour. Such a connection and such a mind, at an age when the manly and ingenuous feelings are usually strongest, may easily account for the miseries of his subsequent life.

His father died in the year 1728, and his whole property having been exhausted in the support of his son, the latter repaired in 1730 to Edinburgh, where his poetical genius raised him many friends and some patrons of considerable eminence, particularly the lords Stair, Tweedale, and Stormont, and there is some reason to think that he was occasionally entertained at their houses. In 1731, he published a volume of poems, to which was subjoined a translation of the Tablature of Cebes, and a letter upon Liberty which had been before published in the Dublin Journal. This volume, which was addressed to the countess of Eglinton, a lady of great accomplishments, procured him much reputation. He also wrote an elegy on the viscountess Stormont, entitled, The Tears of the Muses, in compliment to her ladyship's taste as a patroness of poets. Lord Stormont was so much pleased with this mark of respect to the memory of his lady, that he ordered a handsome present to be made to the author, whom, however, it was not easy to find. Such was Boyse's unsocial turn and aversion to decent company, that his person was known only among the lower orders, and lord Stormont's generous intention would have been frustrated, if his agent had not put an advertisement into the papers desiring the author of The Tears of the Muses to call upon him.

By means of lady Eglinton and lord Stormont, Boyse became known to the dutchess of Gordon, who likewise was a person of literary taste, and cultivated the correspondence of some of the most eminent poets of her time. She was so desirous to raise Boyse above necessity, that she employed her interest in procuring the promise of a place for him: and accordingly gave him a letter, which he was *next day* to deliver to one of the commissioners of the Customs at Edinburgh. "But it unluckily happened that he was then some miles distant from the city, and the morning on which he was to have ridden to town, with her grace's letter, proved to be rainy. This trivial circumstance was sufficient to discourage Boyse, who was never accustomed to look beyond the present moment; he declined going to town on account of the rainy weather; and while he let slip the opportunity, the place was bestowed upon another, which the commissioner declared he kept for *some time* vacant, in expectation of seeing a person recommended by the dutchess of Gordon."

Such is the story of this disappointment, in which all Boyse's biographers have acquiesced, although it is not very consistently told. If the commissioner kept the place open for *some time*, which seems to imply weeks, Boyse might have easily repaired the neglect of not presenting his letter *next day;* but the truth perhaps was that he disliked the offer of regular employment, and loitered about until he could pretend that it was no longer in his choice. It is certain that this as well as every other kind intention of his patrons in Scotland, were defeated by his perverse conduct, and that he remained at Edinburgh until contempt and poverty were followed by the dread of a jail.

While any project, however, remained of a more advantageous lot, he could still depend on the friends who first noticed him, and he had no sooner communicated his design of going to England, than the dutchess of Gordon gave him a recommendatory letter to Mr. Pope, and obtained another for him to sir Peter King, then lord chancellor. Lord Stormont also recommended him to his brother the solicitor-general, afterwards

the celebrated lord Mansfield. On his arrival in London in 1737, he waited on Pope [2], but as he happened to be from home, he never repeated the visit. By the lord chancellor he is said to have been received with kindness, and to have occasionally been admitted to his lordship's table; so sordid were his habits however, and such his aversion to polite company, that this latter part of his history, which he used to relate himself, has been doubted by those who lived near enough to the time to have known the fact.

But whatever advantage he derived from the recommendations he brought from Scotland, it does not appear that it made any alteration in his habits. In London he was soon reduced to indigence, from which he attempted no means of extricating himself, but by writing complimentary poems, or mendicant letters, except that he frequently applied for assistance to some of the more eminent dissenters, from whom he received many benefactions, in consequence of the respect which they paid to the memory of his father. But such supplies were dissipated in the lowest gratifications, and his friends were at length tired of exerting the bounty that was so useless to the object of it. The author of his life in Cibber's work informs us, that often when he had received half a guinea, in consequence of a supplicatory letter, he would go into a tavern, order a supper to be prepared, drink of the richest wines, and spend all the money that had been just given him in charity, without having any one to participate and regale with him, and while his wife and child were starving at home.

About the year 1738 he published a second volume of poems, but with what success it is not known; and, as he did not put his name to this volume, I have not been able to find any mention of it. In the year 1740, he was reduced to the lowest state of poverty, having no clothes left in which he could appear abroad, and what bare subsistence he procured was by writing occasional poems for the magazines. Of the disposition of his apparel, Mr. Nichols received from Dr. Johnson, who knew him well, the following account. He used to pawn what he had of this sort, and it was no sooner redeemed by his friends, than pawned again. On one occasion Dr. Johnson collected a sum of money for this purpose [3], and in two days the clothes were pawned again. In this state he remained in bed, with no other covering than a blanket, with two holes through which he passed his arms when he sat up to write. The author of his life, in Cibber, adds, that when his distresses were so pressing as to induce him to dispose of his shirt, he used to cut some white paper in slips, which he tied round his wrists, and in the same manner supplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad, while his other apparel was scarcely sufficient for the purposes of decency.

While in this wretched state, he published The Deity [4], a poem, which was highly praised by some of the best critics of the age. Among those whose praise was of con-

[2] There is some reason to think that he was afterwards known to Pope, who acknowledged that there were lines in his Deity which he should not have been ashamed to have written. Boyse complains to one of his friends that nothing was approved of unless sanctioned by the infallibility of a Pope. *C.*

[3] "The sum," said Johnson, "was collected by sixpences, at a time when, to me, sixpence was a serious consideration." Boswell's Life of Johnson.

[4] The Deity was published in 1740, as appears by the notices of books in the Gentleman's Magazine; yet in a letter from the author to sir Hans Sloane, now in the British Museum, dated February 14, 1738-9, he reminds sir Hans, who denied any knowledge of him, that he had sent him this poem. Probably Boyse sent copies in this way to gentlemen likely to make him a present, before the time of general publication. This letter, it must be added, concludes with returning a shilling which sir Hans had sent him, as it was not a good one. *C.*

siderable value, Hervey introduced the mention of it in his Meditations, "as a beautiful and instructive poem," and Fielding, in his Tom Jones, after extracting a few lines, adds, that they are taken from "a very noble poem called The Deity, published about nine years ago, (1749) and long since buried in oblivion: a proof that good books, no more than good men, do always survive the bad." These encomiums tended to revive the poem, of which a third edition was published in 1752; and it has since been reprinted in various collections[5].

An account of The Deity was sent to the Gentleman's Magazine, and, although not inserted, was probably the means of Boyse's introduction to Mr. Cave, from whom he obtained some supplies for writing and translating in that journal between the years 1741 and 1743. Cave's practice was to pay by the hundred lines, which after a while he wanted poor Boyse to make what is called the *long hundred*. His usual signature for his poems was *Y.* or *Alcæus*. When in a spunging-house in Grocer's Alley, in the Poultry, he wrote the following letter to Cave, which was communicated by the late Mr. Astle to the editor of the Biographia Britannica.

"*Inscription for St. Lazarus' Cave.*

"Hodie, teste cælo summo:
Sine panno, sine nummo,
Sorte positus infesté,
Scribo tibi dolens mesté:
Fame, bile, tumet jecur,
Urbane, mitte opem, precor:
Tibi enim cor humanum
Non a malis alienum;
Mihi mens nec male grata,
Pro a te favore data.

"Ex gehenna debitoria,
Vulgo domo spongiatoria.

"ALCÆUS.

"Sir,

"I wrote you yesterday an account of my unhappy case. I am every moment threatened to be turned out here, because I have not money to pay for my bed two nights past, which is usually paid beforehand, and I am loth to go into the Compter till I can see if my affair can possibly be made up: I hope therefore you will have the humanity to send me half a guinea for support, till I finish your papers in my hands.—The Ode to the British Nation I hope to have done to day, and want a proof copy of that part of Stowe you design for the present magazine, that it may be improved as far as possible from your assistance. Your papers are but ill transcribed. I agree with you as to St. Augustine's Cave. I humbly entreat your answer, having not tasted any thing since Tuesday evening I came here, and my coat will be taken off my back for the charge of the bed, so that I must go into prison naked, which is too shocking for me to think of.

"I am, with sincere regard, sir,

"your unfortunate humble servant,

"S. BOYSE."

"Crown Coffee House,
"Grocer's Alley, Poultry,
"July 21, 1742."

[5] Fielding's respect for this poem was uniform. He praised it in a periodical paper called the Champion, dated February 12, 1739-40, but at the same time points out its defects, and seems to object to the author's orthodoxy. *C.*

"July 21, 1742.

eceived from Mr. Cave the sum of half a guinea, by me, in confinement.

0*s.* 6*d.* Sent. "S. BOYSE."

send Mr. Van Haren's Ode on Britain.

o Mr. Cave, at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell."

Ode on the British Nation, mentioned here, is a translation from Van Haren, ch poet, from whose works he translated some other passages. The Part of Stowe part of his poem on Lord Cobham's Gardens, the whole of which may be seen present collection.

greater number of the poems which he wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine the years above mentioned, are also added to the present collection, but they were written for the magazine, some of them having been composed long before he rmed a connection with Cave, and, as there is reason to believe, sent in manu- to such persons as were likely to make him a pecuniary return.

a letter to Dr. Birch[6], dated October 23, 1742, it appears that he had, among similar projects, an intention of publishing a translation of Voltaire's poetical and sent to the doctor a specimen of three of his Ethic Epistles. On the next e sent another letter supplicating assistance, and assuring Dr. Birch that his s was not in any way the effect of his own misconduct! In a letter dated No- r 5, after acknowledging Dr. Birch's kindness to him, and urging him to make e known to others, he gives the following account of himself:

am, sir, the only son of Mr. Boyse of Dublin, a man whose character and writings ll known. My father died in 1728, in very involved circumstances, so that I had g left to trust to but a liberal education. In 1730 I removed to Edinburgh, I published a collection of poems, with a translation of the Tablature of Cebes. some years stay there, and many disappointments, I came, in 1737, to London, I have done several essays in the literary way (chiefly poetry) with but slender ragement. Mr. Cave, for whose magazine I have done many things, and at whose I removed to this neighbourhood (St. John's Court, Clerkenwell) has not used kindly as the sense he expressed of my services gave me reason to expect. Learn- owever it may be a consolation under affliction, is no security against the common ties of life. I think myself capable of business in the literary way, but by my cessities am unhappily reduced to an incapacity of going abroad to seek it. I have to believe, could I wait on lord Halifax (which a small matter would enable me I should receive some gratuity for my dedication, so as to make me easy. This he hope I have left to save me from the ruin that seems to threaten me, if I con- longer in the condition I am in: and as I should be willing most gratefully to any assistance I might receive out of my lord's bounty, so I should ever retain impression of the obligation. I humbly beg you will forgive this liberty, and e me with the greatest gratitude and esteem, your's, &c.

. S. Mrs. Boyse has so deep a sense of your goodness, that it is with difficulty ndertakes this."

s. Boyse was generally employed in conveying his letters of this description, and felt so much on delivering the above, her feelings were again tried on the 16th of me month, when Boyse sent another importunate letter, which Dr. Birch probably it necessary to disregard.

[6] MSS. Birch 4301, in Brit. Mus.

When he had thus exhausted the patience of some, he made attempts on the humanity of others by yet meaner expedients. One of these was to employ his wife in circulating a report that he was just expiring; and many of his friends were surprised to meet the man in the streets to day, to whom they had yesterday sent relief, as to a person on the verge of dissolution. Proposals for works written or to be written was a more common trick: besides the translation of Voltaire, I find him, in one of his letters, thanking sir Hans Sloane's goodness in encouraging his proposals for a life of sir Francis Drake. But these expedients soon lost their effect: his friends became ashamed of his repeated frauds and general meanness of conduct, and could only mix with their contempt some hope that his brain was disordered.

In 1743, he published without his name, an Ode on the Battle of Dettingen, entitled Albion's Triumph. Of this I have been able to recover a fragment only, which is added to his other acknowledged pieces. In 1745, we find him at Reading where he was employed by the late Mr. David Henry in compiling a work, published in 1747, in two volumes octavo, under the title of An historical Review of the Transactions of Europe, from the Commencement of the War with Spain in 1739 to the Insurrection in Scotland in 1745; with the Proceedings in Parliament, and the most remarkable domestic Occurrences during that Period. To which is added, An impartial History of the late Rebellion, interspersed with Characters and Memoirs, and illustrated with Notes. To this he affixed his name with the addition of M. A. a degree which it is probable be assumed without authority. The work, however, considered as a compilation of recent and consequently very imperfectly known events, is said to possess considerable merit. In a letter, published by Mr. Nichols, we have some information relative to it, and to the present state of his mind and situation.

"My salary is wretchedly small (half a guinea a week) both for writing the history and correcting the press; but I bless God I enjoy a greater degree of health than I have known for many years, and a serene melancholy, which I prefer to the most poignant sensations of pleasure I ever knew. All I sigh for is a settlement with some degree of independence, for my last stage of life, that I may have the comfort of my poor dear girl to be near me, and close my eyes. I should be glad to know if you have seen my History, from which you must not expect great things, as I have been over-persuaded to put my name to a composure, for which we ought to have had at least more time and better materials, and from which I have neither profit nor reputation to expect. I am now beginning The History of the Rebellion, a very difficult and invidious task. All the accounts I have yet seen are either defective, confused, or heavy. I think myself, from my long residence in Scotland, not unqualified for the attempt, but I apprehend it is premature; and by waiting a year or two, better materials would offer. Some account, I think, will probably be published abroad, and give us light into many things we are now at a loss to account for. I am about a translation (at my leisure hours) of an invaluable French work, entitled L'Histoire Universelle, by the late M. Bossuet, bishop of Meaux, and preceptor to the dauphin, eldest son of Lewis XIV. I propose only to give his dissertations on the ancient empires, viz. the Egyptian, Assyrian, Grecian, and Roman, which he has described with surprising conciseness, and with equal judgment and beauty. I design to inscribe it to the right honourable Mr. Lyttelton, one of the lords of the treasury, one of the most amiable men I have ever known, and to whose uncommon goodness if you know my obligations, you would esteem him as much as he deserves."

During his residence at Reading, his wife died, and notwithstanding the good sense

expressed in the above letter, he put on airs of concern on this occasion which inclines us to think that intemperance had in some degree injured his reason. Being unable to purchase mourning, he tied a piece of black ribbon round the neck of a lap-dog, which he carried about in his arms: and when in liquor, he always indulged a dream of his wife being still alive, and would talk very spitefully of those by whom he suspected she was entertained. This he never mentioned, however, but in his cups, which was as often as he had money to spend. The manner, it is added, by his biographer, of his becoming intoxicated was very particular. As he had no spirit to keep good company, he retired to some obscure alehouse, and regaled himself with hot two-penny, which though he drank in very great quantities, yet he had never more than a pennyworth at a time. Such a practice rendered him so completely sottish, that even his abilities, as an author, were sensibly impaired.

After his return from Reading, his behaviour, it is said, became so decent, that hopes were entertained of his reformation. He now obtained some employment from the booksellers in translating, of which, from the French language, at least, he was very capable; but his former irregularities had gradually undermined his constitution, and enfeebled his powers both of body and mind. He died, after a lingering illness, in obscure lodgings near Shoe Lane, in the month of May 1749. The manner of his death is variously related. Mr. Giles, a collector of poems, says he was informed by Mr. Sandby the bookseller, that Boyse was found dead in his bed, with a pen in his hand, and in the act of writing: and Dr. Johnson informed Mr. Nichols that he was run over by a coach, when in a fit of intoxication; or that he was brought home in such a condition as to make this probable, but too far gone to be able to give any account of the accident.

Another of Mr. Nichols' correspondents produces a letter from Mr. Stewart, the son of a bookseller at Edinburgh, who had long been intimately acquainted with Mr. Boyse, in which the particulars of his death are related in a different manner.

"Poor Mr. Boyse was one evening last winter attacked in Westminster by two or three soldiers, who not only robbed him, but used him so barbarously, that he never recovered the bruises he received, which might very probably induce the consumption of which he died. About nine months before his death he married a cutler's widow, a native of Dublin, with whom he had no money; but she proved a very careful nurse to him during his lingering indisposition. She told me, that Mr. Boyse never imagined he was dying, as he always was talking of his recovery; but perhaps his design in this might be to comfort her, for one incident makes me think otherwise. About four or five weeks before he breathed his last, his wife went out in the morning, and was surprised to find a great deal of burnt papers upon the hearth, which he told her were old bills and accounts; but I suppose were his manuscripts, which he had resolved to destroy, for nothing of that kind could be found after his death. Though from this circumstance it may be inferred that he was apprehensive of death; yet I must own, that he never intimated it to me, nor did he seem in the least desirous of any spiritual advice. For some months before his end, he had left off drinking all fermented liquors, except now and then a glass of wine to support his spirits, and that he took very moderately. After his death, I endeavoured all I could to get him decently buried, by soliciting those dissenters who were the friends of him and his father, but to no purpose; for only Dr. Grosvenor, in Hoxton Square, a dissenting teacher, offered to join towards it. He had quite tired out those friends in his lifetime; and the general answer that I received was, That such a contribution was of no service to him, for it was a matter of no importance

how or where he was buried.' As I found nothing could be done, our last resource was an application to the parish; nor was it without some difficulty, occasioned by the malice of his landlady, that we at last got him interred on the Saturday after he died. Three more of Mr. Johnson's amanuensis, and myself, attended the corse to the grave. Such was the miserable end of poor Sam, who was obliged to be buried in the same charitable manner with his first wife; a burial, of which he had often mentioned his abhorrence."

Although there is too much reason to believe that no part of Boyse's character has been misrepresented in the preceding narrative, he must not be deprived of the evidence which Mr. Nichols' correspondent has advanced in his favour. He assures us that he knew him from the year 1732 to the time of his death: and that he never saw any thing in his wife's conduct that deserved censure; that he was a man of learning; and when in company with those by whom he was not awed, an entertaining companion; but so irregular and inconsistent in his conduct, that it appeared as if he had been actuated by two different souls on different occasions. These last accounts are in some degree confirmed by the writer of his life in Cibber's collection, who says that while Boyse was in his last illness he had no notion of his approaching end, nor "did he expect it until it was almost past the thinking of." His mind, indeed, was often religiously disposed: he frequently thought upon that subject; and probably suffered a great deal from the remorse of his conscience. The early impressions of his good education were never entirely obliterated; and his whole life was a continual struggle between his will and reason, as he was always violating his duty to the one, while he fell under the subjection of the other. It was, adds the same author, in consequence of this war in his mind, that he wrote a beautiful poem called Recantation[7].

Such was the life of a man whose writings, as far as we have been able to discover them, are uniformly in favour of virtue, remarkable for justness of sentiment on every subject in which the moral character is concerned, and not unfrequently for the loftiness and dignity which mark the effusions of a pure and independent mind. To reconcile such a train of thought with his life, with actions utterly devoid of shame or delicacy, or to apologize for the latter with a view to remove the inconsistency between the man and his writings, if not impossible, must at least be left to those who have no scruple to tell us that genius is an apology for all moral defects, and that none but the plodding prudent sons of Dullness would reveal or censure the vices of a favourite poet. Such is already the influence of this perversion of the powers of reasoning, that if it is much longer indulged, no man will be thought worthy of compassion or apology, but he who errs against knowledge and principle, who acts wrong and knows better.

The life of Boyse, however, as it has been handed down to us, without any affected palliation, will not be wholly useless if it in any degree contribute to convince the dissipated and thoughtless, of what dissipation and thoughtlessness must inevitably produce. It is much to be regretted that they who mourn over the misfortunes of genius, have been too frequently induced by the artifice of partial biographers, to suppose that misery is the inseparable lot of men of distinguished talents, and that the world has no rewards for those by whom it has been instructed or delighted, except poverty and neglect. Such is the propensity of some to murmur without reason, and of others to sympathize without discrimination, that this unfair opinion of mankind might be

[7] This poem, like many other productions of this writer, is not now to be found, unless by accident. *C.*

ceived as unanswerable, if we had no means of looking more closely into the lives of those who are said to have been denied that extraordinary indulgence to which they laid claim. Where the truth has been honestly divulged, however, we shall find that of the complaints which lenity or affectation have encouraged and exaggerated in narrative, some will appear to have very little foundation, and others to be trifling and capricious. Men of genius have no right to expect more favourable consequences from imprudence and vice than what are common to the meanest of mankind. Whatever estimate they may have formed of their superiority, if they pass the limits allotted to character, happiness, or health, they must not hope that the accustomed rules of society are to be broken, or the common process of nature is to be suspended, in order that they may be idle without poverty, or intemperate without sickness. Yet the lives of men celebrated for literary and especially for poetical talents, afford many melancholy examples of those delusions, which if perpetuated by mistaken kindness, cannot add any thing to genius but a fictitious privilege, which it is impossible to vindicate with seriousness, or exert with impunity.

If the life of Boyse be considered with a reference to these remarks, it will be found that he was scarcely ever in a situation of distress, of which he could justly complain. He exhausted the patience of one set of friends, after another, with such unfeeling contempt and ingratitude, that we are not to wonder at his living the precarious life of an outcast, of a man who belongs to no society, and whom no society is bound to maintain. Among his patrons were many persons of high rank and opulence, whom he rendered ashamed of their patronage, and perhaps prevented from the exercise of general kindness, lest it might be disgraced by the encouragement of those who dissipate every favour in low and wanton excesses.

What can be urged in his favour from internal evidence ought not to be concealed. We do not find in his works much of the cant of complaint; and although he submitted to every mean art of supplication, he does not seem to have resented a denial as an insult, nor to have taken much pains to make the worse appear the better cause. In his private letters, indeed, he sometimes endeavoured by false professions and imaginary misfortunes, to impose upon others, but he did not impose upon himself. He had not perverted his own mind by any of the impious sophistries which by frequent repetition become mistaken for right reason. He was not, therefore, without his hours of remorse, and towards the latter part of his life, when his heart was softened by a sense of inward decay, he resolved in earnest to retrieve his character.

As a poet, his reputation has been chiefly fixed on the production entitled DEITY, which although irregular and monotonous, contains many striking proofs of poetical genius. The effort indicates no small elevation of mind, even while we must allow that success is beyond all human power. Of his other pieces perhaps a larger collection is here given than was necessary. They may, however, be regarded as curiosities, as the productions of a man who never enjoyed the undisturbed exercise of his powers, who wrote in circumstances of peculiar distress, heightened by the consciousness that he could obtain only temporary relief, that he had forfeited the respect due to genius, and could expect to be rewarded only by those to whom he was least known. We are told that he wrote all his poems with ease and even rapidity. That many of his lines are incorrect will not therefore excite surprise, especially when we consider that he wrote for immediate relief, and not for fame, and that when one piece had produced him a benefaction, he generally dismissed it from his mind, and began another, about which he had no other care than that it might answer the same purpose.

POEMS

OF

SAMUEL BOYSE.

TO

?, *JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD,*

'OLLOWING ODE ON THE BIRTH OF THE
ARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK. 1740.

ord, devoid of servile art,
iat flow immediate from the heart:
ise sings, by flatt'ry yet untaught,
the tongue diversive from the thought:
are the views her lays inspire,
otives animate her fire:
at measures should approach your ear,
ord which truth may blush to hear.
earn'd to sting, in happier days,
leasure met the Muse's praise:
pride the offer'd wreath embrac'd:
s spotless, and the gift was chaste:
ause the mutual friendship bound,
valu'd, and the patriot crown'd:
display'd the Greek and Roman name,
me, and dear to future fame!
great prince, impartial to survey
ign, and judge the faithful lay:
tent worth the thought contain,
occasion swell the strain,
smile the labour amply pays:
have deserv'd a Bedford's praise.

AN ODE

IE BIRTH OF THE MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK.

e pater nati spectabit honores,
cipiens qua dedit ipse suis. Ovid.

oddess of immortal song,
om thy starry height descend:
e historic truths belong,
measures, and the Muse befriend.
l the weal of human kind,
goodness thy protection claim:
benevolent, the wreath to bind,
y brings to Russel's nascent name.
Charm'd with the hope new patriots still shall rise,
And with successive lustre gild Britannia's skies.

As o'er the blue expanse with golden light,
The orient Sun ascending spreads his ray!
So Britain pleas'd directs her smiling sight,
And views thy heir disclos'd to cheerful day!
From the first dawn of thy distinguish'd name,
Observant, she has mark'd thy glorious race,
With faithful zeal, assert her ancient fame:
Alike her ornaments in arms or peace:
Patriots and chiefs, who for her rights have stood,
And sanctifi'd her laws with their devoted blood.

Such was her Russel, whose exalted mind
In virtue steel'd, by liberty inspir'd,
Glow'd with the gen'rous love of human-kind,
The point to which his ev'ry thought aspir'd.
Not pleasure's sun-shine, nor ambition's crown,
Which charms the wanton, or deceives the weak;
Not instant death, nor the stern tyrant's frown,
The godlike martyr's steady soul could shake:
With fortitude he bore the friendly strife,
And smil'd for Britain's sake to yield his noble life.

Hail gen'rous warmth! hail all-enliv'ning ray!
Which lawless force repels, and shines to save!
Hail emanation sprung from heav'nly day,
Fix'd in the bosom of the truly brave!
As through its lucid orb the radiant gem
Beams, self-supplied, the blaze of living light:
So keeps unblemish'd honour its esteem;
So gains the judgment while it charms the sight;
Which envy strives, but strives in vain, to veil,
Too strong for all the clouds its brightness would conceal.

Early, illustrious peer, thy gen'rous breast
This spark of worth hereditary caught;
Early thy love for freedom shone confess'd,
Seen in thy act, and rooted in thy thought:

Aw'd by no pow'r, no mean temptation sway'd:
Thy voice still follow'd truth's impartial side;
Scorn'd the vain blandishments ambition made,
A dignity beyond the reach of pride!
Merit intrinsical, outshining far
Th' embellishments of pomp, or tinsel of a star.

When to thy brow the ducal wreath was giv'n,
Applauding Britain saw thy rising state;
Thy honours seem'd the care of fav'ring Heav'n,
That for thy country smil'd to make thee great.
'Twas this to Gower's worth thy choice ally'd,
That blest thee with a British Portia's charms;
That gave thee Juliana, spotless bride,
A treasur'd shrine of virtue to thy arms:
And now has crown'd your union with an heir,
To long descending days, the lasting name to bear.

Nor placid thou, amidst the general joy,
Thy Tavistock's auspicious birth creates,
The Muse reject, who with delighted eye
Beholds the future bliss thy heir awaits:
Soon (does she hope) with native ardour fir'd,
His conscious breast the patriot's fire shall know:
As the young eaglet rises self-inspir'd,
Lifts the strong plume, and leaves the world below:
Plays in the solar flame, delights above,
And learns to grasp the bolts of formidable Jove.

Illustrious youth, may Heav'n to thee allow
A life secure from ev'ry wayward fate:
Propitious hear the faithful Muse's vow,
And make the circle of thy fame complete.
May ev'ry Muse with ev'ry Grace conspire
Thy form to finish and thy soul to raise,
Thy tender youth with virtue's love inspire:
Virtue! alone the source of lasting praise;
A joy, which only noblest minds can know,
And Truth's fair hand, alone, can authorize below.

And oh! if aught the Muse prophetic feels:
If true the transport of her present flame,
The warmest hope thy worth but half reveals,
Illustrious infant! time shall swell thy fame!
Some happier Muse for thee shall tune the lyre,
Shall sing thy opening virtues fair express'd;
As now with recent joy, and fond desire,
Mine hails thee to thy natal hour confess'd,
And ardent wishes to thy princely race,
Establishment confirm'd, and durable increase.

O honour'd Bedford! one directing fate
Allots the parts, whence life's distinction springs,
The ebb of poverty, the flow of state,
The chains of captives, and the crowns of kings!
To thy blest hand, and bountesousness of mind,
Has giv'n extensive powers unslacken'd rein;
To me a barrenness of wish assign'd,
That grieves itself to see another's pain:
To thee has giv'n to smile,—to me to mourn,
Ev'n on that happy day thy Tavistock was born.

Yet let the Muse, my lord, with honest zeal,
The fair occasion of thy joy improve:
Thy noble line's increasing splendour hail,
And give this humble mark of duteous love:
Mean though her verse,—by flatt'ry undefil'd:
Patriots have not disdain'd to view her strain:
Stair has approv'd—and candid Tweedale smil'd,
And learned Stormont stoop'd to ease her pain!

Nor thou, mild prince, disdain the humble la
That mingles with the joys of this auspicious

So may just Heav'n with ever guardian care
Build on the basis of thy rising name!
To each successive Bedford grant an heir
Of worth resemblant, and paternal fame:
Like thee, to guard Britannia's sacred laws
From dark corruption and from lawless for
To shine the great assertors of her cause:
Firm in the shock, and constant in the con
Who round their brows the civic wreath shall
And guard the glorious rights of Britons and
kind.

HOPE'S FAREWELL.

AN ODE.

"O LIFE, vain joy, which mortals court,
The prey of Death, and Fortune's sport!
Tell me, when so unkind to me,
Oh! why should I be fond of thee?

"When from the silent womb of space,
Struggling I broke to thy embrace:
My tears prophetic seem'd to tell,
You meant not, Life, to use me well.

"The joys you gave my youth to taste
Were but like children's toys at best:
Which Passion grasp'd with eager play,
But Reason, frowning, threw away!

"Yet, fond enchantress, still thy wile
Had power my senses to beguile,
Cheated, although the fraud I knew,
And pleas'd, because it still was new.

"In vain I heard, in vain I read,
Of thousands by thy love betray'd!
I listen'd to thy magic call,
And held thee dear—in spite of all!

"Led by thy captivating hand,
Through wanton Pleasure's fairy land:
I cry'd, unskill'd in future harms,
O Life, how lovely are thy charms!

"But on the front of riper years,
Advanc'd a train of sullen cares!
While giddy Fortune turn'd her head,
And Pleasure's golden prospects fled.

"'Twas then of all resource bereav'd,
Too late I found myself deceiv'd,
And wish'd, fond Life, with vain regret,
That thou and I had never met."

But Life, who treats with high disdain
The worn-out slaves that drag her chain,
Regardless, all my griefs survey'd,
And triumph'd in the ills she made!

Abandon'd thus to Fortune's rage,
Soon I was spy'd by trembling Age:
Who bid me calm my anxious breast,
For he would lead me soon to rest.

e, a nymph of heav'nly race,
in smiles her cheerful face,
os'd with friendly air,
e from the arms of Care.

it, unhappy! tempts thee so?"
" and whither wouldst thou go?
mark of weakness shown,
n Life to ills unknown!

he wretch in torture this,
ts he life, if not a bliss?
the partner Nature gave,
ld horrours of the grave."

ply'd—" False nymph, forbear
n tales to sooth my ear!
y arts too often try'd,
r thou shalt be my guide.

ous years!—a space too long!
thou led, and led me wrong!
y vain attendance cease,
me here to die in peace."

she answer'd with a sigh—
ist thy wish! if I comply,
n will cease thee left alone,
lost, when Hope is gone."

CUPID'S REVENGE.

from the power of Love,
and by Hymen's pleasing chain,
areless trod the grove,
der'd o'er the flow'ry plain.

t ev'ry nymph he saw,
sole his heart possess'd:
mild rule, and rightful law,
l gentle sov'reign of his breast!

d sure revenge had sworn,
tful laid the treach'rous snare,
ss, one inviting morn,
epherd breath'd the wholesome air.

yrs fann'd the skies serene,
Phœbus shed his placid ray:
ght Camilla cross'd the plain,
et Myrtillo's devious way.

om her enchanting eyes
itor sent the destin'd dart;
ere, rebellious youth," he cries,
er up your stubborn heart."

he saw the arrow vain,
he calm shepherd's breast rebound:
d project gave him pain,
lo had no heart to wound.

y looks his rage disclose,
he invok'd his mother's aid!
spoke: " Yes, there it goes:
try the armour of your head."

Victorious now, insulting Love
Cried, pleas'd the shepherd's wound to find,
" My common darts the HEART may prove,
My noblest arrows pierce the MIND!"

TRANSLATION

OF

VOLTAIRE'S LETTER TO THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

1740.

KIND prince! whom the admiring world must own
By Truth and Nature form'd to grace a throne:
Whose dawn of empire, like the solar ray,
Cheers half the North with hopes of lasting day:
Receive the homage which the Muses send,
Their fav'rite thou! their guardian! and their friend!
Are you enthron'd, and does your goodness deign
To own your poet, and regard his strain?
O blissful moment! dear auspicious grace!
Does Frederic's smiles my wand'ring steps embrace?
Does his great soul, possess'd of wisdom's balm,
(Ever benevolent, and ever calm!)
Leave all the dignity of state behind,
To meet the humble lover of mankind?
And can your hand the royal gift impart,
To style me friend of your distinguish'd heart?
Fame says of old, that Phœbus, heavenly bright,
O'er the wide world who spreads the living light,
So Jove ordain'd—his splendid car resign'd,
To live below, and humanize mankind:
No more his brows their wonted rays reveal'd,
A shepherd's form the exil'd god conceal'd:
In Phrygian wilds, to an unletter'd race,
He sung with such divinely pleasing grace,
The savage nations in their soften'd hearts,
Receiv'd the love of virtue, and of arts!
The rudest breasts the strong persuasion felt,
Were taught to think, to reason, and to melt!
Themselves to know, the social tie to own,
And learn they were not made to live alone!
Then ev'ry useful science sprung to birth,
And peaceful labour blest the smiling Earth:
Men now united lost their ancient rage,
Nature rejoic'd, and blest her golden age:
An age by Heav'n design'd for man no more,
Unless a Frederic shall that age restore.
It chanc'd as through the woods Apollo stray'd,
Ere gath'ring numbers peopled half the shade;
As near the cooling stream he pass'd the day,
And wak'd the golden lyre to wisdom's lay:
Attentive to the sound, a stranger swain
His reed attun'd to imitate the strain:
The god, well-pleas'd, the rustic genius spy'd,
Approv'd his aim, and deign'd to be his guide!
Aided his trembling hands to touch the string,
Whisper'd the words, and show'd him how to sing!
The swain improving blest the care bestow'd,
Nor in the *master* yet perceiv'd the god.
Nor knew th' immortal flame his bosom fir'd,
But like a shepherd lov'd him, and admir'd.
In me, great prince, the image stands renew'd,
I feel myself with kindred warmth endu'd;
As to thy praise I tune the conscious lyre,
I ask whence draws my breast the noble fire?
Tell what inspires me, happy people, tell!
Beneath my Fred'ric's orient sway who dwells,

From rapid Rhine to silver-streaming Meine,
The peaceful subjects of his placid reign?
Or ye on Prussia's amber-yielding shore,
Who bless his name, and hail his guardian pow'r!
Yes—let consenting lands his virtues raise,
And Fame with all his tongues repeat his praise!
Whose sceptre shall Astræa's rule restore,
And bid dejected Merit [1] sigh no more.
As once directed by the voice of Fame
To Wisdom's king the southern princess came;
At Frederic's call—see, ravish'd to obey,
The sons of Learning take their cheerful way;
To hear that sense which still attention draws,
And bless that goodness which directs his laws.
Close by his throne Philosophy shall smile,
To view her prince approve her children's toil!
While Science joys to see his kind regards
Inspire the Muse, his bounty still rewards;
Not distant far calm Charity shall stand,
Stretching to Piety her social hand;
Justice shall banish arbitrary Might,
And Commerce cheerful Plenty shall invite:
But Goodness chief—in form angelic drest,
(Such as she lives in Fred'ric's royal breast)
Beneath her wings shall bid the worthy find
A shelter from the storms that vex mankind:
The friend of truth, by fraud or malice hurl'd
Through all the mazes of a faithless world,
Whom envy persecutes and bigots hate,
Shall here enjoy an undisturb'd retreat;
With *him* who scorns the empty pride of blood,
But shares his grandeur with the wise and good.
Bewitching gold, which circling through a state,
Derives its value, and deserves its weight!
But once obstructed, like the streams of life,
Breeds war, and want, and discontent, and strife:
From Fred'ric's hand new splendour shall regain,
To bid his people wish his lengthen'd reign.
No more shall neighb'ring states from Prussia's arms
Or dangers apprehend, or dread alarms:
Far less shall foreign leagues his empire move,
Fix'd on a firm united people's love:
Already Europe's kings their courtship bend,
To him who makes no foe, nor quits a friend;
What though his prudence guards the chance of war,
His mildness eyes the mischief from afar:
What though his arms might Cæsar's laurels find,
The peaceful olive suits his greater mind:
Yet safe in all events the storm he views,
In peace or war,—the darling of the Muse!
In either state, alike insur'd success,
Since all his aim is to defend and bless.
Yet while impending clouds their darkness spread,
He arms for war—but arms without a dread:
No giant-forms [2] compose a vain parade,
No glitt'ring figures of the warrior-trade:
Valour he courts, without the pomp of art,
And rises on the service of the heart:
He boasts it all his glory to be just,
(A pride beyond the title of august!)
Which Time secures, the most impartial friend,
And guards his name till Nature feels her end.
So when beneath the curs'd Cæsarean race
Rome felt the horrours of her first disgrace:
Great Trajan rose with every virtue blest,
To give the wearied world the sweets of rest:
No blood, no conquest mark'd his spotless reign,
'Twas goodness form'd th' inviolable chain:
E'en India's kings receiv'd the willing yoke,
For goodness is a band no savage broke.
Not Salem's walls defil'd with wilful blood
A crime, her victor's clemency withstood:
Not all her honours levell'd with the dust,
Styl'd Titus good, or merciful, or just:
Love knit the charm on which his greatness rose,
A charm not worlds united can oppose!
Behold the glorious pattern marks your rise!
Nor quits the steps by which he gain'd the skies:
Try to surpass!—(but Heav'n his fate refuse!)
He wept a day—which you will never lose.

[1] Alluding to the new order instituted by his Prussian majesty, the badge of which is a gold medal, with this inscription—FOR MERIT.

[2] Alluding to the king's allowing liberty to the tall soldiers his father had forced into his service.

HORACE.

ODE I. BOOK I.

INSCRIBED TO JAMES DOUGLAS, M. D. F. R. S.

MÆCENAS, sprung of royal blood,
My first defence, my dearest good!
What various cares our life employ!
How diff'rent are our tastes for joy!
The rapid car that gains the prize,
Whirls the vain racer to the skies.
The statesman who, by artful ways,
Aspires to pow'r from vulgar praise:
The sordid wretch, whose greedy store
Amasses corn to cheat the poor:
The farmer, whose industrious hand
Tills his paternal spot of land:
All these would Asia's wealth disdain,
To quit their state, or tempt the main.
The merchant, with affrighted eyes,
Who sees the gath'ring tempest rise,
Sighs to regain his native ease,
And swears no more to trust the seas.
Yet, when escap'd he finds the shore,
So much he dreads the name of poor,
His shatter'd bark he fond repairs,
And o'er the faithless ocean steers.
Reclin'd beneath the spreading shade,
Near some clear fountain's bubbling head,
Elate with wine, with garlands gay,
The friend of Bacchus wastes the day.
Others, impatient for the fight,
In camps and martial scenes delight.
Their breasts the sprightly trumpet warms,
That fills the mother with alarms.
To freeze beneath the midnight air,
The huntsman leaves the sighing fair,
Pleas'd if his hounds the deer pursue,
Or hold th' entangled boar in view.
'Tis thus that happiness is sought
A thousand ways—and never caught.
For you, my lord [1], the ivy crown
(The critic's prize, and just renown)
Does round your honour'd temples twine,
And ranks you with the gods divine!
While I beneath the gelid grove,
Whose haunt the nymphs and satyrs love,

[1] I follow the late bishop of Chichester's (Dr. Hare) judicious emendation of reading *te docturus*, &c. for *me*.

ıweets by verse bestow'd,
:o scorn the senseless crowd:
: sacred Nine conspire
ıy breast, and tune my lyre!
listers not disdain
: thought, and guide the strain!
ıy them, the lyric lays
ır ear, and win your praise,
xalted shall I rise,
seat amidst the skies.

TO CÆLIA'S BUSK.

py toy! profusely blest
d in thy balmy nest!
hou change thy place with me,
y ravish'd should I be!
ıerhaps might find the art
er unyielding heart;
my tedious pain,
ne love for love again.
I rave—the promis'd bliss
nd deceit of wish:
toy—while thus I mourn,
ıyself shall e'er return:
alt thou insulting there
rest, while I despair!
'd captive shalt thou be,
s condition free:
departing from her breast,
ɔu leav'st thy balmy nest,
station thou resign,
he joys for which I pine.

ON MISS CARTER'S

RAWN IN THE HABIT OF MINERVA,

WITH PLATO IN HER HAND.

n, say, whose is th' enliv'ning face?
h charmer shines with Attic grace?
ıt calm air? that philosophic smile?
llas left to bless our isle?
ıymph, who, midst the bloom of youth,
ith Plato? and can relish truth?
n leave her sex's joys behind,
: nobler pleasures of the mind?
ter, suits thy mien this apt disguise,
form to please our ravish'd eyes:
thy friend this emblematic way,
lders strongly to convey
ive moral, and important thought,
ıave publish'd, and thy life has taught,
trophies vanity can raise
ompar'd to heav'nly Wisdom's praise!
n shade, which oft usurps the name,
s mistress, and the schoolman's claim,
Science! that diviner art,
it guides the judgment, mends the heart,
r own immortal Plato fir'd,
ıs listen'd, and the world admir'd,
cted Newton's eagle view,
e clouds, and look all Nature through!
now, in milder glories drest,
thy fair unblemish'd breast;
Where sense with truth, where wit with virtue join'd,
Point ev'ry thought, and brighten all the mind!
Bid beauty's charms with double lustre glow,
And form another paradise below!
Nor thou, bright maid! though bards of greater [worth
Contending strive to set thy merit forth,
Disdain the homage of a distant Muse,
Whose faults thy candour only can excuse;
To make thy fair perfection fully known,
Requires a lay exalted as thy own.

TO

THE DISCONSOLATE HILARIA,

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF HER DEAR SISTER CLARISSA.

While yet thy bosom feels the fatal blow,
And hides indulgent its expressless woe,
Fair mourner! can'st thou give the Muse to share
A grief, too exquisite for thee to bear?
Oft has thy smile approving blest her strain,
Now let her, faithful, suffer in thy pain:
Touch'd with thy loss in all thy sorrow join,
Count sigh for sigh, and mingle tears with thine:
All, all is due—that we can fondly pay,
To the dear friend, whom Fate has snatch'd away!
Come, Muses! your Urania calls you, come,
And grace with cypress-wreaths Clarissa's tomb.

Need I to thee, her soul's best partner, tell
That excellence which none could know so well!
Need I to thee recall each living grace,
Her blameless virtues, or her heavenly face!
Her soul, in spotless innocence enshrin'd,
Her form—the lovely temple of her mind!
Where cheerfulness and truth for ever smil'd,
Whence beam'd fair piety, and goodness mild:
Her heart,—that knew nor vanity, nor pride,
And made her half an angel, ere she died!
Come, weeping sisters, all around me come,
And bathe with crystal tears Clarissa's tomb.

As when with rising grace the rose entwines
Its blushing head, and through the foliage shines,
With native sweets embalms the ambient day,
And reigns the queen of flow'rs, the queen of May!
In beauty's fragrance so Clarissa shone,
And ev'ry chaste attraction was her own!
All that could win the judgment, or excite
Long admiration, or refin'd delight:
Not all combin'd the charming maid could save,
Death bore his lovely victim to the grave!
Come, ye sad Muses! all around me come,
And strew with sweets Clarissa's sacred tomb.

Alas, Hilaria!—what is life's short date
But the brief passage to our endless state?
Of which Heav'n wisely hides the term assign'd,
In pity to our feebleness of mind!
To ease our journey, and allure us on,
Till the long tedious pilgrimage is done!
But when it lights below a pure desire,
Such as did late thy sister-bosom fire:
Too soon th' immortal flame delights to rise,
And quits the Earth, to grace its kindred skies!
Come, friendly sisters, all around me come,
And with this verse adorn Clarissa's tomb.

Oh, dare I think?—what yet I dread to hear!
The father's, mother's, or the sister's fear!
When first the dire contagion seiz'd her heart,
And baffled all the weak reliefs of art:
I know!—I feel!—I see th' alarming scene,
Where none but thy Clarissa was serene!
She, calm, the close of youth and life survey'd,
She, calm, the early debt of Nature paid;
Mildness, eternal mildness, was her pride,
And gently as she liv'd, in peace she died!
Come, ye Aonian maids! around me come,
And with these honours grace her virgin tomb.

Bear, kind Hilaria!—to thy parent's view
This faithful tribute,—now too justly due!
Oh tell thy father,—the long-silent page
Bemoans his loss, and trembles for his age!
For half thy mother's joy is torn away,
And life now verges to its last decay:
'Tis thine, reserv'd by Heav'n, the blest relief
To soothe each motion of awakening grief:
Soften thy dear dejected parent's woe,
And live their smiling comfortress below.
Come, virgins, to your lov'd Hilaria, come,
And raise the mourner from her sister's tomb.

When, mournful Muse! O when shall cease thy tear,
So oft demanded for a line so dear?
First drew thy grief a slaughter'd infant's[1] fate:
Next Cairness'[2] virtue claim'd thy fond regret:
Now fair Clarissa's loss the woe renews,
As wakes the setting Sun the ev'ning dews!
Yet with superior worth shall virtue glow,
Shall brighten through the deepest gloom of woe!
Victorious from the short-liv'd struggle rise,
And gain, by suffering, its immortal prize!
Come, spotless maids, to my assistance come,
And consecrate the chaste Clarissa's tomb.

Oft must I think—how innocently gay,
United have we pass'd the hours away
In converse, by the sweets of truth endear'd,
By mirth enliv'ned, and by friendship cheer'd:
If cross, sometimes, and fashionably rude,
Folly, or malice, ventur'd to intrude:
Like the thin clouds when scatter'd by the wind,
They left no shadows of themselves behind:
Their absence but restor'd the face of light,
And serv'd to heighten the renew'd delight.
Come, virgins, all around Urania come,
And with this verse inscribe Clarissa's tomb.

Yet these reflections, once so justly dear,
Now grow for recollection too severe.
For see, Emilia, once your mutual friend,
To the low earth her weeping aspect bend!
When reach'd her ear thy much-lov'd sister's death,
Her eyes grew sightless, and she lost her breath!
"Dead! can it be?—the dear Clarissa dead?"
(Were the first words she faintly, faintly said.)
How short, alas! is youth's or beauty's pride?
How vain is life?—when such perfection died!
Come, sisters! all around me, sisters, come,
And consecrate Clarissa's lasting tomb.

[1] A lively young boy, about eight years old, unhappily shot by his cousin about the same age, in play together.
[2] The young lady's grandmother.

And thou, the dear associate of her mind,
Nearer by virtue—than by nature join'd:
Accept the verse;—the Muse by Heav'n inspir'd,
From thy first dawn beheld thee, and admir'd!
Now show, Hilaria, show that mental day,
Of which, prophetic, I remark'd the ray:
When the pleas'd aspect, and engaging mien,
Show'd undiscover'd treasures lodg'd within:
Show'd you were born the world's esteem to bind,
And raise your trophies o'er the captive mind!
Come, ye Aonian mourners! round me come,
Hilaria's praise shall grace Clarissa's tomb.

Proceed, fond Muse, awake the nobler string!
'Tis thine th' ascension of the blest to sing;
Go, point to the distress'd Hilaria's sight,
Her sister beaming from the realms of light!
To bring the fond afflicted mourner ease,
Her heart to comfort, and her eye to raise;
To bid her now employ each filial art,
To soothe the anguish of her parents' smart;
By fond degrees the gloom of grief efface,
And fill her own Clarissa's widow'd place!
Come, smiling sisters, to assist me come,
And raise the mourner from Clarissa's tomb.

'Tis done! Hilaria, dry those pearly eyes!
Thy smiling sister hails thee from the skies:
Where now enthron'd the spotless seraph sings
Celestial nótes, and strikes the silver strings!
Feels her calm breast with conscious pleasure move,
And shares the raptures of the blest above!
Sees kindred saints her known resemblance trace,
And adds herself an angel to the race:
Yet thinks, perhaps, not all her joys complete,
Till you shall join her in that blissful seat:
Meanwhile, she lives in thy resemblant mind,
Nor is she left—while you are left behind!
Come, Muses! to the sad Hilaria come,
And say this verse adorns Clarissa's tomb.

WINE THE CURE OF LOVE.

A BALLAD.

As lovesick Apollo, by Daphne disdain'd,
In Tempé sat whining beneath an old oak;
Bacchus happen'd to hear as he sadly complain'd,
And, shaking with laughter, thus jestingly spoke.

"What, wounded by Cupid! now shame on thy skill,
To sit fretting thy heart at the foot of a tree;
Can th' invincible god, who a Python did kill,
Now whimper and sob for the sting of a bee?

"I protest, cousin Phœbus, thy fortune is hard,
That nor music, nor verse can diminish thy grief:
Can no herb be discover'd, no potion prepar'd,
To give the great master of science relief?

"Come, take heart, and be counsell'd, and lift up thy head!
I am the best doctor when such fevers assail:
Quick, empty this goblet, no more need be said;
I never once knew my catholicon fail."

opp'd off the wine, 'twas old malmsey of
ete,
rt in an instant grew light as a feather!
'upid!" says he, "I believe he 's a cheat,
let us drink his confusion together."

!" Bacchus cried, "he 's a son of a whore!
often endeavour'd to show me his tricks;
him defiance—a fig for his pow'r,
p to the shield of my bottle, by Styx.

z Hermes present you would laugh till
u burst,
how he rook'd him at play of his dart;
oise Venus made, and the little elf curs'd,
pitiful pins he sticks in men's hearts."

" reply'd Phœbus, "the boy 's spoilt with
ide,
ve in all quarrels espouses his part:
uently wants him to pimp on his side,
at makes the youngster so saucy and
art."

rail'd at poor Love—as the bowl flew about,
llo was perfectly cur'd of his woe:
hus, grown mellow, began to give out,
nt coming on gave each warning to go.

e gay Phœbus immediately flew,
m his old grotto this oracle made:
ne was the noblest specific he knew,
pains of the heart, or the cares of the head."

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

..... O vitæ tutæ facultas
e, angustique lares, O munera nondum
ta Deum. Lucan.

t! thou goddess of consumptive hue,
light to haunt me still in view;
presence must my steps attend,
ntinue, as thou art, my friend.
e example bids me be unjust,
y word—or faithless to my trust;
e baneful errour, counsell'd, see,
the world, to find repose with thee!
s to Wealth would turn my partial eye,
shut my ear to Sorrow's cry:
Custom would my reason bend,
flatter, or desert my friend;
nd Poverty, thy temper'd shield,
ne off, unvanquish'd, from the field.
Fortune should return again,
er idle, restless, wanton train;
glass should false Ambition hold,
bid me put my trust in gold,
ef, thou virtuous goddess, haste,
hee bring thy smiling daughters chaste,
berty, and Wisdom—sisters bright!
rms can make the worst condition light;
e hardest fate the mind can cheer,
fliction, and disarm despair;
-in torments, pleasure can bequeath,
in smiles the tyrant brows of Death.

ON THE

DEATH OF SIR JOHN JAMES, BART.

Homines ad Deos immortales nulla re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando. Cic.

A STEADY virtue form'd for self-command,
A tender eye, and a diffusive hand;
A temper calm as runs th' untroubled flood,
A taste, that only joy'd in doing good!
A soul to which each social tie was known,
A thought that saw all merit but thy own!
A truth that never was defil'd by art,
A hermit's temp'rance, with a monarch's heart:
When thus thy goodness shed its noontide ray,
Why thus has Heav'n eclips'd the gentle day?
Forbid Benevolence itself to shine,
And robb'd the world of charity like thine?
Yet dim with grief the Muse beholds thee rise,
Smile ev'n in death, and plume thee for the skies.
Where prayer long since had form'd thy blest abode,
To live with angels and adore thy God!
In this fair hope thy blameless life was past,
And now the glorious prize is thine at last:
This gave thee pomp and pleasure to forego,
For the superior joy—to soften woe,
To ease th' oppress'd—to bless the honest toil,
And bid the unbefriended orphan smile:
A joy to wealth or grandeur seldom known;
A joy which Heav'n allotted as thy own.
This gave thee, calm, life's vanities to view,
Each sense to rule, each passion to subdue:
For Nature's wants just simply to provide,
To ease the wants of numberless beside;
To practice more than Epictetus taught,
Or Cato acted, or Confucius thought:
Which only christian faith the mind can teach,
And christian piety alone can reach.
Forbear, fond Muse, the heav'nly sisters come,
See how, associate, they surround his tomb!
Mark, Charity with wild dejection mourn,
Her flame suppress'd beneath his spotless urn!
There Piety, with look exalted, eyes
His radiant flight, and waits him to the skies!
While Hope, rejoic'd, his bright example views,
And bids mankind th' instructive lines peruse:
A joy which painted grandeur never found,
To steal through life—and bless a world around.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Nomen inane, vale.

FRIENDSHIP adieu! thou dear deceitful good,
So much profess'd, so little understood.
How often to thy sacred injur'd name,
A thousand vain pretenders lay their claim!
Like flies, attend the summer of our day,
And in the sunbeams of our fortunes play;
But when life's wintry-evening shades come on,
Soon we behold the treach'rous insects gone,
And find ourselves at once deserted and undone.

FRIENDSHIP,

AN ODE.

TO DR. WILLIAM CUMMING, OF DORCHESTER.

Exalted passion—pure ethereal flame,
Reason's perfection—truest, best delight!
Like her great laws unchangeably the same,
And like her radiant source serenely bright.

How shall I sing of thee! best of human joys!
Thy blameless sweet endearments how rehearse!
How aim a flight the soaring seraph tries!
Far too sublime for my unequal verse!

Do thou, Clarissa!—now immortal maid,
Round whose fair brow celestial splendours shine:
In Friendship's cause vouchsafe thy fav'ring aid,
And teach the trembling lyre to copy thine.

O give the Muse with kindred warmth to glow!
The thoughts inspirit, and the numbers raise,
That all her animated strain may flow,
Suited to godlike Friendship's lasting praise.

Friendship! the dearest blessing life can bring;
The noblest treasure mortals can enjoy;
Friendship, of happiness th' untroubled spring,
Which time, nor death, nor absence can destroy.

Goddess inviolate, she rules the soul
With constancy no falsehood can unbind;
She reigns acknowledg'd far as pole from pole,
Triumphant as her spotless throne the mind.

Here is the joy when souls congenial meet,
Tun'd to one equal tone by sense divine!
When social minds at first acquaintance greet,
An intercourse no language can define.

Here is the sympathetic pleasure found,
When the full heart with kindness overflows;
The union her's, by mutual honour bound,
The highest bliss that guardian Heav'n bestows.

Of sacred Wisdom, she the blameless child,
Increases every blameless joy below;
Or, join'd with Patience fair, (her sister mild)
Delights to soften ev'ry guiltless woe!

Vice, aw'd by her, amidst the blaze of pow'r,
Abash'd, the prevalence of virtue owns;
And helpless innocence in trouble's hour,
Enjoys a comfort, not the gift of thrones.

When Flattery, vain usurper of her name,
As fortune wanes, recalls her idle host;
Then kindles brightest her unalter'd flame,
As glows the friendly planet through the frost.

She smiles at Envy and corroding Time;
Souls pair'd by her no pow'r can disunite;
Her balmy influence gladdens ev'ry clime,
And savage nations feel her fetters light.

When all of art and all of nature dies,
When the dissolving Sun shall veil his head;
Friendship, victorious, shall adorn the skies,
Shall shine, when all their fading pomp is fled.

Thence wide shall beam, benevolent, her ray
To worlds philosophy has never guess'd:
Gild with diffusive light the realms of day,
And yield eternal pleasure to the blest.

PERSONAL MERIT:

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. LA MOTTE.

ADDRESSED TO DR. HENRY TONGE, AT BRISTOL.

Our parentage is not of choice;
Nor does, my friend, the public voice
Alarm the worthy mind:
Yes, let the world act as it will,
'Tis Virtue only, Virtue still,
Leaves Wealth and Birth behind.

Where Goodness lodg'd with Wisdom lies,
True greatness seek—there fix thy eyes!
('Tis Vice bestows disgrace:)
But Merit blazons what we are
Beyond the coronet or star,
The boast of ancient race.

Oh! how I view with raptur'd eyes,
From race ignoble, Horace rise:
Nor yet his source disdain:
But with contempt, amidst the crowd
I view a modern upstart, proud,
Display his gilded train.

By Virtue stagnates blood, or flows,
As she refuses or bestows;
So Castor rose, divine!
And so, though born of heav'nly race,
The Cyclop [1], with his one-ey'd face,
Disgrac'd his sea-born line.

You scorn the false and fawning mind,
Where Art with deadly Malice join'd,
Delights to wither Fame!
As lifts the snake his painted crest,
And to the hospitable breast
Conveys his pois'nous flame.

The wretch who boasts a faithless heart;
The fool who acts a worthless part;
Or miser o'er his brood;
However dignified he be,
Is but a creeping slave to thee,
Though sprung of Cæsar's blood.

But oh! let those whom Learning owns,
Apollo's and the Muses' sons,
Make unity their course:
Nor drop the tongue one wayward strain,
To give another's bosom pain,
Or to our own remorse!

Continue friendly, just, and kind,
Honour preserve, with candour join'd,
And fair protection lend;
Where modest worth thy favour sues,
Or genius qualifies the Muse,
To hope a gen'rous friend.

[1] Polyphemus.

a worthy youth, I knew,
rises to my view,
to himself unknown:
blush (since truth secures)
pleasing image your's,
keness makes your own.

ON PLATONIC LOVE.

ove!—a pretty name
romantic fire,
confess a mutual flame,
f loose desire.

doctrine once prove true,
something odd is,
should each other view
y wanted bodies.

us can live embrac'd,
n may be lasting:
—'tis hard the mind should feast,
its partner fasting.

says Horace, "is in tears,
r just claim 's deny'd her [1];"
atonic love appears
scrimp provider.

t preach, one comfort is,
s vain pretences,
ave other thoughts of bliss,
exclude their senses.

r logic can perplex
ole so common:
as whispers either sex,
an was made for woman."

n is pedantic work;
the bard of yore)
ist out Nature with a fork,
ecoils the more [2]."

VERSES

WRITTEN NOV. 12, 1741,

IRTH-DAY OF ADMIRAL VERNON.

..... Sitis, ardor, arenæ
rtuti—Gaudet patientia duris.
Lucan.

d Iberia, insolently vain,
spute the empire of the main;
oughtful her ambition ey'd,
e are all my boasted sons," she cry'd?
all my fire?—no spark awake,
in Raleigh, or that beam'd in Drake
Armada's formidabl show
by Fate—and scatter'd with a blow?"
rn'd the goddess of the ambient wave,
on heard her voice, and rose to save:

humana sibi doleat Natura negatis.
n expellas furca licet, usque recurret.

Nor vain his arm—when, beaming from afar,
O'er the Columbrian sea he wak'd the war!
And calm in conquest bid Britannia reign,
Acknowledg'd sovereign of the distant main:
Then grateful Albion heard the happy sound,
The great avenger of her wrongs was found:
Each tongue rejoic'd the hero's praise to swell,
And infants learn'd how Porto-Bello fell.
Oh! would the fav'ring Muse my voice inspire,
To Vernon's worth to tune the sounding lyre,
With equal majesty the notes should rise,
Should animated reach the vaulted skies;
That future times might the resemblance see,
And Britons like their ancestors be free.
Great son of Freedom! still victorious shine,
Thine be to conquer, and to save be thine:
Let the pale ghosts that haunt the Indian shore,
Delighted hear thy vengeful thunders roar,
And to each other hail the promis'd hour,
When Tyranny shall mourn her blasted pow'r:
And righteous Freedom with her guardian smile
Shall bless, returning, Cuba's fertile soil.
There while the British cross, to thee assign'd,
Displays its form, and wantons in the wind,
May Victory her fairest laurels spread,
To wait thy purpose, and to crown thy head:
May no retarded succours give thee pain:
Thy gen'rous warmth no arts of power restrain!
Warm'd by thy virtue, let all hearts unite,
Led by thy arm, let Britons learn to fight,
Till taught to yield, and humbled in his turn,
The proud Iberian shall his folly mourn;
And curse the hour, when with his wanton dart
He rous'd the gen'rous lion's noble heart.
Then, only then—(if Heav'n shall so ordain)
When honourable peace his sword shall gain;
A peace secur'd by terrour of our arms,
(Not mean conventions, or precarious charms)
When, dear to honour—to his country dear,
Restor'd her Vernon shall again appear:
As loud the peal of gratitude shall rise,
And universal joy ascend the skies:
As round his steps a thankful nation flows
To hail his toils, and bless him as he goes!
Then shall some happier bard, with nobler vein
Record his actions, and embalm his name!
"The honour paid to Vice in smoke decays,
But Virtue purifies the flames of praise:
From her chaste shrine she bids the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies."

LOCH RIAN.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF STAIR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1734.

[Loch Rian is an arm of the sea which lies to the north-east, a little below Castle Kennedy, the seat of the earl of Stair. The Genius of this bay is supposed to address that nobleman.]

From toils of state and an unfaithful court,
Welcome, my lord, to your domestic port!
Here, seated on my hospitable shore,
In safety hear the distant tempest roar.
While gentler cares your future hours demand,
And Nature waits your all-improving hand [1];

[1] The improvements at Castle Kennedy are very

Already has she own'd the potent spell,
And felt a change which Ovid's verse should tell.
While the pleas'd traveller, with soft surprise,
O'er heathy moors sees length'ning shades arise!
Or marshy lakes, their noisome vapours fled,
With verdant meads and rip'ning harvests spread:
While placid you adorn the naked plain,
And groves and vistas rise as you ordain.
Let southern climes their painted prospects boast,
And scorn the beauties of a colder coast;
Nature is bounteous here—were friendly Art
As kindly forward to perform her part;
That part your genius can sustain alone,
For here you see no triumphs but your own.
How bloom thy gardens crown'd with soft delight!
And spread successive beauties to the sight;
What airy prospects! what romantic views!
Surprise the fancy, and inspire the Muse!
Through the long vista, or the casual break,
Glitter the blue canal, or silver lake;
Sweetly bewilder'd the spectator roves [groves;
Midst hills, and moss-grown rocks, and hanging
With care the eye examines every part,
Too form'd for Nature—yet too wild for Art;
And from the gloom of the descending wood,
Bursts on the spacious green, or glassy flood;
Whence wide beneath the boundless prospect lies [2],
Of intermingled lands, and sea, and skies!
Fair to the northward, with capacious tide,
His ample bosom spreads delightful Clyde.
A little sea!—so wide his billows roar,
From green Cantyre to Galloway's rocky shore:
High from the centre of the subject deep,
Vast Ailsa [3] rears his summit broad and steep,
Shoots his aspiring head into the skies,
And the loud blast and noisy wave defies;
So *firm* [4] thy virtue, Stair, preserves its face,
Untroubled, or by favour, or disgrace;
Conscious delights with calm content to glow,
Regardless of the murmuring world below.
Here, all the shadowy scenes of grandeur past,
The sweets of philosophic leisure taste;
No levees here shall break your morning rest,
No envy darken, and no fears molest;
Far off shall Flattery hold her wretched train,
And Falsehood shall in distant cities reign;
But smiling Innocence your steps shall wait,
And Health, untroubled with the farce of state:
While in the cooling walk, or breezy shade,
You talk with Plato and the sacred dead;
Revolve the Grecian chief's [5] immortal page,
Or smile with Horace at a motley age;
While round you, Virtue forms a heavenly guard,
Herself in solitude, her own reward:

great: from a wild mountainous country, the spectator is suddenly removed into a sort of enchanted peninsula.

[2] The situation of Castle Kennedy is particularly to its advantage, lying in the midst of a peninsula formed by the bays of Loch Rian and Wigton, opposite to the coast of Ireland to the west, and the coast of England and Isle of Man to the south east, both which may be seen thence on a clear day. To the north lies the firth of Clyde.

[3] An island, or rather rock of prodigious height, called by seamen the Perch of Clyde.

[4] The crest of the earl of Stair is a rock, with this motto, FIRM.

[5] Xenophon.

"When vice prevails, and infamy grows great,
The post of honour is a private state."
So the dictator left his little field,
And taught in arms his country's foes to yield;
But Rome deliver'd, all his task was o'er,
He scorn'd the trappings of deceitful pow'r,
To his lov'd farm with joy return'd again,
And with his victor-hands improv'd the plain.
In manners uncorrupt—as great in arms,
Free from Corruption's all-defiling charms,
As Rome was then—were happy Britain now,
Pleas'd you might guide the patrimonial plough,
But oh! her safety contradicts the wish,
Demands your counsel—and retards my bliss.
Go on then, glorious, to assert her cause,
Defend her freedom, and sustain her laws:
Nor fear the servile crowds that Interest guide,
While Truth and Virtue combat on your side.
These shall at length with mighty force prevail,
Justice shall, righteous, lend her sword and scale,
In this, impartial, your designs shall weigh,
With that shall Fate to Britain's foes convey,
Unnumber'd wishes your attempts shall bless,
And Heav'n to Freedom give the due success:
Nor want we patriots, though the soil be rude,
Souls unenslav'd, that greatly dare be good;
Such as unmov'd can statesmen's arts behold,
And smile at prostituted pow'r and gold.
Leave earth-born worms the plunder to divide,
And keep with Cato—the neglected side.
Then when Britannia's present gloom is o'er,
When doubts shall vex her halcyon peace no more:
When Commerce from its slumber shall revive,
And public Faith, by resurrection live,
When private views no more our bliss oppose,
And Thenis pays the long account she owes!
When Albion vindicates her dormant claim,
Resumes her balance and commands the main,
Then, not till then, with all men's praises crown'd;
Complete, your glory in its circle bound:
To me retire;—and in the grateful shade,
Which on my shore your industry has made,
In quiet wait fair life's declining ray,
The certain promise of a brighter day.

THE TRIUMPHS OF NATURE:

A POEM,

ON THE MAGNIFICENT GARDENS AT STOWE, IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE RIGHT HON. LORD COBHAM, (NOW OF THE MARQUIS OF BUCKINGHAM.)

Here order in variety you see,
Where all things differ, yet where all agree.
Pope.

Delightful Nature! child of heavenly Light!
Whose form enchants us, and whose smiles delight!
Once more, chaste goddess, animate the song,
Inspire the lays! To thee the lays belong!
My step conduct—be thou my charming guide
Amidst the scenes that show thy noblest pride:
Where, pleas'd, thy hand Elysian bow'rs prepares,
To bless the hero's toils—the patriot's cares.
Begin, fond Muse!—but whither am I tost?
Where have I stray'd, in sweet confusion lost!
Thee, goddess, I beheld with pleas'd surprise,
Confess'd, like monarchs in a rich disguise!

'e majesty attracts the heart,
s thy empire o'er the works of art:
shines in Cobham's steady mind,
:s the shadowy forms of pomp behind.
rt attends—and waits thy ruling will,
t best is but thy handmaid still;
y state imperial wouldst express,
thy wardrobe, and puts on thy dress!
ar wave the crystal mirror holds,
ith gems thy flow'ry robe unfolds:
nts thou slight'st, and pomps displease,
retires, and leaves thee to thy ease:
ee to take thy ev'ning walk unseen,
equester'd shade, or lonesome green;
editation soothes thy thoughtful breast,
and waters lull thee to thy rest:
ey who never knew thy charms, may know,
y countless charms are seen at Stowe.
iare pavilions opening to the scene,
the Muse to the enchanted plain.
o the north this Tempé we survey,
bright'ning to meridian day!
'eads a liquid octagon to view,
ns the eye with its unclouded blue;
e midst an obelisk ascends,
in air the wat'ry column sends:
at rivers winding from the right
and in one spacious stream unite;
ntly gliding through its verdant shores,
ad octagon its treasure pours.
summit all below commands,
ty, thy destin'd temple stands;
:e some queen expell'd her lawful throne,
:hou shalt find—thy value known,
st realms—that once were all thy own.
hrough an avenue, the growth of years,
it mansion to the eye appears;
ill transported as it turns around,
:w charms diversify the ground:
'rous herds that range th' adjacent plain,
s with bleating flocks adorn the scene:
lawns, or shades of tufted trees,
quivering to the temper'd breeze.
ombin'd the ravish'd fancy strike,
it at a loss where most to like.
ence along the carpet grass
air statues to the left we pass,
rough the Bath, descending, is convey'd
, falling from a broad cascade;
ugh the ruin'd arch the waters break,
below a wide extended lake:
tant borders sylvan scenes unfold,
e huntress-goddess us'd of old:
Actæon spy'd the heav'nly maid,
his forfeit life the folly paid.
the lake our progress we pursu'd,
Hermitage conceal'd in wood,
ide beneath, the blue expanse was seen
from its wave the trembling green!
rough the windings of the artful shade,
le, beauteous Venus, we survey'd;
emblem of the lover's view,
first foes which Nature ever knew[1].
a, goddess, of thy cruel power,
has bath'd the warring world in gore:
to set the dearest friends at strife,
the brother snatch the brother's life:

[1] The statues of Cain and Abel.

Yet mild at first thy savage yoke appears,
And like this scene a beauteous prospect wears:
For scenes like this thy fatal flame inspire,
Unnerve the soul, and kindle soft desire!
While amorous birds with music fill the grove,
And ev'ry breathing zephyr whispers love!
Within the dome see sportive Cupids play,
And clap their silver wings, and seem to say—
"Now let him love, who never felt the pain;
Before who lov'd—*here* let him love again[2]."

Hence through a wood with opening vistas grac'd,
(At each some rural termination plac'd)
The west pavilion to the eye succeeds,
Whence to the house the fair avénue leads;
Plac'd in the midst—and sacred to his fame,
Rises the pyramid with Vanbrugh's name.
Here, wondrous architect! repos'd, receive
The grateful honours Cobham loves to give;
Here like his gardens shall thy mem'ry bloom,
Nor couldst thou wish a more distinguish'd tomb.
In the next dome, from vulgar thought conceal'd,
This wise inscription stands to sight reveal'd[3],
"Life is a feast—enjoy it while you may,
When age comes on, 'tis time to steal away,
Lest laughing youth remind thee of the rule,
Nothing so foolish as a doating fool."

Now by the wood, which rises to the right,
The opening field relieves the crowded sight,
Here great Alcides, firm in marble plac'd,
Holds the expiring son of Earth embrac'd[4]:
Just image, Cobham, of thy victor toil,
Which tam'd the genius of the rugged soil;
Which gave the face of Nature pow'r to warm,
And soften'd every blemish in a charm.

Hence to th' Augustine Cave[5] our way we sped,
A moss-grown cell, with grateful umbrage spread;
Such blameless hermits held in days of old,
Ere priestcraft grew, or Heav'n was priz'd for gold.
Plain is the scene, and well befits the heart
That never stain'd its innocence with art.

As the skill'd painter captivates the sight,
By nicely intermingling shade and light;
So in these happy scenes, each object plac'd,
Throws beauty round, and charms the finest taste;
So just the contrasts—and the point so true,
'Tis all that Nature, all that Art can do!
In sweet delusion is the fancy lost,
Nor knows attention where to settle most.

Thus from the cave through the receding green,
Thy temple, son of Semele, was seen:
Pictur'd within thy mystic rites advance,
And nymphs and satyrs round thy Thyrsus dance:
Such was the jovial triumph once thou led,
When India first ador'd thy mitred head.
When thy gay car submissive tigers drew,
And men the genial pow'r of Bacchus knew.—
From hence disclos'd a beauteous prospect lies,
West as the setting Sun adorns the skies!
Where Aylesbury her golden vale extends,
And clos'd with purple hills the landscape ends.

But solemn scenes demand th' attentive Muse,
Such as the Druids lov'd of old to choose:

[2] From Catullus, Nunc amet, &c.

[3] From Horace, Lusisti satis, &c.

[4] The statues of Hercules and Anteus.

[5] St. Augustine's cave.

For lo! conspicuous stands the awful Grove[6],
Sacred to Woden and the Saxon Jove:
Around the central altar seem to stand,
The gods ador'd by Hengist's valiant band;
Life seems each breathing figure to inform,
A godlike freedom, and a noble scorn.
O glorious race! O nation dear to fame!
Eternal founders of the British name!
From whom exalted Albion grateful draws
Her long-establish'd rights—her sacred laws;
Though in the gulf of wasting time were lost
Each ancient monument your name can boast,
Yet in this hallow'd shrine shall one remain,
While freedom lives to bless Britannia's plain.
As darts the Sun oblique his varied rays,
When through the fleecy cloud his lustre plays,
Here deepens to a gloom the varied green,
There beams a light—and shifts the shadowy scene:
But when the obvious vapour melts away,
The boundless prospect brightens into day.
So hitherto enchanted had we stray'd
Through light and shade, from charm to charm betray'd:
Now issuing from the covert, with surprise,
Th' unbounded landscape open'd to our eyes;
Whence south, its dome the fair Rotunda rears,
Plac'd to the east equestrian George appears[7];
Oppos'd, new walks o'erlook'd the forest lawn,
Where sport the peaceful deer and wanton fawn;
Full in the midst, enthron'd like beauty's queen,
Surrounded by her graces, Stowe is seen;
And in the crystal mirror[8] plac'd below,
Beholds her ev'ry charm reflected glow;
Where snowy swans along the surface glide,
And rear their stately necks with graceful pride;
Wide from before a long succession spreads,
Of distant woods, green hills, and flow'ry meads.
O'er the free scene expatiates the sight,
And all the soul is lost in sweet delight.
Behind, disclos'd, the gay parterre is seen,
With vases deck'd[9], and banks of living green;
Here shelter'd all Hesperia's treasures bloom,
And the bright orange sheds its rich perfume.
While placid as they rise on ev'ry hand,
In Cobham's smile the favour'd Muses stand;
And Phœbus points to the celestial quire,
The scenes that best the poet's flame inspire,
And bids them here, expell'd their native Greece,
Attune the lyre, and sing the sweets of peace.
Conducted hence, through the declining shade,
Thy statue, great Augustus[10], rears its head;
A stately column's fair Corinthian height,
Bears with triumphant air the royal weight:
Which seems a smile majestic to bestow,
As pleas'd that Britain can produce a Stowe.
Now through the deep'ning wood's projected gloom,
To Dido's Cave with devious step we come,
Where the dim twilight of the arch above
Seems to express the queen's disastrous love.
For semblant such of old the fatal bow'r,
Where Venus led her in ill-omen'd hour.

[6] The Saxon temple, or altar placed in an open grove.
[7] Equestrian statue of George I.
[8] Circular bason with swans.
[9] Apollo, and the Muses, and two orangeries.
[10] Statue of George II.

Where first her heart the sweet delusion found,
As yet unconscious of a future wound.
Next to the fair ascent our steps we trac'd,
Whence shines afar the bold Rotunda[11] plac'd;
The artful dome Ionic columns bear
Light as the fabric swells in ambient air,
Beneath unshrin'd the Tuscan Venus stands,
And beauty's queen the beauteous scene commands:
The fond beholder sees with sweet surprise,
Streams glitter, lawns appear, and forests rise—
Here through thick shades alternate buildings break,
There through its borders steals the silver lake;
A soft variety delights the soul,
And harmony resulting crowns the whole.
Now by the long canal we gently turn,
Whose verdant sides romantic scenes adorn;
As objects through the broken ground we see,
And there a statue rises, there a tree.
Here in an amphitheatre of green,
With slopes set off which form a rural scene,
On four Ionic pillars rais'd to sight
Beams Carolina[12], Britain's late delight.
Here the bright queen her heav'nly form displays,
Eternal subject of the Muse's praise:
But faint all praise her merit to impart,
Whose mem'ry lives in every British heart.
Now leave we, devious, the declining plain,
Awhile to wander through the woodland scene:
Here where six cent'ring walks united meet,
Morpheus invites us to his still retreat[13];
And while the tide of life uncertain flows,
Bids you "indulge yourself, and taste repose."
But stop, my Muse—I feel a conscious fear,
As if conceal'd divinity was near.
What do I see! What solemn views arise!
What wonders open to my thoughtful eyes!
Midst purling streams in awful beauty drest,
The shrine of ancient Virtue stands confest;
A Doric pile, by studious Cobham plac'd,
To show the world the worth of ages past;
When innocence—when truth still found regard,
And cherish'd merit had its due reward.
Within, four grateful statues honour'd stand,
Inspire attention, and esteem command;
Epaminondas first in arms renown'd,
Whose glorious aim his country's freedom crown'd,
Born in each social virtue to excel,
With whom the Theban glory rose, and fell.
Lycurgus next, in steady virtue great,
Who for duration form'd the Spartan state;
And Wealth expelling, with her baneful train,
Left a republic worth the name of men.
There Socrates, th' Athenian wise and good,
With more than mortal sanctity endu'd:
Who freed philosophy from useless art,
And show'd true science was to mend the heart.
Last stands the prince of bards[14], whose deathless lay
Does virtue in exalted verse convey:
Sets every passion in its native light,
And fills the soul with terrour and delight.
These point the way to reach immortal praise
Is life on public virtue's base to raise,
And show that goodness and our country's love
Exalt us to the blissful seats above;

[11] In which is the statue of the Venus de Medicis.
[12] Queen Caroline.
[13] The sleeping parlour, with this inscription, Cum omnia sint in incerto, fave tibi.
[14] Homer.

ırds repose, and godlike patriots smile,
ous heroes rest from earthly toil.
ke the ruin plac'd in view beneath,
ıt and oppressor rot in death;
ıf vice devoted to decay,
ening like the gliding brook away.
aving with regret the solemn wood,
ıe winding stream our course pursu'd;
ands the lonesome grotto sweetly plac'd,
the art of sportive Nature grac'd:
hb'ring domes on spiral columns rise,
lls and min'rals spangl'd to the eyes,
still directed by the winding stream,
we to the three-arch'd building came.
'est, the church adorns th' opening height,
l, the spacious pond relieves the sight;
, of form Chinese, a structure lies,
ll her wild grotesques display surprise,
apan her glitt'ring treasure yields,
s of amber sail on golden fields.
ıt clouds are silver turrets form'd,
ıic glories glitter all around.
r'd of these, the river next we cross'd,
s[14] where Fancy is in wonder lost;
'e th' Elysian fields describ'd of old
r'd bards, who blest the age of gold;
' romantic prospects rise around,
h profusion smiles the flow'ry ground.
th' ambrosial pleasure on the mind,
: 'tis Heav'n—and leave the world behind.
with native pomp the realms of light,
the ether, and the scenes so bright.
ıed spot! May no unhallow'd tread
hy beauties, or thy sweets invade.
l ye slaves of vice and pow'r away;
e approach, but who are fit to stay.
ıere the guardian of these blissful seats,
ıg Hermes, on the assembly waits!
s to fame each British worthy known,
e distinguish'd, finds a just renown!
ppy kings who Flatt'ry's voice disdain'd,
heir subjects' hearts with glory reign'd;
who for their country joy'd to bleed,
men who the public weal decreed:
o scorn'd the Muses to profane,
ted vice, nor wrote for sordid gain:
by arts of use to human kind,
'd to leave a worthy name behind,
ıat for Virtue's godlike ends were born,
to save, to counsel, to adorn.
ı justice, and in goodness great,
red shines the founder of the state!
ward smiles, as when the world's delight,
belov'd, and dreadful in the fight.
nds Eliza, empress of the main,
rope freed, and humbled haughty Spain.
whose sword his native land reliev'd,
ain from impending fate retriev'd.
leigh lives, the man who greatly fell,
king truly—and for acting well.
ke who first with naval glory crown'd,
tain's fame the spacious globe around!
mpden firm assertor of her laws,
o-martyr in the glorious cause.
resham does his true encomium claim,
ıts the merchants' honourable name:
nes, great architect! who taught our isle
eek and Roman elegance to smile:

decorated part called the Elysian fields.

Milton, whose genius, like his subject high,
Gave him beyond material bounds to fly!
And manly Shakspeare, whose extensive mind
Could fathom all the passions of mankind!
There Newton lives, whose sight was form'd to trace
Deep Nature's laws, and clear her mystic face.
And Bacon, first who left the jangling schools
To fix philosophy on certain rules.
With Locke, who, showing truth in reason's light,
Taught the instructed mind to judge aright.
Two living worthies[15] here distinguish'd breathe,
And taste of spotless fame before their death;
By no inscription is their merit shown,
Their names suffice to eternize the stone.
For Barnard's virtue scorns all borrow'd rays,
And Pope's exalted merit baffles praise.
Now passing onward from th' Elysian ground,
An enigmatic monument we found;
Sacred to honest Fido's[16] blameless name,
A *foreigner* of no ignoble fame:
Much art is shown his virtues to commend;
"A tender husband, and a faithful friend;
No bigot—Nature was his constant rule,
And though conversant with the great—no fool."
Think this no flatt'ry, though so much in vogue,
'Tis real truth—for Fido—was a dog.
To Freedom's Shrine, across the level field,
Still circling to the night our course we held:
Plac'd on the summit's lofty brow it stands,
And all the wide extended view commands.
Descending hence, new objects meet the eyes;
Spread to the left a long plantation lies;
While from the right two winding rivers bend,
And to the opening Bason smooth descend.
Here the Palladian Bridge, observed before
At distance, pleas'd we nearer now explore;
Where are choice busts antique and modern seen,
"And the glad world pays homage to the queen."
Now to th' Imperial Cabinet we come,
Of cubic form the bright historic room,
Where monarchs wholesome counsel may receive,
Since Cæsars the instructive lesson give;
"There Titus' motto tells he mourn'd the day
In which his goodness shed no friendly ray!
The delegated sword of Trajan shows,
Himself not spar'd, if rank'd with virtue's foes:
There mild Aurelius, friend of human kind,
Conveys this maxim from his generous mind;
If rais'd to regal pow'r, such mandates give,
As, chang'd, you would a private man receive."
Lessons like these humanity impart,
And bend to mercy ev'n the tyrant's heart.
Now through a stately gate we take our way,
And the surprising terrours pleas'd survey:
Stretch'd to the eye the lineal walk extends,
And bounded by the Shrine of Venus ends:
Here Friendship's Temple strikes the ravish'd sight,
With finish'd symmetry and graceful height;
Manly as is the theme it means to grace,
The lofty square displays its Doric face,
For Cobham this devoted frame intends
For Virtue's fav'rites and for Britain's friends[17].

[15] The busts of sir John Barnard and Pope.
[16] Signor Fido, an Italian dog.
[17] The prince of Wales, earls of Westmoreland, Chesterfield, and Marchmont; lords Cobham, Gower, and Bathurst; Richard Grenville, Pitt, and Lyttelton.

Not far from hence dear Congreve's urn is shown,
His worth recorded on the lasting stone:
Not greater honour could the Roman boast,
When godlike Scipio wept his Terence lost.
Now by the Octagon our course we hold,
Where laughing Satyrs beauty's queen behold:
While the gay goddess, careless of their smile,
Spreads ev'ry charm industrious to beguile.
And now the sweet delightful circuit done,
Our progress ended where it first begun.
Thus has the Muse with feeble wing essay'd
To paint the wonders of th' enchanted shade;
And, fond the charms of Nature to explore,
Rov'd, like the studious bee, from flow'r to flow'r;
Stopp'd by each pleasing object she could meet,
To sip some fragrance, or collect some sweet.
But as where Britain's fair assembled shine,
The rays of beauty spread a light divine:
So here where Nature does her triumphs show,
And with majestic hand adorns a Stowe;
Description fails—all fancy is too mean,
They only can conceive it, who have seen.

JOB.

CHAPTER III.

THUS Job began—"Curst be the fatal morn
In which distinguish'd wretchedness was born.
From the fair round of the revolving year
Perish that day! nor let the night appear
In which this speck of entity began
To swell to misery, and promise man!
Let darkness stain it o'er, no friendly ray
Pierce through the gloom of that disastrous day!
But shades of terrour o'er its circuit spread,
And fold it in the mantle of the dead.
O'er that curst night may double horrours dwell,
Such as enwrap the punishments of Hell.
No cheerful sounds its solitude awake,
But such as fiends and tortur'd wretches make;
Such as may wound the soul and shock the air,
The groans of death, and howlings of despair.
May all its stars with rays diminish'd show,
And through the dusky air obscurely glow.
No glimpse of hope the dreadful scene adorn,
Nor let it see the promise of a morn—
Because it shut not up my mother's womb,
And join'd at once my cradle and my tomb:
Why dy'd I not? Why did preventive care
My destin'd life for future sorrows spare?
Then had I found that ease I seek in vain,
Nor known this load of unexampled pain."
"O grave! thou refuge of the soul distress'd,
When shall I sink into thy downy rest?
There kings and mighty ones neglected rot,
In their own mouldering monuments forgot:
(Though once of grandeur and of pow'r possest,
And all the treasures of the shining east:)
There men no longer vain distinctions boast,
In common dust the prince and slave are lost:
Low lies th' oppressor bound in lasting chains,
There of his rod the wretch no more complains!
There cease the wailings of the heart distress'd,
And there the weary find eternal rest."
"Why sparest thou, O Lord, a life like mine?
While with incessant pray'rs for death I pine:
Why is that blessing giv'n to wealth and pride,
But to the wretch distress'd like me, deny'd.
While o'er my head thy awful terrours brood,
Beset my path, and mingle with my food.
In vain my cries and groans continual rise,
In vain my tears I pour and waste my sighs:
While all my fears upon my soul are come,
By thee forsaken, hopeless and undone."

ANNIVERSARY ODE

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF A DAUGHTER WHO DIED 1726.

BEGIN my Muse, and strike the lyre,
Let grief the melting tones inspire,
And sadly consecrate the day,
That snatch'd my soul's delight away.

When first the beauteous infant maid
The early seeds of sense display'd,
With her dear prattle sooth'd my cares,
And charm'd my fond transported ears,

How did her op'ning bloom arise!
And as it struck my ravish'd eyes,
Oft promis'd to my years' increase,
A store of innocence and peace.

But soon, too soon, those flatt'ring joys
Fate's interposing hand destroys:
And, lost in Death's all gloomy shade,
The dear delusive vision fled.

So does the early budding rose
Its blushing fragrancy disclose,
Allure the touch, and smell, and sight,
And yield each sense a soft delight.

Till some rash foe its pride invade,
And ravish'd from its native bed,
Its odour and its hue decay,
And all its beauties fade away.

Thus were my dreams of comfort crost,
And with the fav'rite virgin lost;
And all my schemes of bliss to come
Enclos'd within her early tomb!

Thence clouds of new afflictions rise,
And, brooding o'er the darken'd skies,
With their sad melancholy shade,
The horizon of life o'erspread.

While o'er the young Sabina's urn
Thus with paternal grief I mourn;
Around my soul new sorrows break,
And leave my woes no room to speak.

On Atticus' delightful age
Fate next employ'd her cruel rage;
With ease dissolv'd life's feeble chain,
And freed the suff'ring saint from pain.

O ever honour'd sacred name!
If in the bright immortal train
One thought of Earth can touch thy rest,
Look down on this afflicted breast.

Teach me, like thee, through life to steer,
Patient and calm my lot to bear;
Teach me thy heav'nly steps to trace,
And reach, like thee, the realms of peace.

:AS FROM ALBION'S TRIUMPH.

N ODE ON THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN.

XIII.

r, blest sov'reign! shall th' unpractis'd
Muse
recent honours of thy reign rehearse!
hy virtues turn her dazzl'd views,
secrate thy deeds in equal verse!
he field of horrours wide display'd,
aint the calm that smil'd upon thy brow!
: that thought which ev'ry part survey'd,
cting where the rage of war should glow:"
atchful angels hover'd round thy head,
ory on high the palm of glory spread.

XIV.

al youth, reject the artless praise,
ı due to worth like thine the Muse bestows,
h prophetic ecstasy surveys
early wreaths of Fame adorn thy brows.
ke Nassau in the glorious strife,
thy great sires' examples full in eye:
for Britain's sake, consult a life
oblest triumphs are too mean to buy;
e you purchase glory—bear in mind,
's truest fame is to protect mankind.

XV.

arts and arms acknowledg'd great,
air accept the lays he once could own!
eret, thou column of the state!
iend of science! on the labour frown.
l, unjust to foreign worth, the Muse
nce Austria's valiant chiefs conceal;
remberg's heroic line she views,
feiperg's conduct strike even Envy pale:
Gallia yet shall further learn to fear,
ain, grateful still, shall treasure up as dear.

XIX.

acknowledg'd victor in the field,
thanks, dread sov'reign, shall thy toils re-
nours as deliver'd nations yield, [ward!
for thy virtues justly stand prepar'd:
st on Oudenarde's decisive plain,
e thy youth[1], the Gaul defeated fled.
of Fate forsaw on distant Maine
aurels now that shine around thy head:
ıld entwin'd with these fresh olives bloom!
umphs then would shame the pride of
ancient Rome.

XX.

ne, while from this fair event we show
British valour happily survives,
rish'd by the king's propitious view,
ising plant of glory sweetly thrives.
lomestic faction learn to cease,
umbled Gaul no more the world alarms:
rge procures to Europe solid peace,
ce secur'd by his victorious arms:
ds in iron fetters ear to ear,
n, Rapine, Havoc, and Despair,
l the ghastly fiends of desolating War.

rge II. early distinguished himself as a
r in the battle of Oudernarde, in 1708.

THE VISION OF PATIENCE.

AN ALLEGORICAL POEM.

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MR. ALEXANDER CUMING[1], A YOUNG GENTLEMAN UNFORTUNATELY LOST IN THE NORTHERN OCEAN ON HIS RETURN FROM CHINA, 1740.

Ne jaceat nullo, vel ne meliore sepulchro.
Lucan, lib. viii.

'Twas on a summer's night I lay repos'd
In the kind arms of hospitable Rest;
When Fancy to my waking thought disclos'd
And deep the visionary scene imprest:
Close by my side in robes of morning-grey
A form celestial stood—or seem'd to stand;
Entranc'd in admiration as I lay,
She rais'd with aspect calm my feeble hand:
And while through all my veins the tumult ran,
With mild benignity—she placid thus began:

"Patience my name—of Lachesis[2] the child,
Nor art thou unacquainted with my voice;
By me afflicted Virtue suffers mild,
And to th' eternal will submits its choice.
Behold, commission'd from the heavenly sphere,
I come to strengthen thy corrected sight;
To teach thee yet continued woes to bear,
And eye Misfortune in a friendly light:
Nor thou my present summons disobey,
But cheerfully prepare to wait me on my way."

"Daughter of Heaven!" (methought I straight replied)
"Gladly by me thy summons is obey'd;
Content I follow thee, celestial guide,
Beneath thy sore protection undismay'd:
Oft in sharp perils and surrounding woes
Thy salutary presence have I found;
Then lead wherever thy direction shows,
To distant seas, or earth's remotest bound:
Ready am I to wait thy purpos'd flight,
Thine be the care to act the sovereign will aright!"

Sudden, enfolded in a fleecy cloud,
Through yielding air we cut our rapid way,
While the pale Moon a dubious light bestow'd,
Lands as we pass'd and intermingled sea:
Nor ceas'd our voyage, till the blushing Dawn
Dispell'd the glimmering of the starry host;
And Night's dark curtain by degrees withdrawn,
We found ourselves on Thule's[3] sky-girt coast:
Where Silence[4] sits on her untroubled throne,
As if she left the world to live and reign alone.

[1] Mr. A. Cuming was first supercargo of the Suecia, a Swedish East India ship, which was wrecked on a rock about two miles east of the island of North Ronalsha, the northernmost of the Orkney islands, Nov. 18. 1740. Immediately on the ship's striking, Mr. Cuming went off in the barge, accompanied by the surgeon and six of the boldest seamen, in order to discover what the island was, but were never more heard of. Thirty-one of the sailors were saved out of one hundred, the ship's compliment.

[2] Patience, the first allegorical figure introduced, is here represented as the daughter of Necessity, or Lachesis, one of the three Destinies. *B.*

[3] Thulé is here taken for the Orkney isles. *B.*

[4] Silence, the second allegorical person, and sister of Patience. *B.*

Here no invading noise the goddess finds,
High as she sits o'er the surrounding deep;
But pleas'd she listens to the hollow winds,
Or the shrill mew, that lulls her evening-sleep;
Deep in a cleft-worn rock we found her laid,
Spangl'd the roof with many an artless gem:
Slowly she rose, and met us in the shade,
As half disturb'd that such intrusion came:
But at her sister's sight with look discreet,
She better welcome gave, and pointed each a seat.

Wide from her grotto to the dazzled eye,
A boundless prospect! lay the azure waste,
Lost in the sightless limit sea and sky;
By measurable distance faintly trac'd:
Whence now arising from his wat'ry bed,
The Sun emerging spread his golden ray;
When sweetly Patience rais'd her pensive head,
And thus the goddess said, or seem'd to say:
"Mark, mortal, with attention's deepest care,
The swift approaching scene the hands of Heaven prepare."

With look intent, across the shining void,
(An object to the weak beholder lost!)
Just in the horizon[5] a sail I spied,
As if she made some long-expected coast:
Kind to her wishes blew the western breeze,
As, swift advancing o'er the placid main,
She shap'd her course, increasing by degrees,
Till nearer sense made all her beauties plain;
And show'd her on the yielding billows ride,
In all the gallant trim of ornamental pride!

Thus flew she onward with expanded sail,
A sight delightful to the pleasur'd eye!
Borne on the wings of the propitious gale,
Heedless, alas! of hidden danger nigh:
The joyful sailor, long on ocean tost,
Already thought his tedious suff'rings o'er;
Already hail'd the hospitable coast,
And trod in thought along the friendly shore:
When, dreadful to behold!—disastrous shock[6]!
Shipwreck'd, at once she struck on a wave-cover'd rock!

O Heaven!—it was a piteous sight to view
The wild confusion suddenly took place!
The different gestures of the frighted crew!
The fear that mark'd each death-distracted face.
All one impassion'd scene of woe appear'd,
Some wildly rav'd, while others scarce could speak.
No order was observ'd, no reason heard,
For mortal paleness sate on every cheek!
I look'd at Patience!—as she sate me nigh,
And wonder'd, as I look'd, to see her tearless eye!

Again I turn'd—when, o'er the vessel's side,
Distinct I saw a manly youth appear,
Launch the oar'd pinnace to the swelling tide,
Nor show'd his steady brow a guilty fear!

[5] The pronunciation rather of a sailor, than of a scholar. *D.*

[6] This fatal accident happened near the island of North Ronalsha, the northernmost of the Orkney isles. *B.*

The sad remainder with a mournful hail
His just design and bold departure blest;
With lifted eye he spread the slender sail,
As if he trusted Heaven to guide the rest:
Swift o'er the main the bark retreating flew,
And the tall ship at once was taken from my view.

Immediate Patience from her seat arose,
And all abrupt the transient visit broke;
While Silence, pleas'd, return'd to her repose,
With air compos'd, for never word she spoke:
Again cloud-wafted we pursu'd our way
Westward, as gave the alter'd wind to ride,
When thus, methought, I heard the goddess say,
"'Tis mine to wait yon boat that braves the tide,
For well, alas! too well I now foresee,
Much need yon voyagers will quickly have for me."

Driven on the pinions of the eastern wind
O'er many a seagirt isle, and rocky coast,
We left bleak Shetland's[7] shadowy hills behind,
To watch the little bark in ocean tost:
For now from sight of land diverted clear,
They drove uncertain o'er the pathless deep,
Nor gave the adverse gale due course to steer,
Nor durst they the design'd direction keep:
The gathering tempest quickly rag'd so high,
The wave-encompass'd boat but faintly reach'd my eye.

Yet could I mark, amidst the noisy waste,
The peaceful exit blameless Virtue gave;
Calm sate the youth in the loud threat'ning blast,
And firm prepar'd him for his wat'ry grave!
One fond regard, his latest debt, he paid,
Eastward, to Caledonia's native shore;
And thus (methought) in dying accents said,
"Farewell my country!"—he could say no more,
For the wild surge with rage devouring spread,
And whelm'd the hapless youth in Ocean's liquid bed.

Then Patience meek, as from my rending heart
She heard deep-utter'd the expressive sighs,
"Seest thou," she said, "that youth's undaunted part,
Who yonder ev'n in death unvanquish'd lies?
There view the blest effects from virtue flow,
The cow'rd from Fate to shameful safety flies;
The truly valiant dares to meet the foe,
Nor shrinks from danger, but with honour dies:
For guilt of all defence disarms the slave,
But innocence in death supports the good and brave."

"Yet, ere yon setting Sun his light renew,
Shalt thou behold the decent honours paid
To the pale corse now floating in thy view,
And see it in the earth lamented laid;
For though he dies from each expecting friend,
Whose vows were offer'd for his safe return;
The mournful stranger o'er his grave shall bend,
The blushing virgins weep around his urn!
Such privilege his spotless truth shall boast,
Though to your distant world in dark oblivion lost!"

[7] The pinnace was probably driven into the great ocean that lies to the westward of the isles of Orkney and Shetland, where it perished. *B.*

est ceas'd—and all the sober night
our course aërial we pursu'd;
urora dawn'd with ruddy light,
nd we perceiv'd that stemm'd the flood;
or trees adorn'd the level soil, [found;
bleating flocks a plenteous herbage
he prospect of the bleating isle [8],
ere and there a spot of tillage-ground:
e humble village stood descry'd,
r enter'd arts, or luxury, or pride!

y a sea-green holm we wafted went,
undisturb'd the feather'd nations lay!
ng on the plain with soft descent,
a reverend form advance our way;
approaching with an easy pace,
nerable sage before us stands,
re his hairs, and cheerful was his face,
e delights his aspect and commands:
re suspended at his view,
er far than I his kindred goddess knew.

spun russet was the garb he bore,
ith a velvet seal's divided skin;
n yarn the mittens which he wore
p him from the breath of Boreas thin:
path along the verdant ground
o his hospitable cottage led,
nstructed I my errour found,
ew the cause my first emotion bred,
his clean abode we went [9], [Content.
nce whisper'd me our host was call'd

s his earthen floor with rushes spread,
was each shell-wrought bowl, and
ooden dish,
s the quilt compos'd his healthy bed,
anted he for fowl, or sun-dry'd fish;
of sheep, and turf, a plenteous store,
lay beneath his comfortable roof;
s, no accidents, could make him poor,
d his house, I ween, were weather-proof.
r he wonde, devoid of care,
de him now appear so healthy and so fair.

ne with Patience fair discourse he held,
ad the goddess been his welcome guest,)
the friendly intercourse repell'd,
e good sire familiarly address'd:
re we happily conversant set,
from the neighb'ring village rose a cry,
w our hasty steps, where numbers met,
s, appear'd to know the reason—why?
d answer: on the sea-weed spray,
reply!—the wave-toss'd body lay.

od I shock'd—when in the semblant face,
leath unalter'd, or the cruel flood)
of Lycidas each feature trace,
g Lycidas, the learned and the good!
aven," cried I, "what sorrows will he feel,
rr'd the promis'd hope of thy return?
his skill the mental wound can heal,
re a loss he must so justly mourn!

'aroe isles, subject to Denmark. See
cription of them. *B.*
at, the third allegorical figure introduced.

How will he weep when, in the ocean-grave,
He hears a brother lost he could have died to save!"

Here with observant eye, and look serene,
Thus check'd the good old man my plaintive
"Best in submission piety is seen, [speech;
That lesson let thy kind conductress teach:
But lest the youth, thy friend bewails, should want
The rites departed merit ought to find,
Let these assembled natives kindly grant
The unpolluted grave, by Heaven assign'd:
A corpse that claim'd a due interment more,
Yet never wafted wave to Faroe's guiltless shore!"

He said—obedient to his just commands
The zealous youth the breathless body bear;
Some form the sepulchre with careful hands,
While round the virgins drop the artless tear.
Such flowers as Nature grants the ruder clime,
Such flowers around with pious care they shed,
And sing the funeral dirge in Runic rhyme [10],
Allotted to the sage, or warrior dead:
While as these fruitless honours are bestow'd,
Content with sober speech his purpose thus avow'd:

"What boots thee now, lost youth! that cross the main
Thou spread the daring sail from pole to pole,
Wealth to acquire, and knowledge to attain;
Knowledge, the nobler treasure of thy soul!
Beneath the scorching of the medial line,
On Afric's sand, and India's golden coast;
Virtue gave thee with native truth to shine,
Drest in each excellence that youth could boast,
And now she gives thee from the wave to rise,
And reach the safer port prepar'd thee in the skies.

"Yet take these honours, thy deserv'd reward!
Call this untroubled spot of earth thy own;
Here shall thy ashes find a due regard,
And annual sweets around thy grave be thrown.
Directing Heaven ordain'd thy early end,
From fraud and guilt to save thy blameless youth,
To show that Death no terrours can attend,
Where Piety resides and holy Truth:
Here take thy rest within this hallow'd ground,
Till the last trump emit the dead-awak'ning sound!"

He ceas'd—attentive to the words he said,
In earth the natives place the honour'd clay;
With holy rites they cover up his head,
A spotless [11] grave, where never mortal lay!
Charm'd with the simple manners of the isle,
I wish'd some further knowledge to receive;
Here could have dwelt with old Content awhile,
And learn'd of him the happiness to live!
When Patience from my side abruptly broke,
And, starting at the loss, I suddenly awoke!

London, Sept. 14, 1741.

[10] The inhabitants of all these northern isles observe the custom of singing over the dead. *B.*
[11] Virgin. *B.*

ODE,

TO MR. WILLIAM CUMING,
ON HIS GOING TO FRANCE, AUGUST 31, 1735.

———Finibus [Gallicis]
Reddes incolumem precor,
Et serves animæ dimidium meæ!

O BLOW serene! ye soft Etesian gales,
Curl the gay main, and fill the swelling sails!
The guardian vessel through the deep attend:
Shine every favourable planet bright,
To guide the prosp'rous navigation right,
And bear to Gallia's shore my happy friend!

Thence to Lutetia's walls, a pleasing way,
Through scenes by Nature dress'd profusely gay!
Auspicious Fortune still his passage guide;
Till safe arriv'd he views the wondrous town,
Which all agree unprejudic'd to own
At once fair Europe's envy and its pride!

There while his thoughts explore th' amazing plan
Of pow'r divine—the microcosm of man;
From every danger shield his spotless youth!
With manly strength his growing virtue arm,
To break the force of every Siren charm,
And keep untainted all his native truth.

When views of pomp or bright processions rise,
When Louvre or Versailles enchants the eyes,
The grand assembly or the royal train!
Oh Liberty! thy faithful prospect lend,
To Britain's isle his calm reflection bend,
And say, that Slav'ry makes the splendour mean.

When artful Beauty lays the secret snare,
Instruct him, friendly goddess, to beware,
Defend him from each captivating art!
For there fair Venus holds her sov'reign court,
There all her wanton sportive Loves resort,
And in a thousand forms surprise the heart.

Yet, goddess! let him, as intent he flies
That airy nation's native skill to please,
Shun the reflection of the mimic glass!
Of all the Britons I have ever seen,
Who ap'd the graces of the Gallic mien,
Scarce one but chronicled himself an ass.

Yet that politeness of the truest kind,
Which both adorns and cultivates the mind,
This let his careful study borrow thence!
Manners from hence new ornament receive,
To knowledge this does double lustre give,
And travel finishes the man of sense.

Sometimes from crowds retir'd if chance he strays,
Where Seine along th' Elysian meadows plays,
Let some kind Genius whisper in his ear,
How many vows for his success are paid,
How many for his safe return are made,
How many think his absence tedious here.

But, oh, too harsh, my friend! these precepts flow,
The specious coverings of my secret woe,
While Fortune's partial favour I accuse:
Who, when my sorrows needed most a friend,
Was pleas'd in thee the precious gift to send,
Malicious bounty! but bestow'd to lose.

Oh, no, forgive the sacred tie I wrong!
Where Virtue binds, the mutual union strong,
Distance, misfortune, time, and fate defies;
From pole to pole, from Ganges to the Thame,
Immortal Friendship spreads th' ethereal flame,
For ages still the same, and never dies!

Edinæ, Aug. 21, 1735.

Amico opt. W. C. mœstus hoc doloris et gratitudinis monumentum P.

HORACE AND LYDIA, BOOK III. ODE IX.

IMITATED [1].

ALEXIS.

WHILE, Phyllis, transported I lay in your arms,
And, possess'd of your fondness, was bless'd in your charms,
On wealth and ambition with scorn I look'd down,
Nor envy'd great Lewis that bauble, his crown.

PHYLLIS.

While faithful with me you delighted at home,
As happy was I, as the Pope is at Rome;
But now new acquaintance your fancy mislead,
And Peter's folk [2] never are out of your head.

ALEXIS.

The charge I submit to—I own they're my friends,
Their agreeable converse fair Virtue commends.
With their sense and good humour my woes I relieve,
And with them for an age I unweary'd could live.

PHYLLIS.

Miranda's fine voice and good humour for me,
My comrade she is, and my comrade shall be!
In spite of all scandal, I 'll live with her still,
And let the world censure, or say what it will.

ALEXIS.

But what if, dear Phyllis, this diff'rence should end,
Suppose, for your sake, I abandon'd my friend,
And, in spite of my judgment, too biass'd my view,
Relinquish'd the world to be bury'd with you.

PHYLLIS.

Though Miranda's still constantly pleasing and gay,
Though her notes far exceed all the music of May,
And though you, like old Ocean, look muddy and sour,
Our ancient alliance I 'll gladly restore,
And resolve that till death we will differ no more.

ALEXIS.

No, Phyllis, though kind, that concession won't take,
I ne'er can consent our joint friends to forsake,

[1] Written on a slight temporary jarring between Boyse and his wife, whom he thought too much attached to Miss Atcheson, her sister, a woman, to say no worse of her, of an equivocal character. C.

[2] By *Peter's folk*, is meant the hospitable and agreeable family of a Mr. Stewart, a merchant in Edinburgh; who had two amiable daughters, to whom Mr. Boyse addressed some poems, particularly that to Hilaria on the death of her eldest sister Clarissa.

Who in making of treaties forget their allies,
Will never be reckon'd or honest, or wise.

PHYLLIS.

Then be judg'd by the rule you 've so gravely laid down,
Nor hope that Miranda my heart shall disown.
With her, gentle Heaven, grant me freedom to rove,
While Friendship shall pay me the interest of Love.

ALEXIS.

Beware, charming Phyllis, a fatal mistake,
Where interest 's the motive, there friendship is weak.
'Tis virtue alone can establish the tie,
Through life still unbroken, which holds when we die.
The taste may be modish, yet ne'er can last long,
To lose an old lover, to hear a new song.
If novelty charms you, delighted in change,
From pleasure to pleasure, oh! long may you range.
For me, from henceforth on some quieter shore,
Where Fortune and Love shall disturb me no more,
I 'll seek in retirement the noblest of joys,
'Tis time must discover the truth of each choice.

EPISTLE TO HENRY BROOKE, ESQ.

Though midst the cruel storm of passion tost,
I view the shore, and sigh for safety lost,
While every distant hope of good is gone,
And, left by thee! 'tis joy to be undone,
Oh! read the thought where no design has part,
The last faint purpose of my wretched heart;
Long had between us (in a moment torn)
The holy band of Friendship's faith been worn:
I claim'd the bliss, so happy once was I,
Dear to your breast, and cherish'd in your eye:
Now lost the privilege, shall one short day
Snatch all the labour of our lives away?
But oh, I err! I am not what I seem,
Friendship can ne'er subsist without esteem;
Death were my choice, if Heaven my choice ap-
More easy than to lose the friend I lov'd: [prov'd,
Happy in this, that to your better care
I gave a friend, will never lose his share,
Whose truth will still increase, the longer known,
Whose faith, whose goodness, are so like your own:
Forgot, I bless you,—if this wish succeeds,
Then live Gustavus, though Arvida bleeds!

ON THE EXTRAORDINARY

EXECUTION OF CAPT. JOHN PORTEOUS[1],

SEPT. 7. 1736.

———Nec lex est justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.

By their own arts, 'tis righteously decreed,
The dire artificers of death shall bleed.

Porteous! thou strong example, timely given;
How sovereigns should employ the power of Heaven!
Thy wanton hands a sanguine deluge spread,
Thy country's equal voice pronounc'd thee dead:
But tools like thee were thought such useful things,
That sordid greatness mov'd all secret springs;
In vain the great applied, the court repriev'd,
Eternal Justice thought too long you liv'd;
Mercy grew vain; when such a crime grew slight,
'Twas time the people should assert their right.
Yet let the Muse the just encomium draw,
Self-injur'd, how they kept the sight of law,
The gentleness, denied their fellows, gave,
And left thee time to arm thee for the grave:
Let none behold thy exit with regret,
You died, the noblest way, a public debt:
May the auspicious omen rise in you,
And villains (screen'd however) meet their due!

[1] See his catastrophe at Edinburgh, and the cause of it, in the Gent. Mag. for that year, p. 549. *D.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE

HORTI ARLINGTONIANI OF C. DRYDEN.

Near to those domes the indulgent powers assign
The sacred seat of Stuart's majestic line;
(Those rising towers, that, known to ancient Fame,
Bear both the monarch's and the martyr's name);
Near those fair lawns, and intermingled groves,
Where gentle Zephyrs breathe and sporting Loves;
A frame there stands, that rears its beauteous height,
And strikes with pleasing ravishment the sight.
Full on the front the orient Sun displays
His cheerful beams; and, as his light decays,
Again adorns it with his western rays.
Here wondering crowds admire the owner's state,
And view the glories of the fair and great;
Here falling statesmen Fortune's changes feel,
And prove the turns of her revolving wheel;
Then envy, mighty Arlington, thy life,
That feels no tempest, and that knows no strife.
Whence every jarring sound is banish'd far,
The restless vulgar, and the noisy bar;
But heavenly Peace, that shuns the courtier-train,
And Innocence, and conscious Virtue, reign.
Here when Aurora brings the purple day,
And op'ning buds their tender leaves display;
While the fair vales afford a smiling view,
And the fields glitter with the morning dew;
No rattling wheel disturbs the peaceful ground,
Or wounds the ear with any jarring sound;
Th' unwearied eye with ceaseless rapture strays,
And still variety of charms surveys[1].
Here watch the fearful deer their tender fawns,
Stray through the wood, or browze the verdant lawns:
Here from the marshy glade the wild-duck springs,
And slowly moves her wet encumber'd wings:
Around soft Peace and Solitude appear,
And golden Plenty crowns the smiling year.
Thy beauteous gardens charm the ravish'd sight,
And surfeit every sense with soft delight;
Where'er we turn our still transported eyes,
New scenes of Art with Nature join'd arise;
We dwell indulgent on the lovely scene,
The lengthen'd vista or the carpet green;
A thousand graces bless th' enchanted ground,
And throw promiscuous beauties all around.
Within thy fair parterres appear to view
A thousand flowers of various form and hue.

[1] The house and gardens were situated at the north-east corner of the Green Park, where Arlington-street stands. *N.*

There spotless lilies rear their sickly heads,
And purple violets creep along the beds;
Here shows the bright jonquil its gilded face,
Join'd with the pale carnation's fairer grace;
The painted tulip and the blushing rose
A blooming wilderness of sweets compose.
In such a scene great Cupid wounded lay,
To love and Psyche's charms a glorious prey;
Here felt the pleasing pain and thrilling smart,
And prov'd too well his own resistless dart.
High in the midst appears a rising ground,
With greens and ballustrades enclos'd around:
Here a new wonder stops the wand'ring sight,
A dome [2] whose walls and roof transmit the light;
Here foreign plants and trees exotic thrive,
And in the cold unfriendly climate live;
For when bleak Winter chills the rolling year,
The guarded strangers find their safety here;
And, fenc'd from storms and the inclement air,
They sweetly flourish ever green and fair;
Their lively buds they shoot, and blossoms show,
And gaily bloom amidst surrounding snow.
But when the genial Spring all Nature cheers,
And Earth renew'd her verdant honours wears;
The golden plants their wonted station leave,
And in the milder air with freedom breathe:
Their tender branches feel th' enlivening ray,
Unfold their leaves, and all their pomp display,
Around their fragrant flowers the Zephyrs play,
And waft the aromatic scents away.
Not far from hence a lofty wood appears,
That, spite of age, its verdant honours wears,
Here widely spread does ample shade display,
Expel the Sun, and form a doubtful day.
Here thoughtful Solitude finds spacious room,
And reigns through all the wide-extended gloom;
Beneath the friendly covert lovers toy,
And spend the flying hours in amorous joy;
Unmindful of approaching night they sport,
While circling pleasures new attention court;
Or through the maze forgetfully they stray,
Lost in the pleasing sweetly winding way:
Or, stretch'd at ease upon the flowery grass,
In tales of love the starry night they pass;
While the soft nightingale through all the groves
His song repeats, and sooths his tender loves;
Whose strains harmonious and the silent night
Increase the joy, and give complete delight.
A curious terrace stops the wand'ring eye,
Where lovely jasmines fragrant shade supply;
Whose tender branches, in their pride array'd,
Invite the wanderer to the grateful shade:
From hence afar a various prospect lies,
Where artless Nature courts the ravish'd eyes;
The sight at once a thousand charms surveys,
And, pleas'd, o'er villages and forests strays:
Here harvests grow, and lawns appear, and woods,
And gently rising hills,—and distant floods.
Here, Arlington, thy mighty mind disdains
Inferior Earth, and breaks its servile chains,
Aloft on Comtemplation's wings you rise,
Scorn all below, and mingle with the skies;
Where, rais'd by great Philosophy, you soar,
And worlds remote in boundless space explore;
There from your height divine with pity view
The various cares that busy men pursue;
Where each by diff'rent ways aspires to gain
Uncertain happiness with certain pain:

[2] The green-house.

While you, well pleas'd, th' exalted raptures know,
That do from conscious truth and virtue flow;
And, blessing all, by all around you blest,
You take the earnest of eternal rest.
You, who have left the public cares of state,
Another Scipio in retirement great,
Have chang'd your royal master's [3] gentle smiles,
For solitude divine, and rural toils;
In vain the call of Glory sounds to arms;
In vain Ambition shows her painted charms;
While in the happy walk, or sacred shade,
No anxious cares thy soul serene invade;
Where all the heavenly train thy steps attend,
Soothe every thought, from every ill defend:
Such was the lot th' immortal Roman chose;
Great in his triumphs, greater in repose!
Thus blest with smiling Heaven's indulgent store,
Canst thou in wishes lavish ask for more?
Yet more they give—thy good old age to bless,
And fill the sum of mortal happiness:
Thy only daughter, Britain's boasted grace,
Join'd with a hero of the royal race [4];
And that fair fabric which our wond'ring eyes
So lately saw from humble ruins rise,
And mock the rage of the devouring flame!
A nobler structure, and a fairer frame!
Whose beauties long shall charm succeeding days,
And tell posterity the founder's praise.
When from divine Olympus' towering height,
All-beauteous Venus saw the pleasing sight,
In dimpled smiles and looks enchanting drest,
Thus powerful Jove the charming queen addrest:
"Behold the lovely seat, and let thy care
Indulgent bless th' united happy pair;
Here long their place their happy race assign,
By Virtue still distinguish'd may they shine;
In the request immortal Pallas joins,
(Long has the patriot offer'd at her shrines)
With love of arts his godlike bosom glows,
And treads those paths by which the goddess rose."
The awful father gave the gracious sign,
And fix'd the fortunes of the glorious line.

TO A

YOUNG LADY ON HER RECOVERY.

AN ODE.

While, fair Selinda! to our eyes
From sickness beautiful you rise;
Your charms put on superior power,
And shine more strongly than before.

So have I seen the heavenly fire
Awhile his radiant beams retire;
Then breaking through the veil of night,
Restore the world to warmth and light.

[3] The earl had been lord chamberlain to king Charles the Second, who made him a baron in 1661, and an earl in 1672. He died in 1685. *N.*

[4] Henry Fitzroy the first duke of Grafton married lady Isabella, the earl of Arlington's only child and heir. *N.*

DEITY.

nil majus generatur Ipso,
iget quidquam simile aut secundum. Hor.

arth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
alth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,
r's raptures, and the hero's views,
alse joys mistaken man pursues;
emes of science, the delights of wine,
nore pleasing follies of the Nine!
ond bard, thy long-enchanted sight
with the visionary light!
theme demands thy sacred song,
beyond or man's or angel's tongue!
h, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
lt thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain?
who from the altar's living fire
tuneful lips didst once inspire,
my aid, celestial Wisdom, come;
y dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom:
ions still, my purer breast inflame,
that God from whom existence came;
v'n and Nature in the concert join,
the Author of their birth divine.

ETERNITY.

sprung this glorious frame? or whence arose
ous forms the universe compose?
at Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
derive the origin of things?
av'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
wning planets from the womb of Night!
ason, by the sacred dictates taught,
pow'r beyond the reach of thought.
Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
t of Heav'n! acknowledg'd life of Earth!
Word from nothing call'd this beauteous
hole,
e expanded all from pole to pole!
ll prescribe the boundary to thee,
e era of eternity?
l we, deceived by Errour's sceptic glass,
e thought absurd—that nothing was!
would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
hing rais'd this beauteous all below!
om disclosing darkness splendour breaks,
e atoms move, and matter speaks,
n-existence bursts its close disguise,
d are mortals—not to own the skies!
vast void eternal held its place,
started time? or whence expanded space?
ve the slumb'ring mass to feel a change,
onsenting worlds harmonious range?
thing link the universal chain?
impossible, absurd, and vain!
ason its eternal Author finds,
le who regulates, unites, and binds,
matter, and produces minds!
Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
wledge thence, nor free volition flows!
source those powers ethereal show,
h we think, design, reflect, and know;
om a cause superior date their rise,
ct in essence from material ties."
n immortal, as supreme,
hose pure day, celestial rays! they came:
all possible perfections shine,
self-existent, and divine!

From this great spring of uncreated might!
This all-resplendent orb of vital light;
Whence all-created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the Earth, or paint the skies!
Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which Heav'n enrich and gladden worlds below!
Which are no less, when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of th' Eternal Mind!
Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear,
(Let unbelief attend and shrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense!
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er began, nor e'er shall end.
In him from whom existence boundless flows,
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose:
Assur'd on his eternity depend,
"Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!"
Within that mystic circle safety seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break;
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

UNITY.

Thus recognis'd, the spring of life and thought!
Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot!
Approach, celestial Muse, th' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore th' exalted One!
In nature pure, in place supremely free,
And happy in essential unity!
Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
No creatures sprung to hail his wide command
Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!
Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reason two eternal gods believe!
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill subside!
Again would vanquish'd Aramanius bleed,
And darkness from prevailing light recede!
In diff'rent individuals we find
An evident disparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains;
But should two beings, equally supreme,
Divided pow'r and parted empire claim;
How soon would universal order cease!
How soon would discord harmony displace!
Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, supported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontroll'd his aim pursue,
The links dissever, or the chain renew!
Matter from motion cross impressions take,
As serv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,
While neutral Chaos, from his deep recess,
Would view the never-ending strife increase,
And bless the contest that secur'd his peace!
While new creations would opposing rise,
And elemental war deform the skies!
Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
Eclipse the heav'ns, and waste the ruin'd world.
Two independant causes to admit,
Destroys religion, and debases wit;
The first by such an anarchy undone,
The last acknowledges its source but one.
As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
That wind irriguous through the flow'ry lawn;

So, mindful of their spring, one course they keep,
Exploring, till they find their native deep!
Exalted Power, invisible, supreme,
Thou sov'reign, sole unutterable name!
As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,
And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand;
Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold;
Transported with the ardours of thy praise,
The holy! holy! holy! anthem raise!
To them responsive, let creation sing,
Thee, indivisible eternal King!

SPIRITUALITY.

O say, celestial Muse! whose purer birth
Disdains the low material ties of Earth;
By what bright images shall be defin'd
The mystic nature of th' eternal Mind!
Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,
Where all that reason can—is to adore!
That God 's an immaterial essence pure,
Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;
Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth severe:
Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his pow'rs
From all the gross allay that tempers ours;
In whose clear eye the bright angelic train
Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain!
Impervious to the man's or seraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high.
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain;
Object of faith! he shuns the view of sense,
Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence!
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whose form is spirit, and whose essence thought!
Are truths inscrib'd by Wisdom's brightest ray,
In characters that gild the face of day!
Reason confess'd, (howe'er we may dispute)
Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;
But, dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter, and allied to clay!
In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
Whose dress is ether, and whose substance mind;
Yet all from Him, supreme of causes, flow,
To Him their pow'rs and their existence owe;
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,
To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on Earth;
From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Through spirit still refining, higher tend;
Pursue, on knowledge bent, the pathless road,
Pierce through infinitude in quest of God!
Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
Approaching still—thou never shalt come nigh!
So its bright orb th' aspiring flame would join,
But the vast distance mocks the fond design.
If he, Almighty! whose decree is fate,
Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state;
Bid from his plastic hand, a greater rise,
Produce a master, and resign his skies;
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The mystic number of th' Eternal Name;
Then might revolting reason's feeble ray
Aspire to question God's all-perfect day!
Vain task! the clay in the directing hand,
The reason of its form might so demand,
As man presume to question his dispose
From whom the power he thus abuses flows.
Here point, fair Muse! the worship God requires,
The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires!
Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
And from sincerity the thought 's express'd;
Where genuine piety, and truth refin'd,
Re-consecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God descends to visit man below!

OMNIPRESENCE.

Through th' unmeasurable tracks of space
Go, Muse divine! and present Godhead trace!
See where, by place uncircumscrib'd as time,
He reigns extended; and he shines sublime!
Shouldst thou above the Heav'n of Heav'ns ascend,
Couldst thou below the depth of depths descend,
Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere
The radiant Morning's lucid pinions bear!
There should his brighter presence shine confest,
There his almighty arm thy course arrest!
Could'st thou the thickest veil of Night assume,
Or think to hide thee in the central gloom!
Yet there, all patent to his piercing sight,
Darkness itself would kindle into light:
Not the black mansions of the silent grave,
Nor darker Hell, from his perception save;
What pow'r, alas! thy footsteps can convey
Beyond the reach of omnipresent day?
In his wide grasp, and comprehensive eye,
Immediate worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie:
Systems enclos'd in his perception roll,
Whose all-informing mind directs the whole:
Lodg'd in his grasp, their certain ways they know;
Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.
On Earth his footstool fix'd, in Heav'n his seat:
Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.
Nor want his shining images below,
In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow;
His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood;
Warms in the genial Sun's enliv'ning ray,
Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day!
Should man his great immensity deny,
Man might as well usurp the vacant sky:
For were he limited in date, or view,
Thence were his attributes imperfect too;
His knowledge, power, his goodness all confin'd,
And lost th' idea of a ruling mind!
Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense
Of a defective partial providence!
Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;
Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye:
And heavy sorrow vent the heartless sigh!
An absent God no abler to defend,
Protect, or punish, than an absent friend;
Distant alike our wants or griefs to know,
To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow,
If he, Supreme Director, were not near,
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear;
Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!
The moral world a second chaos lie,
And Nature sicken to the thoughtful eye!
Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
From his high pow'r its slender texture takes;

his book the various parts enroll'd,
ıg, own eternal Wisdom's mould.
ews he only the material whole,
:es thought, and penetrates the soul!
ı the lips the vocal accents part,
ıint purpose dawns within the heart,
ly eye the mental birth perceives,
:o us the new idea lives!
hat we say, ere yet the words proceed,
we form th' intention, marks the deed!
ınscience, fair vicegerent-light within,
s author, and restores the scene!
.t the beauty of the govern'd plan,
ıdicates the ways of God to man."
sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,
av'n descended, as by Heav'n inspir'd;
alight'ning omnipresence own, [known;
first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence
omniscience, justly, grateful, sing,
thy weak science prunes its callow wing!
ı th' Eternal, all-informing Soul,
ight pervades, whose knowledge fills the
hole.

IMMUTABILITY.

ternal and Omniscient Mind,
not limited, nor bounds confin'd,
ı independent, always free,
ines confess'd Immutability!
whether the spontaneous child of will,
of force—is imperfection still.
ıll-perfect, in himself contains
lf-deriv'd, and from himself he reigns!
ı by constraint, we could suppose,
l his fix'd stability should lose;
tles reason at a thought so strange!
w'r can force Omnipotence to change?
ıis own divine productive thought,
: yet stranger alteration wrought;
cellence supreme new rays acquire?
: perfection raise its glories higher?
—his high meridian brightness glows,
creases, never overflows!
ɔ addition, yields to no decay,
e of incommunicable day!
through different forms does matter range,
subsist from elemental change;
ondensing shapes terrestrial wear,
ounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;
:, inquiring phantoms of a day,
nt as the shadows we survey!
:m, along Time's rapid current pass,
.e to mingle with the parent mass;
, Eternal Lord of life divine!
immortal shalt for ever shine!
ge shall darken thy exalted name;
erlasting ages still the same!
l, like man, his purpose could renew,
could vary, or his plans undo;
ing faith would droop its cheerless wing,
deaden to a lifeless thing!
ould we, rational, repose our trust,
Pow'r immutable as just?
ge of revelation's force divine,
unerring gave not the design?
as in Nature's fair according plan,
es benevolent and good to man.
l in this narrow clouded spot below,
tly see around and darkly know!
Religion lends the salutary beam,
That guides our reason through the dubious gleam;
Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise!
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And show his creatures—*all his ways are right!*
Then, when astonish'd Nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd Time shall know his latest date;
When Earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire!
The universal system shrink away,
And ceasing orbs confess th' almighty sway!
Immortal he, amidst the wreck secure,
Shall sit exalted, permanently pure!
As in the sacred bush, shall shine the same,
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame!

OMNIPOTENCE.

Far hence, ye visionary charming maids,
Ye fancied nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades!
Your birth who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourselves producing phantoms as untrue:
But come, superior Muse! divinely bright,
Daughter of Heav'n, whose offspring still is light,
Oh condescend, celestial sacred guest!
To purge my sight, and animate my breast,
While I presume Omnipotence to trace,
And sing that Pow'r who peopled boundless space!
Thou present were, when forth th' Almighty rode,
While Chaos trembled at the voice of God!
Thou saw'st, when o'er th' immense his line he drew,
When Nothing from his word existence knew!
His word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,
While conscious light was kindled at the sound!
Creation fair surpris'd the angelic eyes,
And sov'reign Wisdom saw that all was wise!
Him, sole Almighty, Nature's book displays,
Distinct the page, and legible the rays!
Let the wild sceptic his attention throw
To the broad horizon, or Earth below;
He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
He feels the God, and owns him unconfest:
Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,
In Libya's waste behold a palace rise,
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought?
Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought!
What hand, Almighty Architect! but thine,
Could give the model of this vast design?
What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole?
And bid consenting systems beauteous roll!
What hand but thine supply the solar light!
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright!
What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the Moon to shed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread?
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe?
What hand but thine the wint'ry flood assuage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage?
Thee infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r;
Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,
Lost were thy unity, for he were thou!
Yet present to all sense thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature Nature's Author reigns!
In vain would errour from conviction fly,
Thou ev'ry where art present to the eye.

The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find!
Go! all the sightless realms of space survey,
Returning trace the planetary way!
The Sun that in his central glory shines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;
Then at our intermediate globe repose,
And view yon lunar satellite that glows!
Or cast along the azure vault thy eye,
When golden day enlightens all the sky;
Around, behold Earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects, and th' flow'ry green;
The mountain brow, the long-extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood!
And say, are these the wild effects of chance?
Oh, strange effect of reas'ning ignorance!
Nor pow'r alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
The glittering planet or the painted skies!
Equal, the elephant's or emmet's dress
The wisdom of Omnipotence confess;
Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous mass,
With the small insects in the crowded grass;
The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
In shape a porpus, though a speck to thee!
Ev'n the blue down the purple plum surrounds,
A living world, thy failing sight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows!
Great Lord of life, whose all-controlling might
Through wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming shine,
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine.
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting hand,
How languid Nature would astonish'd stand!
Thy frown the ancient realm of night restore,
And raise a blank—where systems smil'd before!
See in corruption, all-surprising state,
How struggling life eludes the stroke of Fate;
Shock'd at the scene, though sense averts its eye,
Nor stops the wondrous process to descry;
Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
And with delight Almighty Wisdom views!
The brute, the vegetable world surveys,
Sees life subsisting ev'n from life's decays!
Mark there, self-taught, the pensive reptile come,
Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb!
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
And dress him for th' bus'ness of the grave!
Thence, pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd he springs,
Admires the skies, and tries his silken wings!
With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
An · scorns the meaner earth he lately trod!
Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,
And to thy name their grateful homage raise!
Thee, potent God! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy justice awfully severe!
How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land!
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command!
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the Sun felt thy overcasting blot!
When Earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood!
How deep the horrours of that awful night,
How strong the terrour, and how wild the fright!
When o'er the land thy sword vindictive pass'd,
And men and infants breath'd at once their last,
How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey!
Thy light conducting point the patent way!
Obedient ocean to their march divide
The wat'ry wall distinct on either side;
While through the deep the long procession led,
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed!
Nor long they march'd, till, black'ning in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear!
Plunge down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea!
Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,
When through Arabia's sands their way they took;
By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
Thy fiery pillar led the march by night;
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
With feather'd viands, and with heav'nly bread:
When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!
What limits can Omnipotence confine?
What obstacles oppose thy arm divine?
Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow!
On Sinai's top, the Muse with ardent wing
The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing!
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
Involv'd the nations in its awful shade;
When shrunk the Earth from thy approaching face,
And the rock trembled to its rooted base:
Yet where thy majesty divine appear'd,
Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard;
Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
Oh shame to thought!—thy sacred throne invade,
And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

WISDOM.

O thou, who, when th' Almighty form'd this all,
Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balanc'd ball;
And as his hand completed each design,
Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine!
O Wisdom infinite! creation's soul,
Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
What tongue shall make thy charms celestial known?
What hand, fair goddess! paint thee but thy own?
What though in Nature's universal store
Appear the wonders of almighty pow'r;
Pow'r, unattended, terrour would inspire,
Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
But when fair Wisdom joins in the design,
The beauty of the whole result 's divine!
Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
And matter owns its great Disposer's laws;
Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought;
Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
Hence rises harmony, and order springs;
Else, had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day!
See how, associate, round their central sun
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
Still equi-distant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
Mark how the Moon our flying orb pursues,
While from the Sun her monthly light renews,
Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in course the constant seasons rise,
Deform the Earth, or beautify the skies:
First, Spring advancing, with her flow'ry train;
Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the sylvan scene;

nn, with her yellow harvests crown'd,
ng Winter close the annual round.
le tribes observant trace,
ll cedar to the creeping grass:
animated beings scale,
all reptile to th' enormous whale;
ong eagle stooping through the skies,
nsect that escapes thy eyes!
ee thou canst, in ev'ry frame,
dom shine confess'd the same:
gans to the least assign'd,
eans to propagate the kind,
tructure, and as wise the plan,
rd of all—debating man!
as'ning creature, thy distinction find,
o the ways of Heav'n be blind.
outward beauty strikes the mind,
l beauty points a charm behind.
the Earth, the ambient air, or seas,
he river, or the wood to please?
whom does beauty's self reside,
er, or the beautified?
s the Godhead in the bright disguise,
ken of all created eyes;
ar love and our attention steal;
urprising thought) the Maker veil;
ar sight to pierce the radiant cloud,
lom shines, in all her charms avow'd.
s God, omnipotent and wise,
rd, and Ruler of the skies!
nding, to my feeble heart
f thy celestial light impart;
ordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r;
wisdom—and I ask no more!

PROVIDENCE.

e level country's shelter'd ground,
replete, with green enclosures bound,
ye kept within the verdant maze,
ransient vista as it strays;
to some rising summit tends,
ns all the scene as he ascends;
ce the friendly heights supplies,
he charms of Deity surprise;
ess, Power, and Wisdom, all unite,
g glories whelm the ravish'd sight!
Cause! 'tis thy preserving care,
thy works for ever fresh and fair;
om thy superior radiance bright,
ls his delegated light;
sister orb inferior day,
the silver Moon's alternate ray:
e waste of eating Time renews:
'st the tepid morning's balmy dews:
g winds the blacken'd deep deform,
ides commission'd in the storm;
will the slack'ning tempest cease,
alm ocean smooths its ruffled face;
ings through the air tremendous fly,
plague is loosen'd to destroy,
irects, or turns aside the stroke;
e fiend's commission can revoke;
rraneous fires the surface heave,
re buried in the yawning grave;
st not the mischief to prevail;
n touch the recent wound can heal.
s rock thou send'st the cheerful gleam;
sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;
ul providence o'er all intends;
bey their great Creator's ends.

When man too long the paths of vice pursued,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;
Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine!
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;
Thou bad'st the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!
The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were seen,
The dove pacific brought the olive green.
On Ararat the happy patriarch tost,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
The Earth all verdant, and the air serene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid!
Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow
The promise of a safer world below.
When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And rising Babel Heav'n with pride survey'd;
Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.
From thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vast theatre of time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd,
Their pride, their passions, to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says—*The things have been!*
"But" (questions Doubt) "whence sickly Nature feels
The ague-fits her face so oft reveals? [breast?
Whence earthquakes heave the Earth's astonish'd
Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues infest?
Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd store?
Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour?"
Go, sceptic mole! demand th' eternal cause,
The secret of his all-preserving laws;
The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more?
Thy errour still in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the ways of Fate,
To ask why prosp'rous vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds?
Why monsters, Nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow pow'rful, and disgrace a throne?
Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,
Perish the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of Hell?
In vain by reason is the maze pursued,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good,
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame,
As we direct to God what should belong,
Or say, that sov'reign wisdom governs wrong.
Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!
Oft sacred Justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and th' usurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career;
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall;

Or, when the cursed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monsters drink it up;
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare;
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust!
But, fast as Time's swift pinions can convey,
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound!
Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade;
In light triumphant all her acts be shown,
And blushing Doubt eternal Wisdom own!
Meanwhile, thou great Intelligence supreme,
Sov'reign Director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,
Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men!
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
Or measure sparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain;
On thee let Truth and Virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy providence, their constant friend,
Through life shall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

GOODNESS.

Ye seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
With holy zeal your golden censers fill;
Ye flaming ministers, to distant lands
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;
Ye cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,
Attuning to the voice th' angelic lyre!
Or ye, fair natives of the heav'nly plain,
Who once were mortal—now a happier train!
Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In blissful meads, and amaranthine bow'rs,
Oh lend one spark of your celestial fire,
Oh deign my glowing bosom to inspire,
And aid the Muse's unexperienc'd wing,
While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!
Though all thy attributes, divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God! declare;
Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
Oh let thy Goodness fairest be confess'd:
As shines the Moon amidst her starry train,
As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays,
So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.
This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,
When formless Chaos heard thy high command;
When, pleas'd, the eye thy matchless works review'd,
And Goodness, placid, spoke that all was good!
Nor only does in Heav'n thy Goodness shine;
Delighted Nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital Sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam,
As day and night alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to ev'ry distant land.
See smiling Nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And Earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
The generous lion, and the brinded boar,
As nightly through the forest walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unsated go away:
To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye:
From thee the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field, or plough the main,
Receive with constant course th' appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good;
Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'st, they faint, thou smil'st, and they revive!
On Virtue's acre, as on Rapine's stores,
See Heav'n impartial deal the fruitful show'rs!
"Life's common blessings all her children share,"
Tread the same earth, and breathe a gen'ral air!
Without distinction boundless blessings fall,
And Goodness, like the Sun, enlightens all!
Oh man! degenerate man! offend no more!
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall these through ev'ry tribe his bounty own,
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of Mercy cries,
And blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the eyes!
Mark how the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
His pity spares—his clemency reclaims!
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;
Recall the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beseech the obstinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderness—amazing must,
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!
But wouldst thou view the rays of goodness join
In one strong point of radiance all divine,
Behold, celestial Muse! yon eastern light,
To Bethlem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!
Hear the glad message to the shepherds giv'n,
Good will on Earth to man, and peace in Heav'n!
Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And nail to Earth the Saviour and the God!
Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plan,
Thou salutary source of life to man!
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful Justice claim'd her righteous pay!
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop the lightning just prepar'd to fly!
(O strange effect of unexampled love!)
View him descend the heav'nly throne above;
Patient the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, though revil'd, and innocent, though poor!
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
His life one fair continued scene of good;
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal justice bleed!
Look! to the cross the Lord of life is tied,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side;
See God expires! our forfeit to atone,
While Nature trembles at his parting groan!
Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
Behold, and if thou canst, forbear to melt!
Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain!
Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live!
Perverse, wilt thou reject the profler'd good,
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood?

'irtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
:he errours of thy life atone,
e thee from a rebel to a son!
s'd Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
aints and angels sing thy triumphs won!
from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,
to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
it exalted height of bliss supreme,
vn on those who bear thy sacred name;
heir ways, inspire them by thy grace,
to follow, and thy steps to trace;
ht example to thy doctrine join,
heir morals prove their faith divine!
ly to thy church confine thy ray,
glad world thy healing light display;
of Righteousness! in beauty rise,
r the mists that cloud the mental skies!
i's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;
:h as wide thy saving warmth diffuse,
s the ambient air, or falling dews;
e the time when, vanquish'd by thy pow'r,
ll expire, and sin defile no more!

RECTITUDE.

tant far, ye sons of Earth profane,
, ambitious, covetous, or vain:
of pow'r! ye minion'd slaves of state,
on vulgar, and the sordid great!
, ye purer souls, from dross refin'd,
eless heart and uncorrupted mind!
chaste hands the holy altars raise,
nse bring, and light the glowing blaze,
eful voices aid the Muse to sing
ss justice of th' Almighty King!
Rectitude divine he knows,
nd sanctity his thoughts compose;
he dictates which th' Eternal Mind
able beings has assign'd;
his care on ev'ry mind impress'd,
ious seals the hand of Heav'n attest!
, perverse, for wrong forsakes the right,
tentive keeps the fault in sight;
that strict atonement should be made,
s the forfeit on the offender's head!
bt demands—"Why man dispos'd this
?
he dang'rous choice to go astray?
that made him did the fault foresee,
lows, Heav'n is more to blame than he."
o good the heart alone inclin'd,
what prize had Virtue been assign'd?
cles her noblest triumphs flow,
languish when she finds no foe!
t perhaps have so been happy still,
thout the privilege of will,
ecause his hands were tied from ill!
s scheme, to mend th' almighty plan,
all the dignity of man!
thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,
hy happiness and choice allied;
from herself her bliss derive,
ond the pow'r of thrones to give;
f empire and of wealth possess'd,
heart, and feel herself unbless'd:
ere yet no further marks assign'd,
grateful? or is Heav'n unkind?
ll the woes from Heav'n permissive fall,
adopts—the wretch improves them all."
IV.

From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed;
His wild ambition thins the peopled Earth,
Or from his av'rice famine takes her birth;
Had Nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the sky!
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And drawn ev'n pity from th' eternal throne.
Yet while on Earth triumphant Vice prevails,
Celestial Justice balances her scales,
With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys,
With hand impartial ev'ry crime she weighs;
Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful presence feels;
Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
The regal tyrant, with success elate,
Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!
Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
'Tis but to make the future stroke severe;
For soon or late eternal Justice pays
Mankind the just desert of all their ways.
'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day,
When high Omniscience shall her books display,
When Justice shall present her strict account,
While Conscience shall attest the due amount;
That all who feel, condemn the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!
Oh then, while penitence can Fate disarm,
While ling'ring Justice yet withholds its arm;
While heav'nly Patience grants the precious time,
Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;
Immediate, to the seat of Mercy fly,
Nor wait to morrow—lest to night he die!
But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,
Ye giants, that deform the face of Earth;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt:
Remorseless Murder! drop thy hand severe,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, Lust impure! converse with friendly light,
Forsake the mansions of defiling night;
Quit, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies!
Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,
And bid the useful treasure learn to flow!
Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain!
Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow!
And drive you to the realms of night below!
But Doubt resumes—"If Justice has decreed
The punishment proportion'd to the deed;
Eternal misery seems too severe,
Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!
Too harsh! that endless torments should repay
The crimes of life—the errours of a day!"
In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;
Heav'n's counsels are beyond conception high;
In vain would thought his measur'd justice scan!
His ways how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,
Inquire not, but more wisely shun the woe;
Warn'd by his threat'nings to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!
Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft pass the bounds the lawgiver intends;
Oft partial pow'r, to serve its own design,
Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line,
Strikes biass'd at the person, not the deed,
And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!

But God alone with unimpassion'd sight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;
And while subservient, as his will ordains,
Obedient Nature yields the present means;
While neither force nor passions guide his views,
Ev'n Evil works the purpose he pursues!
That bitter spring, the source of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch, does mineral health contain;
And dark affliction, at his potent rod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.
Thus human justice (far as man can go)
For private safety strikes the dubious blow;
But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
Consults each individual in the whole!
Directs the issues of each moral strife,
And sees creation struggle into life!
And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways
Observant walk, and sing his daily praise;
Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts
No fears can darken, and no guilt infests,
To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (bless'd on that foundation sure who build)
Shall with eternal justice be fulfill'd:
Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is giv'n
The bright reversion of approaching Heav'n,
With greatful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you out to light;
So let your piety reflective shine,
As men may thence confess his truth divine!
And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
Shall drop, returning to its native dust;
The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown.

GLORY.

But oh, advent'rous Muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
Before whose glorious throne with dread surprise
Th' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colours can describe, or words express!
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
Which o'er thy works thy hand resplendent pours,
Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,
Pale as the Moon before the solar ray!
See on his throne the gaudy Persian plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant East!
While mingling gems the borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field!
Obscur'd, behold that fainter lily lies,
By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
Yet these survey confounded and outdone
By the superior lustre of the Sun;
That Sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
From thee, the glorious Author of his frame!
Transcendent Power! sole arbiter of fate!
How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
To view from thy exalted throne above,
(Eternal source of light, and life, and love)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
To bless the Heav'ns, or beautify the Earth;
While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.
Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
And swell the concert of eternal praise!
Assist, ye orbs, that form this boundless whole,
Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets who compose our lesser scheme,
And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;
Thou eye of Nature! whose extensive ray
With endless charms adorns the face of day;
Consenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,
And bear his praises through the vast profound!
His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
His praise let ocean through her realms display,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,
In rains descending, or in milder dews!
His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!
His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!
His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur through the flow'ry vale!
His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,
As to your notes the vocal forests ring!
His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!
Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green!
Nor thou, vain lord of Earth, with careless ear
The universal hymn of worship hear!
But ardent in the sacred chorus join,
Thy soul transported with the task divine!
While by his works th' Almighty is confess'd,
Supremely glorious, and supremely bless'd!
Great Lord of life! from whom this humble frame
Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name,
Forgive the lowly Muse, whose artless lay
Has dar'd thy sacred attributes survey!
Delighted oft through Nature's beauteous field
Has she ador'd thy wisdom bright reveal'd;
Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
But awful rev'rence still withheld her tongue.
Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame,
So, bless'd Creator, let thy servant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way;
Thy goodness own, thy providence adore,
And yield thee only—what was thine before.

nce the preceding sheets were printed, the Editor has procured from Mr. Reed's y, the scarce volume of Boyse's Poems, mentioned in p. 517. They are now l to his works, except a few written by other persons whose assistance he appears ve obtained to make up the volume, and two or three already printed.]

TRANSLATIONS

AND

POEMS,

WRITTEN ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

Standing on Earth, not rapt above the skies,
More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarse or mute; tho' fallen on evil days,
On evil days tho' fallen, and evil tongues!
In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
And solitude;—yet not alone, whilst thou
Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
Purples the east, still govern thou my song,
Urania! and fit audience find, tho' few!

MILTON, Book VII.

TO HIS GRACE

FRANCIS DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST ANCIENT AND NOBLE ORDER OF THE THISTLE.

MY LORD,

POWER without goodness implies only an unlimited capacity of doing mischief; goodness without power is to a generous mind but a painful and barren possession! But when these two qualities unite, they bless mankind in proportion to their degrees, and conspire to form that character, which of all others is the most amiable, and worthy of our imitation and esteem!

However mistaken the point has been, it must be confessed, my lord, that panegyric is neither the talent of every writer, nor the property of every patron. There is here, as in painting, a delicacy in disposing the lights, and placing the figures with propriety, which few of the pretenders to either art are masters of. From hence it arises that, on these occasions, praise has been so unjustly as well as ungracefully lavished, that those, who are most entitled to it, scorn to receive it in a way that has been so liable to prostitution.

For this reason, my lord, I shall forbear to offend you with any compliments of this nature, which, however well intended they might be, would to your friends appear inferior to your grace's merit, and to strangers might seem like adulation. I shall only say, that if the humane and benevolent exercise of wealth and power can describe the noblest disposition, or bestow the truest happiness, your grace is justly rewarded in the cheerful service and affection of all who more immediately depend on you, and in the sincere esteem and respect of all who have the honour to know you. That easy grandeur you possess of accommodating yourself to those below you, without losing your dignity, effectually procures you that veneration which pride, with all its ostentation, can never really obtain.

As most of the pieces, which form this collection, were wrote in that part of Britain from whence your grace derives your title, and which has often felt the kind influences of your presence: as some of them have been formerly honoured with your grace's generous notice and protection, I flatter myself your grace will not refuse them a shelter under your auspicious

patronage. The love of learning is inseparable from all truly great and noble minds. It is the *first love* which produces the love of virtue! of liberty! of every thing that is in reality valuable and praiseworthy! If any of these productions, my lord, bear these impressions, it is from thence only they can merit your grace's favourable regard. Such as they are, my lord, you will condescend to receive them as the dutiful offerings of a heart sincerely affectionate to your illustrious family, ardent for your grace's personal prosperity and honour, and whose author is, with the highest esteem and veneration,

my LORD,

your grace's most obliged,

and most devoted faithful servant,

SAMUEL BOYSE.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

POEMS.

TRANSLATIONS.

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quos aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavet natura.
Hor. de Arte Poet.

PSALM IV.

PARAPHRASED.

O THOU, almighty Righteousness!
Who oft has sav'd me in distress;
In mercy bow thy sov'reign ear,
Relieve my woe, my sorrows hear!

From men, who slight thy sacred ways,
To thee my weary'd eyes I raise,
That nothing here below can see
Worthy to be compar'd with thee!

Yet men, blind men, their dreams pursue,
Vain shadowy forms of bliss untrue!
And empty images prefer
To thee, the sole all-beauteous fair!

Thy piercing eye, that marks the whole,
Thro' all disguise can view the soul;
Can see conceal'd where virtue lies,
And innocence unheeded cries!

This keeps the pious mind in awe,
Observant of thy holy law;
From every dread that heart is free,
That feels the conscious fear of thee!

Supremely merciful and just,
In thee, thy faithful people trust;
To thee their daily incense bring,
And smile beneath thy guardian wing.

Let earth-born souls, with groveling sight,
In wealth or power, or pride delight;
More transport gives a ray of thine,
Than Britain's crown, or India's mine!

More from this joy refin'd I taste,
Than misers from their bags increas'd;
From thence more gladness fills my heart,
Than all the world can e'er impart.

Fed by thy providential care,
I take content my little share;
And humbly on thy aid depend,
Eternal father, God, and friend!

When the provided day is done,
And night with sable train comes on;
In peace my weary'd limbs I lay,
He guards the night, who gave the day.

When breaks the dawn of rosy morn,
To thee, the Lord of Life, I turn;
And my awaken'd senses raise,
Attentive in their Maker's praise.

Thou great Omniscience! watch my ways,
Protect my nights and guide my days;
Give me thro' life, obscure or known,
To love and fear but Thee alone!

PART OF PSALM XLII.

IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE OF SPENSER.

LIKE some faire deer by hunters close pursued,
Who bath'd in sweat explores the cooling flood;
So my poore soul, by eager foes subdued,
Looks up to thee, the ever-living God!
When, when shall I approach that happie place
Where shines thy glory, and where rests thy peace?

I pass my days in sighs, in grones, and tears,
While my sad breast incessant railings load,
"Who now his cries, or his petition hears,
Where is, they scornful cry, his boasted God?"
My heart oppressed with anguish and despaire,
Looks up to thee, sole auditor of prayer!

Oh! let thy heav'nly beams these sorrowes cheere,
  Dispell these clouds of life-consuming care!
Vouchsafe the voice of my distress to heare,
  Regard my sufferings, and attend my prayer!
While my proud foes insult me from afar,
Be thou my refuge from the hostile war!

And see!—my soul, his glorious arm display'd!
  My rock of hope, my high defence is near;
At length he grants his favourable aid,
  Behold my great deliverer appear!
Smile then, my soul! nor droop within my breast,
Trust still in God, and he shall give thee rest!

THE LAMENTATION OF DAVID

FOR

SAUL AND JONATHAN,

II SAMUEL I. V. 17—27. TRANSLATED.

  How are the mighty fall'n upon the plain?
  Unhappy Israel! mourn thy beauty slain!

Let none to Askalon the loss reveal,
Oh, publish not, in Gath, th' accursed tale!
Lest our insulting foes, with cruel pride,
Smile at our weakness, and our arms deride,
And as they count the spoils in triumph o'er,
Rejoice the strength of Judah is no more!
  How are the mighty fall'n upon the plain?
  Unhappy Israel! mourn thy beauty slain!

On Gilboah's heights let no more dew be found,
For ever blasted be the fatal ground!
Let Heav'n displeas'd its kindly smiles refrain,
Nor send the genial warmth, nor fruitful rain!
Nor grass its hills, nor corn its vallies yield,
Nor shade nor streams refresh the barren field!
For there our ancient glory fell a prey,
And the imperial shield was cast away!
There Saul and Jonathan resign'd their breath,
The monarch and the friend were lost in death.
  How are the mighty fall'n upon the plain?
  Unhappy Israel! mourn thy beauty slain!

How oft in arms together have they fought,
And for their country deeds heroic wrought?
Bold as the lion seizes on his prey,
Swift as the eagle wings his rapid way,
So bold in war the conquering sword they drew,
So swift were wont the vanquish'd to pursue:
  But now the breathless warriors press the plain,
  Unhappy Israel! mourn thy beauty slain!

Whom nature join'd, and fond affection ty'd,
Now sleep in death, nor can the grave divide;
United once in conquest, as in love,
The same society in fate they prove!
By numbers overwhelm'd they bravely die,
See! red with wounds the mangled heroes lie!
In Israel's much lov'd cause with honour bleed,
Nor live to see the woes that must succeed.
  How are the mighty fall'n upon the plain?
  Unhappy Israel! mourn thy beauty slain!

Let Zion's daughters at the rueful tale,
In solemn grief their monarch's fate bewail;
For him distress'd in sable weeds appear,
Raise the sad song, and shed the pearly tear!
Who oft, when crown'd with conquest he return'd,
With foreign spoils their lovely charms adorn'd!
  But now he helpless lies upon the plain,
  Unhappy Israel! mourn thy beauty slain!

Oh Jonathan!——the brother and the friend,
How shall I mourn thy too untimely end?
What language shall express the grief I feel
For one I lov'd so long, and knew so well!
Through every state my chequer'd life has known,
Still was thy constant faith unalter'd shown,
And David's interest dearer than thy own!
Our stations different——yet our hearts the same,
Preserv'd entire the unextinguish'd flame!
Still were our joys, and still our sorrows shar'd,
Mutual our trust, and equal our regard;
Such was our sacred union far above
The common ties of friendship or of love:
Now snatch'd at once—in vain thy loss I mourn,
And pay these fruitless honours to thy urn!
  How are the mighty fall'n upon the plain?
  Unhappy Israel! mourn thy beauty slain!

ORATIO GALGACI DUCIS BRITANNICI,

EX TACITO IN VITA JUL. AGRICOLÆ.

Et nomen pacis dulce est, et ipsa res salutaris, sed inter pacem et servitutem plurimum interest: pax est tranquilla libertas; servitus autem malorum omnium extremum, non modo bello, sed etiam morte repellendum!

Quoties causas belli et necessitatem nostram intueor, magnus mihi animus est, hodiernam diem consensumque vestrum initium libertatis totius Britanniæ fore. Nam et universi servitutis expertes ac nulla ultra terræ nec mari quidem securam, imminente nobis classe Romanâ. Ita prælia atque arma, quæ fortibus honesta, eadem etiam ignavis tutissima sunt. Priores pugnæ quibus adversus Romanos varia fortuna certatum est, spem ac subsidium in nostris manibus habebant, quia nobilissimi totius Britanniæ, eoque in ipsius penetralibus siti, nec servientium littora adspicientes, oculos etiam a contactu dominationis inviolatos habebamus. Nos terrarum et libertatis extremos, recessus ipse ac sinus famæ in hunc diem defendit. Nunc terminus Britanniæ patet, atque omne ignotum pro magnifico est. Sed nulla jam ultra gens, nil nisi fluctus et saxa et interiores Romani, quorum superbiam frustrà per obsequium et modestiam effugeris. Raptores orbis, postquam cuncta vastantibus defuere, terræ ac mari scrutantur; si locuples hostis est, avari; si pauper, ambitiosi; quos non oriens, non occidens satiaverit, soli omnium opes, atque inopiam pari affectu concupiscunt. Auferre, trucidare, rapere, falsis nominibus, imperium; atque ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant! Liberos cuique et propinquos suos natura carrissimos esse voluit; hi, per delectus, alibi servituros auferuntur. Conjuges et sorores, si hostilem libidinem effugiunt, nomine amicorum atque hospitum polluuntur. Bona, fortunasque in tributum egerunt, in annonum, frumentum: corpora ipsa atque manus, in silvis et paludibus emuniendis, verbera inter et contumelias, conterunt. Nata servituti mancipia semel veneunt, atque ultro a do-

ıntur. Britannia verò servitutem suam
mit, cotidie pascit. Ac sicut in familia
ımus quoque servorum et conservis in lu-
t, sic nos, in hoc orbis terrarum veteri fa-
novi et viles in excidium patimur. Neque
bis arva, aut metalla, aut portus sunt, qui-
cendis reservemur. Virtus autem ac fe-
bjectorum, ingrata imperantibus, et longin-
: secrètum ipsum, quo tutius eo suspectiùs.
ıta spe veniæ, tandem sumite animum tam
bertas, quam quibus gloria carissima est.
s, fœmina duce! exurere coloniam, ex-
castra, ac (nisi felicitas in socordiam ver-
cuere jugum potuere. Nos integri, et in-
t libertatem non in præsentiâ laturi, primo
concursu non ostendemus, quos sibi Cale-
posuerit viros? An eadem Romanis in
tutem quam in pace luxuriam adesse cre-
lostris illi dissensionibus ac discordiis clari,
stium in gloriam exercitûs sibi vertunt;
ontractum ex diversissimis gentibus ut se-
es tenent, ita adversæ dissolvent; nisi si
t Germanos, et (pudet dictu) Britannorum
e dominationi alienæ sanguinem commo-
diutius tamen hostes quam servos, fide et
teneri putatis. Metus et terror sunt in-
ocula caritatis, quæ ubi removeris, qui ti-
ierint, odisse incipient.——Omnia victoriæ
ınta pro nobis sunt. Nullæ Romanos con-
cendunt; nulli parentes fugam exproba-
t; aut nulla plerisque patria est, aut alia.
ıumerus circa trepidos ignorantia, cœlum-
m, ac mare, ac silvas, ignota omnia cir-
tantes; clausos quodammodo et vinctos
tradiderunt. Ne terreat vanus aspectus,
ulgor et argenti, quod neque tegit neque
. In ipsa hostium acie inveniemus nostras
agnoscent Britanni suam causam! recor-
r Galli priorem libertatem! deserent illos
ermani (ut nuper Usipii reliquerunt!——
lam ultra formidinis, vacua castella, senum
inter male parentes, et injuste imperantes,
micipia et discordantia! hic dux, hic ex-
——ibi tributa et metalla et cætera servi-
ıcenæ! quas in æternum proferre, aut sta-
sci, in hoc campo est. Proinde ituri in
majores vestros, et posteros cogitate!

THE SPEECH OF GALGACUS.

TRANSLATED.

s errore suo, quos ille timorum
nus, haud urget lethi metus, inde ruendi
rum mens prona viris, animique capaces
ı, et ignavum redituræ parcere vitæ!

LUCAN.

stopp'd beneath the Grampian's rugged
height,
oman eagles check'd their prædal flight;
every pow'r that watch'd Britannia's fate,
nce, seem'd the doubtful day to wait!
ms like these—great Galgacus address'd
ithful few! and eas'd his lab'ring breast!—

round this camp I cast my ravish'd eyes,
w the glorious cause that bids us rise!
s the long expected hour is come,
the progress of usurping Rome!
These arms, my friends! that never felt their chain,
These arms must Britain's latest hopes sustain:
Beneath their yoke surrounding nations groan,
Our country's safety lives in us alone!
On us her longing eyes impatient wait,
On us depends her everlasting fate!
All further means of refuge now are vain,
And death or liberty alone remain;
In vain amongst these rocks we hop'd to find
Peace and the native freedom of mankind;
Ev'n here, our foes, our last retreat have found,
And envy us th' uncultivated ground:
Nor think submission can prevent our chain,
To us, submission would itself prove vain;
See from their hands what mercy will ye find?
These civilis'd destroyers of mankind!
Whose boundless lust of riches and of sway,
Has ravag'd all the wasted world for prey;
And like a marching plague, by fraud or force,
Has blasted nature in its deadly course!
With specious arts has veil'd its baneful face,
Call'd rapine virtue, and destruction peace!—
See! wheresoe'er their conq'ring arms have gone,
What woes attend the vanquish'd and undone?
View sons and brothers, from their dwellings torn,
In distant lands their servile fortune mourn!
Our faithful matrons, and our spotless maids,
Their guile seduces, or their pow'r invades!
Their goods and lands, the haughty victor's spoil,
Themselves reserv'd as slaves to work the soil!
Compell'd, through blows and hardships, to obey,
And wear in ceaseless tasks slow life away:
Others by birth may wear the cursed chain,
And drudge for those who do their life sustain;
But Britain daily aids the yoke she scorns,
And feeds that insolence and pride she mourns:
As in domestic usage to the rest,
Still the last slave becomes a constant jest;
So we, the last of uninslav'd mankind,
Shall be the sport and laughter of our kind!
Nor fields have we to till, nor mines to drain,
Nor ports to open for the victor's gain:
But rocks and woods are all the wealth we boast,
And yet our all we lose,—when these are lost!
Let freedom, then my friends! your souls inspire,
And warm your bosoms with heroic fire!
If led to conquest by a female hand,
Rome scarce a British heroine could withstand;
But to her ancient cunning had recourse,
And triumph'd by division, not by force;
In us, as yet unalter'd, firm and free,
Her boasted sons, let Caledonia see!
To whose known virtue she commits her cause,
And trusts her future liberty and laws:——
Nor think the Roman force in battle try'd
Equals their home-bred luxury and pride;
In our dissentions half their hope their place,
And raise their trophies on our own disgrace;
From distant climes they form their venal bands,
Whom plunder arms, and ill success disbands;
Nor think or Gauls or Germans are so blind,
To waste their blood, a hated yoke to bind?
Terrour and fear are slender ties of love, [move,
Which when your conqu'ring arms shall once re-
Will soon transform'd to nobler passions glow,
And aid our vengeance on the common foe!
For us, success displays its fairest charms,
To fire our hearts, and animate our arms.
No wives the Romans have, no helpless friends,
Whose life and safety on their own depends;

No native land have they——or distant far,
Unjust their cause, and unprovok'd the war;—
See! how surpris'd they view the wilds around,
And trembling tread along the hostile ground!
Through woods and rocks direct their cautious way,
And seem distrustful ev'n of earth and sea!
Bewilder'd, thus, to our avenging hand
The righteous gods have given this lawless band:—
Dread not their haughty mien, and glitt'ring show,
A weak defence against a valiant foe!
Vain are the rays their splendid dresses send,
Gaudy to shine, but useless to defend;
Amongst themselves we may on aid depend,
And every Briton is our secret friend;
For us they wish—while for the foe they fight,
And in their hearts assist our social right!
Once let your virtue break the force you see,
Your injur'd country is for ever free!
Before your eyes, your latest choice remains,
Freedom, or death, or everlasting chains;
This to enjoy, or under these to groan,
Depends, my friends! upon yourselves alone;
Think that your generous ancestors were free!
If they were so—what must your children be?
Undaunted then the paths of honour try,
And live with freedom, or with glory die!"

RESPONSIO M. CATONIS AD LABIENUM,

DE ORACULO AMMONIS CONSULENDO.

LUCAN, LIB. V.

Errat, si quis putat hanc vocem M. Catonis, ipsius non oraculi esse. Quid enim est oraculum? nempe voluntas divina ore hominis enuntiata. Et quem tandem antistitem digniorem invenire sibi potuit divinitas quam M. Catonem?

SENECA.

Ille Deo plenus, tacito quem mente gerebat,
Effudit dignas adytis e pectore voces:
"Quid quæri Labiene, jubes?—an liber in armis
Occubuisse velim, potiùs quam regna videre?
An sit vita nihil, sed longum differet ætas?
An noceat vis ulla bono? fortunaque perdat
Opposita virtute minas? laudandaque velle
Sit satis? et nunquam successu crescat honestum?
Scimus, et hoc nobis non altius inseret Ammon!—
Hæremus cuncti superis, temploque tacente
Nil facimus non sponte Dei; nec vocibus ullis
Numen egit; dixitque semel nascentibus auctor
Quicquid scire licet; sterileis non legit arenas
Ut canerent paucis—mersitque hoc pulvere verum!
Estne Dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus et aer
Et cœlum et virtus?—superos quid quærimus ultra?
Juppiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris!
Sortilegis egeant dubii! semperque futuris
Casibus ancipites; me non oracula certum
Sed mors certa facit—pavido fortique cadendum est,
Hoc satis est dixisse Jovem."——Sic ille præfatur
Servataque fide, templi discedit ab aris
Non exploratum, populis, Ammona relinquens.

TRANSLATED.

Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

LUCA

Full of that pow'r, whose light inspir'd his breast
Great Cato answer'd thus the chief's request:—
"What, Labienus? dost thou seek to know?
Is it our chance in arms against the foe?
Or shall we doubt all evils to sustain,
Ere Rome be fetter'd, or a Cæsar reign?
Is life then nothing but protracted breath?
Or slavery a slighter ill than death?
Must virtue take its colour from success,
Or does opposing fortune make it less?
While nobly we assert the righteous cause,
Of suffering liberty, and injur'd laws,
Do we not act like Romans and like men?
Or must precarious chance direct the scene?
All this we know ourselves—nor can the pow'r
That rules these hallow'd shrines inform us more:—
Though dumb the oracle, he speaks his mind
In lively characters to all mankind?
Gilds life's first dawn with reason's heav'nly rays,
And takes the tribute of imperfect praise!
Ev'n nature, here in silence, sounds his name,
And these vast wilds omnipotence proclaim!
The fire, the earth, the seas, and ambient air
Point out his wisdom, and his pow'r declare!
In Heaven and virtuous minds he makes abode,
Through all her works creation owns his nod;
Beneath, around us, and display'd above,
Whate'er we see, where'er we go, is Jove!
Let others, anxious for their doubtful fate,
On the dark oracle's decision wait!
'Tis death, whom coward and hero must obey,
'Tis certain death takes all my cares away;
Or soon, or late, we all are doom'd to fall,
Jove speaks by me this lesson to you all!"—
So said—the god-like chief his legions join'd,
And left the unconsulted priest behind.

ODES OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XI. IMITATED.

Forbear, my friend! with idle schemes,
To search into the maze of fate;
Your horoscopes are airy dreams,
Your coffee-tossing all a cheat!

What adds it to our real peace,
To know life's accidents or date?
The knowledge would our pains increase,
And make us more unfortunate.

Wisely conceal'd in endless night,
Has Heav'n wrapp'd up its dark decrees;
The view, too strong for human sight,
Might else destroy our present ease!

Then gladly use the courting hour,
Enjoy, and make it all your own!
And pull with haste the fairest flow'r,
Ere Time's quick hand have cut it down.

ll up the genial bowl,
rn it with some lovely toast!
h cordial warm your soul,
y thought in joy be lost.

g moments of delight,
with an uncommon care!
ey urge their destin'd flight,
are mix'd with vulgar air!

e taste my share of bliss,
l unmix'd with care and sorrow!
ny friend, in life I wish,
jest to trust to-morrow.

OK I. ODE XXII. TRANSLATED.

ia! cease, as I pursue,
less haste to shun my view;
all a lover's cry,
ng fawn, affrighted fly.

'ring from its guardian's care,
runs, it knows not where;
harmless noise it hears,
thousand nameless fears!

ng heart and trembling knees,
t round distrustful sees;
e leaves the breezes shake,
n lizard stirs the brake!

ia! stop your needless flight,
ostile form to fright;
ek my pains to show
ir cause of all my woe!

-while your mother's side,
oo long you have been ty'd;
han time to change the scene,
—now you're past fifteen!

OOK I. ODE XXVI. IMITATED.

re vain distracting fears,
ds resign my cares,
hould be gay!
, the flow'ry chaplet twine,
ofuse, the generous wine,
e all pain away!

idly rack their brain,
s of France, or fears from Spain,
n jars or leagues;
atesmen and their tools,
y pack of knaves and fools,
heir own intrigues.

friend, to your or me,
ign in Italy,
t Seville's court?
d statesmen in disgrace,
th spite at those in place,
ne'er the better for't.

Where some fair spreading chesnut grows,
And near a murm'ring fountain flows,
Give me repose to find!
There with their own celestial fire,
Let all the Nine my breast inspire;
And raise my ravish'd mind!

Then should the lyre resound thy praise,
And consecrate its fav'rite lays
To thee, the Muse's friend:
Immortaliz'd by these, thy fame
Should, with their happy master's name,
To latest days descend!

BOOK I. ODE XXXI. TRANSLATED.

While humbly offering at thy shrine,
I pour the consecrated wine;
Of thee, bright god of verse and day!
What shall thy suppliant poet pray?

I ask not all the golden stores,
That wave on rich Sardinia's shores;
Nor yet the flocks, a countless train!
That tread Calabria's verdant plain.

I ask no heaps of glitt'ring coin,
Nor diamonds brought from India's mine;
Nor yet the plenty Heav'n bestows,
Where softly winding Lyris flows:

Let the toil'd merchant yearly stray,
Through every land and every sea;
And led by fate in search of gain,
Explore the earth, and tempt the main.

Grant me this wish—a country farm,
Where all is fair, and clean, and warm;
The neighb'ring woods shall yield me fire,
My garden food, my flocks attire.

And, Phœbus! to confirm me bless'd,
Still grant me health those joys to taste!
And still with health, let there be join'd
An honest heart, and cheerful mind.

Then to complete thy bard's desire,
Give me to touch thy sacred lyre!
Still let the Nine inspire my lay,
And help to sooth all care away!

Untroubled thus, serenely clear,
The evening of my life shall wear;
Till death unfear'd, unheeded come,
And lay me peaceful in the tomb!

BOOK I. ODE XXXVIII. TRANSLATED.

Away! my boy, 't is needless toil,
I hate your essences and oil,
And all th' enervate train!
Leave the nice flow'r, th' autumnal rose,
Of myrtle twigs the wreath compose,
Both beautiful and plain.

With this, beneath the friendly shade,
Surround thy careless master's head,
And then adorn thy own:
The fragrant plant shall gaily shine,
Shall aid the generous joys of wine,
And form a grateful crown!

BOOK III. ODE XXVI. IMITATED.

Late unconfin'd, as fleeting air,
I gaily rov'd amongst the fair;
And in my yielding heart,
As sov'reign beauty gave the law,
From every lovely face I saw,
Receiv'd the pleasing dart!

But now, fair Venus! queen divine!
I hang beside thy honour'd shrine
The consecrated lyre!
No more thy charming wars I prove,
No more the powerful joys of love
My feeble breast can fire!

Yet, Venus! ere thy faithful slave
Thy altars quit, thy service leave;
Let him one grace implore!
Let stubborn Cælia own thy sway,
Make her imperious heart obey!
My vows shall ask no more!——

BOOK IV. ODE II. PART IMITATED.

Who strives, my friend, with fruitless toil,
To rise to Prior's matchless style,
But makes his folly known:
He, like a first-rate star sublime,
Shines in a sphere, where none can climb,
And draws his light from none!

Or like some river swell'd with rain,
That swift-descending o'er the plain,
Impetuous shapes its course;
So his inimitable lays
Still charm the heart a thousand ways,
With irresistless force!

Whether he make his glorious theme,
Immortal Nassau's godlike name;
Or pleas'd in Windsor's groves,
Attunes his lyre to gentler sounds,
And with his notes assembles round
The Graces and the Loves!

Or whether Love his strains inspire,
To sing the constant Henry's fire!
Or paint the nut-brown fair:
Like the white swan's expiring strain,
So soft the dying notes complain,
And charm the list'ning ear!

Aw'd as his beauties I explore,
With distant reverence I adore,
The bard's exalted height:
Like the laborious bee I rove,
And o'er the field, or through the grove,
Obscurely wing my flight.—— * * * *

CLAUDIAN.

(DE SOMNIIS.)

Omnia quæ sensu voluntur vota diurno,
Pectori sopito reddit amica quies.
Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,
Mens tamen ad sylvas et sua lustra redit;
Judicibus lites, auriga somnia curris,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equis;
Me quoque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti
Artibus assuetis sollicitare solet.

PARAPHRASED.

Those pleasures still in which the mind delights,
Employ our dreams, and entertain our nights!
The huntsman, wearied with his toilsome sports,
Still haunts the covert, or the glade resorts;
In sleep the judge hangs o'er the noisy bar,
In sleep the victor drives the rapid car!
With fancy'd coursers turns the imagin'd round,
Whirls o'er the distance, and attains the bound!
In sleep the lover does his mistress hold,
In sleep the miser trembles o'er his gold;
In sleep the merchant, safe secur'd on shore,
Fancies the storm, and dreads his ventur'd store;
Me too, in sleep, the much-lov'd Muses love,
Point to the mead, or lead me through the grove;
Where to chaste minds they all their charms reveal,
A joy unknown by all—but those who feel!

CATULLUS.

(DE SEPULCHRO SUO.)

Di faciant mea ne terrâ locet ossa frequenti
Qua facit assiduo tramite vulgus iter;
Post mortem tumuli sic infamentur amantum,
Me teget arboreâ devia terra comâ!
Aut humet ignotæ cumulus vallatus arenæ
Non juvat in medio nomen habere viæ.

PARAPHRASED.

The stately monument let others raise,
And seek by art to live till future days;
To stone or brass their hope of fame intrust,
The flatt'ring marble, or deceitful bust!
No pompous ornaments my wishes crave,
But simple as my life, I wish my grave!
When Fate impartial calls this fleeting breath,
And every tie dissolving yields to death;
To the kind bosom whence I took my birth,
Commit the remnant of returning earth;
Far from the common graves, and public way,
Peaceful inter th' inanimated clay,
In some fair mead, some wood-sheltered ground,
Or near some bubbling fountain's soothing sound,
Where no rude hand my ashes may invade,
Disturb my urn, or fright my watchful shade;
Green be the spot beneath, and over head
Let some fair tree its guardian umbrage spread!
Light lie the earth, and hallow'd be the ground,
And flow'rs in sweet profusion rise around!
Let others servile beat the common road,
A poet dead or living scorns a crowd!

PROPERTIUS.

(DE UXORIBUS INDIS.)

Cois lex funeris una maritis
Aurora suis rubra colorat aquis;
: ubi mortifero jacta est fax ultima lecto
ım sævis stat pia turba comis.
.men habent lethi, quæ viva sequatur
gium, pudor est non licuisse mori!
rictrices, et flammis pectora præbent,
nuntque suis ora perusta viris.

TRANSLATED.

he laws that in those climes obtain,
:he bright morning reddens all the main!
whensoe'er the happy husband dies,
the funeral couch extended lies;
ıful wives around the scene appear,
ampous dress and a triumphant air;
:nership in death, ambitious strive,
ad the shameful fortune to survive!
with flowers the lovely victims stand,
ıiles ascend the pile, and light the brand!
ıeir dear partners with unalter'd faith,
ld exulting to the fragrant death [1].

EX CORN. GALLI ELEG. II.

(AD UXOREM.)

.ndævus ego, nec tu minus alba capillis,
ıtas animos conciliare solet;
non possum, quondam potuisse memento
tis ut placeam, me placuisse prius.
et invalidis reverentia prisca colonis,
fuit in vetulo milite, miles amat;
ı expertum deflet cessisse juvencum;
quo consenuit miles honorat equum;
adeò primis spoliavit floribus ætas,
cio versus, et mea dicta cano!

PARAPHRASED.

eeping age has seiz'd us like a dream,
our state and sentiments the same;
o more to love my form invite,
you once beheld it with delight;
the merit of preceding days
r th' enjoyment of immediate ease!
less if these vain persuasions fail,
ıre, with experience join'd, prevail!
eran colony its worth sustains,
ugh the place decays, the name remains!
lier once dismiss'd—his labours done,
to rest, and shows his trophies won;
teful farmer feeds the feeble steer,
aithful toil produc'd his plenteous year;

Prior justly observes of this barbarous Instom,

Europe 't would be hard to find,
Of all the sex, one half so kind."

And by the honest master's hearth is found,
Compos'd to sleep, the antiquated hound!
By these instructed, learn to compromise,
Let past atone for want of present joys!
Nor yet condemn me as disabled quite,
If I can do no more—you see I write:
Still make our former loves my pleasing theme,
And, in default of passion, give you fame!

SANNAZARII EPIGRAMMA IN VENETIAM [2].

VIDERAT Hadriacis, Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare diù, et toto ponere juga mari;
"Nunc mihi Tarpeias quantumvis Juppiter Arces
Objice, et illa tui mœnia Martis! (ait)
Sic Pelago Tybrim præfers, urbemque aspice utramque
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos!"

TRANSLATED.

As Neptune saw, with fond delighted eyes,
From Adria's waves his fav'rite Venice rise!
A length extended o'er the liquid plain!
And sit the sovereign of the subject main,
"Now vanquish'd Jove!" (the God exulting cry'd)
"Extol no more thy Rome's imperial pride;
View but this lovely empress of the sea,
Her floating tow'rs and palaces survey!
As well may Tyber with the ocean vie,
Or mortal builders emulate the sky."

IN MORTEM JO. BAPT. MOLIERE,

HISTRIONIS CELEBERRIMI EPIGRAMMA.

ROSCIUS hic situs est tristi Molieris in urnâ,
Cui genus humanum ludere, lusus erat;
Dum ludit Mortem, Mors indignata jocantem
Corripit, et sæva fingere mimum negat.

TRANSLATED.

HARD fate! within this urn Moliere's confin'd,
Whose humour hit the faults of all mankind,
Such in his page the living picture shown,
That folly grew asham'd her sons to own;
But while he mimick'd Death's pretended rage,
The angry tyrant snatch'd him off the stage [3],
Surpris'd him in the height of all his art,
And forc'd the player to complete his part!

IN FONTES LUTETIÆ.

EPIGRAMMA SANTEUIL.

SEQUANA cum primum reginæ allabitur urbi
Tardat præcipites ambitiosus aquas;

[2] Sannazario received from the senate of Venice for this epigram 6000 chequins, which are about 9*s.* 6*d.* sterl. each in value, and was made a knight of the order of St. Mark.

[3] He died acting his Malade Imaginaire.

Captus amore loci, cursum obliviscitur anceps
Quo fluet? et dulces nectit in urbe moras:
Hinc varios implens, fluctu subeunte, canales,
Fons fieri gaudet, qui modo flumen erat.

TRANSLATED.

Soon as fair Seine the royal city sees,
She stops her course, and winds by soft degrees;
Struck with the wondrous beauties she surveys,
Along th' Elysian plain she gently plays,
Thro' the enchanting town delighted glides,
And gently rolls her silver-flowing tides;
Till thence, her wave a thousand channels bring,
And the fair river changes to a spring.

INSCRIPTIO FONTIS.

Quæ dat aquas saxo latet hospita nympha sub imo,
Sic tu, cum dederis dona, latere velis.

Hid lies the nymph from whom this bounty flows,
So let thy hand conceal, when it bestows.

IN REGIAM SAGITTARIORUM COHORTEM,

ANNO MDCCXXXII.

Ecce pharetratos, Mavortia pectora Scotos!
Hostibus ut fortes tela tremenda ferunt!
Nulla sagittiferos gens unquam impune lacesset,
Usque Caledoniis robor ac ardor inest:
Si quis Hamiltonium curvo dum fortis in arcu,
Dum victrix valida missa sagitta manu est,
Viderat insignem fida comitante catervâ,
Nobilis et turmæ, et fortia tela ducis.
Proclamet, dextrâ quantum pro civibus audet
Gentis Hamiltoniæ spesque decusque domus,
Juppiter ipse jubet, nunc cedes, Phœbe, sagittas
Huic, jubet ipsa Venus cedi Cupido tuas
Invictas acies, invictaque pectora cerno
Invictumque suum qualibet ire ducem.
Fata ferunt, nec sunt avibus prædicta sinistris
Dum Scotis arcus, dumque sagitta manet;
Ille Caledoniis arcebit finibus hostem
Et reddet patriæ pristina jura suæ.

IMITATED.

See, sons of Mars! the warrior Scots appear,
And by their sides their fatal weapons bear;
While the same fires their valiant breasts inflame,
"No pow'r unpunish'd shall provoke the name."
Who doubts of this, has surely never seen
Their mighty chief's inimitable mein,
As with triumphant air he march'd along,
Distinguish'd leader of the chosen throng:
Just to his worth—his very looks declare,
That Hamilton's illustrious hand shall dare
(Whene'er his country shall the service claim)
Deeds yet unknown to envy or to fame!
Now Phœbus yields, so Stative Jove commands,
His monster-killing bow to mortal hands;
And Venus, whom a nearer passion moves,
With her son's arrows arms the youth she loves;
Such souls, led on by his conducting hand,
Won'd unresisted compass sea and land;
Nor Lybia's sands, nor frozen Scythia's snows,
Their arms con'd baffle, or their march oppose;
If yet we may in fate's decisions trust,
While Scotsmen are to native virtue just,
He shall his country guard from foreign pow'r,
Assert her freedom, and her rights restore;
Do justice to her long forgotten fame,
And prove the royal source from whence he cam

PLACET DE M. VOITURE.

AU MADAME LA DUCHESSE DE LONGUEVILLE.

Plaise à la duchesse tres bonne!
Aux yeux clairs, et bruns cheveux,
Reine de flots de la Garonne,
Dame de Loth, et de tous ceux,
Qui jamais virent sa personne!

De laisser entrer franchement,
Sans peine et sans empeschement,
Un homme au lieu de sa demeure;
Qui s'il ne la vit promptement,
Enragera dans un heure.

On a pour lui trop de rigueur
Chez vous, et tout haut il proteste
Que par un larcin manifeste,
On retient son ame et son cœur,
En on ne veut point le reste.

L'un est dedans, l'autre dehors,
Et l'un et l'autre est tout en flame,
Il est raisonable, madame,
Ou que l'on recoive son corps,
Ou que l'on luy rend son ame.

Il se voit pris comme un lacet,
Et souffre un estrange supplice;
Mais le pauvret est sans malice,
Ne refusez pas son placet,
Car sans donte il est de justice.

Il a trop souffert de moitie,
Au nom de son ferme amitie,
Consolez son ame abbatuë;
Ou dites au moins par pitie
A votre Suisse qu'on le tuë.

IMITATED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE COUNTESS OF EGLINT

Will she with condescending goodness deign
To hear her most unhappy bard complain?
Beneath whose empire winding Garnock strays,
Whom every eye admires, and heart obeys!

Amidst the groves that grace her rural seat,
Say, will she grant the muse a kind retreat?
Who, if she fails to gain her wish'd complacenc
Will in a little time lose all her patience.

To tell the truth his case is very hard,
And from a breast like yours deserves regard;
That while his wishes and his heart are there,
His shadow is confin'd to linger here.

then, madam, in this dull condition,
ıbly thus addresses his petition;
your pity will permit the favour,
his soul and body longer sever.

im further but a word to say,
some colour to his slender plea,
ɔu'll believe with ease, for you have seen him,
: he's harmless, and has little in him!

ı in mercy then, and just compassion,
:ake his case into consideration;
ɔu shou'd reject what he has pray'd,
ɔid your porter knock him in the head.

CHANSON DE MOLIERE

ɔANS LES PLAISIRS DE L'ISLE ENCHANTEE.

epaïs, et vous prèz emaillez,
ıtè don't l'hyver vous avoit depouillè,
la printemps vous est rendüe;
eprenez tous vos appas,
ıou ame ne reprend pas,
ıye, helas! que j'ay perduë.

coutes, helas, dans ma triste langueur,
: n'en suis pes mieux, O beautè sans pareille!
: touche ton oreille,
que je touche ton cœur!

IMITATED.

unguarded trees! ye russet meads!
se bloom deform'd by frozen winter lies;
ow your beauty with the season fades,
:w'd by spring ye soon shall charm the eyes.

ısted by Dorinda's cold disdain,
daily torn with life-consuming care;
ner peace my heart can ne'er regain,
sinks a wretched victim to despair.

ir insensible! my plaints you hear,
unaffected seem with all my smart;
ny sufferings only reach your ear,
want the pow'r to touch your cruel heart!

ODE

SSIRE JAQUES CHASTELARD, SAVOYARD QUI FUT ,PITE A EDINBOURG, POUR L'AMOUR DE MARIE E D'ECOSSE[1].

Arbres, prèz, monts, plaines!
Rochers, forêts et bois!
Ruisseaux, fleuves, fontaines!
Ou perdu je me'n vois.
D'une plainte incertaine,
De sanglots toute pleine,
Je veux chanter;
La miseriable peine,
Qui me fait lamenter!

ɔr a particular account of this unhappy ıer, see Mr. Freebairn's Life of Mary Queen ts. I shall only observe the style of this ode ' correct, for the age it was wrote in.

Mais qui pourra entendre,
Mon soupir gemissant?
Ou qui pourra comprendre
Mon ennui languissant?
Sera ce cette herbage?
Ou l'eau de cette rivage?
Qui s'ecoulant
Porte de mon visage,
Le ruisseau distillant!

TRANSLATED.

Ye rocky cliffs! ye desert pathless woods,
Where wild I wander wretched and alone;
Ye savage prospects! ye descending floods!
That hear the murmurs of a heart undone,
In broken sounds to you I wou'd express
My cruel anguish, and conceal'd distress.

But oh! what soul the torture can conceive,
Which I despairing ever must endure?
Doom'd an ill fated passion still to grieve,
And hopeless ever to receive a cure!
Witness this little stream that daily flows,
Swelled with the burthen of a lover's woes!

EPIGRAME DE M. BOILEAU,

ADDRESSE A PERRAULT.

Ton oncle, tu dis, l'assassin,
M' a gueri d'une maladie;
La preuve qu'il ne fut jamais mon medecin,
Ce'st que je suis encore en vie.

TRANSLATED.

Perrault, I hear proclaims it every where
I owe my life to his quack-uncle's care;
To show how well he can invent a lie,
There needs no proof—for all his patients die!

THE DESCENT OF ORPHEUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE THIRD BOOK OF BOETHIUS.

Sed tu crudelis! crudelis tu magis Orpheu!
Oscula cara petens rupisti jussa deorum;
Dignus amor venia! ———

Ovid.

Bless'd the man, whose perfect sight
Views the rays of heavenly light!
Happy, he who can unbind
The chains that clog the fetter'd mind!
Break from the ties of matter forth,
And struggle to a mental birth?
So his Eurydice's sad fate
Deploring, wretched Orpheus sate;
And with soft complaining sound,
Made the ecchoing vales resound!
Melting nature own'd his skill,
Forests mov'd, and streams were still!

What can music not assuage?
Savages forgot their rage,
And submissive at his feet,
Lambs with harmless lions meet;
But not the magic of his lyre
Which could such a change inspire,
Nor all the virtues of his art,
Could ease the tortur'd poet's heart!
Seeking thus in vain relief,
Restless, raging, wild with grief!
Higher pow'rs his suit disdaining,
Down he went to Hell complaining.
There, with all the skill he took
From his mother's sacred book,
A-new he rais'd the solemn sound,
Which wak'd the dismal regions round!
Fix'd, attentive, to the song
The gliding ghosts unnumber'd throng;
Form round his steps an airy choir,
And hang upon the vocal lyre!
The Furies, in their gloomy seat,
Feel their ceaseless rage abate;
And amidst the toils of Hell,
Suspended stand to hear the spell:
The dog, whose yell with horrid fright
Wakes the remotest cells of night,
Now charm'd to silence as he hears,
Wishes his tongues were chang'd to ears!
Old Charon, proud of such a guest,
Taking him in forgets the rest,
Leaves in haste the crowded shores,
And with softly moving oars
Steals along the dusky lake;
Afraid to stir, afraid to speak,
Slow he rows his heavy boat,
Concern'd to lose the weakest note!
Tantalus might have eaten now
At large of the suspended bough;
But he, all thoughts of hunger past,
To feed his hearing starv'd his taste.
Ixion felt no more his wheel,
And Sysiphus for once stood still;
While from Prometheus, endless prey!
The tort'ring vultures turn'd away!
And now at Pluto's awful throne,
Orpheus arriv'd renews his moan;
And increasing with his woe,
More sublime his numbers flow!
Matchless numbers! surely bless'd
Which cou'd touch that iron breast,
That ne'er before had pity felt,
Yet now constrain'd was forc'd to melt;
And yielding to his pow'rful prayer,
Give him back the long-sought fair:
Displeas'd to see a form of day,
So far intrude beneath his sway,
"Cease," the sullen tyrant cry'd,
"Take restor'd your much lov'd bride!
But one restraint a gift must bind,
That never shall be match'd in kind;
Till you reach the bounds of light,
Command your looks—avert your sight:
For if within our awful coast
You once look back—the prize is lost!"
So said the god his eyes withdrew,
And shunn'd a mortal's hated view!
But who to lovers rules can draw?
Love to himself alone is law!
As well he might forbear to give,
Since not to look was not to live:
Fond Orpheus, now his wish bestow'd,
Returns with joy the gloomy road;
And now they left the gloom of night,
Now saw the distant glimpse of light,
When he, no longer able now
To check his sight, or keep his vow,
A backward glance impatient cast,
That look his fondest—but his last!
For now o'er the retreating shade
New-gath'ring clouds of darkness spread,
And now his eyes in vain explore,
The fleeting form he saw before,
Eurydice is now no more!
In vain her name he fondly cries,
Her name the winding vault replies;
And wild he leaves the hated coast,
His pains, his hopes, his treasure lost!

MORAL.

The moral of th' instructive tale be this,
That all below who seek for certain bliss;
Whether ambition, riches, love, or fame
Give the vain passion its distinguish'd name!
Will equal grief and disappointment find,
And sighing leave the shadowy joy behind:

EPITAPHIUM AMICI OPTIME MEREN

M.S.

SPE.IMMORTALITATIS.PLENA
HIC.JUXTA.CONDITÆ.SUNT.RELIQUIÆ.MORTALI
JUVENIS.PRÆSTANTISSIMI
MALCOLMI.STARK
JOHANNIS.STARK.ARMIGERI.CIVITATIS
HUJUS.MERCATORIS.NEC.NON.NUPER.PRÆTORI
FILII.PRIMOGENITI.ET DIGNISSIMI
QUI
CONSUMMATUS.IN.BREVI.EXPLEVIT
TEMPORA MULTA
INGENII.SUAVITATE.CARUS
MORUM.CANDORE.CARIOR
VITÆQUE.MIRA.INTEGRITATE.CARISSIMUS
CUM.PARENTIBUS.PIE
CUM.AMICIS.PLACIDE
CUM.CONCIVIBUS.CANDIDE
HEU.QUAM.BREVE.DESIDERATUS
VIXIT
NE.MALITIA.ÆVI.JAM.DEGENERANTIS
INTELLECTUM.MUTARET
VEL.MOLLITIES.INNOCENTIAM.CORRUMPERET
RAPTUS.EST.IN.COELESTEM.PATRIAM
DIE.MAII.28.A.D.MDCCXXX.

CARISSIMO.ET.AMANTISSIMO.FILIO
MOESTI.PARENTES
HOC.LUCTUS.ET.AMORIS.MONUMENTUM
L.M.P.

POEMS.

PART I.

——— Smit with the love of sacred song
on thoughts that voluntary move
onious numbers, as the wakeful bird
arkling, and in shadiest covert hid
her nocturnal note. Milton.

oque Musarum studium sub nocte silenti
bus assuetis solicitare solet. Claudian.

NATURE:

I OCCASIONED BY SEEING THE PALACE AND PARK OF DALKEITH, ANNO MDCCXXXII.

——— Ego laudo ruris amœnæ
et musco circumlita saxa, nemusque.
Virg.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF DALKEITH,

ELDEST SON TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH,

THIS ESSAY IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

NATURE.

A POEM.

– Quo me musa rapis tuæ
m? quæ in nemora, aut quos agor in specus,
mente nova? *******
** Ut mihi devio
, et vacuum nemus
– Mirari libet! Hor.

not Phœbus, nor the fabled nine,
le the verse, or favour my design:
ure's beauties, ravish'd, while I sing;
ne, thou matchless pow'r from whom they spring!
ose supreme command, profuse they rise,
a thousand forms attract our eyes.
ll Windsor's groves when all their bloom is lost,
red verse unfading verdure boast?
Cooper's Hill, for ever dear to fame,
ve its honours lasting as its name?
all oblivion still a scene conceal?
fields to neither, were it known as well.
how shall words the varied plan disclose,
native life, what faint resemblance glows!
ould the Muse, enamour'd of her theme,
as'd she roves on Esca's mazy stream,
looming wonders that surround her sing,
ouch once more the long unpractis'd string.
thou illustrious prince! whom Heaven ordains
of these groves, and all the neighb'ring swains
in the verse,—but mild the Muse receive,
o her rural notes attention give,
faithful would th' united charms repeat,
h art and nature lend thy princely seat.
sp'd in the arms of two surrounding floods,
ass'd with gentle hills and rising woods,
On a green bank the beauteous fabric stands,
And the subjected stream with pride commands.
What tho' no lofty domes project in air,
Or lengthen'd colonnades with pomp appear;
Yet is the whole in simple state design'd,
Plain and majestic, like her mighty mind;
From Gothic ruin, and obscure disgrace,
Who rais'd the slumb'ring genius of the place,
And fix'd the mansion of her future race.
Within collected, all the beauties lie
That art can form, or foreign lands supply:
Here the fair pillar rears its polish'd height,
And with its harmony detains the sight;
There the great works the master pencil drew
Start from the walls, and swell to meet the view!
How just each stroke! how soft each flowing line
In every piece, what strong perfections shine!
I ask, whence light and shade such pow'r derive,
And think the animated figures live!
Thro' ev'ry part, delighted, as I stray,
New beauties catch me, and retard my way.
Now India's rich grotesques, with vivid dyes,
In gay confusion play before my eyes;
And the bright labours of the artful loom,
With painted grace, embellish every room:
While shining mirrors, with a silver gleam,
Reflect the hanging trees and winding stream:
But all so rang'd, so elegantly plac'd,
As shows the cost inferior to the taste.
Proud of the treasures it conceal'd within,
So have I, unadorn'd, a casket seen,
Which, open'd, did surprising wealth unfold,
India's bright gems, and bright Peruvian gold.
Preserv'd by time, here beauty seems to breathe,
And mocks the spite of age, and darts of Death;
Renew'd by Lely's, or by Kneller's hand,
Angelic forms! the British charmers stand!
And such the force of life-resembling art,
Still touch the soul, and triumph o'er the heart.
There plac'd on high the royal youth appears,
Whose early fate demands the Muse's tears;
Beneath the chief the generous courser rears,
And seems transported with the weight he bears:
How sweet his look! how gallant is his air!
Warlike as Mars, and as Adonis fair!
But doom'd, alas, by destiny, to prove
Ambition's victim, and the slave of love!
With all the gifts adorn'd that man could boast,
His opening virtues just display'd, and lost.
Lost in eternal night his rising fame,
And not a Muse to vindicate his name;
Heroic Monmouth! could my feeble lay
Thy early dawn of excellence display;
With sacred laurels should thy temples shine,
And yield a slender wreath to shelter mine.
So does the Sun his orient beams display,
And gives the promise of a smiling day;
When e'er he reach his fair meridian height,
Opposing clouds conceal him from our sight;
Till lost in darkness to his fall he bends,
And veil'd in night his mournful progress ends.
But see what beauties bless th' adjacent ground,
What wild romantic prospects rise around!
In silence here, unrival'd Nature reigns,
Blooms in the wood, and smiles along the plains;
With all her native charms allures the heart,
And far disdains the mimic force of art.
Here when Aurora with her crimson dyes
Proclaims the day, and stains the blushing skies;

While the bright dew bespangles all the plain,
And soft the wakeful lark renews her strain;
On some fair bank, where circling waters play,
The placid scene attentive I survey;
While round my head the balmy zephyrs breathe,
And the clear stream in murmurs flow beneath:
From these my passions gently learn to move,
And leave my soul compos'd to peace and love.
'Tis hot—and Phœbus shines intensely bright;
The dark recesses of the wood invite:
Where ancient oaks their sacred branches spread,
And court the wand'rer to the solemn shade;
With conscious awe I view the gloom around,
And softly tread along the peaceful ground.
There the steep precipice, with craggy brow,
Hangs o'er the deep, and forms an arch below!
Scarce the lost eye perceives the winding flood,
From woods that rises,—and is lost in wood.
With noise unheard it rolls its crystal waves,
And faintly glitters thro the quiv'ring leaves:
While distant hills a varied prospect yield,
And golden harvests float along the field.
The deer now seek the shelter of the grove,
Or thro' the forest unmolested rove:
Some lie repos'd, while others careless stray,
And their young sportive fawns around them play.
How happy they, who here enjoy, at ease,
Nature's first blessings, liberty and peace!
While wretched man, the slave of hopes and fears,
Thro' life sustains a train of endless cares.
Round the fair park the guardian rivers glide[1],
Now seem to meet, and now their arms divide:
Like some coy nymph the southern Naiade plays,
And thro' the meads and groves forgetful strays;
With wanton grace she bathes her flow'ry shores,
And each new object seems to change her course:
But like some vigorous lover, fond and young,
The northern water swiftly rolls along;
Thro' rocks and woods precipitates his pace,
And seizes unobserv'd the secret place,
From whence he rushes to the nymph's embrace:
Swell'd with his prize he proudly cuts the plain,
And flows exulting to his parent main.
Close by the wid'ning river's verdant side
See lovely Smeaton rise with rural pride[2]!
As waits some favourite Grace on beauty's queen,
At distance so the charming bow'r is seen;
Pomona here her endless treasures pours,
And Flora smiles along the flow'ry shores!
Here greatness, wearied with its rooms of state,
Finds oft the secret charms of a retreat;
Within the soft recess reclines its head,
And feels the calmness of the peaceful shade.
The length'ning shadows, and the cooler air,
The soft approach of evening now declare.
In a fair vale, that courts the setting Sun,
I end the pleasures that the day begun.
Before my eye a rising grove appears;
The purling waters sooth my ravish'd ears;
The warbling birds their tuneful songs repeat,
And the sad turtle murmurs for her mate:

[1] The park is surrounded by the two rivers of North and South Esk, which meet at the lower end of it, and fall together into the sea at Musselburgh.

[2] A beautiful retreat built at the extremity of the park, below the confluence of the two rivers, and surrounded with fine gardens; to which his Grace has lately added considerable improvements

Touch'd with her plaintive woe, to her alone
I listen, and conceive her griefs my own.
From grateful toil repos'd, I gently rest;
And all, unmix'd, the sweets of nature taste:
Sweets that for ever please, but never cloy,
And fill the virtuous mind with constant joy!
Nature, thou pow'r divinely fair and young,
Like the Great Being from whose word thou sprung!
Unwearied still, the blessings I explore,
Which o'er the earth thy hands incessant pour:
And while I view thy works with fond delight,
Wealth and ambition vanish from my sight:
I lothe the giddy pleasures of the town;
I long to taste thy purer joys alone;
I court the gloom, and sigh to be unknown!
With envious eyes behold the shepherd's lot,
In shades who dwells contented, tho' forgot;
And wish the bliss, from noise and business free,
To live in silence—and converse with thee!
Beneath the shade of Windsor's lofty grove,
On silver Thames, as Eaton's Muses rove;
Nor do the Nine on Esca's bank disdain
To choose a shelter, and renew their strain:
While these fair scenes to learned ease invite,
And heighten contemplation to delight!
Within this bless'd retreat the British youth
Are taught the love of virtue, and of truth:
And from the patterns of preceding days,
Learn by just merit to arrive at praise:
From ancient heroes catch the noble fire,
Inflam'd, to practise what they first admire;
While healthful exercise the mind unbends,
And health and study serve each other's ends:
I view the happy school,—and thence presage
The fair succession of a rising age.
And now descending from her short-liv'd height,
Th' advent'rous Muse restrains her further flight:
Reluctant, closes the unequal strain,
And leaves with lingering steps the lovely plain;
Pleas'd, that the beauties of a place so fair
Have first, tho' faintly, been describ'd by her.
Her humbler numbers if the critics blame,
Before they censure, let them view her theme:
Where nothing nice or regular has part,
But all is nature, undisguis'd with art.

LOVE AND MAJESTY.

VERSES WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1718.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur
Majestas et amor————
Ovid.

Of passions widely different and extreme,
Sing, Muse, regardless of the critic's blame,
Love and ambition be the daring theme.
In lights distinct the jarring natures show,
And how united fatally they glow.
How can ambition fire the soften'd soul,
Where love enervating enjoys the whole?
How can the pride of arbitrary sway
Quit all its boasted glories to obey?
Can empire deign to stoop so meanly down,
And beauty trample on the sov'reign crown?
And yet will love no pow'r superior bear,
Robb'd of distinction, all are equals there!
There all agree to quit the shows of state,
Princes are slaves, and kings no longer great;

le unrivall'd beauty bears the sway,
ants stoop, and conquerors obey!
nany by this fatal strife have fell,
age historic records tell,
ıy heroes here have met their doom?
great Antony the world of Rome.
his the memorable union ty'd,
the Trojan prince and Spartan bride;
h the God's tremendous rage came down,
in ruins Troy's devoted town:
ıl shining meteor led astray
less steps of long lamented Gray;
ıse the lot her judgment disapprov'd,
' reign'd, because too much she lov'd;
:ternal shall the Muses mourn,
ıe with tears the Royal Martyr's urn.
this that sully'd gallant Mahomet's name,
ı'd the sultan of his peace and fame:
the Muse an awful instance prove,
ımbition shares the throne with love.
lustrious line of Osman born,
d he royalty with honour worn;
'ing empire stretch'd from shore to shore,
e'er the silver crescent shone before.
' from war returning with applause,
e attendant of a prosperous cause!)
'rene's charms he falls a prey,
ıws for love his majesty away!
sions now his alter'd mind employ,
his bosom with tumultuous joy!
h alluring arts he soothe the fair,
e forgot, and all the pomp of war;
y consum'd in languishing delight,
ing riot spent each happy night!
:ill new joys in soft succession move,
: in ease, he gives a loose to love!
: thus entranc'd in the delusive scene,
l enamour'd prince forgets to reign;
m'ring slaves against his life conspire,
e militia catch the factious fire;
the hardy janisars complain,
his pleasures in the boldest strain:
he sees the gath'ring storm appear,
nbling love first bids the hero fear!
he finds himself involv'd in woe,
ıs to fly, yet dreads to meet the blow;
ls to mind his former triumphs won,
shing sees how first his love begun;
:ping beauty rises to his sight,
s each stern resolve at once to flight:
y a thousand struggling passions tost,
the port, and sighs for safety lost!
now in all her charms appear'd,
bright vision all his bosom cheer'd;
:s the Sun a moment through the cloud,
gath'ring shades again his lustre shroud,
kly brooding o'er th' affrighted skies,
nder grumbles and the light'ning flies;
with wild looks, and eyes that fiercely roll,
vell bespoke the tempest of his soul,
d the trembling fair—and by the hand
ıer blushing to the great divan,
:very eye her faultless form ador'd,
f absolv'd the weakness of their lord;
hile with deep attention mix'd with dread,
ed the event!——The sultan said,
:d the beauties of this matchless dame,
ıse, ye abject slaves! your lord to blame!
e err'd, such beauty is the cause,
ı so savage not to own its laws?
Yet still himself, your lord, superior knows,
Nor once forgets the source from whence he rose;
Since then Irene's charms have caus'd your hate
She falls, by me, a victim to the state.——"
So said:—his shining scymetar display'd,
Full on her snowy neck discharg'd he laid;
Her trembling lips yet murmur'd as they fell,
And seem'd to bid her cruel lord—farewell!
The dreadful task perform'd;—again in arms,
With wasting war the nations he alarms;
There mourns his fatal sacrifice in gore,
Resolv'd to conquer,—but to love no more!

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

A PASTORAL ESSAY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1722.

Multa putans, animoque sortem miseratus iniquam.
Virg.

WHERE Kelvin's winding streams in murmurs play,
And through the meads to join fair Glotta stray;
Beneath the covert of a spreading shade,
In pensive mood a comely youth was laid;
Fix'd on the ground his down-cast eyes were seen
The only mourner on the flow'ry green!
At random o'er the wide extended mead,
His flock regardless of their master stray'd;
The cheerful birds through the surrounding groves,
In gladsome notes, proclaim'd their vernal loves!
While the sad swain no joy, no pleasure knew,
From what inspir'd their songs, his sorrows grew;
And love that bid their tuneful measures flow,
Love, cruel love had caus'd the shepherd's woe;
'T was thus extended on the flow'ry ground,
His alter'd friend the young Alexis found;
With kindly greeting he accosts the swain,
And thus inquires the reason of his pain.

ALEXIS.

If well known friendship on my side can plead,
Or strong entreaty can thy soul persuade;
To me be just, and to thyself be kind,
And tell the trouble that distracts thy mind;
Long has some secret anguish hurt thy rest,
And like a canker fester'd in thy breast;
Long hast thou left thy pipe and blithsome song,
Thy fellow-shepherds and the rural throng;
Who mourn thy change, and while they share thy [pain,
Inquire the motives, but inquire in vain;
Though hid the cause, its sad effects are seen,
In the wan face, and melancholy mien;
In vain to lonely wilds Menalcas goes,
And seeks in silence to suppress his woes!
His flock neglected, once his fav'rite care,
His silent reed too well those woes declare;
Then tell, my friend, if I mistaken prove,
This wond'rous change is all, The Force of Love.

MENALCAS.

Beside me, dear Alexis! take a seat,
And hear thy poor Menalcas' hapless fate!
From thee, alas! what sorrows can he hide?
Too well the fatal passion has he try'd!—
Careless I once presum'd to slight its pow'r,
Glad was each morn, and joyful every hour;
Free and unfetter'd as the wanton air,
I pass'd my time, nor knew a thought of care;

But oh! too well has Love reveng'd his cause,
And taught my heart to own his injur'd laws;
Well has the cruel boy perform'd his part,
And pour'd out all his venom through my heart;
From fatal beauty, oh my friend, remove,
And learn by me to dread The Force of Love.

ALEXIS.

Proceed, my dear Menalcas! to relate,
The sad occasion that brought on thy fate;
And name the fair, whose coldness, or disdain,
Thus fills thy eyes with tears, thy breast with pain?

MENALCAS.

Hear then, Alexis, what I scarce can tell,
So much reflection bids my sorrows swell:
Well may'st thou mind the day on Glasgow green,
The fair assembly of our nymphs was seen;
The beauteous throng indifferent I survey'd,
And through the crowd, as chance directed, stray'd;
Secure beheld Corinna's piercing eye,
And pass'd Melissa's air unheeded by;
Careless I wander'd—all devoid of fear,
But oh, the fatal rashness cost me dear!
For lovely Flora, on that luckless day,
Soon made my heart a weak unguarded prey;
Such was her smiling look, her easy grace,
And all the charms that revel in her face!
Thoughtless I rush'd into the pleasing snare,
Nor dreamt that mischief could appear so fair;
Then first my soul this new emotion found,
And felt the symptoms of its recent wound;
I gaz'd in transport while the maid was nigh,
But when she left me—what a wretch grew I?
Soon as the beauteous shepherdess was gone,
I felt, but all too late, I was undone!
In vain amidst the silence of the grove,
I thought in solitude to vanquish love;
In vain the strongest aid of reason try'd,
To overcome the passion—or to hide;
Till urg'd at last by the distracting grief,
I from the nymph herself implor'd relief;
More deaf than rocks, or the tempestuous main,
Unmov'd she heard my passion and my pain;
All I could urge, her cruel heart to move,
She said she pity'd—but deny'd me Love.

ALEXIS.

I mourn, my friend, a passion so sincere
Should meet returns so distant, so severe;
Hard! that a nymph, who can such graces show,
Should thus refuse to mitigate thy woe;
Then rise, my friend, and break the servile chain,
Assert thy reason, and be free again!
For sooner may'st thou hope the winds to move,
As fix inconstant Flora's heart to Love.

MENALCAS.

Ah! no—in vain I strive my fate to fly,
By Flora's rigour must Menalcas die!
Yet to the fair, let no false charge be laid,
Since dying I should wrong her, to upbraid;
What fault can taint such sweetly blooming youth?
All there is innocence and native truth!
What crime in her she cannot ease my pains,
Or smile on him whom destiny disdains?
But oh, her coldness hangs upon my heart,
And strikes a fatal damp through every part!
The deadly chilness seizes every vein,
Ev'n life itself gives way to her disdain!
Adieu ye lawns! and every neighb'ring grove,
Each conscious witness of despairing love;
Ye rocks! whose echos did my sighs repeat;
Ye streams, so oft increas'd by my regret;
Adieu ye flocks! your master's fond delight,
His charge by day, his tender care by night;
Some happier swain shall lead you o'er the grass,
When lost Menalcas shall no more be seen!
Stung with the rage of unremitting pains;
In vain to woods or waves the wretch complains,
In vain around these plains I hopeless rove,
No cure can heal the cruel Force of Love.

ALEXIS.

Great is the grief, Menalcas, I sustain,
To see thee thus, nor can relieve thy pain!
O could my prayers the scornful virgin move,
Soon should she meet thy vows with equal love!
For well, my friend, I know Love's pow'rful dart,
And feel its force—a stranger to the smart;
Nor long did I its worst of pains endure,
The hand that gave the wound bestow'd the cure:
Soon as I could my secret grief impart,
Emilia, stranger to her sex's art!
Serenely smiling bid my anguish cease,
And yielding sooth'd my troubled soul to peace!
Long have we mutual felt the faithful flame,
Our minds united, and our vows the same!
Yet fate, whose rage no mortal can disarm,
Detains her, still forbid my longing arm;
Constrain'd in flatt'ring hope the time to pass,
Till Heav'n shall give her to my fond embrace!
Thus of our lot, impatient we complain
Of fortune, I; and thou of cold disdain.
Belov'd and loving, yet debarr'd the bliss
So much I prize, so ardently I wish,
I feel the strong emotions of a mind,
Engag'd by fondness, and by fate disjoin'd!
While from successless love thy torment flows,
And cruel beauty causes all thy woes!
O could I touch that too relentless heart,
That thus refuses to relieve thy smart?
But useless here my slender skill would prove,
Since verse itself is but the slave of love;
In vain would tuneful numbers bar its course,
Since tuneful numbers but augment its force;
'T is reason only can restore thy peace,
Can only bid the struggling passions cease;
Alone, can all thy griefs and pains remove,
And triumph o'er the boasted Force of Love!

MENALCAS.

In vain the wisest arguments I use,
Still where I fly, my evil fate pursues;
No more—these unavailing tears forbear,
Menalcas' only refuge is despair!
In vain I strive to act a manly part,
And drive the lurking poison from my heart;
Still with her image is my soul possess'd,
Still, still, she triumphs in my bleeding breast,
There, there, with arbitrary sway she reigns,
Beats in each nerve, and burns through all my veins!
With force superior I no more contest,
No more I fondly hope for distant rest;
I go—compell'd by Fate's uncommon rage,
In savage wilds my passion to assuage;
To distant lands by Flora's scorn I fly,
By Flora's scorn in distant lands to die!
Adieu, once more ye meads, ye groves, ye plains,
Ye streams, ye birds, ye flocks, ye friendly swains!

m, Alexis, shepherd most belov'd,
faith and tenderness so oft I 've prov'd,
: the highest wish I can bestow,
ns I suffer—may'st thou never know!
y thy joys each circling year increase,
auty bless'd, and crown'd with lasting peace!
my grateful mind thy name shall live,
'd of all the love I 've left to give;
: this slender pipe refuse to take,
ht the present for Menalcas' sake!
less now the science I decline,
as charms for calmer souls than mine!
for destiny forbids my stay,
ndly calls this ling'ring wretch away;
! thou tyrant god! in deserts bred,
ge wastes by wolves and tygers fed,
: tormented, from mankind I rove,
an resist thy rage, relentless Love!

ALEXIS.

; Menalcas, nor with this excess
; yourself increase your own distress;
ore let friendship, and let reason move,
you to subdue the Force of Love.

MENALCAS.

ce shall guide you to the fatal place,
Flora does the bright assembly grace;
the maid!—her lost, adoring swain,
as, begs her pardon to obtain!
r if pity should her bosom touch,
ty for his fate is not—too much!
r he bless'd her with his parting breath,
nce loves her, loves her ev'n in death!
y death the rooted flame can move,
d the tyrannizing Force of Love.

aid—and straight the swain confus'd arose,
r declining day began to close;
along the path the shepherds came,
gently winded with the winding stream;
tindly sought, but sought in vain,
some balm to sooth Menalcas' pain;
no comfort from his counsels found,
re his thoughts in sullen silence drown'd;
w with easy steps approaching home,
o their rural cottages were come;
rising grief did poor Menalcas swell,
'd in tears he bids his friend——farewell!
rning cry'd,——"No art can passion move,
endless pains must I for ever prove,
eld a victim to the Force of Love!"

TO MR. AIKMAN,

ON A PIECE OF HIS PAINTING.

ture blushing and astonish'd ey'd
Aikman's draught—surpriz'd the goddess
cry'd:
re didst thou form, rash youth! the bold
design
ch thy labours to resemble mine?
thy colours, yet so just thy stroke,
ndetermin'd on thy work I look!
wn thy art, could'st thou but language join,
m had spoke—and call'd the conquest thine!"

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY SEEING THE PICTURE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, IN THE ROYAL GALLERY OF THE PALACE OF HOLYROOD-HOUSE, EDINBURGH, 1752.

..... Regnum poteras hoc ore mereri!
Quæ proprior sceptris facies? quis dignior aulæ
Vultus? non labra rosæ, non colla pruinæ,
Non crines æquant violæ, non lumina flammæ!
Claudian.

BEHOLD, spectator, here a form design'd,
To charm all hearts, and captivate mankind!
See that majestic mien, that matchless face,
What awful beauty mix'd with easy grace!
Mark, from those eyes what lambent glories play,
Pierce through the gloom, and form surrounding day!
So look'd Maria, when, to gain her love,
Contending kings with fond ambition strove;
When factions strove to own her sov reign pow',
All the fond contest, who should first adore!
When cloyster'd zealots left the temple waste,
And crowds stood fix'd to see her as she past,
Through fair Lutetia's streets with regal state,
While every look dispens'd resistless fate;
Nor rank, nor age was from the danger free,
And only those were safe,—who could not see.
Majestic shade!—forgive th' enamour'd Muse,
Who while thy sufferings, and thy form she views,
In sorrow lost, deplores thy cruel fate;
Wretched as fair, unfortunate as great!
How strong, mistaken bigots, was that rage
Which neither charms, nor virtues could assuage?
Which with unwearied insolence pursu'd
Thy sacred life, and thirsted for thy blood!
First drove thee on the rocks thou sought to shun,
Then blam'd thee for the ills themselves had done;
With frequent malice all thy steps survey'd,
By turns deceiv'd, deserted, or betray'd;
To thee, fair queen! the sacred rights of kings,
Ev'n youth and innocence were helpless things:
By factious hands expell'd thy lawful throne,
Pursu'd, revil'd, imprison'd, and undone!
Till forc'd to screen thy persecuted head,
Thou to thy greatest foe for safety fled;
By whom, all hospitable ties forgot,
(Her celebrated reign's eternal blot!)
The kindred bands of majesty and blood,
New woes inflicted must increase thy load;
Confin'd, for years on years, a heavy train,
WhileHeav'n look'd down, and princes su'd in vain;
Doom'd unremitting griefs to undergo,
And shine a pattern of imperial woe;
Till to fulfil thy unexampled fate,
Thy life was lost to fix thy rival's state,
And satisfy Eliza's endless hate.
How shall the weeping Muse, with equal lay,
Reveal the horrours of that cursed day,
When barefac'd murder, open and display'd,
Aim'd all its vengeance at thy sacred head,
And, in thy fate, thy great successor bled[1]!
Sad Muse, proceed, and view the lovely queen,
With undiminish'd charms, and air serene!
Alone, unaided, with intrepid heart,
And native eloquence, her rights assert;

[1] King Charles I.

At once her wrongs and innocence expose,
And silence all the malice of her foes;
With solid reason every charge confute,
And speak and look her barb'rous judges mute!
Till half confounded they, with impious breath,
Confirm'd their sentence, and pronounc'd thy death!
Oh yet forsake not, plaintive Muse, the scene,
Attend the awful moments yet remain!
While yet the sentence sounds in every ear,
While every eye dissolves into a tear,
See bright Maria undisturb'd appear!
Her bosom swells with new untasted joy,
To see the end of all her woes so nigh!
Smiling she chides her faithful servants fears,
Pities their weakness, and dispels their tears;
Tells them their grief for her is wrong and vain,
Why should they weep to see her free from pain?
Restor'd to lasting liberty again!
No longer life's deceitful turns to prove,
But gain eternal rest and peace above!
The forms of death with mild composure past,
Self-recollected, equal to the last;
When the black scene of death disclos'd to view,
Her wond'rous conduct prov'd her goodness true!
No fears, no terrours shake her cloudless brow,
Stripp'd of its pomp she sees the deadly show,
And stands prepar'd to meet the dreadful blow!
Charm'd with the prospect of a nobler crown,
Pleas'd she looks forward——and forgets her own!
Comforts her friends, and ev'n her foes forgives,
Since this best gift she from their hate receives;
Surveys the destin'd block, her journey's end,
And death her latest, but sincerest friend!
And now her lovely neck reclin'd with state,
To meet the rigour of approaching fate;
Patient the aggravated wounds she bears,
And finds a joyful period of her cares!
Let others envious blast thy injur'd name,
And with malicious virulence defame;
Long prejudic'd thy merit I survey'd,
And saw thy character through envy's shade!
As clouds a while the darken'd Sun may shield,
Which to superior brightness soon must yield;
So does thy constant death, fair queen, oppose
Th' invenom'd censures of thy keenest foes;
Does, more than endless arguments can say,
Thy character and virtues to display;
Gilds thy past life with its declining rays,
And shoots new glories into future days!

ON

THE RETREAT OF KING STANISLAUS,

AND THE SURRENDRY OF DANTZICK, 1734.

An noceat vis ulla bono? Fortunaque perdat
Oppositâ virtute minas?——laudandaque velle
Sit satis? et nunquam successu crescat honestum.
Lucan.

Retire, great prince! since Heav'n will have it so,
For the world's peace, thy *second* claim forego!
Crowns would to you but wretched splendour boast,
If your dear subjects' happiness were lost;
More glory gives it to your honest name,
Than all the wreaths ambition e'er could claim,
That still the friend of men,—serenely good,
You scorn ev'n empire!—when the price is blood!
Retire lamented, from thy native soil,
Which venal fraud, and lawless force defile;
Which yields no pattern of domestic worth,
But the fond honour that it gave thee birth!
Retire——and taste the peace retirement brings,
Look down with pity on contesting kings;
While the admiring Earth your conduct owns,
Superior to the boasted pride of thrones!
While Heav'n around you forms a placid smile,
And says——You were too great to wear the style!
And thou fair town! for ancient faith renown'd,
By fame, ev'n in this last misfortune crown'd;
Though now for truth a sacrifice thou falls,
And the rude Vandal lords it in thy walls!
Restor'd—yet shalt thou raise thy trophy'd head,
And wide thy honours, with thy commerce, spread!
Nations, that to thy crowded marts resort,
And fill with opulence thy ample port,
Shall fond repeat it in thy children's ear,
How much thy loyalty has made thee dear;
While foreign lands, to thy example just,
Extoll'd thy worth, and mourn'd thee in the dust!

ON

THE MARRIAGE

OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF ORANGE,

1733.

When Heav'n Britannia's further bliss deny'd,
And all of William, that was mortal, dy'd;
The hero's care for Albion's happy land
Assur'd her sceptre to Augustus' hand:
And phœnix-like, his date of glory run,
Sprung from his ashes a superior sun!
Whose beams united on the world should shine,
And give mankind a George and Caroline!
Safe in his care, and happy in her smile,
Fairest of nations, Heav'n-defended isle!
Britannia views unmov'd a world in arms,
And sits herself secure from all alarms.
Young prince, whose early rays of merit shine,
With lustre long familiar to thy line;
Where more than Roman virtue charms the eyes,
And chiefs and patriots in succession rise!
Heroes who smil'd to shed the noblest blood,
The firm assertors of the public good!
And true to liberty, with equal pride,
Or triumph'd in its cause, or greatly dy'd.
With grateful joy, oh favour'd prince receive
The prize, for which contending kings might strive,
Which only thou could'st hope, and Brunswick give.
Again, behold the kindred branches twine,
Emblem propitious to thy future line!
Thus Heav'n rewards thy worth with equal law,
So Britain pays the debt she ow'd Nassau!

TO THE

)R OF THE POLITE PHILOSOPHER.

— Velat materno tempora myrto.
Virg.

ice the shelter of a mask disdain'd,
lly triumph'd, and a Nero reign'd;
rose, satyric, yet polite,
'd the glaring monster full in sight;
: mirth expos'd th' imperial beast,
e his wanton court the common jest.
r correcter page his wit we see,
he Roman lives restor'd in thee!
piece proportion'd to our times,
age diversifies its crimes;
ens-like, vice does in one conceal,
the next she boldly shall reveal;
nt shapes pursues the lasting trade,
es the world one changing masquerade!
ping wretch, whose av'rice robs the town,
is point a holy look puts on;
his hands directs, to Heav'n his eyes,
a show of grace defrauds and lies:
tious courtier, but for different ends,
ning zeal the public good defends;
he low concerns of worldly pelf,
his country—to advance himself:
fogger still supports the cause
injust, and wrests the injur'd laws:
siast thinks to him the standard giv'n
livine, the master-key of Heav'n!
e, bullies; fops to wit pretend;
n prostitute the name of friend;
ears honesty; the bankrupt faith;
mountebank can save from death:
h men want but eyes to see the cheat,
se to wink, and help their own deceit;
of fools resign themselves a prey,
ery knave pursues his private way!
stion, Forrester! is something hard,
the wise the motley scene regard?
ourselves can we unmov'd stand by?
ll we smile?—or honest should we cry?
to grief would give the rule,
er reason sides with ridicule!
thy piece, instructive yet refin'd,
: of thy philosophic mind;
e the statues wrought by Phidian art,
whole, complete in every part;
the lighter follies of the age,
zeal, and banish party rage;
nature, pedantry o'ercome,
tation dead, and scandal dumb;
r converse to its native light,
mankind with ease to grow polite!
und thy brow the myrtle garland twine,
ul recompence of toils like thine!
ll your fair designs to please,
se use, with understanding ease.
re your just applauses rise,
lles read you with impatient eyes!
e sweetest notes repeat your lays,
rmonious in the author's praise;
rove with equal zeal conspire,
e can Fortune give?—or you desire?
, lost in passionate surprize,
esistless queen assign'd the prize;
So while you beauty treat with such regard,
Your theme like virtue shall itself reward;
Venus shall from the shepherd's debt be free,
And by the fav'rite fair repay the gift to thee.

TO

HIS GRACE COSMO DUKE OF GORDON,

ON HIS RETURN TO SCOTLAND, 1734.

Homines ad Deos immortales nulla re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando.
Cicero.

ILLUSTRIOUS prince, whose dawning years display
The fairest hopes of virtue's lasting day;
Return'd in safety to your native soil,
Disdain not on an exil'd Muse to smile;
And with mild goodness condescending hear
The artless numbers that approach your ear.
Let other pens by servile flatt'ry please,
Heav'n keep your ear unvex'd with that disease!
Which rais'd by vanity, by folly nurs'd,
Spoils the best tempers, and confirms the worst;
The faithful Muse shall act a juster part,
Nor prostitute the honours of her art;
Shall choose a theme may suit your blameless taste,
To noble minds, praise should be always chaste!
While pleasure plays before your eager eyes,
And scenes of joy, as yet untasted, rise;
While groupes of entertaining forms combin'd,
With artful lustre, lure the yielding mind;
Let reason's cool reflective voice be heard,
And weigh each object with a just regard:
Assign the bounds of virtue and of vice,
Ask whence th'enjoyment comes, and what the price?
With fix'd composure, and unbiass'd sight,
Examine every form of new delight;
Know whence the picture all its worth receives,
If false the rate, or such as judgment gives?
So shall fair Truth establish Reason's sway,
And each instructed passion mild obey!
If wealth allure thee, or the charms of pow'r,
Think Crassus bleeds—and Cæsar is no more!
Behold the Lydian monarch mount the pile,
Or Pompey's trunk deform the faithless Nile!
If softer scenes of blandishment invite,
See Antony the victim of delight!
Mark Horace idoliz'd by old and young,
Mute are the tuneful accents of his tongue,
Deaf are the objects of his deathless song.
So all the fleeting forms of bliss decay,
And so the lovely phantom dies away!
Must then life pass neglected like a dream,
Must human conduct wear no certain aim?
One lasting joy the Muse directs to find,
A pleasure of the purest noblest kind,
That spreads a day diffusive o'er the mind!
Benevolence! the godlike skill to raise
From a consenting world unblemish'd praise!
Gordon, be this thy care, this happy art,
To fix a pow'r eternal in the heart;
Well be this glorious science understood,
The secret charm of doing constant good;
Hence rose rever'd the Greek and Roman name,
Chiefs lov'd by men, and deify'd by fame;
So the great Fabii common worth surpass'd,
So the first Brutus shone, and—so the last!

So Scipio's deeds the Latian records grace,
And Titus liv'd the joy of human race.
  But though true goodness fills the generous heart,
Still to exert it claims some care and art;
Of all who lavish give, or wise bestow,
How few this useful mystic lesson know?
Where different shades of grief demand redress,
To choose the greater suffering from the less;
Where various suitors seek alike for grace,
To give to modest worth the foremost place;
The meanest of mankind as meet to use,
Nobly to grant,——and nobly to refuse!
As in the diamond's precious dye is shown
The genuine value of the brillant stone;
So from the manner, which you form to give,
Each obligation will its price receive;
This will the benefit itself refine,
As the stamp'd image dignifies the coin!
  Nor need you models foreign to your blood,
To gain the knowledge of conferring good;
In your maternal form the science trace,
A virtue long familiar to her race!
Survey her gen'rous life with early care,
And copy from the bright example there!
  So the young eaglet, to confirm his sight,
Waits his imperial parent's lofty flight;
Careless of earth, exulting lifts his eyes,
Spreads his firm wing,—and gains upon the skies!
By her instructed, meets the solar ray,
And grows familiar with the blaze of day!

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SUSANNA COUNTESS OF EGLINTON,

1734.

When Eglinton forsakes the blooming groves,
And quits the solitude her heart approves;
When for the noisy courts and city throng,
She leaves the silver stream, and shepherd's song;
Well may the Muses follow in her train,
Her lovely presence consecrates the scene!
  Edina long, that did your absence mourn,
Feels with unusual joy your kind return;
Here 'midst contending pow'rs, and party arms,
Exert the peaceful influence of your charms;
Confess'd by all, our guardian Pallas stand,
Bear the dread shield, and wave the olive wand!
Heav'n in your looks, and empire in your eye,
On you, bright arbitress, our hopes rely;
Your sov'reign sentence concord shall restore,
And bid the sounds of strife be heard no more.
  Round thee uniting virtues softly shine,
Thy breast the heav'nly centre, where they join!
In thee complete an age's task we find,
A radiant phœnix of the fairest kind:
Our admiration in suspense is lost,
Where it shall fix itself with justice most:
Our transport grows, the longer still we view,
Still something charms inimitably true!
And time and envy stand subdu'd by you.
  Whate'er exalted heroines of old
In Fame's eternal page have been enroll'd;
All the bright plans which time has yet brought forth,
Of Grecian virtue, or of Roman worth;
Unite in thee,—in thee consummate shine,
And all the glories of the sex are thine;
Lucretia's firmness, Portia's godlike mind,
With fair Susanna's purity are join'd;
In form confess'd great Egypt's matchless queen,
But all Palmyra's sovereign[1] smiles within!
Or not beyond our native soil to stray,
Maria's beauty weds the truth of Gray!
  So though the planets lend their feeble light,
And Cynthia silvers o'er the face of night:
'T is darkness still—though in a soft disguise.
No colours charm, no painted prospects rise!
But when the morn dispels the doubtful gleam,
And Sol with orient lustre sheds his beam;
Nature in all her pomp attracts the view,
Such joy they feel—who fix their sight on you!

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY ELIZABETH GORDON,

AT EDINBURGH, IN THE YEAR 1735.

ODE.

Forgive, fair high-born maid! an artless bard,
  Who daring ventures on so bright a theme;
If real merit claims the first regard,
  The noblest numbers shou'd record your name!

To those whom Phœbus lends his sacred lyre,
  Belongs such matchless virtues to rehearse;
What noble measures might not these inspire?
  How fit the subject to embalm the verse!

Weak is the influence of external charms
  (Unaided beauty's short enduring tie!)
If virtue lend not more prevailing arms,
  To the pall'd sense, alas, how soon they die!

But when the mind's sublime perfections join,
  To animate a form itself complete;
How must the fair distinguish'd portrait shine!
  How strong the union,—and its force how sweet

If truth and goodness, in thy beauteous breast,
  Their blended stores of happy fragrance shed;
No wonder, if they flourish still increas'd,
  And rise eternal from so chaste a bed!

Others by art may wise or beauteous seem,
  And use vain toils to captivate the view;
Gordon insensibly secures esteem,
  And then convinces us—it was her due.

Fond Muse, forbear—what unavailing lays
  Can point out virtue's unexhausted mine?
When master-works inferior painters trace
  Trembling they sketch, and faintly they design

From Farinelli when the warblings flow,
  What vulgar notes can reach the flying sound
When Jervase bids the swelling canvas glow,
  Where can the imitating hand be found?

Propitious Heav'n our just petition hear!
  And still protect with ever-guardian care
One who below resembles you so near,
  Good as she's great,—and gentle as she's fair

[1] Zenobia, queen of Palmyra, one of the mo
amiable as well as noble female characters of a
tiquity.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES, LORD KINNAIRD.

AS HERMIT.

— Primoque a cuide ferarum
mine potem maculatum sanguine ferrum.
Ovid.

ft the bliss on Tay's sweet winding stream,
: the breeze that cools the sultry gleam?
woods embow'ring with projected head,
he subject river in their shade!
nst'd I wander by its flow'ry side;
ntly sail along its silver tide;
ar the feather'd concerts in the wood;
k the natives of the happy flood!
he surface how they dart with joy,
deluded to the fatal fly!
nin I see the cruel sport renew'd,
er Salmon's scales deform'd with blood;
n the arts the fish to fate beguil'd,
ach he suffer'd, and how well he toil'd!
the grass the captive pants for breath,
e rude hand beneath the stroke of death!
nrous pleasure! oh deceitful skill,
ys in murder, and betrays to kill!
ve break—my lord, I am sorry for't,
he scene—but I detest the sport.
aller objects may with great compare,
: I seen a stripling eye the fair!
the fly unconscious of his fate,
llow down the charms of a coquette;
't well struck, away the novice runs,
nks, by flight, captivity he shuns;
his heart the barb destructive plays,
ds him though he turns a thousand ways;
ggles but perplex the artful fold,
he girl has wit—the fine will hold.
'd was the time, oh had that bliss remain'd!
Nature's fruits the lengthen'd life sustain'd;
e was known, or in his brother's blood
red hands the wretched Cain embru'd;
ough the happy grove, serene and mild,
lk'd with man,——and all creation smil'd!
ow that peaceful scene is vanish'd far,
ide destruction? what domestic war!
te for riot the devoted ball,
rned luxury is blind to all!
s of slaughter daily must be known,
llions bleed for the caprice of one!
'et content—with what at home remains,
l the groves, and fright the peaceful plains;
weak deer, nor unoffending hares,
the feather'd tribes, our fury spares;
must perish by our cruel hand,
ture mourn the curse of our command!
is the passion, which inspires your breast,
e eternal war on bird or beast;
y the net, or hook, or gun prepare,
s unpeople water, earth, and air!
contrast!—you, my lord, whose tender eye
no human pain without a sigh!
worthy breast with generous pity glows,
the anguish of inferior woes;
see no errour in this wanton taste,
ish which, you lay creation waste.
d but the kindness of relenting fate
y low wishes, with some small estate!
Nor dogs, nor guns should fright my peaceful grove,
There free the birds should sing, the sylvans rove!
Should unmolested Nature's gifts enjoy,
Enchant my ear, or entertain my eye;
And, in my small inclosure, guarded find
A shelter from the malice of mankind!
Oh then, my lord, advis'd forbear in time,
Nor stain your goodness with this needless crime!
Forgive the Muse, if fondly bad astray,
By zeal for nature, she has lost her way;
Her end was honest, though her speech be free,
So far the just similitude of thee!
Let others drag the comb'rous loads of state,
Where the gay trappings but augment the weight!
Taste you, my lord, in your paternal field,
The native sweets that peace and freedom yield;
Behold each year your golden harvests rise,
Or blooming plantings lengthen round your eyes!
While beauty, with her own celestial smile,
Rewards each care, and softens ev'ry toil;
Bless'd in your little house, and little grove,
Happy yourself,—and happy in your love;
Defy all foreign troubles would invade ye,
Receive your rents well paid:—and kiss my lady!

TO SERENA.

AS HERMIT.

Dic mihi, Urania! tanto cur tempore differs
Pierio meritam serto redimire Serenam?
Chaul.

Rouse, Urania! the celestial lyre,
Propitious Muse, the favour'd numbers fire!
If real worth thy guardian care employs,
Let the full notes in due proportion rise;
While bright Serena [1] bends her gentle ear,
And what the goddess dictates deigns to hear:
To noblest minds the love of verse belongs,
And virtue is the theme of lasting songs!
The ways of Heav'n are hid from human view:
A proof of this was strongly giv'n in you!
Could Fortune's gifts secure establish'd rest,
You had the lot of happiness possess'd;
Could truth maintain the conquests Beauty won,
Your triumphs won'd have been eclipse'd by none;
Could Love o'er subject hearts his sway retain,
Your constancy had fix'd the lasting chain;
Yet vain were all your comfort to insure,
Below no bliss, that man can taste, is pure?
If souls (as eastern sages say) above
Are pair'd in equal bonds of life and love [2]!
Yours in its downward passage chance'd to stray,
And miss'd its kind associate by the way!
Yet of the kindred partnership deprive'd,
The faithful passion in your breast survive'd;
Your tender mind the semblance still explor'd,
The phantom in Morenus' shape ador'd;
Approv'd his vows, and to your yielding heart
Convey'd the fatal seeds of future smart!

[1] The honourable the lady Murray of Stenhope, daughter to the right honourable George Baillie of Jerviswood, esq. late one of the lords commissioners of the treasury.

[2] See this beautiful sentiment enlarged upon in Dr. Watts's Horæ Lyricæ.

For soon the dreadful errour you perceiv'd,
And what you felt unwillingly believ'd;
Fond Love, that from his wings was wont to shed
Ambrosial sweets around the nuptial bed;
Flew off averse:——
While dark Suspicion, child of Hell and Night,
Which all things views in a distemper'd light;
Succeeding, gave the colour of your life,
And bid you be a greatly suffering wife!
Virtue's like gold:—the ore's allay'd by earth,
Trouble, like fire, refines the mass to birth;
Tortur'd the more, the metal purer grows,
And seven times try'd with new refulgence glows!
Exults superior to the searching flame,
And rises from affliction into fame!
Feeble o'er gen'rous minds is Fortune's pow'r,
She gives no wounds, which reason can't restore!
From hence your calmly recollective sight
Drew future wisdom, and unbought delight;
Firm you beheld the visionary scene,
And courts bestow'd their splendid charms in vain!
You, like the bee, run each inchantment o'er,
And drew instruction from the noxious flow'r;
But 'midst the joys you most were pleas'd to prove,
In virtuous friendship and parental love;
One trial was reserv'd—by Heav'n design'd,
To show the temper of your matchless mind!
'Twas night—when mortals to repose incline,
And none but demons could intrude on thine;
When wild desire durst thy soft peace invade,
And stood insulting at thy spotless bed;
Urg'd all that rage, or passion could inspire,
Death arm'd the wretch's hand, his breast was fire!
You, more than Roman, saw the dreadful scene,
Nor lost the guard, that always watch'd within!
Lucretia suffer'd;—and Obizzi bled [3],
Your virtue triumph'd,—and the villain fled!
What doubt that goodness is your native choice!
We know your country by your tuneful voice!
Which list'ning angels may descend to hear,
And learn their sacred songs are copied here!
As the bright Sun through one unclouded day,
Drives o'er the horizon his cheerful ray;
No shadows interpose, no mists appear,
Clear he arises, and he sets as clear;
So shall thy life, Serena, charm mankind,
And teach your sex th' importance of the mind.

[3] Lucretia Obizzi, marchioness of Orciano, who was assassinated in her bed, by a ruffian who attempted her chastity, to whose memory the senate of Padua erected a monument, with the following honourable inscription below her bust.

VENERARE.PUDICITIÆ SIMULACRUM
ET.VICTIMAM
LUCRETIAM.DE.DONDIS.AB.HOROLOGIO
PYÆNEÆ.DE.OBIZZONIBUS
ORCIANI.MARCIONIS.UXOREM
HÆC.INTER.TENEBRAS.MARITALES.ASSERENS.TÆDAS
FURIALES,RECENTIS.TARQUINII.FACES
CASTO.CORDE.EXTINXIT
SICQUE.ROMANAM LUCRETIAM.INTEMERATA.GLORIA
VICIT
TANTÆ.SUÆ.HEROINÆ.GENEROSIS.MANIBUS
HOC.DICAVIT.MONUMENTUM
CIVITAS.PATAVINA.DECRETO
DIE.31o.DECEMBRIS
Ao.1661.

Long may you prove the joys so well you know,
The calm delights from solitude that flow;
Where reason can its genuine pleasures taste,
Enjoy the present—and approve the past;
Bless'd is that life, that thus declining wears;
Vice laughs an hour,—but virtue smiles for years!
Oh! could the Muse th' ambitious strain prolong,
Soft as the accents of Myrtillo's song;
Myrtillo [4], by Apollo's self inspir'd,
Mourn'd as belov'd, lamented as admir'd;
By ev'ry Muse adorn'd, and virtue bless'd,
Of ev'ry grace, of ev'ry charm possess'd;
Near Virgil's sacred tomb Myrtillo dy'd,
In life how like! in manners how ally'd!
In fate resembling,—and almost in fame,
So like the Roman's was the Briton's flame;
But too imperfect flow my feeble lays,
To speak Myrtillo's merit, or his praise!
Far other honours should adorn his herse,
The tribute of his own parental verse;
Let pious Haddington, with equal hands,
Raise the fair monument his loss demands;
For the lov'd youth compose the lasting crown,
A patriot need not blush to praise his son!

RETIREMENT:

A POEM,

OCCASIONED BY SEEING THE PALACE AND PARK OF YESTER.

Si canimus silvas, silvæ sunt consule dignæ.
Virg.

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

JOHN, MARQUIS AND EARL OF TWEEDDALE,

LORD HAY OF YESTER, &c.

ONE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY LORDS OF SESSION IN SCOTLAND,

THIS ESSAY IS, WITH ALL RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

INSCRIBED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

An me ludit amabilis
Insania? audire videor et pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.
Horat.

O THOU, who in eternal light, unseen,
Survey'st, distinct, the universal scene!
Whose power, imparted, animates the whole
With vegetation, motion, life, and soul;
Deign to inform the Muse's solemn thought,
To sing the wonders thou alone hast wrought.
And, as through Nature's walks she ravish'd strays,
Instruct her humble reed to sound thy praise!

[4] The right honourable the lord Binning died at Naples, 1732, universally lamented; his father, the right honourable the earl of Haddington, survived him but a short time.

rural views! life's pure unmingled sweets;
inding walks, and ever-calm retreats!
still succeeding charms of various kind
balmy temperance of mind! [trees,
the mild gale, that murmurs through the
l from each corroding passion frees;
smooth stream, that gently glides along,
delight, and aids the Muse's song.
bless'd are they by all-disposing Heav'n,
m this fav'rite lot on Earth is giv'n!
waters flow, or woods their umbrage spread,
a bliss, that Fortune can't invade;
firm from exercise, with labour ease,
ehensive nights, and guiltless days;
nds of war their downy peace molest,
s of law disturb their anxious breast,
ams of bliss, no false pursuits of gain,
s of tempests on the faithless main,
ious frowns, no treach'rous smiles of court,
ch the shelter of so safe a port;
Innocence and Truth have fix'd their home,
ce, and Fraud, and Malice dare not come!
ange effect of self-deceiving art!
ing weakness of the cheated heart!
ks, all nations, own this genuine bliss,
l their pains seem meant to purchase this.
lsome dangers of destructive war,
seless wranglings of the doubtful bar,
in refinements of the courtier's brain,
erchant's venture for uncertain gain,
great object lead,—in this conspire,
earied nature may at last retire:
's precarious date perhaps is done,
lf th' imaginary course is run;
the means, the very end is cross'd,
hen th' enjoyment courts, the taste is lost.
ferent passions, which our lives employ,
ch our footsteps, and forbid the joy:
e inveterate habit's strong disease
our age, and interrupts our ease.
ble veteran, in the silent shades,
dden tumult of the war invades;
till the lawyer trifles with the laws,
judge nods, as when he heard the cause;
to the antiquated courtier's eyes,
enes of pomp, and gay processions rise;
ere, when storms, with breath outrageous
roar,
safe beyond the reach of Fortune's power,
erchant shrinks, nor thinks his wealth secure.
yet, sequester'd from the public voice,
t has been of old the heroes' choice.
cipio, foremost of the godlike name,
d the vain applause of vulgar fame;
less'd with Lelius, rang'd the sylvan scene,
hen he shone the lord of Zama's plain:
en at Carthage[5], in his blooming pride,
e the' Iberian prince his captive-bride.
l this victor of himself disdain
r the Muse, and aid a Terence' strain.
need examples of th' historic kind,
ve this native biass of the mind;
Cincinnatus and Lucullus, down
who greatly left th' imperial crown[6],
fs, high-fam'd, the wisest and the best,
full of honour, sought this point of rest;

w Carthage in Spain, now Cartagena.

e emperor Charles V.

Have laid, well-pleas'd, the weight of glory down,
And wish'd to call this span of life their own.
Happy for him, had Cæsar done the same,
Nor lost his life to gain a dubious fame.
This future ease, which all so fond pursue,
Is justly to heroic virtue due.
For cities modell'd, and for nations freed,
Or tyrants quell'd, be this the glorious meed!
No sordid passions wound the gen'rous breast,
No cankers lurk to taint their future rest;
With thoughts humane their kindly bosom glows;
These lead them gently to their life's repose,
While honour's beams, with mild reflexion sweet,
Play round their steps, and gild their soft retreat:
So, through the course of one unclouded day,
The Sun serenely marks his radiant way,
By soft degrees, to the horizon bends,
And, rob'd in purple majesty, descends.
Illustrious peer, whose fair unblemish'd youth,
Improv'd by wisdom, and adorn'd with truth,
Already has such noble fruits brought forth,
And gives such hopes of still succeeding worth;
Oh deign thy condescending ear to bend!
An exil'd Muse's humble strains attend.
If Yester's charms her numbers can display,
To you belongs to judge her fond essay;
If to her theme her lays proportion bear,
Th' attempt, she hopes, will not offend your ear.
Safe in the bosom of a sylvan scene[7],
Amidst projecting shades of varied green,
Like some fair matron-form in cypress veil'd,
In solitude sweet Yester lies conceal'd;
Plain, but majestic, with proportion'd height,
Equal it rises to the ravish'd sight.
Judgment, with taste, inspires the true design,
And all the different parts harmonious join
Without confusion:—wond'rous pow'r of art!
That gives its proper grace to every part,
And, from the whole arrangement well-combin'd,
Calls out a master-beauty of the kind.
Nor only outward is this order seen,
The same simplicity obtains within;
No gaudy ornaments the eye betray,
No affectation leads the taste astray;
A modest grandeur dignifies the whole,
Thy palace, Tweeddale, represents thy soul.
Its disposition shows the owner's state,
Where all is finish'd, chaste, correct, and great!
Full, in the front, an ample circle lies,
Where trees on trees in soft succession rise!
A blooming round!——where verdure ever new
Spreads the fair amphitheatre to view.
While, in the intermediate space below,
The brooks clear waves in calm procession flow,
High o'er the banks, their lovely fragrant shade
The native rose and twining woodbine spread;
With mingling beauties bless the charming bound,
And waft united fragrance all around!
Behind, the fair-dispos'd parterre is seen[8],
With flow'rs adorn'd, and slopes of lively green;
A crystal fountain in the centre plays,
And mitigates the Sun's intemp'rate rays.
Four statues, equal, rise on every hand,
Divide the circuit, and the space command;

[7] The palace is situated deep in the midst of a group of planting near five miles in circumference.

[8] The garden.

Here dark'ning shades exclude the blaze of light;
There, open walks, when day declines, invite;
Thick spreading trees defend the space around,
And shed a solemn stillness o'er the ground.
In these the feather'd nations of the grove
Enjoy their freedom, and pursue their love;
Amidst the friendly boughs, in choirs rejoice,
And pay for their protection with their voice.
A neighb'ring structure's[9] well-intended care
Invites those plants that shun our northern air;
Protected, here the myrtle-buds may bloom,
Or the fair orange shed its rich perfume;
Secure from cold, Hesperia's sweets may rise,
Charm the bless'd sense, and strike the ravish'd eyes!
In winter's rage, may spring's mild charms restore,
And please us when the fields can please no more.
See, from the depth of the surrounding shade,
An ancient chapel rears its spiry head[10]!
Close by the margin of the winding flood,
The Muse pursues that object through the wood;
With awe surveys the marks diffus'd around;
Hail, mansions of the dead! instructive ground!
Here nature's victor spreads his trophies wide,
And mortal dust confounds all human pride.
Receive, my heart, this lesson from the eye,
Hence learn to live, and hence prepare to die.
Here, Tweeddale, in a vault's contracted space,
Lie the remains of thy distinguish'd race!
Like thee, they once this happy bow'r possess'd,
Were crown'd with honours, and with riches bless'd.
With these (late may that loss thy country mourn!)
One day shall rest thy venerable urn:
Let virtue then the span of life employ,
Let goodness minister the noblest joy;
Indulge the soft humanity of mind,
And live the guardian-friend of human-kind!
Turn, Muse, thy steps, and quit the lovely shade[11],
Explore yon rising hill, and opening glade;
Soon as the summit of the height I gain,
The grateful prospect well rewards the pain.
The palace, there, embosom'd in the leaves,
Like some rich gem deep-set, the eye perceives.
There Lothian's fertile vale at distance lies,
And the long landscape mingles with the skies.
Below, the brook in mazes wanders round,
And sports delightful through the flow'ry ground.
Here the bleak hills, irregular, and rough,
Appear, as foils, to set those beauties off.
Fair, to the left, a soft ascent is seen,
With thickets spread, and rows of rising green,
Where Nature claims supreme the sov'reign part,
Yet leaves some touches to her handmaid, Art.
The peaceful deer, and little wanton fawns,
Sport in the shades, or range along the lawns;
Some, basking, lie beneath the genial gleam,
Some court the coolness of the friendly stream.
See yon large stag!—his spreading branches rear'd,
Stalks proudly forward, and commands the herd!
Th' obedient flock to all his motions bend,
Move as he walks, and, as he stops, attend;
Beneath his watchful eye directed tread,
Explore the covert, or enjoy the mead.
Fair harmless creatures, whom no fears annoy,
To whom kind Nature lends a waste of joy!
Who taste secure the utmost bliss ye can,
Nor feel the cares of self-tormenting man.
Ah! quit not, Muse, too soon, th' inchanted scene,
Unnumber'd beauties yet remain unseen!
As once, of old, by smooth Clitumnus' side,
Sol's milk-white heifers rang'd the pastures wide,
Whose spotless forms, with rosy garlands gay,
Were victims worthy of the god of day:
So here, preserv'd, the snowy race[12] remains,
And wanders, unconfin'd, these happy plains;
The lordly bull exulting roams alone,
And boasts the sylvan empire all his own.
Steep o'er the brook, abandon'd and defac'd,
An ancient castle[13] stands deform'd and waste!
Of old, perhaps, within whose friendly gate,
Repos'd from toil, the weary trav'ller sate;
Or the night-wand'ring pilgrim, led astray,
Here found a shelter till the dawn of day;
The stranger hospitable rites receiv'd,
The rich were honour'd and the poor relief'd:
Now trees o'ergrown the ruin'd walls embrace,
While the winds murmur through the hollow space!
Along the wind-rock'd tow'r the ivy creeps,
And the brown ruin trembles o'er the deeps!
So Time, with ceaseless rage, relentless preys
On all the trophies human art can raise.
In vain we fame to faithless marble trust,
In vain to brass consign distinguish'd dust,
He eats th' inscription, and consumes the bust!
His undermining hands the pile displace,
He heaves the column from its solid base!
By him triumphal arches naked glare,
And ample theatres are mix'd with air;
Ev'n pyramids, that claim duration most,
Shrink from their height, and hasten to be lost!
The eyes, with pain, deserted Athens see,
And what Palmyra is[14],—Versailles may be.
But, homeward, now returning to the right,
Through soft vicissitudes of shade and light[15],
Which to the setting Sun declining lie,
Fair Nature's rich embroidery to the eye!
A winding path, with thickest umbrage spread,
Does to the centre of the forest lead:
Here num'rous vistas crowd upon the sight,
And every termination gives delight;
Some rural object still presents to view,
A grove, a village, or the mountain blue!
See from the brake the lonely pheasant fly,
Mark his rich plumage, and his scarlet eye!
Look how the peacock, there, his pride displays,
And spreads the lustre of his varied blaze.
Hark, what enliv'ning sounds the heart inspire!
How the woods eccho to the tuneful quire!
What mingling harmony diffuses round?
What endless measures of responsive sound!
The jocund tribes in gay confusion play,
Dart cross the walks, and shoot from spray to spray:
But most the turtle, on yon top-most bough,
Detains the ear with her harmonious coo;
Pensive she sits, without her mate unblest,
And murmurs out the anguish of her breast;

[9] The greenhouse.

[10] An old ruined chapel, the burial-place of the ancient family of Yester.

[11] The park.

[12] Wild white cows.

[13] The old castle of Yester, the seat of the Gifford, anciently lords Yester.

[14] For the ruins of Palmyra, see the Philosophical Transactions, Vol. III.

[15] The wood.

ı seems concern'd for her relief;
re's a secret eloquence in grief!
ted could I lose my footsteps here;
ditation holds her proper sphere.
· not, of old the wise and good
self-conversant in the sacred wood;
h's divine mysterious sources sought,
very object was a help to thought.
ant these happy shades a guardian pow'r,
reat Honoria [16], at the even-tide hour,
· Eve, amidst a safer grove,
e soft joy sequester'd here to rove,
me attending seraph, virtue-taught,
er retirement, and inspires her thought;
ı the pleasures of her pure retreat,
ı one mortal here below complete.
w descending from the pleasing scene,
sy steps the avenue I gain,
to the left, the brook its passage steals,
ts rocky bed its stream conceals;
tly purling forms a soft cascade,
les involv'd beneath the happy shade;
ı the bank, that guards the upper side,
ı wilderness displays its pride.
: gay foliage sheds a vivid gleam,
l brightly from the solar beam;
lter'd, does a darker face assume,
tes us with a deep majestic gloom;
six months their short-liv'd course have run,
arms shall vanish, and this bloom be gone!
ees, that now such lavish verdure boast,
ked stand, deform'd by winter's frost,
ıg returning dress the painted plain,
reviving nature smile again.
ı, by virtue more than titles great,
Heav'n has bless'd with such a calm retreat,
eeddale, deign to hear the faithful Muse,
er homage, and approve her vows;
ıy you firm Britannia's cause defend,
n all extremes her steady friend!
nour's paths with self-applause pursue,
p the founders of your line in view [17]!
e the great dictator, left their plough,
ght in arms the stubborn Dane to bow;
eclining battle victors stood,
ght their country's safety with their blood.
en the public cares allow you rest,
n of philosophic leisure taste;
esteem'd, admir'd, unenvy'd live!
t a joy that fortune ne'er could give.
lest the labour, Muse, appear too long,
fford end the long protracted song;
al village! bless'd with Nature's smile,
olden plenty gilds the fruitful soil!

: late marchioness of Tweeddale who died
burgh, 1756, universally lamented and
l.

: first of the family of Hay were a good
man and his two sons, who, when the Scots
ited by the Danes at the battle of Loncarty,
with their plough-shares, and by stopping
ives recovered the field, and defeated the
for which they were rewarded with lands
, ennobled by the king, and took the sir-
Hay. In relation to this accident, they
arms argent, three escutcheon gules. Of
e are the marquis of Tweeddale, and the
Errol and Kinnoule.

What green enclosures mark the flow'ry ground?
See yon fair hill, with tufts of planting crown'd,
Behind the mountain's azure top is seen,
And the eye loses all the vale between.
Close by the town the winding river glides,
And in its hollow channel sunk subsides;
Yet when the clouds descend in wint'ry rain,
The torrent overwhelms the subject plain;
Impetuous, drives along with rapid force,
And makes its power the limits of its course!
Thus has the Muse, but with too faint essay,
Thro' Nature's maze pursued her artless way;
Like the laborious bee, has urg'd her flight,
Where groves, where gardens, or where streams in-
Has o'er creation stretch'd her artless wing, [vite;
And prais'd that power who gave her voice to sing.
Where godlike goodness spreads the bounteous feast,
Where each spectator is a constant guest;
Whose blessings all without distinction share,
Tread on his earth, and breathe his vital air;
Whose piercing eye thro' space immense extends,
On whose supporting hand the whole depends!—
From the unwieldy whale's enormous mass,
To the small insect on the peopled grass,
Whate'er in air, and earth, and sea, I see,
All-comprehending pow'r!—is full of Thee!
Thy ways with ceaseless rapture I explore,
And lost in pleasure—gaze till I adore!
Yet, thus instructed, by thy providence,
Tho' Nature, still profuse, her charms dispense,
The storehouse of divine magnificence!
Tho' all her works conspire our thoughts to raise
To Thee, great object of all love and praise!
How many, dead to this exalted joy,
Cast o'er the whole an undelighted eye?
Or, at the best, but cold spectators stand
Unconscious of thy all-bestowing hand;
Thy works, that set Thee in the strongest light,
Serve, like a veil, to hide Thee from their sight;
Like earth-born moles the ray divine they see,
They taste not Nature,—for they know not Thee!

WRITTEN IN THE

ANCIENT PALACE OF FALKLAND,

SEPT. 1735.

Quod jam compositum violat manus hospita bustum
Da veniam!—si quid sensus post fata relictum est.
Lucan.

"DESERTED Falkland! when thy face I view,
It gives me grief—but gives me wonder too;
Wonder[1], the noble hand, that has thy trust,
Leaves thee to fall a mouldering heap of dust!
To see the fine effects of James's taste[2]
A mass of ruin, beautifully waste!

[1] It were to be wished those noble persons to whom the care of royal palaces, and other ancient buildings, both sacred and profane, belongs either by commission or right, would take some more care to preserve those venerable remains of antiquity, as entire as possible to posterity.

[2] James V. the politest and most elegant prince of his time, repaired and beautified this palace, and built that of Linlithgow, which are both in a fine taste for that age, and both much superior to some celebrated pieces of modern architecture.

Grief, in thy ruin'd yet majestic state,
To mark the picture of thy country's fate!"
Thus as I mus'd intent—and gaz'd around,
Along the fractur'd walls with ivy bound!
Where the worn bust display'd a dubious face,
As if it mourn'd insulting time's disgrace;
Faint from beneath a hollow murmur broke,
Resembling human voice—and thus it spoke[1].
"Inquire not, Stranger, time so fast devours,
These faithless walls and sacrilegious tow'rs?
Oh rather wonder they so long have stood,
Stain'd with black parricide, and rais'd in blood!
Here regal murder fix'd its deepest dye,
A prince by famine lost!—that shade am I!
From a fond father's tender arms betray'd,
To linger here unpity'd, unsurvey'd!
Nor think a stranger gave the deadly blow,
A barbarous uncle bid me perish so!
First to his power my heedless steps allur'd,
Then in a dungeon's dismal depth immur'd.
Think I the heir immediate to the crown,
Brought up in elegance, and nurs'd in down;
Who by too fond a parent's kindness bless'd,
Could form a wish for nothing unpossess'd;
While head-strong passion, deaf to reason's law,
Pursued intensely every bliss it saw;
Consum'd the short-liv'd day in new delight,
In wasteful riot lengthen'd out the night;
Think on the change—the sad reverse I found!
Intomb'd alive, and shackled to the ground;
Where then was minstrelsy? the voice of joy?
The lavish banquet, and the wanton eye?
The high respect by menial slaves bestow'd?
The gay attendance? and deceitful crowd?
All the wild luxury, my youth had known,
Vanish'd at once—for ever, ever flown!
Nine days I struggled——think the cruel strife!
The gnaw of anguish, and the waste of life!
No cup of water, and no crust of bread,
And the cold stone a pillow for my head!
The tenth——unable longer to sustain
The cruel smart, and strength-consuming pain,
To my devoted arm I turn'd for food,
And broke the vital channels of my blood!
But nature wasted now refus'd supply,
For life's exhausted fountains all were dry!
In clouds of dizziness, involv'd my sight,
Dim grew all objects, and confus'd the light!
In my dull ears a distant murmur rung,
The trembling accents falter'd on my tongue!
Wearied I sunk in death's embracing shade,
And mingled with that earth which now you tread."
Froze with the tale, I turn'd me quickly round,
And left with hasty steps the fatal ground.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF UNIVERSAL BEAUTY.

A POEM.

Amicitia reddit honores ——

Say, Heav'n-born Muse! for thence thy blameless tongue,
And melody divine, declare thee sprung!
What sacred ardour taught thy wing to try
A flight unknown to our polluted eye?
Learn't thee to scorn the glitt'ring joys of Earth,
And kindle conscious of a nobler birth!
Whence catch'd thy glowing breast the hallow'd fire?
Or with such raptures swell'd thy charming lyre?
Sure Heav'n that saw thy purpose sent the aid,
Some seraph to thy view the whole display'd;
With friendly hand ordain'd thy happy sights,
Thy colours blended, and dispos'd thy lights!
"From radiant Suns th' effulgent gilding drew,
White moons the silver gave, and air the blue!"
Celestial groves the lovely verdure shed,
And blushing morning lent the rosy red!
So gave, complete, thy beauteous works to shine,
And speak their great original divine!
Go on, chaste bard! protract the spotless page,
And shame the scribblers of an idle age!
Low restless minds! whom vain ambition fires,
Or earth-born love inflames, or wine inspires!
Like meteors creeping near their native earth,
Whose faint duration speaks their humble birth!
Thy higher theme a surer praise secures,
"Fame be their recompence—but Heav'n be yours!"
Nature's attractions by thy pencil trac'd,
Like Nature's self, shall ever-blooming last;
The moral beauties of the mystic kind,
The stronger, fair perfections of the mind!
Next claim thy song;—nor thou the task refuse,
Worthy the subject of thy purer Muse;
Enraptur'd on the charms of virtue dwell,
And paint those joys you seem to know too well!
Thus, while with pleasing admiration led,
Thy faultless lays enamour'd I survey'd!
Prais'd, where I thought that real praise was due,
Approv'd the work, nor yet its author knew;
Now known;—no more I gaze on the design,
But wonder that I did not guess it thine!
I love thee so:—I dare not ev'n commend,
Ev'n slight applause is flatt'ry in a friend;
More proud of this than all the wreaths of fame,
That *you* bestow'd—and I preserve the name!

TO MARCELLA.

——Tanto devinxit amore
Nos pudor, nos probitas, castique modestia vultus!
Lucan.

Thou spotless fair! accept the faithful lay,
The thanks the fondly grateful Muse would pay;
Who void of adulation tries her wings,
And suits her numbers to the theme she sings;
Where all the strength of virtue gather'd lies,
And goodness like your own attracts the eyes!
Say, heav'nly charm! whose magic fetters bind
In soft captivity the yielding mind!
Thou child of peace! refin'd ethereal flame,
Thou bright impression of th' eternal name!
Benevolence!——thou smile-creating joy,
Life to the heart, and lustre to the eye!
Oh say!——so little why thy influence known?
So few, who claim thy bounty as their own?

[1] The person introduced speaking here is Robert prince of Scotland, eldest son to Robert III. and brother to James I. who was betrayed to this place, and most inhumanly starved to death by his uncle Murdoc, duke of Albany, at the age of nineteen years; for which story see Buchanan. It is remarkable this prince had been very wild, which makes the contrast remarkably strong.

y so much while pow'r or int'rest sway,
ıt are blind to thy superior ray?
idst the pomp of courts thou shun'st to
lwell?
ı'st unsent for to the shepherd's cell!
when wealth neglected sets thee by,
thou to fill my bosom with a sigh?
ınt the pow'r thy blessings to impart,
ıp thy barren image in my heart;
rtune's wants this sole instruction gain,
rtue ev'n distress'd is happy pain!
entle guest! to fair Marcella[1] go,
mind resenting feels ev'n distant woe;
o' the happy region lies within,
ıtle bosom swells to take thee in!
shed thy balm, from thence exert thy
ow'r!
ıv'n itself can love thy presence more.
pow'r propitious to mankind, beware,
une wait thee to the noble fair!
her own, her wishes think it small;
l's fair sunshine would extend to all!
h a fond petition would be vain,
ould be Paradise were she to reign!
ight'st thou wound the tender seraph's
rest,
essing others, leave herself unbless'd!
e bright lamp of night the constant Moon,
ied, does her circling journey run;
' the fleecy cloud irradiant bends,
benighted lands her influence lends;
er the globe her genial lustre throws,
the splendour she receives——bestows!

ON THE

H OF MRS. STUART OF CARDINESS,

EDINBURGH, AUGUST 29, 1732. AGED 73.

ıis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
m cari capitis?

Hor.

ıir instructive pattern to thy kind,
auty lies not in the face but mind!
entle proof of virtue's sov'reign pow'r,
in age, and pleasing past threescore!
, since death our further wish denies,
kind slumbers seals thy placid eyes;
Heav'n, assenting to thy own delight,
thy spirit to the land of light!
one unhappy, who in slumber lay,
e fair course of some unclouded day;
oking up surpriz'd, regrets to find,
the Sun's bright journey is declin'd:
a doubtful pleasure I survey'd
erful saint in life's increasing shade;
om the calmness of her evening-hour,
d the temperate day had gone before:
rise Indian, from the ruddy gloom,
he day pass'd—and hails the morn to
come!

e honourable lady Mary Cunningham,
r to the late earl of Eglinton.

TO AMANDA.

EPISTLE I.

Extremus perit tam longi fructus amoris,
Præcipitantque suos luctus,—neuterque recedens
Sustinuit dixisse Vale! vitamque per omnem
Nulla fuit tam mœsta dies.

Lucan.

Like some fair turtle who, in sorrow mild,
Sees by rude hands her little nest despoil'd;
And 'midst the grove, abandon'd to distress,
Bemoans a wrong her fondness can't redress!
So while with equal justice you complain,
(Alike the injury,—alike the pain!)
While sadly pensive to yourself you mourn
Your tenderest blessings from your bosom torn[1];
Permit the plaintive Muse, illustrious fair!
To grieve a fate, which all must own severe:
For surely none, who boast a human heart,
Can hear your loss unconscious of a smart.
Oh why ye pow'rs, who grac'd Amanda's youth
With smiling innocence, and native truth;
Such as, in spite of malice, well might claim
The noblest titles, and the brightest fame;
You, who so tender form'd her lovely breast,
That ev'ry woe she saw, disturb'd her rest!
Why so unequal did ye fix her fate?
To crown her with the wretchedness of state!
In shining dignity her peace destroy,
And raise her fortune, to disturb her joy!
So fondly wept the Muse Amanda's care,
So mourn'd, concern'd the visionary fair;
Pictur'd her languid look, and thoughtful mien,
That spoke the struggling passions held within!
When quick the change—as fancy could sustain,
Appear'd a native of the heavenly plain!
And while the rapture thro' my senses ran,
The cherub rosy-smil'd——and thus began.
"Cease, anxious mortal! long inur'd to care,
'Tis Heav'n disposes, and 'tis man's to bear!
'Tis thine the salutary smart to know,
The secret value of instructive woe!
But if long prov'd thou yet remain untaught,
Perplex'd with scruples, and confus'd by thought;
If dubious thou behold'st Amanda's fate,
Or why such virtues such distress should wait?
From me submissive all the reason know,
And own that sov'reign justice rules below!
"As pictures plac'd too distant, or too near,
Or wildly glaring, or confus'd appear;
But, justly seated in their proper day,
Immediate sense and present life convey!
So fix'd in peaceful state, or private ease,
Amanda had but gain'd a vulgar praise;
Life's cloudless scene had seen her smiles alone,
And half her virtues had remain'd unknown!
But virtues, as Amanda's firm, require,
Like gold, the standard of afflictive fire!
'Tis then they struggle from the torture forth,
With native lustre, and acknowledg'd worth;
In blessings on delighted nations fall,
Their influence felt, their value own'd by all!
"Tho' harsh to thee appear Amanda's pain,
Forbid by duty—honour—to complain!

[1] This was occasioned by the misfortune of a lady of quality, who had her children forcibly taken from her in a very unhappy manner.

Yet from her suffering shall her glory rise,
And gain applause from all impartial eyes;
The hand, that triumphs in her present smart,
Shall wish it ne'er had wing'd the hostile dart;
Her lovely offspring, hurry'd from her sight,
Shall in captivity assert her right!
As late their infant-hands the mourner saw
Clasp her fond side—and half arraign the law;
So shall Heav'n right her injur'd excellence,
And arm her troubles in her just defence!
"And he the beauteous youth, who yet remains,
Source of her hope, and solace of her pains!
Who with officious tenderness would please,
Whose bosom swells to give Amanda ease;
Shall by his future merit boast a name,
From censure free, and unobscur'd by fame;
Shall all his lovely mother's griefs atone,
And bless her with the honour of a son."
So cess'd the angel!—thro' the void of day,
Surpriz'd I saw his glitt'ring pinions play;
While recollective, as my slumber broke,
I mark'd the pleasing presage he had spoke;
Bless'd, could the Muse but make her wishes good,
Accept her vows—she cannot what she wou'd!

TO AMANDA.

EPISTLE II.

——— Prodesse voluptas.

Obscur'd by fortune,—and by anguish pain'd,
Long, fair Amanda! had the bard complain'd;
And blam'd those Muses, whose too fond address
Had meant him genius, but denied success!
Long had he pin'd beneath neglected grief,
And, only not despairing, hop'd relief!
When Heav'n, which better than its creatures knows
Our real sufferings, or imagin'd woes;
That Heav'n that never yet receiv'd, unheard,
The prayer in bitterness of soul preferr'd!
Was pleas'd to touch your sympathizing ear,
And make a stranger's grief your gen'rous care!
To vulgar minds let wealth its charms unfold,
For vulgar minds alone are touch'd with gold!
To mine your soft inchanting lines[1] convey
A nobler sense, and strike a stronger way!
Like placid light, a gentle beam reveal,
Cheer as they warm, and strengthen as they heal!
Such words from kind descending angels flow,
When from their native skies they stoop below
Commission'd to repair some fatal woe!
So kind they fly to stop the deadly hour,
And bring relief—when earth can do no more!
Thus with uncommon goodness you receive
A tribute—which I scarce presum'd to give!
Soften an anguish to the world unknown,
And make Heav'n's fairest attribute your own!
Oh had the Muse the dear celestial art,
With tuneful sounds to sooth internal smart!
Oh were she favour'd by the sacred Nine,
To ease the sighing of a heart like thine!
Soon should thy bosom, cheerful as thy eyes,
From ev'ry secret weight deliver'd rise:
Amanda should the grateful debt receive,
And find it was not her's alone to give!

[1] A letter wrote to the author in answer to the first epistle.

TO THE HONOURABLE

THE LADY SUSANNA MONTGOMERY.

——— Raro est adeo concordia formæ
Atque pudicitiæ.

Juven.

Vain are the weak allurements of the form,
Unless the mental part its task perform;
External beauty time and chance invade,
The soul's superior graces never fade!
But while, in your accomplish'd person join'd,
We see with virtue ev'ry charm combin'd;
By merit won, the subject heart obeys,
And by hereditary right you please!
Well with your matchless mother may you share
Her lasting pow'r, whose spotless name you bear,
As chaste your breast—your face almost as fair!

TO MR. HENRY TONGE,

STUDENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

Erat enim in seriis jocisque amicus omnium horarum.

Cicero.

Accept the verse no strains of flatt'ry swell,
That only artless aim thy worth to tell;
Pleasing the task, where friendship lends its flame,
To make thy merit the selected theme;
As difficult, too fondly to commend,
And yet preserve the sacred name of friend!
Yet, by affection taught forgive the muse,
If she, intent, the fair design pursues;
Speaks prepossess'd the language of her heart,
And tells what thou shalt be—from what thou art.
With love of learning while thy bosom glows,
Refulgent youth its roseat charms bestows;
And in thy cheerful look appear design'd
United health of body and of mind!
Virtue and wit their mutual force employ,
One fills thy heart, one sparkles from thy eye!
One governs thy discourse, one gems thy thought,
And marks thy converse dear without a fault;
Politeness waits on reason for its guide,
And sov'reign sense disdains the aid of pride;
For science oft its weaker sons betrays,
And knowledge stiffens, over-starch'd with praise!
Well have you chosen the life-restoring art,
Which suits the native purpose of your heart!
Where soft humanity its pow'r extends,
And makes distress and misery its friends;
Where boundless fortune must defraud your wish,
Nor give your goodness—half the means of bliss!
Not madly airy, nor morosely grave,
The fools surtout, and refuge of the knave;
Wise with the serious, cheerful with the gay,
You dress your mind congenial to the day;
Place every action in its softest light,
And speak, as if you still were in the right;
So painters still exert their strongest care,
To place the master-figure strong and fair;
The rest with fainter colours are display'd,
And every foible sinks behind the shade!

st happy be! to whom the Fates shall give,
ıless'd associate of thy joys to live!
ıom you shall the leisure-moment lend,
whom the cares of busy life unbend!
lively thought, exalted truth refine,
ive new lustre to the genial wine;
Fortune, yielding to your science kind,
w her bounty equal to your mind.
groveling souls their useless treasures boast?
om the sense of human-kind is lost!
titled slaves Heaven's rich elixir waste,
atify a mean luxuriant taste?
hall just Heav'n deny the means to thee,
ake its blessings like its bounty free!
f in vain the fond petitions aim,
nay your lovely temper last the same!
'd, unenvy'd, pass your happy days!
ı ev'ry joy with bright intrinsic ease;
ıte turn out the destin'd hour assign'd,
leav'n reclaims you, and you leave behind
mory dear, and useful to mankind!

TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR JOHN CLERK, BARONET,

F THE BARONS OF HIS MAJESTY'S EXCHEQUER IN SCOTLAND.

EPISTLE I.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
Diligit tutus, caret obsoleti
Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
Sobrius aulâ. Hor.

ɛ you with Atticus enjoy the praise,
distinguish'd, ev'ry side to please;
parties join your merit to commend,
v'ry honest man must be your friend:
'e the Muse who would her homage pay,
ı your vi w submit the faithful lay;
conscious of the joys you most approve,
you, retir'd, within your fav'rite grove:
ca's bank[1], where, with melodious sound,
ırush responsive charms the shades around:
ı, free from public cares, and city-no'se,
nind the sweets of solitude enjoys!
ı pure and undisturb'd your blessings flow,
av'n seem'd pleas'd its favours to bestow;
ıgs! in which so few can claim a part,
teous fortune with a temperate heart.
ɛ pass delighted here your leisure-day,
t life's evening shed its placid ray;
by your friends, and to your country dear,
the fair remnant of the lengthen'd year;
unimpair'd, and passions ever ev'n,
rth the foretaste of approaching Heav'n!
nature's beauties still before you rise,
ev'ry sense, and feast your ravish'd eyes!
a change insensible you gain
mortal joys that worthy deeds remain;
And with applause receive the radiant crown
That waits on pub'ic virtue,—like your own.
So far, my lord, the Muse had gone astray,
Nor thought to whom she sung her artless lay;
To thee, a master of the tuneful pen!
And equal judge of manners and of men;
In whom the sister-arts complete unite,
To form a taste accomplish'd and polite.
Accept the verse—that scorns the venal part,
Nor yet has known to prostitute the art;
Who ne'er to vice could slavish altars raise,
Or learn'd to flatter, where she blush'd to praise;
Whose numbers careless, like herself, and free,
Express her thoughts, and with her heart agree;
Her strength unequal to the task she knows,
Ill suits her voice to sing, oppress'd with woes;
Let others touch the lyre from trouble free,
(That happy lot was once allow'd to me!)
But when the breast is torn with varied pain,
Wild must the measures be, and rude the strain;
Your candour only can her faults excuse,
Your guardian smile alone protect the Muse;
For worth like your's, with native lustre bright,
Can gild obscurest objects with its light!

TO THE SAME,

WITH NATURE, A POEM.

EPISTLE II.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

Patron of learning! and the Muse's friend!
To thee, accomplish'd Clerk, these lines I send,
Which by thy much-lov'd Feca's flow'ry side,
With faint essay, the rural Muse has try'd;
And, ravish'd with the various charms she saw,
Has sketch'd a landscape abler hands shou'd draw.
Let others, strangers to all foreign worth,
Curse the cold climate, and the frozen north!
Say, that the barren land no prospect yields,
But naked mountains, and unsheltered fields;
Nature is blameless,—she has done her part,
And only wants the sister-aids of art;
Bless'd with such all-improving hands as thine,
Soon would her face with new advantage shine!
Ev'n rocks should bloom beneath the studious arm,
And every blemish soften to a charm!
Would'st thou indulge the Muse's fond request,
Thy Country Seat[1] in all its beauties drest,
Fair as its model, just as its design,
To future ages should distinguish'd shine;
Rais'd by thy pen, shou'd northern Wanstends rise,
Or future Chatsworths strike the ravish'd eyes!
Till Scotia should as lovely villas boast,
As grace fair Thames's shore, or bless Hesperia's coast!
As once of old, at great Amphion's call,
To magic numbers rose the Theban wall!
The same effect thy noble strains should yield,
And verse again resume the pow'r to build.

---

levis-bank, a beautiful villa belonging to ·ntleman situated by the side of the river Esk, where the disposition of the house and s is in the most elegant and finished taste, able to the fine genius of the owner.

[1] An ingenious poem of that gentleman's, entitled the Country Seat, never published.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES:

A POEM, SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ANNE, VISCOUNTESS OF STORMONT. ANNO MDCCXXXV.

Sublatam ex oculis———quærimus invidi.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

DAVID, LORD VISCOUNT OF STORMONT,

LORD MURRAY OF BALVAIRD, LOCHMABEN, AND COMLONGON,

IN JUST AND GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS LORDSHIP'S MANY SINGULAR AND GENEROUS FAVOURS,

THIS ESSAY IS, WITH THE SINCEREST DUTY AND RESPECT, INSCRIBED BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST FAITHFUL, MOST OBLIGED,

AND MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES:

A POEM.

——O when meet now
Such pairs? in mutual love and honour join'd!
Milton.

As late the thoughtful Muse, in pensive mood,
Explor'd the silence of an ancient wood,
Where, unobserv'd, she might herself disclose,
And brood at leisure o'er her lengthen'd woes;
Pursued by fortune, and by love distress'd,
Fond to enjoy an interval of rest,
Sudden,—a train of radiance fill'd the air,
And told, Urania, heav'nly maid, was near;
Confess'd as soon appear'd the friendly pow'r,
But ah, her face a different aspect wore;
Those eyes whose piercing rays could once inspire
A cheerful warmth, and shed celestial fire!
Now veil'd in pearly grief, diminish'd, glow'd,
Like the Sun struggling thro' a wintry cloud:
Her air was negligent, her step was slow,
And all her alter'd manner seem'd to show
Such grief, as angels may be thought to know.
A while she paus'd,—then, in my list'ning ear,
She pour'd those accents, yet I seem to hear.
"In vain, lost youth! in shades you seek relief,
And waste in solitude unheeded grief;
What aid can nature to your suff'rings give?
Can forests pity, or will rocks relieve?
Wounded by man, if humankind you fly,
You only dig your grave before you die;
No:—if you seek a theme to vent your woe,
For Arria's loss bid every measure flow.
Your noblest strains beneath her worth will fall,
Great as your anguish is——she asks it all."
Submiss, I answer'd,—"Goddess, deign to say,
This peerless fair whose loss your looks display,
A stranger here——in characters unread,
Oblig'd to live obscur'd by fortune's shade!
Inform the Muse, who this distinguish'd name,
Urania's grief, would consecrate to fame;
Oh speak!—alarm'd, my pressing fears forgive,
Is Arria, Eglinton?—does Arria live?"
With a faint smile the goddess thus reply'd,—
"Long Eglinton shall live her country's pride!
But now beneath a mutual loss we bend,
I mourn a daughter, and she mourns a friend;
If she can suffer, and if I complain,
Think what must be the husband-lover's pain;
Think how disconsolate her Stormont mourns,
While every tender passion wounds by turns!
Then raise thy voice, the trembling lyre awake,
Attentive hear, and dictate as I speak.
Come, ye Pierian sisters, join to mourn,
And bathe with tears lamented Arria's urn.

"What blending virtues crown'd her spotless youth?
What artless innocence, what native truth?
How did in life the early charmer rise,
And with uncommon beauties strike the eyes?
So does, in spring, the gently opening rose,
Profuse of fragrance, all its sweets disclose;
Or, so unblemish'd, from its parent bed
The tender lily rears its snowy head!
But oh, her cheeks a fairer bloom confess'd,
And lilies languish'd on her purer breast!
Mourn, weeping sisters, join with me to mourn,
And strow with flowers lamented Arria's urn.

"How many lovers with desiring eyes,
And fond contention, sought the virgin prize?
But wealth, to souls like her's, was poor and mean,
And titles shed their borrow'd blaze in vain.
Courts might have boasted of a form so fair,
Nay, even her virtue might have triumph'd there,
But Heav'n reserv'd her for a happier sphere.
Design'd (too short) the noblest joys to prove,
The charms of friendship, and the sweets of love.
Mourn, weeping sisters, join with me to mourn,
And bathe with tears lamented Arria's urn.

"Her choice, where judgment held the better part,
To Stormont gave the treasure of her heart,
For him reserv'd this whitest lot of life,
The chaste endearments of a Roman wife.
Not Brutus could his Portia more admire,
Nor she esteem him with a nobler fire,
Than faithful Arria for her Stormont own'd,
While fair connubial love their union crown'd.
Mourn, weeping sisters, join with me to mourn,
And deck with flowers lamented Arria's urn.

"Enraptur'd, oft beneath the sylvan scene,
Far from the restless ways of giddy men,
Have this bless'd pair in kind responsive talk,
Enjoy'd the morning-breeze, or evening-walk!
While each to vie in fond affection strove,
And all the purple hours flew wing'd with love!
So guiltless yet, in Eden's garden bless'd,
The sire of men his charming spouse caress'd:
But here no serpent e'er presum'd to glide,
This Eve ne'er wander'd from her consort's side.
Mourn weeping sisters, join with me to mourn,
And bathe with tears lamented Arria's urn.

"How did her lord, exulting, smile to see
Her angel-race contending round her knee,
With prattling zeal for preference debate;
Or eager for some mark of favour wait;
Watch all the motions of her smiling eye,
For this or that important trifle fly,
A call or message was a fund of joy!

her bosom give reflection room,
ı gay images of joy to come!
dispers'd, behold the little train
their parent,—but demand in vain!
, weeping sisters, join with me to mourn,
ck with flowers lamented Arria's urn.

had the fair excelling matron-wife
the bright meridian point of life;
av'n, whose ways are hid from human [sight,
this seraph to the land of light;
fever's unrelenting rage,
he vigour of her blooming age.
the temperate pulses kept their course,
uine torrent roll'd with lawless force;
htly eyes no more their lustre shed,
her face the roseate colour fled!
y slumber, with consuming heat,
'd quick ruin, and impending fate.
ıe scene her tortur'd lord survey'd,
ry art and pow'r in vain to aid;
Heav'n preferr'd the secret sigh,
'd—and Arria was ordain'd to die!
, weeping sisters, join with me to mourn,
the with tears lamented Arria's urn.

hese cold inclement northern skies,
he tender myrtle charms the eyes;
th the genial Sun's enliving rays,
ıus plant its lively bloom displays;
ck with one transpiercing evening's frost,
on alters, and its charms are lost;
eclines, its verdant leaves decay,
ıe sylvan charmer dies away.
, weeping sisters, join with me to mourn,
ck with flowers lamented Arria's urn.

ere, yet scarce recover'd from the blow,
ghtful lord sustains his load of woe!
ath severe has triumph'd at his cost,
the treasure of his soul is lost.
enamour'd of the conscious gloom,
disconsolate from room to room!
ery object all his loss recalls,
ed whispers echo from the walls!
e influence of his muse-like art
ate the anguish of his heart!
ı grief, was hopeless Orpheus found,
odope return'd the plaintive sound.
weeping sisters, join with me to mourn,
the with tears lamented Arria's urn.

ıv'n-instructed Muse, dispatchful go,
ania's name let Stormont know,
ım dissipate his fruitless woe:
dear remnants of distinguish'd clay,
fond mistaken sight away,
ıis Arria to the fields of day!
ightly dress'd, in more than mortal charms,
lad train of fair-resembling forms;
he boundless prospect round her rise,
s the wonders of her native skies:
cious joy attends the throne supreme,
her crown,—and registers her name.
smiling Muses, change the plaintive sound,
ria with unfading honours crown'd!

he, tho' the lovely form she wore
ı dust, and can be his no more,
To Stormont lost!—tho' lost perhaps in name,
But friendship after death preserves its flame,
Its source unalter'd, and its force the same!
Just to that tie amidst the heav'nly throng,
To her the fav'rite charge may still belong;
Thro' life a guardian-seraph may she wait,
And temper all the various turns of fate;
In every sudden crisis still be near,
Avert the danger, or allay the care;
Thro' life's rude pilgrimage her lord attend,
Unheard direct him, and unseen befriend;
And when weak nature to its fate gives way,
She first shall greet him to the fields of day!
To his pleas'd eyes th' ethereal gardens show,
And make him smile at all he left below.
Change, smiling Muses, change the plaintive sound,
Sing Arria with immortal splendours crown'd.

"Mean time in those superior regions bless'd,
Where joys unblemish'd court her purer taste!
Less bright the groves of Paradise appear,
Till she behold her kindred essence there!
Here, souls by feeble ties are faintly join'd,
'Tis there they meet and mingle unconfin'd[1]!
Like beams of friendly light consenting shine,
And kindle in the flames of love divine!
Immortal union!—undimish'd ray!
Fed from the fountain of eternal day!
Change, smiling Muses! change the plaintive sound,
Sing Arria with unfading glories crown'd!

"Go, helpless youth! record the sacred verse,
The Muses form to grace fair Arria's herse;
And, as the unexampled scene appears,
Of worth superior to her span of years,
Bid all her sex the bright example trace,
And fill with dignity life's narrow space.
Bid them, like her, the outward form resign'd,
Tho' fair as e'er adorn'd the fairest kind,
Improve the nobler beauties of the mind.
End, smiling Muses, end the plaintive sound,
Bright Arria lives with lasting honours crown'd!"

The goddess ceas'd:—and in a radiant shrowd,
Which gold-encircled clouds of blue bestow'd,
Involv'd,—she gently from my eyes withdrew,
Which yet the pleasing vision seem'd to view;
But, as she went, she said,—"Poor mourner, cease
Thy griefs, for fortune yet shall give thee peace.
To Stormont let these numbers be address'd,
He best must judge, who knows the subject best;
To make his Arria's full perfection known,
No Muse should do her justice—but his own."

[1] One cannot without pleasure read the following passage in Mr. Ramsay's Cyrus; (a work that abounds with the noblest and justest sentiments.) "I comfort myself (says that prince of the eastern philosophers) with the hopes of seeing Selima again in the sphere of fire, the pure element of love! souls only make acquaintance here below, it is above their union is consummated! O Selima! Selima! our flame will be eternal! I know that in these superior regions your happiness will not be complete till I share it with you! Those who have loved each other purely, will love for ever. True love is immortal!" Those who had the honour and happiness of knowing this noble pair, will see with pleasure the justice of this application.

THE OLIVE:

AN HEROIC ODE.

OCCASIONED BY THE AUSPICIOUS SUCCESS OF HIS MAJESTY'S COUNSELS, AND HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HAPPY RETURN, 1736-7.

IN THE STANZA OF SPENSER.

—— Tua, Cæsar! ætas
Fruges, et agros rettulit uberes,
* * * * et vacuum duellis
Janum Quirini clausit, et ordinem
Rectum evaganti frænа licentiæ
Injecit, amovitque culpas,
Et veteres revocavit artes! Hor.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

CHANCELLOR OF HIS MAJESTY'S EXCHEQUER, FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY, ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY-COUNCIL, AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER,

THIS ESSAY IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

THE PREFACE.

The reader will easily perceive, that the following ode is formed upon the same model with that beautiful one of the late Mr. Prior to her majesty queen Anne in the year 1706. The difference of the subjects has indeed given that gentleman an advantage I wanted; for conquests, and the glory arising from arms, afford a much larger field for description than times of peace and serenity. For the rest I pretend to no sort of competition with that admirable author, content to follow his steps at a distance; and, while I endeavour to imitate his beauties, confess with pleasure I owe my little talent this way, principally to the perusal of his invaluable remains.

In the short abridgment of our own history here attempted, I have blindly followed no author nor party; and how far I have succeeded in it, I am yet to learn myself; tho' if I may guess at it from the success which attended the first edition, I have no reason to be elated on the performance. Satire is, I know, the prevailing taste of the age, and for that I am not ashamed to own I have neither genius nor disposition. If any thing in this design pleases those few who judge candidly, and are best capable of judging, it will fully satisfy my ambition; to such I will only say, I have kept in my eye faithfully that rule of the Roman master:

Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit, et quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse,—relinquit.
Hor. de Arte Poet.

THE OLIVE: AN HEROIC ODE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Muse, from the late pacification of the troubles in Europe, and his majesty's safe and happy return, takes occasion to deduce the history of Britain from its earliest time, and concludes with showing our present happiness under his majesty's gracious and mild administration.

Long had Bellona rais'd her furious hand,
Dispersing terrour to th' affrighted world;
Long had she shook on high her flaming brand,
And wide promiscuous devastation hurl'd!
From rapid Rhine to silver-streaming Po,
Opposing camps deform'd the hostile plain;
Sarmatia, laid by predal rapine low,
Mourn'd the hard yoke, and sought relief in vain!
While, proudly mounted on her iron car,
The goddess spread the marks of desolating war.

Engag'd in arms, the Austrian Cæsar burn'd
The adverse force too potent to restrain;
To Britain oft, and oft to Belgia turn'd,
And Churchill wish'd, and Auverquerk again!
His languid eagle droop'd her feeble wing,
His hopes scarce found a shelter from despair!
Nor knew intent Britannia's watchful king
Held the depending scale, and weigh'd the war:
And like deciding Heav'n, whose place he held,
Knew when to hush the storm, and bid the tempest yield!

At length commission'd came the angel down,
The smiling messenger of heav'nly peace!
A while he stopp'd at Britain's guardian-throne,
Thence to the world display'd his cheerful face:
His beamy presence new-born life restor'd
To lands too long forbid his healing ray:
War's grizly pow'r the seraph's flight explor'd,
And sick'ning shrunk in guilty shades away!
Quiet return'd with all her halcyon train,
And plenty bless'd once more the cultivated plain.

While thus from havock Europe breathes releas'd,
Whose hand too long had laid her bosom bare;
While the shrill sounds of discord sink appeas'd,
And the glad nations feel a milder air;
Walpole! wilt thou, to whose experienc'd thought
Our great Augustus trusts the world's repose,
Whose prudence hath this change pacific wrought,
And triumph'd over thine and Britain's foes:
Wilt thou, Mæcenas-like, beneath thy wings
The wand'ring dove receive, this olive-garland brings?

Let heroes false in deeds of prowess shine,
And bold adventures boast, with shame achiev'd:
To bless mankind, superior George be thine!
Tyrants to curb, and smile on states reliev'd:
These are the toils become Britannia's king,
By these posterity shall mark thy name;
These are the noblest fruits thy pow'r can bring,
To found on goodness an unblemish'd fame;
And to succeeding times distinguish'd stand [land!
The greatest prince that rul'd fair Albion's happy

But whither would the daring Muse aspire,
That aims so high a pitch her vent'rous flight?
Misled perhaps by fond Icarian fire,
She seeks her ruin in the arduous height!
While she directs her eyes to Britain's throne,
And sees such dazzling rays of virtue join'd;
Wisdom and mercy fairer looks put on;
In one imperial band of pow'r combin'd!
With rev'rence aw'd she makes a sudden stand,
Dubious to quit the lyre:—and stops her trembling hand!

hen bold Spenser stretch'd the shadowy wing,
:a could the poet's flight regard;
tuneful Waller touch'd the softer string,
ria's audience crown'd the happy bard:
deathless Addison and Prior sung
prostrate Gaul beneath the British spear!
ırlbro's mighty deeds inspir'd their tongue,
condescending Anna deign'd to hear,
iumphs of her reign their page relate,
description high,—beyond expression great!

ıll too mean for such a task I deem
artless hand, and yet unpractis'd voice;
to thee th' attempt shall duteous seem,
ıou, consummate judge! approve her choice:
en'rous flame, that glows in Walpole's breast,
ll swell with vigour the recording lyre;
ve of Britain, on the Muse imprest,
ll aid imagination's boundless fire;
ing colours ardent to display
resent blissful state, her calm meridian day!

through the deep'ning gloom of distant time
Muse looks back with retrospective eyes;
ıs to mark her much-lov'd Albion's prime,
en from her ambient sea she seem'd to rise:
the Phenician sought her sunny shore,
harmless natives ignorantly good,
v'rend Druids kept her mystic lore,
ir rites observing thro' the hallow'd wood:
then her joy, and liberty her flame,
e's and Britain's laws were equally the same!

gth, when Rome's imperious eagles flew
the subjected earth to fix her sway;
v near Gaul's remotest coast they drew,
ɔss the wat'ry bound they ey'd this prey!
ılius, then unequall'd chief in fight,
ancy saw his vast ambition crown'd;
retreat compell'd—if not to flight,
n first his arms reverse of fortune found:
d to own, that foes so nobly brave
'd to keep the land indulgent Nature gave.

e to retain her hold by force
:h spirit freedom gives to valiant minds)
had to ancient artifice recourse,
from division surer footing finds:
eds of jealousy her agents spread
ıenting thro' the brave allies debate;
ıching thus an easy conquest made,
fix'd in Albion first her sov'reign seat;
ople learnt her gentle sway to bear, [air!
ɔman manners caught, and gain'd their milder

lbion thus beneath the yoke resign'd,
found the victor no inclement foe;
ıe was taught, the love of humankind,
civil rights, and social ties to know!
ities peopled grew, and temples rose,
polish'd face a fairer form put on;
describe her early change, she chose
ɔrding brass, and monumental stone!
irst to distant lands her dawning ray
y rising beam'd o'er her surrounding sea!

ɔme rapacious wolf inur'd to blood,
long had rang'd the terrour of the fold,
enfeebled, by the swains pursu'd,
ıkes for refuge to his strongest hold:

So now the Roman empire over-run,
By northern swarms beneath its weight declin'd,
Britain beheld recall'd her legions gone,
New lords to prove of a severer kind:
By long succeeding trials doom'd to get [great!
Strength from her falls, and rise more prevalently

Scots now and Picts, a rude and lawless band,
With rapid course her boasted fence destroy'd;
Thence wide mis-rule, and rapine o'er the land,
The wasteful spoilers spread on every side:
Britain that once a Cæsar's arms repell'd,
Enervated too long with servile ease,
Inglorious now was forc'd to quit the field,
And cast her eyes for help across the seas;
Where eastward dwelt a race in arms renown'd,
For legislature fam'd, with conquest ever crown'd!

To these the pensive suppliant, press'd with grief,
At large her suff'rings and her wrongs display'd;
Implor'd the gen'rous Saxon's kind relief,
Who fir'd by glory hast'ned to her aid:
By two illustrious warrior-Brothers led,
On Britain's coast arriv'd their hardy bands;
The vanquish'd foe before their presence fled,
Their succour paid with Thanet's fruitful lands:
Where ravish'd with a soil so richly sweet,
They reap'd their toils, and fix'd their strongly rooted seat.

But seldom cause to wide ambition fails,
The secret seeds of discord quickly grow;
New strength arrives—the Saxon sword prevails,
The Britons yield beneath the potent foe!
Seven different chiefs the parcell'd land obey'd,
Who each by conquest fix'd a regal throne:
Till, as the stronger on the weaker prey'd,
They, by degrees, were swallow'd up in one:
When mighty Egbert, with auspicious reign,
Rul'd the obedient land, and pacify'd the main.

Yet, thus beneath the Saxon pow'r subdu'd,
Her first of blessings hence Britannia drew;
Worth all the purchase of her noblest blood,
Eternal object of her faithful view!
Freedom! the genial sun, whose heav'nly beams
With double lustre gild her happy isle!
Freedom! the spring, whose clear refreshing streams
Make her glad vales with endless plenty smile!
The privilege with life her children claim,
Characteristic dear! each Briton's fav'rite name.

Hence the mild sweets of temperated sway,
Princes by just prerogative confin'd;
The people hence with willing heart obey [join'd:
Laws, which to dictate, they themselves have
Our constitution hence its birth receiv'd,
The latent principles of lasting life;
Which all diseases, all attacks has brav'd,
And secret wounds defied, and civil strife:
By Brunswic's race secur'd, shall keep its pow'r,
As mountains lift their heads, when storms can blow no more!

Like some fair virgin cloth'd in Nature's dress,
The simple majesty of artless charms;
Contending suitors for her favour press,
Her beauty draws new dangers to her arms:
So England next the lustful Dane survey'd,
Allur'd, the predal raven took his flight,
Her coasts at first attempting to invade,
And violate her sweets with rude delight:

Each taste renew'd, but fir'd the robber's soul,
Nor ceas'd his wild pursuit, till he enjoy'd the whole!

Nor long the ravisher his prize detain'd,
(Compulsion seldom wins a gentle heart)
The Saxon soon his plighted bride regain'd,
The bold intruder was constrain'd to part:
Short were their joys—from the Armoric shore
New clouds arising threat'ned short repose;
The Norman came with well-appointed pow'r,
And cut his passage to the throne, he rose;
Acknowledg'd king, the conqu'ror left his place,
Inheritance devolv'd—his lasting line to grace!

Yet not of new advantages devoid,
Britain beheld the stranger seize her throne;
New sanctions hence her former rights enjoy'd,
The fix'd estate more safe was handed down:
The law with higher rev'rence arm'd her hand,
To curb wild riot, and oppressive sway;
Justice enlarg'd her course, and through the land
Progressive, shed her more immediate ray:
And property and freedom still ally'd,
In more enduring bands, their friendly union ty'd!

Power oft to mortals spreads bewitching charms,
Alluring to extend its bounds too wide;
This to restrain, the barons oft in arms,
Embattled strong, the regal sword defy'd:
With diff'rent aspect long the contest held,
Was often pacify'd, and oft renew'd;
Till on fair Running's celebrated field,
Britain her charter got, unstain'd with blood:
In which acknowledg'd all her rights were shown
Th' eternal rule, by which her monarchs held their crown.

From hence to warlike Edward's glorious reign,
Britannia rose through various turns of fate;
Then foreign princes first endur'd her chain,
And vanquish'd nations own'd her fame complete!
On Crecy's plain, and Poitier's well-fought field,
In air her sanguine cross victorious flew!
By arms transplanted to her ampled shield,
The Gallic lilies took a fairer hue:
And, like her matchless king's establish'd star,
Her morning lustre beam'd, and spread its glory far!

A darker period next displays its pow'r,
Scenes, the sad Muse in silence would conceal!
When social discord, in ill-omen'd hour,
Bade desolation o'er the land prevail:
When York's and Lancaster's contesting line,
Aspiring to the sweets of envied reign,
In arms for rolling years were seen to shine,
And many a bloody field with slaughter stain:
Then faintly dim appear'd Britannia's beam,
As April suns through clouds disclose their sickly gleam!

Then Britain mourn'd for many a noble life,
In the contending houses' quarrel lost;
For 't is the genuine curse of civil-strife,
Still to last longest, and to rage the most!
Heav'n smil'd at last:—and bade the tempest cease,
Returning industry along the plain
Shed from her hands the healing balm of peace,
The wounds of war relenting clos'd again;
And gently twin'd round Henry's prosp'rous head,
The rival-roses twin'd, increasing fragrance shed!

Ascending, now the prospect fairer grows,
As from the height of some advantage ground,
The weary pilgrim pauses as he goes,
And forward looks on different beauties round!

So hence from blameless Edward's placid ray,
(The short-liv'd cloud of Mary's rigour past)
To the bright splendour of Eliza's day,
Britain began her new-gain'd ease to taste;
And conscious felt beneath her equal reign,
For forty rolling years, tranquillity serene!

Britannia sav'd from Rome's tyrannic yoke,
Hibernia civiliz'd, and Belgia freed;
Iberia's mighty pow'r for ages broke,
Shall shine to future days Eliza's deed!
Between contending kings her steady hand
And prudent eye sustain'd the dubious scale;
And undisturb'd preserv'd this happy land,
When war did o'er the continent prevail:
In her expir'd Plantagenet's high race,
As sets in liquid gold the Sun's augmented face!

Now to the widow'd rose, as next ally'd,
Its branch the northern thistle nearer drew;
In closer bands their kindred union ty'd,
Engrafted thus more flourishing they grew:
Around the blushing flow'r its pointed arms
The hardy plant defensive fondly spread;
The blushing flow'r, with ornamental charms,
And fruitful sweets, enrich'd its consort's bed!
Britain, till then, by diff'ring int'rests sway'd,
Divided now no more, one rightful rule obey'd!

Whether too rough to suit so rich a soil,
Or grown luxuriant from too wild a shoot:
Not long the thistle felt the southern smile,
Soon sickness seiz'd, and storms destroy'd the root.
Then bled great Charles!——o'er Britain's dark-[ew'd eyes,
Black usurpation spred its dreadful night;
Till monarchy reviving clear'd the skies,
As Chaos fled of old the face of light:
The law its ancient channels re-assum'd,
And with redoubled grace returning freedom bloom'd!

Sadly intentive as the Muse surveys
These recent marks of beauteous Britain's scars,
With honest warmth inspir'd she ardent prays,
Heav'n long may shield her from intestine jars!
Blasted by fate, detested by the skies,
By earth deserted be th' accursed hand!
That open force or secret faction tries,
To plunge in civil wars his native land:
Let Walpole's care this worst of ills repell,
And guard that liberty, he knows and loves so well!

Wisely would men improve the ills of fate,
The frowns of Heav'n were not bestow'd in vain:
Kings then would learn, the secret to be great
Was in their subjects' hearts to fix their reign!
Had but the royal pair this wisdom known,
Charles had not sacrific'd his darling ease;
His brother then had fill'd a peaceful throne,
Nor in a second exile clos'd his days:
Doom'd an eternal monument to prove,
A prince's best defence lies in his people's love!

As when the shore intrusive jets too far,
Encroaching on the empire of the deep;
Th' assembled waves begin the wintry war,
And o'er the weak barrier impetuous sweep!
So when alarm'd Britannia saw the crown
Attempt th' establish'd bars which Freedom laid:
Eager to keep that blessing still her own,
To Nassau's virtue she apply'd for aid:
Timely the hero interpos'd to save,
And nobly gain'd the style, the rescued nation gave!

Britain seiz'd the favourable hour,
ix the basis of her future rest;
rk the limits of asserted pow'r,
prince still blessing, and the people bless'd!
afe from all the malice of its foes,
e's iron hand, and war's repeated rage!
n'd, confirm'd, her ancient charter rose,
,clear'd from dust, display'd its sacred page:
ardian star! whose future influence bright
guide her happy sons, with ever friendly light!

in fate's dark hour, the hero's care,
ain defended, and Hibernia sav'd!
protected from the Gallic spear,
I stand on William's monument engrav'd!
idious eye, that runs his labours o'er,
I print his image on the grateful mind;
wn, how mean the pride of lawless pow'r,
par'd with his who fights to save mankind!
ery Briton shall be just to own,
like his deserv'd their abdicated throne.

s to William's life his worth confin'd,
er deliv'rer Britain still was dear;
ission grew, when all the rest declin'd,
ath her welfare was his latest care:
then his calmly comprehensive thought,
it to future ages to secure
ssings, his distinguish'd arm had wrought,
ne bequest establish'd freedom sure:
illustrious Brunswic's godlike race,
the settled hopes of long-enduring peace!

ne departing monarch's dying hand,
the delegated sword receiv'd;
arlbro', mighty chief! at her command,
deeds perform'd, and matchless toils
achiev'd!
l she triumph'd, triumph'd on the main,
d to Britain's glory ever dear!
ot the honours of a ten years reign
'd by the peace of one inglorious year;
l'd in darkness set her ev'ning hour,
ting stars that fall,—to rise again no more!

ise now meditates a nobler strain,
plumes her wings, and fondly seeks to rise!
'e views great Brunswic cross the main,
e Britain's joys exulting reach the skies;
the monarch reach'd her happy shore,
rds to Heav'n her grateful eye she cast;
rs, her doubts, her dangers now no more!
esent bliss dissolv'd each trouble pass'd:
delighted view the solar ray
om the dark eclipse,—and kindle into day!

the Muse in equal lay recite
cene attentive Europe once beheld,
om Vienna's towers, auspicious sight!
he fierce Ottoman in arms repell'd:
unswic's maiden sword, in conquest dy'd,
signal proofs of his illustrious birth;
well pleas'd the rising hero spy'd,
y adoption own'd his kindred worth:
r his brow those regal honours grace,
ies more than claim'd—familiar to his race!

glad era takes its fairer date,
e rolling years in smiles of glory dress'd,
with pleasure sees revolv'd by fate,
reasures up her hopes of lasting rest;

In George the founder of her brightest line,
Whose royal veins her ancient blood retain'd;
This happy period first was taught to shine,
And in its course increasing lustre gain'd!
Till the bless'd joys the godlike sire begun,
Establish'd stood fulfill'd, in his imperial son!

Great prince! whose early age in arms excell'd,
Valour confess'd by Britain's constant foe!
When on fair Oudenarde's distinguish'd field,
Thy arm victorious dealt the deadly blow:
To the high laurels which thy youth acquir'd,
Oh be the peaceful olive gently join'd!
Let Britain's hand, by faithful duty fir'd,
Around thy head the grateful honours bind!
Whose goodness drew from conquest and from war
The nobler principle, to bless mankind and spare!

While mercy forms our monarch's dear delight,
And gains new beauties from his royal smile;
While truth and justice in his rule unite,
And freedom warms, and plenty gilds our isle:
While Peace with guardian wings protects the throne,
And o'er the quiet land, and subject sea,
Sheds the eternal sweets of safety down,
Warm as the Sun! and constant as the day!
What heart so savage, not the joy to prove?
What honest breast but glows with loyalty and love?

Thus while Britannia, of her wish possess'd,
Enamour'd gazes on her sov'reign's face;
While in each potent charm of beauty dress'd,
She looks and moves with still improving grace:
While from her ambient main, where'er she turns,
She sees her form reflected strongly bright;
With grateful transport as her bosom burns,
Intent she presses to the royal sight:
To thank him for the peace his presence brings,
And welcome to her arms—the noblest, best of kings.

Oh let, great king! her pray'rs assume the pow'r,
With humble zeal, to reach thy gracious ear!
Let thy Britannia mourn thy loss no more,
Nor for her prince's safety feel a fear:
Since by thy influence from her doubts reliev'd,
Europe to thee directs her grateful eyes!
Here let her vows, by ours increas'd, receiv'd
Before thy throne in glad memorial rise;
And let conspiring gratulations bless
Thy peaceful labours, crown'd with ever just success!

Ambitious Gaul shall Nature now confine,
Her boundless pride shall vex the world no more;
Defended by his old barrier the Rhine,
The German safe shall dare the hostile pow'r:
Fair Lusitania, by Britannia freed,
Shall open all her hospitable shores;
Her grateful prince shall pay his thanks decreed,
And pour his golden urn to swell her stores!
Proud to confess the friendship of that reign,
That calms the continent, and guards the distant main.

Transplanted now, the fair Austrasian line,
To Arno's banks along th' Etrurian plain,
Shall feel the friendly warmth, nor more decline
Beneath encroaching Gallia's fatal chain;
Her eldest hope, with regal honours grac'd,
Shall rise adopted to th' imperial throne;
Shall reap the high reward of sufferings past,
And guard those rights for which he lost his own:

For which his ancestors of old have stood
So oft in arms renown'd,—and shed the noblest blood.

Meanwhile Britannia from her cliffs surveys
The distant world its various offerings bring;
Receives th' accumulated wealth, and pays,
From thence, her willing homage to the king.
In ev'ry port her anchor'd vessels ride,
Her canvass'd navies whiten all the main;
Wealth to her bosom flows from ev'ry tide,
And golden plenty waves along her plain!
What nation can such countless blessings boast,
From Afric's burning sands, to Zembla's icy coast?

Nor is she in her sovereign bless'd alone,
Though that alone might speak her glory great!
While godlike Carolina shares the throne,
Her heav'nly goodness makes the bliss complete!
When she revolves, with calm attentive mind,
The greatest queens her sacred purple wore;
No princess on record her search can find,
Whose virtues more deserv'd imperial pow'r!
Whose conduct heightens all the pride of blood,
Whose truly royal heart still flows in streams of good!

Angelic queen! whose unexampled worth,
Whose spotless piety, and sponsal love,
Shine out a pattern to th' admiring Earth,
And saints regard with wonder from above!
Whose royal wisdom, and maternal care,
So oft experienc'd, and so lately found!
Has justly made thy name to Britain dear,
Has all her highest expectations crown'd:
Still may thy brow that semblant circle boast,
Which for Heaven's holy truth, Bohemia's princess lost!

Illustrious pair! could virtue force impart,
O'er a degen'rate age to shed its pow'r!
Yours would convey a beam to ev'ry heart,
And peace harmonious here below restore:
Your Britons, while they saw such union bright,
Would feel of goodness the prevailing charms;
Such as the royal meeting gave the sight,
When the king rested in his consort's arms:
Oh! when did love, or sacred honour shine [line?
In such bright forms confess'd, as George and Caro-

Nor thou, dear prince, whom Britain fondly views,
Dress'd in benevolence! the softest light!
Whose gentle aspect, like descending dews,
Cheers a whole world!—the joy of every sight!
Whether thy future beam the nations warms,
With heav'nly virtues fair meridian course;
Or shines reflected from victorious arms,
With stronger lustre, and augmented force:
Still may the faithful Muse select thy name
To grace the fairest page, in all the rolls of fame!

Close by her much-lov'd Frederic's royal side
With native beauty and imperial air!
Augusta shines our ornament and pride,
Who view enamour'd the distinguish'd pair;
While we revolve his princely humane mind,
His love of learning, liberty, and truth!
With her unblemish'd faith and candour join'd,
Her matchless sweetness, and unspotted youth!
How does the happy contrast charm our eyes?
From union so complete, what future bliss shall rise?

Already are Britannia's vows repaid,
So smiles the bounty of indulgent Heav'n;
Charm'd she beholds an infant princely-maid,
A new Augusta to her arms is giv'n!
As when the orient Sun restores the day,
Fair Nature blooms to the delighted eye;
So from this new-born star's propitious ray,
We feel young hope, and unabated joy!
And in this happy gift prophetic find
A long heroic line, to bless and save mankind.

Nor does at home Britannia's glory shine,
Confin'd the mighty blessings to her breast:
Her sea-born sister she invites to join,
And with her share of happiness be bless'd:
Her eldest princess, fix'd on Belgia's shore,
A free-born people's duteous love shall claim;
Destin'd a line of heroes to restore,
And spread new honour o'er the lasting name!
For when her godlike sire her hand bestow'd,
He amply paid the debt to Nassau Britain ow'd!

Young William's princely form she pleas'd surveys
With manly air and grace peculiar shine;
If early worth insures a lasting praise,
Fame's noblest wreaths shall one great day be thine.
As Pallas once in Mentor's shape confess'd,
The Grecian prince the love of virtue taught:
With fortitude and patience steel'd his breast,
And by degrees the finish'd hero wrought:
So, in thy cares, the picture, Poyntz, we see,
And Britain safe confides her second hopes to thee!

Ravish'd she views Amelia's angel-truth,
Mildness divine! that ev'ry bosom warms!
With Carolina's bright accomplish'd youth,
Where virtue lends to beauty stronger charms:
Maria rises next in blooming pride,
A name belov'd! the owner's charms endears!
And fair Louisa by her sister's side,
In soft maternal majesty appears!
Happy the prince such consorts shall obtain,
Happier the favour'd land, where Heaven shall fix their reign!

Around their sov'reign, an illustrious band
With cheerful smile and glad attendance wait!
And Britain pours the beauty of the land,
To swell the honour of her monarch's state:
But oh! to speak each loyal patriot's fame,
To paint the charms of each distinguish'd fair,
Might Pindar's fire with Sappho's softness claim,
The lofty note, and heart-dissolving air!
One blaze of light the galaxy appears,
'Tis knowledge only tells, the *whole is made of stars.*

But here the Muse suspends her hardy flight,
Returning reason bids the rover pause!
Dazzled with beams of unfrequented light,
Back to the earth receding now she draws:
Yet if th' excursion pleasing seem to thee,
Walpole, whose studious thought the nation sees,
From force and faction guard her safety free;
And in surrounding storms preserve her ease:
At least, she has not aim'd to sing in vain, [gain!
Her labour so receiv'd, the noblest thanks shall

Now war, with all her ghastly train withdrawn,
From beauteous Europe's happy field is fled;
And screen'd behind the marshy banks of Don,
Or Neyster's noisy falls, reclines her head;

iot-counsellor! the praise receive,
ırn'd with every grateful Briton's voice;
ıuntry only greater thanks can give
George, to him, who made thy worth his
oyal confidence thy virtues grac'd, [choice,
thy faithful breast his social honours plac'd.

hough dark Envy, studious to defame,
ch taints all objects with a jaundice'd sight,
close its pointless arrows at thy name,
merit still envenoms Envy's spite:
n the cloud obscures the radiant Sun [way,
ıugh the weak shroud he marks his golden
l its destin'd course thy honour run,
shed to future times its blameless ray!
tue with prevailing lustre glows, [pose!
ght for all attempts, its passage would op-

thus beneath our greater Cæsar's sway
ıestic jars, and foreign broils suppress'd
beholds to gentler toils give way,
cultivates the nobler arts of rest:
he, Augustus-like, with godlike hand,
the refolding gates of Janus close!
akes the glory of his wide command,
ive his people and the world repose:
use, that sees with joy the storm subside,
up her lyre to peace, with grateful honest
pride!

ıx optima rerum——
omini novisse datum est, pax una triumphis
eris melior! pax custodire salutem
s æquare potens. Sil. Ital.

PART II.

ssis humilem pennis inopemque materni
.ris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
ersus facerem.

—— Quod petis hic est—hic est—
Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus.
Hor.

BAVIUS.

— Nihil est quod credere de se
ɔn possit.———

ure madman, and by study fool,
turns doctor, and destroys by rule;
ıeavy face our dubious health presides,
without judgment, and by guess prescribes;
rdly gay, and stupidly alert!
y conversation tops his part:
nuch of travel, books, and state-affairs,
kes a thousand fashionable airs!
tles, plays quadrille, sometimes can drink,
ove en bête—do any thing but think:
convince this leaden lump can wound,
ls a fortune of six thousand pound:
ch the influence of Corinthian brass,
unquestion'd all his blunders pass:
ich a poorer or less noisy fool
stand the butt of public ridicule!
ask why Bavius meets a different fate,
cret is—he has a good estate.

APOLLO AND DAPHNE.

Cease, thou bright god of poetry and light,
To urge relentless Daphne's rapid flight! [came,
Think on th' inconstant source from whence she
Well might she run, whose parent was a stream!

POETICAL LOVE.

As Daphne did from tuneful Phœbus fly,
Still must his sons expect an equal fate!
For cruel beauty doom'd in vain to sigh,
And find their tenderness repaid with hate.

PHŒBUS MISTAKEN.

When Apollo pursu'd his coy mistress of old,
If his harp, as they tell us, was made of right gold;
He should not have plagued her with verses and sighs,
But set the fair gift in the reach of her eyes!
Had she seen but the work, and been told what it weigh'd, [stay'd;
He need not have run,—for the nymph would have
Comply'd with his flame, granted all his desire,
And surrender'd her charms in exchange for the lyre.

SUSANNA AND LUCRETIA.

Susanna, take Lucretia's boasted place,
Superior virtue claims superior pow'r!
The Roman could not live with her disgrace,
But thou more nobly chose to die before[1]!

Yet to reward her gen'rous high design,
Her bleeding bosom set her country free;
While Heav'n, in juster recompense to thine,
Restor'd both life and fame entire to thee!

HOMER.

He for whose birth seven states could zealous strive,
Why did he wander round from door to door?
Rever'd when dead, neglected while alive,
With all his genius—still the bard was poor!

THE WISH.

—— Hoc erat in votis.

The various ills below content I'll bear,
Grant me, indulgent Heav'n! this sole request;
Nor life to overprize, nor death to fear,
Let Fortune shuffle as she please the rest!

[1] Part of this thought is taken from two lines placed under the statue of Susanna, in the electoral hall of the palace at Munich in Bavaria.

Casta Susanna placet, Lucretia cede Susannæ;
Tu post, illa mori maluit ante scelus.

ON THE FOLLOWING MOTTO OF AN

EMINENT FRAUDULENT BANKRUPT,

AT EDINBURGH.

CAVE.DEUS.VIDET.

Good master C—— his majesty's engraver
Chose out a motto odd for his behaviour;
Well might he bake (he thought) as well as brew,
God sees (says the professor) all we do:
Who could suspect the end of such a song?
Was the man right, or was the motto wrong?
To tell the truth, and make the matter plain,
C—— thought to turn religion into gain;
But finding men began to doubt his play,
The knave, like Jonas, fairly run away.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Honest friend! say all you can,
In life still holds the golden rule:
That riches make a fool a man,
And poverty a man—a fool!

JUSTICE, WHY BLIND?

Says Will to Matt—"What cause can be assign'd,
Why sacred Themis still is pictur'd blind?"
"Because," says Will, "when tow'ring vice prevails,
She may excuse the errour of her scales;
For most who know this present age agree,
Whate'er she thinks,——she does not care to see!"

WRITTEN IN LORD DORSET'S POEMS.

He, whose accomplish'd hand this volume writ,
Possess'd in full perfection genuine wit;
In which this property is always found,
'Tis doubly arm'd both to defend and wound.

STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY MR. POPE'S TRANSLATION OF HORACE,

BOOK IV. BOOK I.

ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE MR. MURRAY.

While Pope to friendship consecrates the lyre,
The Loves to hear the notes assembled throng!
And, with the softness of renew'd desire,
Inspire the dear re-animated song!
Unrival'd bard, the kindly task forbear!
The youth before had worth too much to boast;
You, Orpheus-like, but raise the syren air,
The British nymphs approach!—your friend is lost!
Hard fate! a praise so wish'd as yours to shun,
Or by the soft encomiums risk to be undone.
But oh I err—and Murray must forgive
A praise that brings such unexampled bliss;
To love is sure the noblest way to live, [t
Wealth, pride, and fame are faint compar
Descend, dear youth, the shining guest await,
For beauty's queen the roseate bow'r prepa
Let her bright presence mark thy rising state,
And soften all the pomp of future care:
And boast distinguish'd the delightful pow'r,
To charm the wise and fair—when Pope
charm no more!

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A TRANSLATION FROM VOITURE.

Such were the tender lines a Voiture writ,
That first-rate star of gallantry and wit!
To matchless Rambouillet he thus address'd
The grateful passion that inflam'd his breast;
Though cruel Fate has stop'd the poet's breat
And all her beauties lie conceal'd in death!
To equal merit, equal praise is due,
He wrote to her——what I translate for you!

TO

A LADY ON A SINGLE PATCH.

—— Urit grata protervitas
Et vultus nimium lubricus aspici.
Hor.

ODE.

Chloe, in vain with study'd arts,
You strive a charm to hide;
The sufferings of a thousand hearts
Those vain efforts deride.

No matter though one spot appear
On such a perfect face?
The Sun with many more is clear,
Yet warms us ne'er the less!

INSCRIPTION

DESIGNED FOR THE PEDESTAL OF A WHITE MARBLE
TUE OF DIANA, TO BE FIXED AT THE ENTRY OF A
LITARY WILDERNESS IN THE GARDENS AT EGLI
GASTLE.

Stranger! lest rash Actæon's fate you prove,
With caution enter this distinguish'd grove,
To meditation sacred—not to love!
Hence Venus and her boy are banish'd far,
Their sportive sparrows, and their shining car
But if thy heart in all its wishes be
Unsully'd,—as the marble form you see,
Approv'd of by the goddess freely pass,
And view the native beauties of the place!
Where, oft descending with her lovely maids,
Confess'd they wander through these happy sha
Shine in the deep recesses of the wood,
Or trace the flow'ry margin of the flood!
With lively looks appear, and cheerful hearts
Secure from love, and all its poison'd darts.

WRITTEN IN

'HOMSON'S ESSAYS ON LIBERTY.

t fœdius servituti, ad decus et libertatem
nmus—non potest parvo constare libertas,
si juste æstimas, omnia alia parvo æsti-
a sunt. Cicero.

Liberty celestial goddess saw
n's bold hand her matchless beauties draw;
as the work intently she survey'd,
ght the colours! and how strong the shade!
she cry'd—" In this immortal page,
rms shall bloom untouch'd to latest age;
Britain should like Rome of old divide,
t the prey of luxury and pride!
every heart the love of me should lose,
all they learn the blessings they refuse!
from this fav'rite isle, my last retreat!
in'd I should be forc'd—and with regret:
servitude should overwhelm the ball,
hall live!—and sigh to see the fall!"

TO SEMANTHE.

ODE.

, fair nymph, an unsuccessful lyre,
would so bright a character essay;
ıl numbers merit could inspire,
should be sung the most distinguish'd way.

I heard indeed the voice of fame
ıt the wonders of Semanthe's youth;
possess'd like Sheba's queen I came,
ound, like her, that fame fell short of truth.

erent widely was our fate in this,
Solomon conversing long she stay'd;
ıatch'd an accidental bliss,
ould I know the treasure I survey'd.

he smallest diamond's lustre shows
enuine splendour of its parent mine;
er every charming thought disclose
ol, and with reflected value shine.

the accents dwelt around her tongue,
reason sparkled in her lively thought;
eter notes divine Cecilia sung,
ıster sentiments a Prior wrote!

ıccomplish'd fair! secure to charm,
is resistance, and as vain were flight;
ion only can our fate disarm,
e sense and beauty, perfect thus, unite!

ıtermingling virtues grace thy breast,
onder if so well they flourish there!
so richly is by nature blest,
limate is so like their native air.

Sabæa's aromatic land
without toil its spicy products yield;
profusely rise on every hand!
ıative sweets embalm the happy field!

THE PARALLEL.

ODE.

MERIA with an angel-face
Her form with pride surveys!
d, as she moves with matchless grace,
The conquer'd world obeys!

Her eyes dispense resistless darts,
To set mankind on fire;
To youth she ecstasy imparts,
And to old age desire!

As the bright Sun, in Afric's clime,
His burning beams displays;
Alike her torrid beauties shine
So fierce,—'t is fate to gaze!

Cecilia bless'd with milder charms
Takes gentler ways to please;
Insensibly the heart she warms,
And gains by soft degrees!

So Cynthia Heav'n's enliv'ning queen
Serenely sheds her ray!
Glides o'er the skies with placid mien,
And half restores the day.

Such is Cecilia!—sweetly bright,
Still easy—still the same!
She guides us with a pleasing light,
And cheers without a flame!

Happy, so near ally'd is found
The safety to the woe!
One sister's smiles relieve the wound,
The other's charms bestow.

TO

CLARISSA, WITH A ROSE-BUD.

ODE.

Quam longa una dies, ætas est tam longa rosarum.
Anon.

CLARISSA, view this newly-nascent rose,
How sweet its fragrance! but how short the date!
And think distinct the lovely emblem shows
Thy equal beauty's bloom, its equal fate.

Like that in fair perfection's opening dawn,
Your roseate charms the ravish'd sense delight;
Pass but a few short years, and then withdrawn,
They all must fade, conceal'd in endless night!

Yet from the parent-plant's exhausted side,
See yon fair shoot its lively odours spread!
Rising in early beauty's native pride,
And softly blushing with maternal red!

Then haste, thou beauteous charmer! to employ
The treasures which indulgent Nature gave;
Nor longer shun to taste the genial joy,
Which youth alone can give—alone receive!

So when dark Fate, irrevocably cross,
Shall snatch you hence to grace the radiant skies;
A self-born beauty may repair your loss,
A new Clarissa charm succeeding eyes!

The phenix so, amidst the spicy blaze
Consuming, does the fate of mortals shun;
The infant bird its radiant crest displays,
And men enjoy the rival of the Sun!

TO HILARIA.

ODE.

Hilaria is scarcely arriv'd at thirteen,
Her face is still infant, and childish her mien;
Yet in spite of her pains her good sense to conceal,
We know she has more than she cares to reveal.

As they say the first Brutus, suspected of treason,
With madness disguis'd the bright lustre of reason;
So she, with the frolicsome shows she puts on,
Would cover the wisdom must one day be shown.

She behaves, without ceasing from morning to night,
So gaily good-natur'd, so pleasantly light;
No soul could imagine, with all these mad airs,
She bore the whole burthen of family cares!

Oh say, thou dear trifler! delightfully wild,
In manners, in heart so resembling a child!
If thus your first dawn so engaging appears,
What joys must we hope from a dozen of years?

But your wit you well know does your age so excell,
You keep it so private for fear we should tell;
But in spite of your caution the secret gets way,
For no clouds can extinguish the light of the day!

TO ETHELINDA.

Dubious of what repeating Fame had told,
The wondrous power of Ethelinda's face!
Too vainly curious, and too rashly bold,
I self-conducted sought the fatal place.

There sudden by th' enchanting flame inspir'd,
Reason no more her feeble sway could boast;
So Phaeton, by wild ambition fir'd,
Possess'd his wish, and by his wish was lost.

TO MARINDA, SINGING.

ODE.

Quæ voces avium—quantæ per inane volatus?
Claud.

When first Marinda's tuneful voice I heard,
With ecstasy unknown my breast was fir'd;
Each passion stood dissolv'd in soft regard,
I only gaz'd,—and listen'd,—and admir'd!
Sense hung suspended on her warbling breath,
And what I felt was neither life nor death!

Since that dear moment in my thrilling ear
Th' inimitable accents ever rung!
No artful instrument my taste could bear,
My ear was deaf to every other song:
So those, who leave their native groves behind,
Still keep the favourite symphony in mind.

Again she sings!—my fond reviving ear
Drinks in the notes with unabated joy;
New beauties, unobserv'd before, appear,
Or graces, transport pass'd too slightly by!
So Raphael's draughts, though all they may delight,
Yet ask repeated views to judge them right.

Oh say, Marinda! by what matchless art
Nature in you has such perfections bounc
Has given your form dominion o'er the hea
And added all the eloquence of sound!
The fugitive that from your charms would f
Stopp'd by your voice——returns to hear an

So Orpheus once with more than mortal son
Recall'd his treasure from the realms of n
So bright Cæcilia's swelling measures strong
Rais'd the fair seraph to the fields of light
Such pow'r have sacred numbers when comb
To soften or exalt the human mind!

Nor blame if prepossess'd I give my voice,
And Music's force to beauty's charms com
Angels themselves will vindicate the choice,
And own I justly fix the preference there!
Since all we know of those bless'd forms abov
Is that they're made of harmony and love.

THE ADVICE.

Sic visum Veneri, cui placet impares
Formas atque animos sub jugâ aheneâ
Sævo mittere cum joco. Hor.

Aurelia, once the fairest maid
That grac'd the flow'ry plain;
By Love, deceitful Love, betray'd,
Has match'd a faithless swain!

By duty press'd, her struggling heart
Long made a secret stand;
Till love sustain'd the weaker part,
And Damon seiz'd her hand.

Deep in the grove——deserted youth!
The lost Mirandor mourns
That waste of tenderness and truth,
Which met such harsh returns!

"But late," he cries, "was fix'd the hour
My eager hopes to crown;
My busy hands had dress'd the bow'r,
And grasp'd the joy my own!

"But oh, she's gone! my bleeding heart
Yet feels the recent wound:"——
He spoke—when, from a neighb'ring part,
He heard a hollow sound!

The guardian pow'r, that watch'd the place,
Had heard the youth complain!
And, touch'd with pity for his case,
Thus sooth'd the shepherd's pain.

"Mirandor! cease with vain despair
To vex thy tortur'd breast;
See young Lucinda! heav'nly fair!
With truth and beauty bless'd.

"To her engaging presence haste,
She waits but to be kind;
There lose the thought of sorrows pass'd,
And lasting comfort find.

"The joys, the lovely nymph bestows,
Shall constant peace secure,
And Love himself, that caus'd thy woes,
Himself shall give the cure!"

ON THE MILITARY PROCESSION OF

OYAL COMPANY OF ARCHERS[1],

AT EDINBURGH, JULY 8, 1734.

ODE.

dis flexos incurvant viribus arcus,
isque viri, et depromunt tela pharetris.
Virg.

al breasts! the pride of Scotia's plain!
your fair revolving annual day;
ceive the Muse's faithful strain,
ıus her tribute to your worth would pay:
;h her numbers fall below her theme,
:r wishes, and approve her flame!

resumptive,—with unequal wing,
all she raise her emulative eye?
·oportion to her rapture sing,
her fair idea ardent fly!
t the beauties of the warlike throng?
: the bright procession in her song!

isted by no friendly pow'r,
ıall she dare to strike the sacred lyre?
ıhe give the fav'rite project o'er,
oose with silent safety to retire?
he task!—she feels unwonted aid,
ence beams confess'd, celestial maid!

e Urania! dearest of the Nine,
onscious joy I view thy matchless air!
, array'd in every charm divine,
ɔject well deserves thy guardian care.
s on the rising labour shine,
thy warmth inspire the just design.

great author of the tuneful art,
ɔus god of day! and pow'r of verse!
ı thy own inevitable dart,
nce th' envenom'd Pythian monster pierce:
Muse, in equal strains, to show
ıg honours of thy heav'nly bow!

ıniformity of habit in the members of this
hich is composed entirely of gentlemen of
fashion, the beauty of the habit itself, and
resses of the officers, who are some of them
t quality, conspire to render the march of
ıany one of the most elegant processions
le, both for its regularity and beauty. The
ı la Romaine, composed of fine plaid,
rith deep green silk fringes, and lined with
; white stockings, and white gloves, blue
l'Ecossois, with the image of St. Andrew
l, placed in a cockade of white and green
Their belts are composed of the two last
In their right hand they bear their bow, in
ı are fastened two darts. The officers for
ı have their habits trimmed with deep silver
ıd their bonnets of blue velvet, adorned with
he counsellors, who are six in number, have
crimson velvet. Their drums, music, and
ndants are in the company's livery of green
. Their two standards are most richly em-
. His grace the duke of Hamilton is at
ıptain general, and his grace the duke of
rry, the right honourable the earls of
Cassils, Wemyss, and Wigton, with the
ıurable the lords Kinnaird and Rollo, ge-
ers.

Favour'd by thee, could matchless Pindar rise,
To vast imagination loose the reins!
Could, free, expatiate through the boundless skies,
And eternize the great olympic scenes:
Generous contention!—not unlike your own,
Where Virtue only won, and wore the crown.

The skill of archery, from oldest date,
Has been the glory of heroic hearts!
By this Alcides gain'd the name of great,
And freed the world with his resistless darts:
From which, their doom imperial tyrants found,
And Troy's proud walls were levell'd with the ground.

Such were the arms repell'd the Roman force,
When Crassus by the Parthian arrow dy'd!
These stopp'd the eagle in her rapid course,
And check'd the flight of her assuming pride!
When bold Orodes scorn'd her lawless chain,
And led to fight his valiant archer-train!

When Britain felt the same usurping yoke,
These arms preserv'd the Caledonian race;
Defy'd Rome's boasted pow'r, her legions broke,
And kept invincible their native place:
So Galgacus maintain'd his country free,
For archers still were friends to liberty!

By these, when Edward, with usurping aim,
Sought to enslave an independent land;
Immortal Wallace scorn'd th' unrighteous claim,
And made for freedom an illustrious stand:
For that oft triumph'd, and for that expir'd,
And left a name to latest times admir'd!

But hark! what lively sounds invade the ear!
What warlike symphony approaches nigh?
Behold in sight, the royal train appear!
Their radiant ensigns waving in the sky!
On high the crimson'd lion seems to glow,
And threaten death to each opposing foe!

Oh tell, Urania! who that godlike youth,
Who shines distinguish'd captain at their head?
Whose soul with noble honour fir'd, and truth,
Exults the fair procession thus to lead!
What dignity around his person plays,
'Tis Hamilton!—he needs no borrow'd rays.

But see, the cheerful band apace advance!
What mingling lights surprise the ravish'd eyes?
The silver beams at distance softly glance,
And the rich plaid displays its vivid dyes!
While in the beauteous ranks that intervene,
The spotless white is mix'd with lively green.

Well-suited colours! happily combin'd!
The fairest emblems of the social train;
White as th' unsully'd temper of their mind,
And gaily verdant as their native plain!
From such fair order higher beauty springs,
Than all the glittering pride of eastern kings!

Nor yet unmeaning is the lovely show,
Proceeding on to the appointed field;
Each in his hand uprears the social bow,
Two darts may well supply the place of shield:
For what are shield, or bow, or sword, or darts,
To the firm vigour of undaunted hearts!

But oh! to speak each honour'd leader's worth,
  To paint the virtues of the royal band!
Might raise Alceus to a second birth,
  Or ask aspiring Pindar's lofty hand:
The milky-way to uninstructed sight,
Tho' form'd of stars, appears one train of light!

TO A GENTLEMAN,

WHO IN A POEM, DESCRIBING A LADY'S PERSON, OMITTED HER HAND, WHICH WAS REMARKABLY BEAUTIFUL.

How could the Muse Amelia's charms repeat
Enamour'd?—yet the master-charm forget;
The matchless beauty of that taper hand,
To which fond Love has given such wide command;
There plac'd his quiver stor'd with deadly darts,
And all the equipage of queen of hearts!
Pow'r to reward or punish, save or kill,
And scatter fate, obedient to her will!

Perhaps too conscious of a theme so fair,
The bard resign'd the subject in despair;
To such a hand no common strains were due,
Lilies were pale, and snow inclin'd to blue.
Those hands where streams of living saphyre run,
And Parian marble seem'd itself outdone;
All vulgar similies were here too faint,
And so the piece was lost—for want of paint.

Or else bewilder'd in the maze of light,
  Like those who sail by Zembla's icy coast;
His Muse was dazzled with too great a light,
  And miss'd the part deserv'd his notice most.

Or was hid malice all the poet's aim?
He knew the hand from whence the mischief came;
(The fatal hand that threw the deadly dart
Transmissive, thro' the hapless shepherd's heart!)
And, not content to bear his fate alone,
Left others, like himself, to be undone.

So in the curious chart is oft laid down
The dangerous shoal, that ships are taught to shun;
But faithless guides!——some rock unmark'd remains,
That mocks the merchant's hope, and pilot's pains!
Who guided by description tempt their fate,
As those, who trust to thine, will find too late.

THE

BEST COSMETIC FOR THE LADIES.

—— Of outward form
  Elaborate, of inward less exact. Milton.

The first all-charming mother of mankind,
  Heav'n with an angel-face and form array'd;
Yet left, alas! her nobler part, the mind,
  Defenceless, easily to be betray'd!

How widely has the dire distemper spread
  Amongst the lovely daughters of her race!
How few the soul their better care have made!
  How fondly studious to improve the face?

Vain toil! were virtue the supremest choice,
  And beauty left to nature's friendly care,
Earth would once more resemble Paradise,
  And every female would be doubly fair.

PART III.

Nihil infelicius eo, cui nihil unquam evenit adversi, non enim licuit, tali sese experire. Seneca.

Exilium terribile est iis quibus quasi conscriptus est habitandi locus, non iis qui omnem terrarum orbem unam esse urbem ducunt. Cicero.

THE ANNIVERSARY MOURNER.

A POEM.

—— Dies (ni fallor) adest, quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum, sic di voluistis! habebo. Virg.

Nine years were past, and now the tenth arose,
Mark'd with misfortunes, and replete with woes!
When, sad reclin'd on Thames' delightful shore,
The Muse began her sorrows to deplore.
  "Oh Night, whose mantle o'er the world is spread,
Receive me in thy hospitable shade!
Do thou inspire me!—let thy friendly gloom
Assist my grief! and give reflection room,
To view the horrours of that fatal day,
That snatch'd the father, and the friend away!
Fill'd my poor heart with anguish and despair,
And left me naked to a world of care!
  "How shalt thou tell, what words can never paint,
The shining virtues of the mortal saint?
For such his equal life, compos'd and ev'n
As seem'd a pattern of descending Heav'n;
Some guardian-angel taught his rising youth
The cheerful love of piety and truth!
So early was his soul by these inspir'd,
They seem'd in him as native, not acquir'd;
But 'midst the graces that adorn'd his breast,
Soft smiling Charity, celestial guest!
With rays distinguish'd shone above the rest:
And all his actions in one point combin'd,
The love of God and welfare of mankind!
His fervent zeal descended from above,
Still calmly mild, and temper'd still with love,
Taught him to pity such as went astray,
And led him not to persecute, but pray.
In him Religion, pure and unarray'd,
Her irresistless native charms display'd;
At once enliv'ning, cheerful, and serene,
Void of all arts, and free from every stain!
  "Nor need the Muse, to make his merit known,
Tell how in public life it brightly shone,
While parties join'd his real worth to own;
Ev'n those his conscience led him to oppose
In private conduct were no more his foes;
With unconstrain'd applause his life approv'd,
His character esteem'd, his person lov'd;
Would for his converse eagerly contend,
And thought it honour to be call'd his friend!
  "How did his wondrous conversation shine?
At once instructive, pleasing, and divine!
Such heav'nly candour dwelt upon his tongue,
As comforted old age, and charm'd the young!
Still so endearing, that where he appear'd,
Each eye grew livelier, every heart was cheer'd;
Pain stood suspended, sorrow fled away,
And every face was innocently gay!
  "How just the sentiments? how strong the strain,
In which he did the scripture-truths explain,
And show Religion beautifully plain!
How did he ardent all her joys reveal,
And on her sacred charms enraptur'd dwell!

: divine, which did his breast inflame,
ıis tongue, and was his constant theme!
ıe sought the harden'd wretch to charm,
the fearful, and the cold to warm!
ı to Heav'n he rais'd sublime his prayer,
his accents strike the listening ear?
re all hearts, engag'd was every thought,
:h's inferior cares were all forgot!
eed, sad Muse, in private life behold
ed, all the wonders thou hast told;
what equal numbers shall commend,
ıand, father, master, and the friend?
: who daily saw can fullest tell,
he fill'd each character, how well!
I think on all his goodness past,
indulge a grief must ever last?
ıt a day pass'd unimproving by,
some mark of endless charity! [pense,
ıands! that could to want his wealth dis-
re his heirs the care of Providence!
ounty still, with never-ceasing eye,
ı their case, and given a kind supply!"
ng grief forbid the lay to flow,
a silent interval of woe:
ting out in sighs his heavy pain,
ancholy youth resum'd the strain! [prov'd,
s wise for Heav'n, by conscious Heav'n ap-
ekly good, by all good men belov'd!
ll the Muse pursue the mournful tale,
misfortunes, and her own reveal?
ıld believe thy life's unequal end,
calm sun should veil'd in shades descend!
rth like thine should meet returns so hard,
l neglect become the last reward
hy painful nights and weary days,
t such are ruling Heaven's mysterious ways!
treated thus, unalter'd to the last,
ne of aggravated death he past:
nsulting agony of pain,
fs to him yet harder to sustain!
n resolv'd the feeble bands of clay)
, unfetter'd, joyful soar'd away,
uardian-seraphs led the trackless flight,
ght him to explore the realms of light!
before the throne supreme appear'd,
ıat delight the gladsome sounds he heard?
ıch from life, thou faithful steward, well done!
to death, receive thy destin'd crown;
l the toils of mortal life release,
enter on thy master's rest!' [pains,
re, free from life's low cares, and numerous
ss bliss repos'd he now remains,
(in life, his first, his tenderest care)
ım'd, successive, blended griefs to bear,
: affliction's restless billows tost,
hed exile on a foreign coast!
arn the lesson, patient to endure,
it for death, the last effectual cure. [came,
ou guardian-power, from whom this being
n I know I live, and move, and am!
kind conducting providential hand
my footsteps in a stranger land,
m a thousand dangers screen'd my head,
care has watch'd me, and whose bounty fed!
e gracious still my ways to guide,
thy mercy o'er my life preside!
l restrain me! and from passion save!
in pain! and arm me for the grave:
eath's dark vale, conduct me by thy grace,
ng me safe to view the seats of peace!
mber 22, 1737.

THE ONLY WISH.

FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA!

VAIN restless man! who with presumptuous eye,
Would'st into Heaven's eternal counsels pry;
Would'st measure Wisdom with the line of sense,
And reason arm against Omnipotence!
Inquiring worm! pursue the pathless road,
And try by searching to arrive at God:
For ages on, bewilder'd may'st thou run,
Nor leave the point, where first thy quest begun:
As well the clay might, in the potter's hand,
The reason of its various form demand;
As thou presume to cavil his decree,
Who gave thee first to move, and think, and see!
He still the same, exalted and sublime,
Nor bound by space, nor limited by time,
O'er all commands:——with life informs the whole:
Gives different suns to shine, and worlds to roll!
Obedient still, and mindful of their place,
Thro' the immense, their shining rings they trace,
And with united voice proclaim the force, [course!
That spoke their birth, and mark'd their steady
Thee great omniscient omnispective Power!
Thee first and last,—thee only I adore!
Let others, vainly curious in the schools,
Judge of their maker;—by their narrow rules
Thy essence and thy attributes define,
To love, to serve, to worship thee be mine!
Thy laws to follow, and thy voice to hear,
And with submissive awe thy ways revere!
Dispose then, Lord, of this devoted frame,
The creature from thy forming fiat came!
Pleas'd I obey!—since best thou only knows
How to proportion what thy hand bestows;
And let my wishes all conspire in one,
"In Earth, as Heaven, thy will supreme be done!"

THE COMPLAINT.

Quid facies illi! jubeas miserum esse libenter.
Hor.

WHERE'ER my solitary steps I bend,
In vain the orphan seeks to find a friend!
By dangers compass'd round, I trembling go,
Mankind my hunters, and the world my foe!
All fly the infection of a heart distrest,
As the blown deer's deserted by the rest;
By fortune weary'd, and by grief dismay'd,
To thee Almighty King! I fly for aid!
All gracious Power! attend my suppliant prayer!
Or ease my woes, or teach me how to bear;
Support my sufferings, vindicate my wrongs!
And save me from the aspic gall of tongues!
To thee my panting heart for shelter flies,
And waits that mercy which mankind denies!
Oh let thy light my fainting soul inform,
Thy goodness guide me thro' the threat'ning storm!
Oh let thy heavenly beam my darkness cheer!
Thy guardian hand my dubious passage steer!
Then let the tempest rage!—and round my head
Affliction all its angry billows spread!
Thy presence, Lord, shall calm my anxious breast,
And lead me safe to everlasting rest!
So fares it with the vessel tempest-tost,
Her mast all shatter'd, and her anchor lost,
Abandon'd on some wild uncertain coast!
While the loud surges mark the fatal shore,
And o'er their heads the awful thunders roar;

Sudden the lightning gilds the gloomy sky,
And shows some friendly creek or harbour nigh,
Bold with the kind embracing coast they steer,
And find their safety where they plac'd their fear.

STANZAS TO A CANDLE.

Thou glimm'ring taper! by whose feeble ray
In thoughtful solitude the night I waste!
How do'st thou warn me by thy swift decay,
That equal to oblivion both we haste?
The vital oil, that should our strength supply,
Consuming wastes, and bid us learn to die.

Touch'd by my hand, thy swift reviving light
With new-gain'd force again is taught to glow!
So, rising from surrounding troubles bright,
My conscious soul begins herself to know:
And, from the ills of life emerging forth,
Learns the just standard of her native worth.

But see in mists thy fading lustre veil'd,
Around thy head the dusky vapours play;
So by opposing fortune's clouds conceal'd,
In vain to force a passage I essay:
While round me, gathering thick, they daily spread,
And living, I am number'd with the dead!

But now thy flame diminish'd quick subsides,
Too sure a presage that thy date is run;
Alike I feel my life's decreasing tides,
Soon will like thine my transient blaze be gone!
Instructive emblem!—how our fates agree!
I haste to darkness, and resemble thee.

THE AUTHOR'S EPITAPH.

In juventute cura ut benè vivas, in senectute ut benè moriaris. Seneca.

Here, stranger! view a stone without a name,
The name tho' plac'd obscure to thee and fame;
The real merits of the mortal clay
Must wait the judgment of the final day.
Like thee I've seen both fortune frown and smile,
Felt all the hopes deluded man beguile;
As thou art now, have I with life been blest[1],
As I do now, so shortly thou must rest!
Must every joy, and every prospect leave
Contracted, in the limits of the grave:

[1] VIVIS.UT.VIXI
MORIERIS.UT.SUM.MORTUUS.
VALE.VIATOR.
TEQUE.MEMENTO MORITURUM.
INGENIUM.NATURA.DEDIT.FORTUNA.POETÆ.
DEFUIT.ATQUE.INOPEM.VIVERE.FECIT.AMOR.

See how the spoils of death around are sprea
Think as you walk, what treacherous groun
The mother-earth, that mixes now with me. [
Next moment may reclaim it's share in thee
A smoke! a flower! a shadow! and a breat
Are real things compar'd with life and death
Like bubbles on the stream of time we pass,
Swell, burst, and mingle with the common m
Then, oh reflect! ere fate unheeded come,
And snatch this lesson from the vocal tomb!
Known in thy conduct, fix'd upon thy mind,
"The love of God, and welfare of mankind."
Then when old nature shall to ruin turn,
Heav'n melt with heat, and earth dissolving t
Amidst the flame inscrib'd, this truth shall shi
Its force immortal, and its work divine!

D.O.M.
RESURRECTIONEM JUSTORUM.
HIC.JUXTA.EXPECTAT.QUOD MORTALE.MANET.
VIRI.VERE.INCULPABILIS.
JOSEPHI BOYSE, V.D.M[2].
QUI
PIETATE.SINCERA.CANDORE.ILLIBATA.
INGENIO.SUAVI.
MORIBUSQUE INTEGRITATE.ORNATIS.
VIRTUTIS ET PIETATIS.
DECUS.ET.EXEMPLAR.ELUXIT.
VERITATIS.CULTOR.PACIS.AMICUS.
LIBERTATIS.ET.CIVILIS.ET ECCLESIASTICÆ
ASSERTOR.SEMPER.FIDELIS.
NEC.MOROSE.GRAVIS.NEC SUPERBE DOCTUS.
EGENUS.DUMMODO.VIVERET.
PRESENS.ASYLUM
EGENUS.IPSE.MORITUR.
OFFICIO.ENIM.PASTORALI PRIMÆVA.
SIMPLICITATE.ET.DILIGENTIA.
FUNCTUS.PER.ANNOS XLV TANDEM.PIIS.
ET.FERE PERPETUIS.LABORIBUS.
SENECTUTE.INGRAVESCENTE.
CONFRACTUS.
ANIMA E.CORPORIS.INVALIDI.FRAGILI.
ERGASTULO.FELICITER.SOLUTA.
IN.COELESTEM.BEATORUM.CÆTUM.ADSCRIPTA.
QUIEVIT.
DIE.NOVEMBRIS 22.ANNO.SALUTIS 1728.
ÆTATIS.VERO LXVIII.
OPTIMIS ET CARISSIMIS.PARENTIBUS.
FILIUS.UNICUS.FAMILIÆ.SUÆ.SOLUS.
INFELICISSIME.SUPERSTES.
HOC.DOLORIS.ET PIETATIS.MONUMENTUM
L.M.P.
MORS.JANUA.VITÆ.

[2] The author's father.

END OF VOL XIV.

Printed by C. Whittingham,
Goswell Street, London.